

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 2.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1865.

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The Three Gifts.

There was once a poor weaver who became known to the three rich students, who, seeing that the man was very poor, gave him for his house-keeping a hundred dollars.

The weaver was overjoyed at the gift and resolved on employing it to the greatest advantage; but would first, for a time, feast his eyes on the shining money. He concealed it where no one would think of looking for it, namely, among some old rags.

One day, while he was out, a rag-collector came to the house; and his wife sold the whole bundle of rags for a few pence. Now there was grief of heart when the weaver returned, and his wife, full of joy, showed him the trifle of money she got for her old rags.

When a year had passed the three students came again, hoping to find the weaver in comfortable circumstances; instead of which they found him poorer than ever, and, on expressing wonder for this, he informed them of his misfortune. After warning him to be more careful in future they gave him another hundred dollars.

Now he thought he would be more prudent, so, without saying a word to his wife, he hid the money in the dust-tub, and this time it fell out just as on the former occasion.

His wife exchanged the ashes with a dustman for two or three pieces of soap, while her husband was just gone out to carry some work to a customer. When he returned, and was told of the bargain of the ashes, he was so enraged that he gave his wife a beating.

When another year had passed the three students came for the third time and found the weaver in rags and misery. They threw a piece of lead at his feet, saying—

"Of what use is nutmeg to a cow? To give these money again would prove us to be greater fools than even thou art. We will never come to you again."

Thereupon they went away in anger, and the weaver picked up the piece of lead and laid it on the window-sill. Soon after his neighbor entered the room—he was a fisherman—bade him good-day, and said—

"My friend, have you, perchance, a piece of lead, or anything heavy that I can use for my net? For I have just now nothing at hand."

The weaver gave him the piece of lead which the students had left, for which the fisherman thanked him, and promised that he should have in return the first fish he caught.

"Very well," replied the weaver, "but it is not worth speaking about."

Soon after the fisherman actually brought a fine fish, weighing four or five pounds, and obliged his neighbor to accept it. He immediately cut up the fish, and found a bright stone in his belly. This stone the weaver also laid on the window-sill. In the evening, when it became dark, the stone began to shine, and the darker it grew the brighter the stone became, and just like a candle.

"That's a cheap lamp," said the weaver to his wife, "wouldst thou not like to dispose of it as thou didst the two hundred dollars?"

And he placed the stone so that it illuminated the whole room.

The next evening a merchant chanced to ride past the house, who, on seeing the brilliant stone, alighted and entered the room, looked at it, and offered ten dollars for it. The weaver answered—

"It is not for sale."

"What! not for twenty dollars?"

"Not even for that," replied the weaver.

The merchant, however, kept bidding and bidding for the stone, till at last he offered a thousand dollars, for the stone was a precious diamond, and really worth much more.

Now the weaver struck the bargain, and was the richest man in the village. His wife would have the last word, and took much credit to herself, saying—

"See, husband, how well it was that I threw away the money twice, for thou hast me to thank for this good luck."

A Minister who had been reproving one of his elders for over-indulgence, observed a cow down to a stream, take a drink, and then turn away. "There," said he to his offending elder, "is an example for you; the cow has quenched its thirst, and has retired." "Yes," replied the elder, "that is very true. But suppose another cow had come to the other side of the stream, and had said, 'Here's to you, there's no saying how long they might have gone on.'"

—One branch of the Legislature of Illinois has passed a bill appropriating twenty five thousand dollars for the purchase on behalf of the State, of the grounds in which repose the remains of Stephen A. Douglas.

"She Is a Widow."

Did you notice that sneer, the tone of contempt with which those words were uttered? The Hindoos burn widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, and we call them cruel. American Christians, with the Bible in their hands, often treat widows with more refined, but less real cruelty.

Dead readers, did you ever speak lightly of widows, and did you ever realize what the word signifies? A widow! one who has loved and been loved—once the mistress of a pleasant home where clustered the richest blossoms of affection, where was music and gladness, one who once had a strong arm to lean upon, a noble manly heart to sympathize in all her sorrows, and to shield her from every rough blast. You knew her then; perhaps you often partook of the hospitalities of that home which she adorned—How respectfully you were—how lovely she seemed, how lady-like—she was a wife then—she had a protector. But days of darkness and sorrow came—her husband—her earthly all, was laid low, and she, the tenderly nurtured, the "precious one," and the joy of that now cold heart, was a widow! At first you were all kindness and sympathy, but days and weeks, and months went on, and you forgot your friend—did she forget? No, but she must struggle for bread; she who had always shrunk from any other than household care, must care for business now; she must bargain with you, and others of your sex, or starve. And now you strangely forget those other days and you are a noble exception if you do not take advantage of her ignorance of business, to make a good bargain for yourself to her loss.

