

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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Army Correspondence.

SPRUE BARRACKS HOSPITAL, WARD C, ALEXANDRIA, VA., Nov. 9th, 1864.

MEMBERS, EDITORS:—After my respects I wish to inform you, that I received two copies of your paper, and I do assure you, that they were thankfully received. It does me good to get the news from my own county, and more especially when I get it in a sheet like the CITIZEN. I must inform you of my illness and the cause of it. There were thirty men volunteered out of our company, (Co. D, 5th Pa. H. Art.) to go on the cars as guards. Co. A. and Co. F, sent thirty men each, making in all ninety men. They had about seventy-five laborers along the most of the darkies. Our business was to open the Manassas Gap Railroad, which has been out of use for over a year. We had two battalions of Gallop's men with us, one in the advance and the other in the rear. We left Fairfax Station, about three o'clock, p. m., on the 8th of October; we went about three miles on the other side of Bull's Run battle-field, and not considering it safe to run after night, we stopped and threw out a picket. The next morning we started, but did not go far until we found the road torn up; then there was work for the darkies. We saw a few of Mosby's men that day but no force of any account; so on we went, repairing bridges and culverts; we got to Through Fare Gap that day. The next morning we started and found the road badly torn up; we got to Reetortown Station that day, and found the big bridge burned there. That was going to take us some time. We threw out a strong picket line; for we were aware that Mosby's men were all around us. There was considerable picketing that night. In the morning all the guards went out on skirmish line; nothing happened during the day worth relating until about four o'clock in the evening, when they opened on the train with two guns; they threw shells at the train, but it being in between two hills they could not drop them in to do the cars much damage; they shelled Gallop's men on the opposite hill from where we were. Gallop's men were on one side of the cars and the guards were on the other. We were formed in line between the cars and Mosby's guns. We formed in line behind a stone fence, they shelled us a while but we were too much behind the hill; they threw their shells over us; they stopped shelling and their cavalry made a charge on us, but the first volley we gave them, their leader fell, and that stopped them. Two or three of them picked him up, and during this time we gave them another volley which made them "git" in a hurry. We then concluded that we were getting into hot water, and concluded to go back to White Plains. We started back; Gallop's men came back with us; one battalion in the advance, and the other in the rear. We had hardly got started when we found out that the rebels had been at work behind us. They had torn up the road, and burnt culverts; what was to be done? The only remedy was to repair the road again. So the men went to work with a will, but they had hardly got one rail down when the rebels opened on us again with their artillery. The most of the darkies left the road and took refuge in a corn field near by; the foreman ordered us to fetch them back. We made them come back and go to work; they threw solid shot at us; one shot struck about one rod from the locomotive; that was getting pretty close, if it had struck the engine we would have lost the train. We got that place repaired and on we came for about a mile, and here we found a culvert burned. We had worked there but a short time when boom came a shell plowing up the ground close by. We worked our way for five miles in this way, the rebels following us up, and whenever they could get their guns to bear on us we got it, but with very little damage to the train. We got to White Plains a little before dark; there the road was torn up for four or five rods, but there we found the 142d regiment coming to our relief; they engaged the enemy and we left them fighting. The train-guards got on the cars at this place and we were all very warm having to double-quick when the cars were running. I lost my overcoat and blanket; I had nothing to put on to keep me warm, and being so much overheated, and the night being cool, I caught a severe cold, which terminated in remittent fever. The next morning I was very sick, had a severe pain in my head and a high fever. I was in Alexandria, as we had run back there that night. I took a train and went to my company. The Dr. kept me for a day or two and then sent me to the Hospital. I have been here for about a month. I was very ill for about three weeks, but thank God, I am getting better now. I am able to sit up some, I am very weak though. I can

hardly hold my pen tight enough to write. You must excuse me for not informing you that I received your papers. I was not able to write; I am not fit to write yet, it does me out so much. I would like very much to take your paper regularly, but the trouble is I am not likely to be long in one place, but send it to me as long as I am in this Hospital, and I will make it right with you. Well, I must close for the present.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH MCASKEY.

The State of Nevada.

