

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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Making Treason Odious.

The President directed that Raphael Semmes, the late commander of the late Alabama, shall not while he remains unpardoned, hold or exercise the function of Probate Judge, to which office he has just been elected in Mobile. This is an indication of caution and prudence which will be commended by every good citizen.

When Mr. Johnston became President he made many speeches to many deputations, and the refrain of every speech was that treason must be made odious. No sentiment he ever uttered was more approved. It was not because he was understood to mean that there must be universal vengeance. No sensible man wished that there should be a general hanging and confiscation and outlawry. No one who knew history and human nature imagined that the peace that had been won could be secured by a vindictive policy. Treason was to be made odious by honoring patriotism. The Government was to favor the one who had been faithful to it during the long, dark day of rebellion. Such a policy was founded in common sense. It was intelligible to the dull-witted mind. Why, then, has it been so often disregarded?

We are not of those who say or believe that the President wishes to put the Government into the hands of its enemies. It is sheer folly to insist that he is anxious to welcome red-handed rebels into Congress. A man is not proved a villain because his views appear to be short-sighted and perilous. Some of the honestest men in the world have done the most mischief, but for all that they were not bad men. That the President should wish to see the Union restored to its normal condition during his Administration is most natural and laudable; nor is it necessary to suspect the motives of such a desire. We disagree, indeed, with many of his views, and the temper in which he often discusses public affairs in his popular speeches is most lamentable. His disposition to make assent to his theories the test of patriotic fidelity is, of course, simply preposterous, and any systematic attempt upon his part, which we do not anticipate, but which is clamorously urged upon him, to prostitute the vast patronage of office to the promotion of his own purposes, however honestly those purposes may be entertained, we trust will be constitutionally opposed to the utmost. But we believe he heartily deprecates the unpromising state of feeling in large portions of the late rebel section, and while he is inclined to attribute it to the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from that section, he probably entirely forgets how much of the unsatisfactory condition of the late insurgent States is due to departure from the policy of making treason odious.

When the Union men of those States who have suffered every kind of outrage, who have been fined, mobbed, imprisoned, and have seen their Union neighbors hunted and tortured and hung for their fidelity to the Government, see a man like General Humphreys, of Mississippi, a conspicuous, leading traitor hastily pardoned by the President that he may be come Governor; when they see Mr. Monroe, of New Orleans, another chief traitor, pardoned that he may become Mayor; when they see members of the Cabinet deliberately annulling the law of the land in order to appoint late rebels to national offices, while the most noted and tried Union men in the insurgent States ask in vain for such recognition of their fidelity, how can such men help bitterly feeling the contemptuous scorn with which the triumphant rebels regard them? How can they help asking why they might not as well have been rebels? How can they help the conviction that the policy of the Executive is conciliation of rebels and not recognition of Union men, or avoid asking with intense incredulity whether this is the way in which treason is to be made odious?

On the other hand, what is more natural than that the late rebels who, as the President solemnly declared last year, were to be made odious, seeing exactly what the Union men see, should denounce Congress precisely as they used to denounce "the North," should heap every insulting superlative upon the most loyal men in the country, should vociferously declare their "rights," and begin vehemently to expound the Constitution which for four years they have trampled under foot? What is more natural than that these men whose treason, the President taught us, was to make them odious, should persecute with savage ferocity the most unfortunate and defenseless of all Union men in the South, the freedmen, attack their teachers and assassinate the officers of the Bureau; when they see that the Executive is plainly hostile to the freedmen's Bureau, is reluctant to secure their civil rights, and sorely denounces as

traitors their special friends? What is more natural than that these men who were to be made odious should make it their business to denounce the President as a traitor, and as Mr. Bots says in Virginia, should "assume a superiority over the loyal men of this State, impudent, defiant, and determined to ostracize, decapitate, and put the brand of infamy upon loyal men, and by legislation to render treason commendable and loyalty a crime." What wonder that the late rebel Mayor of Mobile, at a banquet of rebels, toasts together Andrew Johnson and Jefferson Davis, while John Minor Botts, whose fidelity to the Union will not be questioned, declares that he has abandoned President Johnson's plan?