If necessity compels her to be on the alert against business trickery, then forth she is a strong minded woman, and your bachelor friend is warned against such designing widows! Shame! Shame! where is your manhood, your sense of right and justice? You know better; you know it is almost martyrdom for her to meet you in the marts of business and to take of dollars and cents; you know that the memory of the past comes upon her with an almost overwhelming sorrow, while, as with calm exterior, she seems to guard the temporal interest of herself and little ones, you know she is a gentle, true, loving woman, one whom the Lord has afflicted,—one who has too much reason to think that all real-mindedness is barred in the dust.

Desisting! Do you ever think when you speak lightly of widows, that your wife may soon be liable to the same reproach. Your wife is not secure; the wife of your friend was no less happy than your own is now; she was no more self-reliant, no more "strong minded," and even now she shrinks from contact with the outer world with just as much delicacy; but stern necessity needs no such womanly feeling.

Beware, then, O man, perhaps professedly a Christian brother, how you forget the teachings of the blessed master. Beware how you emulate the heathen by inflicting torture on the sensitive spirit of a refined woman, harder to be borne than the faggot and the fire. Remember that the Holy One, foreseeing all, has proclaimed himself the widow's God, and that his care is open to every sigh of her pained heart, and He said to you, "By your words you shall be justified, and by your words you shall be condemned." Speak respectfully, then, of these afflicted ones. The Lord made them widows, not in wrath, but because "whom he loveth He chasteneth."—*Cong. Herald.*

THE TWO APPRENTICES.—Two boys were apprenticed in a carpenter's shop.—One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other didn't care. One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked to run the best. He often went with other boys to have a "good time."

"Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your old books and go with us—what's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments!" was the answer, "I shall lose what I never can make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspaper, for the best plan for a State House, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee. We suppose he did not really expect to win the prize; but still he thought there was nothing like trying.

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop and inquired if an architect by the name of

Washington Wilberforce lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect, but I have got an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman. The young man was summoned and informed that his plan had been accepted and that the two thousand dollar were his! The gentlemen then said that the boy must put up the building, and his employer was so proud, that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. The studious young carpenter became one of the finest architects of our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

American Nationality.

One of the grandest and most enduring results of our present war for the Union is to be the establishment of the nationality of the American People.—We are to convince ourselves and the world that we are one nation. The true idea of republican government is to settle and be forever. Other republics have existed and flourished, but they were limited and partial in their character.—They had not the real elements of united strength, and therefore did not continue. It has remained for the patriots of America to establish the fact that a genuine republic can not only be permanent but universal.

The great national struggle through which we are passing has developed the following facts:

First, That a well-educated republic possesses more inherent power than a monarchy.

Second, That such a republic as ours in America can be maintained in time of war as well as peace.

Third, That the consolidation of the government by the will of the people is consistent with the sovereignty of the States.

By the concurrent operation of these facts, American nationality has been secured, and as long as they continue thus to operate, it will be maintained to the end of time. They have shown, beyond all civil, that the government of the people, rightly administered, is the strongest government on earth, and the only government really adapted to the best happiness of mankind.

What, then, is American nationality? It is the practical elucidation, in the face of all the world, hostile as well as friendly, of the Declaration of American Independence. It is forever establishing on the pages of history that we are doing "what any nation may do right do." It is proving to all mankind that we are not a confederation of colonies; not a union of partners in business, from which any one may withdraw at pleasure; not a league of States bound together by a treaty, as with foreign lands; but a distinct, united, consolidated nation, in which there is no separation but by revolution and the disruption of the whole. Secession is thus proved to be treason; treason is civil war; and civil war must be put down by the nation, or the nation ceases to exist.

In the present gigantic war of the Union to maintain the Union intact has accomplished nothing else, it has achieved wonders in establishing these facts.—The republic is seen in the lurid light of our vast battle fires as it was never seen before. Never had our national flag such a significance as it has now. Never was the United States Constitution so ordained to be national as it is by the thunder of our republican cannon. Never was the Declaration of Independence so illuminated as it has been within the last few years by the valor of our army on the land and our navy on the sea. We have proved our patent of nobility as a nation in the presence of a witnessing world.—We have set our seal of nationality in the blood of patriots; and prouder inscriptions than the stars and ribbons, the sceptres and crowns, the diamonds and thrones of monarchs, are found now in the annals of America.