The people of Nevada having formed a State Government in conformity with the Enabling Act passed by Congress on the 21st of March last, the President has issued his Proclamation declaring that the State of Nevada is admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. Thus the thirty-sixth Star is added to the constellation on our National flag. In the law authorizing the call for a constitutional convention by the people of Nevada the following conditions were prescribed:—That the Constitution, when formed, shall be republican, and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principle of the Declaration of Independence; that the convention shall provide by an ordinance, irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of said State.

First. That there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude in the said State otherwise than in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

Secondly. That perfect toleration of religious sentiment shall be secured, and no inhabitant of said State shall ever be molested in person on account of his mode of religious worship.

Third. The public lands shall remain at the disposal of the United States; no taxes shall be laid on the lands or property of the United States, and taxation upon the property of non-residents shall not exceed that upon the property of resident citizens. Finally, when the foregoing conditions shall have been complied with, the Convention was required to be submitted to the vote of the people on the second Tuesday of October, 1864. If the Constitution should be adopted then, the President being notified of that fact, was authorized to proclaim Nevada admitted into the Union as a State. The election for members of the Convention was held on the 24 of May last, the Convention met on the 4th of July, and having framed a Constitution in accordance with the conditions prescribed, it was adopted by the people on the ninth of October, and by the President's proclamation of October 31st, Nevada is now a State of the Union.

This event is one of the wonders in the progress of American civilization. As recently as the early part of the year 1860, what is now the State of Nevada, and the western part of the Territory of Utah, was an uninhabited waste. It was not only desolate and barren, but so forbidding was the aspect of nature there that it was supposed it would forever remain a desert. The plains were treeless, the rivers shallow and treacherous, vanishing when most wanted; the mountains were piles of bare volcanic rocks, the lakes were mere marshes of salines and alkalies, and the transit across the Territory was most difficult and dangerous. In addition to all this it was walled in by two formidable barriers—the lofty and ragged Sierra on the one side and the cheerless Wasatch, on the other. Now, after the lapse of four short years as if by stroke of the enchanter's wand, that barren and desolate waste has become populous. It is vocal with the hum of industry and enterprise. Mines of gold, of silver, and of iron, have been opened, and are yielding up their long hidden wealth. Mills have been established, and mountain streams being turned upon the parched earth, fertile farms have sprung up. Upon the heels of enterprise and adventure, civilization has followed. The State is already dotted with towns, villages, cities, schools, churches, and seats of justice, and along with these the indispensable and invaluable printing press is found in every section of the young commonwealth. In that desolate and almost inaccessible desert of four years ago there has been already two agricultural fairs! The solitary traders along the old Indian trails are now cheered by the presence of fifty thousand white settlers. The traveler who had to lower his team over the crags by ropes has now the choice of half a dozen skillfully graded roads, over which the stage coach bows merrily along at the rate of ten miles an hour. Carson City, the seat of the Territorial Government, has a population of about three thousand; Humboldt the county seat of

Humboldt county, has a population of three thousand; Aurora, in Esmeralda county, and Austin, in Banner county, have each thirty-five hundred. But Virginia City, built right upon the rich rocks of the Comstocks Mines, is the wonder of them all. On the Pacific side of the continent it is second only to San Francisco, having a population of twenty thousand in the town proper, and twenty thousand within a circuit of five miles. The real property within the same circuit is worth a hundred millions of dollars. Where in the world except in these United States, under the stimulating effects of American free institutions, could such amazing progress possibly occur in the midst of a gigantic war?—*Phila. Eng.*

A Roman Feast in Hadrian's Villa.

Let us follow the Emperor and pass invisible through the guards at the portal, and the crowd of Sicilian cooks, pantomimists, slaves and dependents, in the outer hall. Guided by the sound or music, let us penetrate to the cœnaculum itself. Here, on semi-circular couches, recline the Emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant ointments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jeweled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a napkin with a gold and purple fringe. On the table stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the room is an elevated stage, on which a party of buffoons are performing a comic interlude. The visitors play at dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and perfumes are showered down upon the feasters, while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies and bring fresh towels and scented waters to the guests after every dish.

The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falernian wine flavoured with honey. Then come oysters from the Lucrine lake, crayfish from the Misenum, mullets from the Bala, lampreys and perhaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests, and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again, cooked with a rich sauce of wine and pickles. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, roasted shrimps, African cockles, Melian cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the Umbrian forests, roasted whole, and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the *cœpator* with pantomimic gestures, to the sound of music.