What is the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs? A year ago, amidst the total ruin of the rebellion and exhaustion of the rebel section, and with the hearty sympathy and support of every loyal man in the land, Mr. Johnson became President, declaring, while all the people said Amen, that treason must be made odious. Now, when a year has passed, it is loyalty that is odious and dangerous in the disaffected section, and the vast body of loyal citizens gaze at the President in wonder. Is this situation to be explained by the delay of Congress to admit loyal representatives from unorganized States, or by the fact that the Executive has not succeeded in making treason odious in those States?

If from the moment he became President Mr. Johnson, while he reasonably pardoned and amputated the late rebels, had strenuously supported in every way the constant Union men of the rebel States, if he had shown the most unflinching determination that every right of the freedmen should be respected, and had every where manifested the success of the Government by its official preference of those who had defended it and believed in it under terrible trials, then, whatever its differences with Congress upon questions of method might have been, his policy would have been as approved and resultless as that of Mr. Lincoln. As it is, the Union men of the Southern States are either silenced as before and during the war, or else with Mr. Botts they mean to try for their rights independently of the President.

The sad and stringent testimony of Mr. Botts and Ex-Governor Holden of North Carolina, neither of them "Radicals," supported by the constant evidence of private letters and of the frank statements of Southern Union men, that should the military force be withdrawn they could not continue to live at home—the incessant assaults upon the freedmen's schools and teachers—the testimony of General Grant and of General Sheridan that a military force must be retained for a long time yet in the late disaffected States—the ferocity of the late rebel press, and the undoubted fact, as Governor Holden says, that "the true Unionists are dejected, cowed, proscribed, and under the ban of the law," pecuniarily and politically," should certainly induce the President to consider whether there may not be some better explanation of the situation on the radicalism of Congress. A little radicalism is perhaps natural and even pardonable under the circumstances. And we have no doubt that if the Executive should unflinchingly insist upon making treason odious, not by hanging or imprisoning, but by treating every man who was in arms as if he were a murderer, but by that firm preference of tried fidelity which is perfectly intelligible and practicable, the morbid treachery of tone in the late rebel section would abate, the painful and prolonged rupture in the great Union party would begin to heal, and the prospect of a truly "restored Union" would become much more promising.

An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse in the kitchen as dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl the reply was, "Och, to be sure, ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw sure."

Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? asked a Sabbath school teacher of his class. "Because," replied a precocious young lady, "it was a good opening for a young man."

There is an old fellow in Nashville who snores so loud that he is obliged to sleep in a house in the next street to avoid waking himself.

A correspondent of the Pioneeer has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

Letter from Petroleum V. Nasby, He Visited Chambersburg—He Attended the Presbyterian Church.

My sole is 2 full for utterance. I hev had a refreshment; I hev herd 2 sound gospel sermons, and nary nigger mentioned in em wunst. Only sinners was sket 2 repent and go to glory, and im bound for the promised land. Hallelujah! I left my charge at Confedrit X Roads, Ky., with mi old female friend Garret Davis, whilst I sought to re-people my failing health by a voyage 2 the see shore. I wuz desirous also 2 see what those traitor Buehger and bi-agitant Gen. Howard was about at the Mary-Anne-iversary. Grieved am I 2 say that they hev not shown a proper distress at the calamity which has overtaken our beloved brethren and sisters of the Sunny South, resulting from the tyrannical course of Mr. Anna Dickinson and Miss Wendell Phillips.

From watching the corners in New York, I visited the gory field of Gettysburg, where hecatombs of the noblest sons of the South wuz offe'ed, offered 2 appease the insatiable blood thirsting of wofish Aberlithunists; but alas! no Nashunal Abolitionist is a rearin 2 mark the spot where they ly. I call upon the democracy, headed by the God-like Andy Johnson, 2 raise a diine conterbushun a la Valandigum 2 rear a monument which shall overtop the Aberlithunist 1, & prove 2 sign generatious that the Democracy never forgits its friends—never! Hallelujah! The conterbushun may be cent to the ungrateful.