It only remains for the American people to cultivate and perpetuate their nationality. We must show by our conduct toward other nations that we esteem our own the best among them all. By doing this we do not preclude the foreigner from loving his own land. He has the right to do so; and no American but would despise him if he did not. Let it be understood, however, that what the Englishman claims for England, the Frenchman for France, and other men for their nationalities, the American claims and will maintain for America.

This is American nationality. We ask nothing more; we will take nothing less.

—We confess small faults by way of indicating that we have no great ones.

THE IRISH SERENADE.

BY THOMAS MANSAN.

Arrah! Biddy, my jewel, just open the window, An' give me a peep at ye, Ye beautiful woman!

For the big large moon is burnin' to a sidney, An' dark as a nager wid both his eyes out.

Big rash, my own son, I sleep ye so comf'ly, An' ye wake till ye hear me lamentin' well!

For I am ye lover, I speak it out loudly, But, b'gosh, me jewel, ye know it too well.

Faith, the dogs are a barkin, the lightnin' is roarin', The mid an' the walkin' is up to me knaver!

The rustlers are crowin', it seem to be mornin', This lift up the window, me love, an' ye please.

Och! Biddy, me jewel, I think ye do love me, For shure ye'll not seem to leave me a wink!

An' faith, an' b'gosh, I'll never more bother ye, An' out at this place I'll be gettin', I think.

It was for ye, ye beautiful woman, That through the long night, all mornin' I've howled, An' for the d'ropin' an' the lightnin' jabs, I've catch'd in me t'rots a murd'rin' cowl!

Good mornin', me girl, it's now I'll be havin' ye, An' shure I'll be comin' back agin'!

For all I care for ye, the d'ropin' may swaley ye, An' if he does that, b'gosh, he's mine.

—Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom? Because it grows down.

—Why are widows like smokers? Because they often find solace in their weeds.

—Why do hens always lay in the day time? Because at night they become roost-ers.

—A down-east editor declares that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman, but ruins a man.

—What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail? The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

—Gardening for ladies is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture on account of a partiality for husbandry.

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

"True," replied he, "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

—Husband, I must have some change to-day. "Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough any how."

"I am like Balaam," said a dandy, on meeting a pretty girl in a narrow passage. "stopped by an angel." "So am I," said she, "for I am accosted by an ass."

—The Richmond Examiner says Jeff. Davis is "carrying the Confederacy to perdition and the devil." May he have smooth seas and favorable gales!

—All bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

—"That's a pretty bird, Grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, and it never cries." "That's because he's never washed!" rejoined the youngster.

—One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleaco. "That," said he, "is what I call an attempt to introduce cotton into turkey."

—A General on the point of death, opening his eyes and seeing a consultation of three physicians who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons, it is all over with me."

AN ODD MISTAKE.—A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sins of the Pharisees?" "Eating casels, marm," quickly replied the child.—She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

—"Bill, did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did. Last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl, but I only went once." "Why so?" "Because her brother had an unpleasant way of throwing boot-jacks and smoothing irons at people."

—A regular physician being sent for by a quack, expressed his surprise at being called in on occasion so apparently trifling. "Not so trifling, neither," replied the quack; for, to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

—An editor attempts to explain to his readers the condition of affairs at his establishment, by the following lucid typographical effort:

"The Printer's are on a Strike for higher wages. We have concluded to set our own type in fut Ure! It is aisy on Ough."

—A minikin three feet and a half colonel, being one day at drill, was examining a strapper of six feet four.

"Come, fellow, hold up your head,—higher, fellow."

"Yes, sir."

"Higher, fellow—higher."

"What, so, sir?" said the man, raising his head much above the horizontal parallel.

"Yes, fellow."

"And am I always to remain so, sir?"

"Yes, fellow, to be sure."

"Why, then, good-by, colonel, for I shall never see you again."

PONY AND BEAR.—The following story was recently told me by the gentleman who met with the adventure:

He had a pony which was very much attached to him, and very gentle with him, but which would not allow any one else to mount him. He was given to flying, and butting strangers, a quality which turned to the advantage of his owner.