Next some jars of rare Massie and Chian wines are opened, a libation is poured out to the gods, and the Emperor pledges his guests. Then enter four musicians playing on double flutes, followed by as many servants crowned with flowers. They bring the royal dish of the entertainment—a peacock with all its plumage displayed on a salver garlanded with roses. At this sight the guests burst into murmurs of applause, and salute the Emperor. "The buffoons now retire and a couple of gladiators make their appearance upon the stage, armed with helmets, bucklers, greaves and short swords. The serious business of supper being over, and dessert about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amusement. Additional cushions are brought, spiced wines are handed round, the tables are cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests lean back; the Emperor gives the signal, and the gladiator begins the combat. Now pistachio nuts, dates, Venetian olives, Matin apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet cakes, preserves, and all kinds of delicate confectionary moulded into curious and graceful devices, are placed upon the table. Conversation becomes animated. A gladiator falls mortally wounded; the spectators cry aloud "Habet!" a fresh combatant replaces him, and the Emperor himself deigns to bet upon the victor.

Thus amid bloodshed, dying, wine and festing, hours pass away, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are presented to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Tyrian dye, another a sketch by Parnassus, another a bust of Hadrian in colored marbles; and thus each takes his leave enriched and teased, and pours a last libation to the health of the Emperor and the honor of the gods.

A letter from Havana says that a committee of influential persons has waited on General Dulce with a petition, that all negroes be declared free after the expiration of twenty-four years from January 1, 1865, each receiving a salary, during the last four years, of eighteen dollars per month, the greater part of which may be retained until the freedom of the slave is accomplished.

Freedom's Song.

For the Citizen.

"Lincoln and Freedom," is the cry
"Americans delight in"—
"Lincoln and Freedom," now the cry,
Whom Freedom's lamps are lighting,
Mac and bondage—deafening sounds!
Pill is sure dressed them,
Mac and bondage, gloom surrounds!
To quench the lights of Freedom!

"Lincoln and Freedom"—joyful sounds!
They cheer the hearts of freemen;
Their names round the nation round,
From landmasses and from seamen,
Mac and bondage—deafening sounds!
Round this combination!
Hear, they grate on freedom's ears!
Painful sensation!

"Lincoln and Freedom"—that's the cry
To raise the Nation's glory;
To raise her to her former fame—
Her fame of ancient story!
Mac and bondage—how they press,
On her wounded bosom sit!
Lower deep they dig for her—
Deepen her confusion!

"Lincoln and Freedom," is the cry,
Inspiring thought and language!
Free soil they pledge to freedom's son's,
From out the grasp of bondage!
Mac and bondage, doom the soil—
Clains and groans and anguish,
Shouts and whips they spread abroad—
Then the earth will languish!

"Lincoln and Freedom"—Lo! they come,
To save our boon of freedom—
The nation fought it with its blood—
The nation cries, "We need them!"
Mac and bondage—freedom's tomb—
Smear it with their blood!
Mac and bondage—have a name!
The nation can't abide them.

"Lincoln and Freedom"—in the dead,
Who shed their blood for freedom,
Lift up your voice and cry aloud,
That "now the people meet them!"
Lo! it comes from Africa—
Bosley Hill and Tortosa!
Spartan, New Orleans!
How it makes the heart bound!

"Lincoln and Freedom"—heroes dead,
Lift up a voice of thunder,
Counseling these, condemning those,
Who would the nation sever!
Shades of the immortal dead—
Could their souls not see ahead!
Broken all to keep the land
UNITED and FOR FREEDOM!

The dead and living, both exclaim!
"Lincoln! Free Government!"
Free soil! free men, free speech and press!
A Free United Nation!
Freedom, but your country calls—
Fill your high vocation!
Risk and in your might secure
A FREE UNITED NATION!
ORLANDA SMITH, Brownsville.

WIT AND WISDOM.

MOST men hate all lies which they don't utter themselves.

A ROUND of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make things square.

If men will but amuse the world, it will freely forgive them for cheating it.

GREAT books are dead men, yet glorified ones; and their pupils will ever hold themselves as their living relatives.

MEN of quick fancy more easily reconcile themselves to the loved one when she is absent than when she is present.