Notisn a brass band approachin as I arrove into Chambersburg on Saturday eve last, I thot my friends wuz intendin to give me the grand recepshun dew my distinguished talents and servees in the Democratic party, and after it had discoursed its music a spell, I stept forred, thrown back the curling box from my massive brow, placed one hand serenely in my buzin and striking a classic attitude, wuz about 2 begin "Countrymen & Lovers," when the crowd called out "Carry on, God bless you!" I looked 2 see if any curtain or drapery was to be hid, and finding none, was about 2 proceed 2 remark as much, when a lo Aberlithunist interrupted me by sayin: "See here you confounded ape! what you standin there in the Givners way for! Get out of here!" And with no reverence for the cloth which covered my manly form, he pushed me roodly aside between 2 niggers who hadn't been washed since before the war, and hed been sot there as a special boka for Gov. Curtin. Ah! What a certain to be dup't twist me and a triumphant recepshun! My feelings wuz hurt and I indignantly retired.—I will just say here that that brass band is the poorest, meanest, contemptiblest brass band as ever tooted onto a horn. I wud rather heir a cord of tom cats onto a wood house roof at nite one thousand times.

And now I hev got back 2 the Press by tear in leg, where I started. As I remarked, the surmun was pew-er-gos-pil, but what delated me most was the site of a nigger gal lery wuz moar. What bizness has niggers on the same floor with white folks? Are they goin to the same hevin? or is there any hev'n or hereafter for niggers? Ef I thot niggers was goin to sit down with me in Abraham's bosom, I'd resin my charge in disgust.—There is a bare possibility of that going to the same hevin with white folks, but I don't believe it. Why would a nigger look robed in white? It wudn't be harmonious.

I was especially pleased with the gloomy appearance of the audience room, for the hev'n is brite and calculated 2 make a man cheerful it is well in this world of sin and sorrow to keep the spirits down by evry artifice means, so's to enjoy hev'n the moar—when we git there. So make your rooms "dark and dreary"—it's so impressive on the minds of children.

And now I must close with a delicate allusion 2 the quire. "When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young," (which is quotations) I suppose she looked exactly like 1 of those beautiful girls in the quire, just as they ought 2. They wuz joyly and it did me good 2 see how lite hearted they was! When one stoppt ride in the middle of a verse, sung to that mournful old tune Windham, and laffed at a sister singer who had made a mistake, and whispered across the melody 2 another to tell her about it, and when another threw o coonlike leer out of the N. E. corner of her right eye, because the melody singer's right hand little finger struck D flat instead of D natural, and his left hand didn't come to time on the "Sow-norens bass," and when another thought it didn't make any differens with the Lord whether she sat or stood to sing or

sung at all or not, I thot "You are sensible, you little festive cases." No use in feelin bad when one cant help it. It used ter be thought advisable to feel the contents we sang and show it in our axious and tones & mayhap tears, and I hev seen an audience weep—yes, I hev seen old white headed christians, who ought to know better, cry rite out because some unfashionable quire kept grindin out patches instead of pew-er singing. But I did hev to laff at that base singer pumpin wind into the melody. He was a fine lookin feller—looked like a dekin. To appeare he was the body of the quire—the lite house—the steeple. His was the "Ona-de-profundis (which is latin for 2 lips round a kavern). Where should we look for the movement but 2 him?—Where should we look for the expresshion but to him? Where should we look for the—should we look for the—! Yes, sir, right there! Just see at him with his left hand onto the pump handle and his him book in his site. "Right shoulder shift," "Left shoulder down, head carous," "Right shoulder shift." Head floats again. Left shoulder rises. As you were! Right shoulder shift. Left shoulder down. Head bobs again. Right shoulder shift. From erectus (wich again is latin). Left shoulder looms up again from behind melody. How cood U expect expresshion outo such a man? Gabriel wud have tried to stuff his piyan igit his mouth to keep from laffin. Imagen the effect whilst this him was sung: (Pump) Sinners turn (pump) why will ye die! (pump) God your Ma (pump) her asks you why? (pump).

Here, 2 compose myself, I went 2 studin the gloomy walls, onto which a black shadder had been cast from the nigger gal-lery. I must say that a church as wants pump music shoold own a boy 2 run the pump. A nigger might do it, only he'd go bizness onto the same floor with white folks. You might, however, run a handle up in the nigger gal-lery 2 him.

I hope the Democracy won't forget 2 send me the monetary fund, for the greenhush of the Gettysburg toom stone. I need it.

Yours truly,
PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Pastor of the Church of the Noo Dis-pensashun.

MARYLAND.