One morning my friend was on the march through the jungle of Ceylon, his coolies and servants following with his baggage, guns, &c., and he walked with his pony's bridle over his arm. It would appear that a bear was just then regaling himself in the pathway by an ant-hill which concealed his interesting figure from the traveler's view until close upon him. Suddenly the gentleman felt himself thrown down, with the bear on his back pawing and scratching him. Knowing that there were four loaded guns in the hands of his attendants, he called out to them to fire, and at the same time he struck backwards with a stick which lay within his reach. No one fired, however, and he did not know what to do, when suddenly he heard a serenade; that moment the weight was removed from his shoulders, and on looking up he saw the bear in full flight and the pony after him with his ears set back. He got up and shook himself, and saw his guns lying on the ground; his attendants had all disappeared. He was about to retrace his footsteps, when he heard several voices exclaiming together—

"Here we are!" and on looking he saw his people perched high in the trees, they told him that the pony had flown at the bear with such fury that he had taken to his heels in the manner described.

Moral. There is some good in a biting and kicking pony.

SOUND AND FURY IN OUR HOMES.—There are abodes malevolently resounding with quarrelling and scolding; there are families where mother and children all talk in loud, angry tones. Escaping from such, "the solitary" may well bless God for his own lot, which, when viewed in the warm, loving light of a well ordered and happy home, sometimes seems almost intolerable. Ye sad, lonely maidens, ye sour, fretful bachelors, when your desolation becomes too great a burden for you to bear, just go for a two day's visit to the family of "the bawling woman," and you will be, for the time, cured. You silent, lonely room will be as a harbor of refuge for you during many subsequent days.

Is wives and mothers could but realize what they are doing when they begin the loud-voiced scolding system, how quickly they would desist. But there must be authority and punishment in the family; and there is in many cases nothing so good as the rod. Mothers, do the little children swarm about you, and weary you by their wants and their ways? Try for one year the virtue of low, mild tones, decided measures, and, in case of intentional naughtiness, the rod, and if at the end of the year you are not satisfied that this is not the best course, break the rod and depend for discipline on scolding and loud threats never made good. Children imitate as readily as do monkeys, and if the mother's voice is loud and harsh, theirs will probably be the same; if her ways are rough with them, theirs will be so with each other, and their home will be a place from which we shall be only too happy to escape.

ABOUT "THE NOSE."—One day, as a witty son of the Emerald Isle was standing on the steps of a tavern in Grand street, a finely dressed, vain looking man alighted from a stage. His nose was such an uncommon size that Pat stared at him with astonishment. "What are you staring at, stupid?" asked the man of the big nose, in a pompous tone. "Why, be jabbers," said Pat, "seeing a nose comin' I was looking to see whether there was a man behind it or not."

—A movement is on foot among many of the Western railroad companies to increase the rates of transportation. They base their intentions upon a schedule showing the advance in price of every article of railroad consumption as well as labor. By this schedule, it appears that rail has advanced from \$45 per ton in 1850 to \$125 in 1865; screws from \$55 to \$120; car wheels from \$14.50 each to \$30, and other articles in proportion.

—A Government contract for eight thousand head of cattle was recently let in Baltimore at \$11.90 per cow. Dealers in this market assert that the cattle could have been purchased in Chicago and shipped to Baltimore at \$10 per cow, making a saving to the Government of at least \$160,000.

—What is the only thing that can live on fire? A live coal.

Religion and its Politics.

Published by Request.

One of the names he'd in greatest estimation in the American Church, that of Dr. John M. Mason. Probably America has never yet produced his equal as a public orator. His patriotism was of the highest order, and his conservative orthodoxy was above suspicion. But he never adopted the theory so industriously propagated by some parties in these latter days, that religion should have nothing to do with a man's politics. He taught that our political conduct, as well as all the other relations of life should be regulated by the Gospel.

Our readers will be interested by the following specimen of Dr. Mason's reasoning, on the general subject indicated by the heading of this article. That Prince of American preachers said:

"That religion has in fact nothing to do with the politics of many who profess it, is a melancholy truth.—But that has, of right, no concern with political transactions is quite a new discovery. If such opinions, however, prevail, there is no longer any mystery in the character of those whose conduct in political matters violates every precept, and shames every principle of the religion of Christ. But what is politics? Is it not the science and the exercise of civil rights and civil duties? And what is religion? Is it not an obligation to the service of God, founded on his authority, and extending to all our relations, personal and social?—Yet religion has nothing to do with politics! Where did you learn this maxim? The Bible is full of directions for your behavior as citizens.—It is plain, pointed, awful in its injunctions on rulers and ruled as such; yet religion has nothing to do with politics! You are commanded in all your ways to acknowledge Him. In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let your requests be made known unto God. And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet religion has nothing to do with politics! Most astonishing! And is there any part of your conduct in which you are, or wish to be, without law to God, and not under the law of Jesus Christ? Can you persuade yourselves that political men and measures are to undergo no review in the judgment to come? That all the passion and violence, the fraud and falsehood and corruption which pervade the system of party, and burst out like a flood at the public elections, are to be blot out from the catalogue of unchristian deeds because they are political? Or that a minister of the Gospel may see his people, in their political career, in defiance to their God in breaking through every moral restraint, and keep a guiltless silence because religion has nothing to do with politics? I forbear to press the argument further, observing only that many of our difficulties and sins may be traced to this pernicious notion. Yes, if our religion had more to do with our politics; if in the pride of our citizenship we had not forgotten Christianity; if we had prayed more and wrangled less about the affairs of our country, it would have been infinitely better for us this day."