ONE of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

A PHYSICIAN once boasted to Sir Henry Hallford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicated it to the public!"

PROFOUND silence in public assemblies has been thus neatly described:—
"One might have heard the stealing of a handkerchief."

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 me marriage certificate. That's Judy's mark."

JULIUS Cæsar Hannibal, giving an account of his sea voyage, says: "All de passengers was heavin', and if that wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave too, and she ho!"

You may have genius, sense, learning and the power of expression, so as to write prose to rival Burke or Johnson, and after all may make yourself ridiculous by trying your hand at poetry.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride, namely, of birth, of riches, of intellect. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

WHAT! are you drunk again? No my dear, not drunk, but a little slipper.—
The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as glass.

"I WILL lay you a wager," said Bouncer, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you."

"O, yes," replied his companion, "you always beat me at crowing."

ONE of the agents of an insurance company in Hartford, in sending a small remittance of \$12,000 from the West the other day, wrote upon the foot of the check, "good for burns!"

SIR Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Always apply the same rule to bad looks and bad company.

THE minds of scholars are libraries; those of antiquarians, lumber rooms; those of sportsmen, kennels; those of epicures, larders and cellars; and those of young dandies the play-grounds of bewiskered cavaliers.

SUPPOSE a man should steal fifty dollars from you, and that you should then challenge him to toss up with you for your whole fortune! That would be a parallel case of dueling, as a remedy for an injury or an insult.

The Southern Confederacy as Portrayed by Itself.

The lion accounted for the fact that lions were always portrayed as being worsted by men in their encounters by the circumstance that lions were not painters. And there is manifestly a serious difference between the view taken of a belligerent's resources by himself and by an adversary respectively.

The Confederate Congress has recently come together; so has the Legislature of Georgia; so, we presume, has that of North Carolina; so, perhaps, have several other such. Each of these is met by the Executive with a budget, which, however made up, is unlike in that it has not a flattering tale. We defy any Rebel-sympathizer to extract the smallest morsel of comfort from any recent official expose of the resorts and resources of Confederate finance.

Mr. Trenholm, the new Secretary of Treasury at Richmond, was a leading merchant at Charleston, and is said to have made a handsome fortune in the palmier days of Confederate blockade-running. He is a most intense Rebel, and has doubtless put the best possible face on the affairs intrusted to his charge.—
Let us see what that face is:

Mr. Trenholm makes two bites of his cherry, and exhibits but half of it, evidently fearing that the whole of it would be too much for the Rebels to bear. He tells us what have been his expenditures for the half year, ending with last September, but shrinks from facing the majestic aggregate of a year's outlay. For the six months embraced between April 1st and October 1st, 1864, he has paid out \$272,878,605, apart from \$10,772,883 paid for interest on Public Debt.—
During this period, his receipts have been \$42,294,314 from war taxes, \$1,238,722 from "sequestrations," (that is, confiscations,) \$50,004 from duties on Imports, and \$4,320 from duties on Exports, with \$908,622 from "Soldiers' Tax," which we don't pretend to understand. Altogether, the receipts of his Department otherwise than from Loans, have been less than Forty-five Millions, against an admitted expenditure of six times that amount. And when it is considered that the Rebel armies have not been paid for many months—some of them not for over a year—that their Government owes vast unliquidated balances right and left to Railroads, and to every body and company whence food or any other material of war can be extracted by impressment or otherwise, it must be evident that the actual indebtedness of the Confederacy was increased during the half-year aforesaid at a rate above rather than below 600,000,000 per annum.

The Confederacy achieved, six or eight months ago, one of those clever financial operations which, viewing them under different lights, the authors designate as masterly and the victims denounce as rascally. Finding itself in debt over One Thousand Millions of Dollars, most of it in the form of Treasury Notes, which had come as numerous, omnipresent, and loathsome as the frogs of Egypt, the Government called them all in, subject to a tax of 33 per cent, replacing them by a new issue of two-thirds their amount. The calculation was that the Debt would thus be reduced more than Three Hundred Millions, while the Notes would thereby be appreciated to a similar extent—in other words, that the Rebel Government would owe Three Hundred and odd Millions less, while its creditors would be as well off as before. But, though it thus reduced its Debt by no less a sum than \$224,209,818, the Secretary reports its present aggregate at \$1,147,970,208, while his expenditures for the current six months—estimated at \$437,039,315—must carry this aggregate considerably above Fifteen Hundred Millions of Dollars on the 1st day of April next.