The Unconditional Unionists, though deserted by a few of those they elevated to high positions, are rallying to carry their State as usual. They have recently held great meetings at Frederick and at Baltimore, which were ably addressed by several leading members of Congress. To the latter, Speaker Colfax wrote as follows:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON CITY, May 18, '66.
GENTLEMEN: My heart beats in unison with the earnest Union men who will assemble to-night in Baltimore to renew together their pledges of devotion to the great principle commanded both by patriotism and duty, that loyal men should govern a proscribed Republic, and regret sincerely that the constant pressure on my time prevents my being with them.

Congress remains firm, united and inflexible in its adherence to that principle. Not only in the organization last December, but also in the passage of the act protecting Union officers from rebel suits in placing the Civil Rights bill by a two-thirds vote among our national statutes, and in the adoption of the irrepressible guarantees proposed by the Committee on Reconstruction, the Union ranks in the House have been, with scarcely an exception, unbroken; and the justice of the cause will keep them united to the end.

If its policy needed any vindication, it would be found in the abuse of the enemies of the country which it has been honored. Every man conspicuous in the wicked rebellion which threatened the nation's life denounces it. Every traitor chief, with the blood of murdered Union defenders still undried upon his skirts, denounces it. Our embittered enemies, who hang as deserters Southern Unionists captured fighting under the old flag, denounce it. The Richmond Examiner, which prophesied less than a week ago that, though conquered, "the end is not yet," denounces it. The Southern presses which have nominated the military leader of the Rebellion for the Presidency of the Union who drew the sword to destroy, denounce it. The men all over the North who resisted every war policy of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and by speech and platform, in 1864, declared the war a failure and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities, denounce it. But all these denunciations fall pointless and harmless at its feet. From them Congress appeals to the people, and I have no fear of the result. When the country was clouded with the gloom of

defeat in 1862 our political adversaries were confident of their return to power; but the loyal men said No, and the good cause triumphed in the darkest hour of the war. When at the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress, the constitutional amendment abolishing Slavery failed of a two-thirds vote—and this was in June, 1864, less than two years ago—Congress adjourned amid the confident boasts of our opponents that the platform that knew us then, would know us no more thereafter. But, even with their war-ery against us of "an Abolition war," and their appeals whether "white men should be drafted to free negroes," the loyal people overwhelmed them at the polls, turned all their premature rejoicings into sorrow, and returned over 100 majority to the House—the most sweeping victory ever known in our political history. The popular heart is as sound as steel as true to the right now as it was then. The policy proposed by Congress cannot be justly regarded as extreme or vindictive, even by those who, having forsaken their country, ensuing that all who would not surrender their birthright should be treated as alien enemies, raising armies to war on the Union, and signaling their power by the most infamous persecutions, outrages, starvation and murders ever known in a civilized land, now demand that they claim as "their rights," in the most arrogant and indignant terms. If it is criticized, on the other hand, by those who do not think it goes far enough, Congress can point to the examples of John Bright and Stuart Mill in the British Parliament, who labor with zeal, not for all that they may desire, but for what is attainable.

I rejoice that those in Maryland who sustain its wise and judicious registry law, and who believe at a time like this in the language of your call, "that none but those who have been consistently loyal from the beginning should rule in the councils of the nation or State," stand by Congress so nobly; and as they stand by it and all the difficulties of its position, they will share with it in its final triumph. The whole country was united in the abolition of Slavery, so bitterly fought through four sessions of Congress in all its preliminary stages. So will the country endorse its policy now, which is but a fitting and necessary sequence and consummation of that great act. And after ages will honor its memory and the men who stood so firmly and so faithfully in this hour of trial for justice, for humanity, for loyalty, and for the truest interests of the nation.

Very truly yours,
SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Ex-Governor Johnston.

Fifteen years ago there was no man in Pennsylvania whose leadership the party opposed to Democracy would have so willingly and so devotedly followed as Wm. F. Johnston. He was our first Executive of modern times who sought to impure the people and a policy of the State with the genius of Freedom, and he sacrificed himself in 1851 by his fidelity to his convictions. He then filled the full measure of his great manhood, and understood the efforts of the second accidental President (Fillmore) to make the nation forget its sacred mission for the elevation of the human race. He retired though defeated, still more beloved and revered than was his successful competitor, who had climbed into the chief magistracy of the State by discarding his own record, and prostituting himself to the insolence of Slavery.