Miss SLIDELL'S MARRIAGE.—The marriage of M. Erlanger, the banker, to Miss Slidell, is causing no small sensation. M. Erlanger being just divorced from M'le Odelle Lafitte (Charles Lafitte's daughter), and the divorced lady being about to enter the bonds of matrimony with the cause of the divorce, makes the events of the highest order of picturesque interest. One of those curious circumstances which can never happen but in France, is recorded of the incident which led to the divorce, the guilty party being pursued by the offended husband was, of course, struck with terror; but philosophy and content had done much to mitigate the pursuer's wrath, and so, instead of "chastising the insolence," according to the fashion observed in novels, he very quietly placed his pocket-book in the hands of the fugitive, exclaiming, "Ah malheureux. You have only taken ten thousand francs, and you are going to Rome!" Knowing your fair companion well, I can safely say that such a patty sum as that will be devoured before you get to Marseilles. There is double the sum. This will enable you to go further off—to Naples, perhaps—and I shall be pained, for you will be forced to remain there." And with this consolatory speech the injured party coolly turned upon his heel and walked off. So goes the legend at least.—*Paris Cor., Liverpool Journal, Sept. 9th.*

—This Commonwealth, as stated in the last message of Governor Curtin, has commenced proceedings against the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company, an organization which, however they may have violated the law, was the first to develop the oil regions of Pennsylvania. It is understood that one of the charges against the road is that it has built branches without any authority. There is a bitter antagonism in the northwestern counties of our State between the corporation and the Lake Shore Road, but at the present time travel is so great that both are making fortunes for their managers.

—Deserters and others who came into the national lines on last Friday night unanimously concurred in the statement that the enemy's artillery on the north side of the James river, in front of the Union lines, was being removed. They also said that orders had been given by General Lee for the court martialing of any of his men caught at the distance of half a mile in the rear of his lines. This would seem to confirm the former report, or at least to indicate that something more than ordinary was in progress among the rebels in the vicinity of Richmond.

—A letter received in New York from Mexico states that Dr. Gwin's scheme for the colonization of the Northwestern States of Mexico has failed, owing to its being his design to introduce into the country, as colonists, large numbers of Southern rebels, to which Maximilian objected.

—A correspondent of a South Carolina paper, who has been over the route of Genl Sherman's march through Georgia, is surprised to find that that officer dealt so leniently with that State, and compares himself with the anticipations of the same gentle treatment for South Carolina.

—Major General Schofield has assumed command of the Department of North Carolina. This places him at the head of the military forces now operating in the vicinity of Wilmington. It is expected that General Terry will command a corps under Schofield. The latest advices from Cape Fear River are to the 31st.

—The Cheyenne Indians attacked the fort at Julesburg, in western Nebraska, lately, burned the telegraph office, barns and warehouses of the stage company, and destroyed other property. They have also captured and destroyed a train recently, west of Fort Laramie.

—One hundred and ten sick, frost-bitten and repentant rebels of Mosby's gang, captured in the Shenandoah valley, were sent to Washington on the 21. They were intending a surprise on our forces, but profess joy to be out of the rebel service.

—The rebel Gen. Chalvers, in a speech at Corinth, is said to have denounced Hood, and stated that the "confederacy had gone under," and to have advised his men to care for themselves, as he should quit and try to save his property. The rebel Gen. Morrow is said to be waiting to learn on what conditions he can surrender himself.

Muscular Strength.

The muscular strength of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete, of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulders an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but no one had the courage to enter the lists against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillars which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by the roots and break it. He partially effected it, but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where cleft, re-erected, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and being unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentioned that a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the whole weight of his body—one hundred and fifty pounds—until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet.

Bugustus II, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper.

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