The one cheerful feature of the Secretary's expose is his statement that the debt, was only increased \$97,650,789 during the last half year; but when it is considered that the Debt has been kept down by the process of "sealing" the Treasury Notes as aforesaid, there is little room for congratulation on this head.

This experiment of "sealing" has the one old result. When the Regent of France, by an arbitrary edict, reduced by one-half the nominal value of the shares in John Law's Mississippi scheme he did not reduce their current value merely to that extent—he destroyed it altogether. Holders saw at once that a property which might be reduced in value indefinitely at another's caprice was in fact no property at all. And so Secretary Trenholm is obliged to confess that the constrained reduction of the volume of Confederate Currency has not increased its value—on the contrary, that value has all but ceased to exist. He says:—
"The currency demands the immedi-

ate and the gravest consideration of Congress.

Unless a uniform and stable value can be given to the Treasury Notes, the efforts to carry on the war through their instrumentality must of necessity be abandoned. Acquiescence in its deplorable depreciation is to court the ruin to which it leads. One hundred and thirty-five dollars in currency, the price obtained for one hundred dollars in six per cent bonds, is equal to six dollars only in specie; and to sell the bonds at this rate is in reality to dispose of them at ninety-four per cent discount; or in other words, to give a bond of one hundred dollars in consideration of the loan of six dollars."

That is to say, in the Secretary's own words, the Confederacy now receives barely six dollars for every hundred which it adds to its debt, and the actual value of its Treasury Note promises to pay \$100, is no more than \$4. The soldier who fights for \$11 a month receives (or would receive, if he were ever paid) just 44 cents per month; the Member of Congress gets say \$10 per day for his services and pays \$40 per day for his board, and there is not a clerk or other employe in the public service who can honestly subsist on his salary. Meantime, the Army steadily dwindles from desertion and the hardships of the service and there is no reserve whence to recruit it, for the desperate experiment of freeing and arming the negroes is given up—not from deference to the rights of the slaveholders, but because it is seen and felt that, tho' negroes will fight and fight well, they will not fight to uphold Slavery. So there is open discord between the President and Congress, between the President and the Press, between the Confederacy and the States composing it—between everything and everybody that conspire to make up the "Confederate States of America."—
If the whole concern is not on the brink of collapse and hopeless ruin, then the signs of the times are utterly delusive.—
N. Y. Tribune.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.—The Emperor Maximilian, says a German journal, has a chance of digging out a hidden treasure. The highly romantic story is as follows: When Napoleon I. dethroned the Bourbons in Spain, the Mexicans (whose eyes had been opened by Humboldt to the fact that they were a nation of seven millions, and subdued by eighty thousand Spaniards) became encouraged, and threw off the Spanish yoke. The Vice King sent, during the revolution, four millions of gold pieces, together with other numerous treasures to Madrid. This happened in June, 1808. The escort was, however, attacked by one thousand men and massacred, save one cavalry officer and a few of his men, who acted in concert with the robbers. To avoid the vigilance of the Government, the bandits concluded to hide the treasure in the ground, and to divide it after the expiration of one year. At the foot of a precipice one thousand feet high, of a hollow deep in the mountain, was a cave; there the treasure was dragged; the cave walled with earth and plants, and finally, a little brook was directed in such a manner as to pass, like a cataraet, over the place. Now the robbers spread out the rumor that the whole story of the robbery was invented by the Vice King himself, and that he had brought the treasure in safety. The so accused was called to account. But the robbers did not enjoy their treasure, as already, before the expiration of the year, they had either killed themselves among each other or were defunct. A German traveler named Muller, celebrated by his climbing the Pic of Orizaba, learned the secret from the lips of an aged, dying Indian. The Imperial Government, to whom the place had been pointed out by Muller, is now about to search for the treasure, as the historical facts seem to justify the truth of the story.

Gen. John Wilson, a well-known citizen of California, who has arrived at San Francisco, from Sonora, Mexico, has with him a few curious relics, which deserve the attention of archaeologists.—
They consist of a human foot, with pieces of the wrapping which encloses a large number of mummies found in a cave in Chiricahua, near the line of Sonora and Chihuahua. The cave is a large one, which the mummies appear to fill to the depth or nearly forty feet, and though in the neighborhood, among the Indians, are traditions extending back some five hundred years, there is nothing that explains the filling of the cave with these bodies, which appear to have been preserved by the presence of a large amount of saltpetre.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Resolutions have been offered in the recent Congress to fix the price of provisions for citizens, by commissioners, the same as is done for the army, and to grant amnesty to persons hostile to the rebellion, provided they will now support it.

Eastward from Atlanta.

From Atlanta to Augusta, by railroad, is 171 miles. From Augusta to Charleston, 137 miles. From Atlanta to Macon, 103 miles. From Macon to Savannah, 132 miles. The country from Atlanta toward Augusta is quite rolling, and, in places, rocky, with plenty of small streams and springs, and abundance of wood and forage for an army. It is really a well settled farming country. There are but few swamps, and the roads generally are good. The only serious obstructions that the inhabitants could place in the way of an army would be in the destruction of the bridges over the Savannah at Augusta.

If they do that the army could turn its attention first upon Savannah instead of Charleston, or it could re-bridge the river without any serious delay. The country between Augusta and Charleston is not as good as toward Atlanta. Part of it is inhabited by poor "sandhillers," and part of it is very sparsely inhabited. From Branchville—the point where the railroads from Augusta and Columbia unite—to Charleston, 62 miles, the country is very flat, with a good deal of swamp, and in summer time is so miasmatic that settlements are sparse, though there are some large plantations, and when cotton was king, there were great many slaves kept at work upon all the dry spots of this swampy region. It is not a bad one to march through in cool weather. It would be deadly in Summer. Immediately around Charleston the land is very flat, sandy or swampy.

The road from Augusta to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, is "across the ridges," which are generally low, sand hills, and over small streams, the borders of which are cultivated by small cotton planters and farmers, who keep a good deal of stock, and have plenty of grain and sweet potatoes. The Congaree River, at Columbia, is a respectable sized mill stream, nothing more, and so is the Wateree, eastward of it, and so are the two Pedees, and if an army ever has to march from Augusta to Wilmington, it will find no serious obstructions in the way, except in a time of high water, when every small stream overflows its low banks and covers a broad swamp. The whole way is a good country for an army to march and subsist in. The distance from Augusta to Columbia is about eighty miles, and from Columbia to Wilmington, N. C., about two hundred miles. Some of the richest cotton planters of South Carolina are found along the rivers, which such a march would cross.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REMARKABLE DETECTION.—Some months since a drover, named Thompson, was murdered at West Albany and robbed of some thousands of dollars. The day preceding the murder a man with a slouched hat, moustache, &c., was seen with Thompson, and during that day the same man approached another drover and accosted him as follows, "Hav't I seen you before some where? Didn't you tend bar once?"

The murderer remained undetected up to a few days since, when the drover who was thus accosted by the man in the slouched hat, was in the cars going from Albany to Schenectady. A man with a silk hat and clean-shaven face, said to him, "Hav't I seen you some where before? Didn't you tend bar once?" The drover replied "Yes, you have seen me at West Albany, and I arrest you as the murderer of Thompson."

The tone, and manner, and the very words used months before, left no doubt of the fact that although very different in personal appearance, this man was he who dogged Thompson, and circumstances have revealed themselves, since the arrest, sufficient, it is thought, to fasten the crime.

MANUFACTURE OF TAR IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Perhaps in no State in the Union have the resources thereof been more largely developed than in Pennsylvania. In several of the southern counties cotton has been successfully cultivated on a small scale, while the growing of tobacco has been made one of the principal crops of the farmer. Indeed, the importance of tobacco-planting has now become of the first character, and its harvest a matter of great importance. We now observe that in Cambria, Somerset and the adjoining counties a good quality of tar is being manufactured from the knots of the pitch pine. The manufacture of this substitute for North Carolina tar is carried on quite extensively, and has already considerably depreciated the price of the latter article. The tar thus produced answers nearly all the requisites as a substitute for the original article.—*Pitts. Chronicle.*

Somebody says that the cream upon milk is the only article that has risen late.