But ambition sometimes toys with the mightiest minds and drags them down to flounder in pitiable imbecility. Such is the history of Wm. F. Johnston. Of all others, he should have been faithful; but he could not wait the fullness of time for the people to vindicate him, and he yielded to fate. Had he bowed to the storm of prejudice that swept him down for a time and calmly awaited the noon-tide of the dawning day, there is no position in the government that he might not have attained. But his follies layered side by side with his great ability, and he became the play-thing of little men and at last the least of little men himself. He could not accept the tide as it came, and when the whirlwind of 1854 swept the Slavery leaders from power, it left him behind—hence when a U. S. Senator was to be chosen he had no place in the contest. Mortified and humiliated by the just judgement of his party, he repeated his folly in 1856, when he sought and obtained a sideshow nomination for the Vice Presidency, and held it as his stock in trade to barter for position and power. Finding no contracting parties and no substantial support, he declined just when he had no party to transact, and lost both principal and interest in the investment. In 1860 another great trag-

gle came, and again he dwarfed himself by placing his personal prejudices above his political convictions, and in 1864 he naturally enough landed in the Cleveland convention of seceding heads in good season to learn that he had gone wooling and must come home sheared. He tried in vain to make himself a candidate for Congress—a position his people would have been proud to call him to had he been true to himself—and his last demonstration upon the Union party within its lines, was for the clerkship of Congress in 1863, but he was practically without supporters and a younger and a truer man won the place. Thus disappointed in every effort, Gov. Johnston, in a fit of the maddest desperation, resolved to espouse the cause of his Presidential namesake, who was in diligent search for men of easy principles and violent ambition. Gov. Johnston repaired to Washington; made a political speech in defense of the President, and thereby won a nomination for the position of Collector of Revenue for the 23d district. He paid the price, and he supposed that he had the proffered office; but an unappreciating Senate had doomed him to another disappointment by rejecting the nomination, ostensibly because he does not live in the district, but in fact, we do not doubt, because the Senate will not sanction the ostracism of faithful men for political camp-followers to gratify a perfidious Executive.

Gov. Johnston has had many bitter lessons, but none so bitter as this one. He has deliberately sown to the wind and has ever reaped the whirlwind, until now, from the first man of his mighty Commonwealth, he has fallen so low that there is none to do him reverence. The true Union men of the State have regarded his petty freaks of unbalanced ambition with sorrow rather than anger, and they do not rejoice that he has fallen from his high estate; but they do with one accord, pronounce as just the retributive stroke that has prostrated him. To find the overshadowing leader of the hosts of Freedom in 1851, falter and fall among the struggling political mediocrities of the day in 1860, and there reap nothing but disappointment for his degradation, is a fate we could have wished for many others than Wm. F. Johnston; but since he has chosen that path, and thorns and bitter fruit of the seed he planted. Smaller men are treading the same way with him, but to most of them the charity of forgetfulness is easily exercised, and they leave no monuments as warnings for others as they pass away.—Gov. Johnston has rendered a better service to mankind than his humbler comrades, and however costly, it may be some consolation to him in his disappointments, that he has pointed a moral that will not be lost to his race.

Big Brindle.

In Nashville, many years ago, there resided a gentleman of great hospitality, large fortune, and though uneducated, possessed of a hard, knotty sense. Col. W. had been elected to the legislature, and had also been Judge of the county court. His elevation, however, had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words. On his farm he had a very large and mischievous ox, called "Big Brindle," which frequently broke down his neighbor's fences, and committed other depredations, much to the Colonel's annoyance.

One morning after breakfast, in the presence of some gentlemen who had stayed with him over night, and who were now on their way to town, he called to his overseer and said to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more animadversions of his internal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sore puzzled to know what the Colonel meant. So, after the Colonel left the town, he went to his wife and asked her what Colonel W. meant by telling him to impound the ox.

"Why," said she, "the Colonel meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat, for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious, and after a great deal of trouble and vexation, he succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, and soliloquizing, "this is impounding, is it? Now I am dead sure the Colonel will ask me if I impounded Big Brindle and I'll bet I'll puzzle him as bad as he did me."

"Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle, sir?"

"Yes, I did, sir, but old Brindle transcended the impannels of the impound, and scaterificated all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the Colonel's face reddened with discomfiture.

"What do you mean by that sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that Big Brindle being prognosticated with the idea of the cholera, ripped and tared, and scored and pawed dirt, jumped the fence, took to the woods, and wouldn't be impounded no how."

This was too much. The company roared again, in which the Colonel was forced to join; and in the middle of the laughter Allen left the table saying to himself as he went, "I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more oxen."

LIST OF JURORS.

GRAND JURORS DRAWN FOR JUNE TERM, 1866.

John Lewis, Esq., Zellenople; Wm. Shira (of David), Washington; G. H. Warren, Prospect; Andrew Christie, Concord; Wm. T. Adams, Adams; Porter Sisson, Marion; Nicholas Wally, Parker; Eli Beckwith, Slipperyrock; Thos. R. Hoon, Centre; Alex. Gillespie, Cranberry; James Cranberry, Clay; Robert Glenn, sr. Worth; Robert Boggs, Jackson; A. Black, Cherry; Isaac Cleland, Muddyrock; Wm. H. Redick, Allegheny; John Lardin, Clinton; Robert Harrison, Buffalo; Sam'l Bolton, Lancaster; Thos. Cratty, Franklin; Robert Purvis, Middlesex; Wm. Cratty, Butler; David Dougal, Boro. Butler; Thomas Beatty, Mercer.

TRAVERSE JURORS DRAWN FOR JUNE TERM—FIRST WEEK, 1866.

John Whitmore, Adams; Samuel M. Anderson, Allegheny, Joshua Galbraith, Buffalo; John B. Graham, Butler; Hugh Grossman, Brady; Francis Connelly, Centre; Jesse Mackay, Clay; John Billingely, Cherry; John O'Donnell, Clearfield; John B. McLaughlin, Clinton; Richard Allen, Concord; Wilson Graham, Cranberry; John W. Brandon, Conangoeneasing; Henry Downy, Donegal; Wm. C. Campbell, Esq., Fairview; Thos. Dodds, Franklin; Wm. Goehring, Forward; Thos. W. Boggs, Jackson; Thos. Frazer, Jefferson; Isaac Wuster, Laurel-brown (of E.), Mercer; James M'Collum, Middlesex; David Boyer, Muddyrock; Henry Monlon, Oakland; Joel Kirk, Penn; Wm. H. Shira, Parker; James Clark, Slipperyrock; Jas. Stephenson, Summit; Wm. B. Stalker, Venango; Robert T. Wm. Washington; Wm. Crookbanks, Winfield; Andrew Glenn, Worth; H. C. Heineman, Boro. Butler; Wm. McCalough, sr., Boro. Millersburg; Isaac Bragster, Boro. Prospect; David McDonald, Boro. Centreville; Isaac Latschav, Boro. Harmony.

SECOND WEEK.

Geo. Boston, Portersville; J. E. Muder, Saxenburg; Edward Mellon, Zellenople; R. R. Walker, Esq., Harrisville; Henry Young, Adams; Joseph Rosenberry, A. K. legny; James Harrison, Buffalo; Oleg Cratty, Butler; Jesse Hall, Brady; Thos. Campbell, Centre; Matthew Brown, Clay; Charles Bovard, Cherry; Robert Love, Clinton; Wm. Wick, Concord; David Garvin, Cranberry; George Bruneman, Conangoeneasing; Alex. Black, Fairview; Joseph Edmundson, Franklin; P. Galebaugh, Forward; Pat. Graham, Jefferson; Thos. Donaldson, Jackson; W. Michael, Lancaster; Jno. Murrin, Marion; Jno. Elder, Mercer; Wm. F. Parks, Middlesex; George Barclay, Muddyrock; Jno. L. Neyman, Oakland; Wm. Logan, Penn; Thos. A. Shryock, Parker; Nathaniel Cooper, Esq., Slipperyrock; Wm. Lindsay, Summit; Samuel Sloan (of James), Venango; Henry Shook, Washington; John Cooper, Winfield; Amesh Kelly, Worth; Campbell Cochran, Boro. Butler; Isaac J. Cummings, Boro. Butler; Jacob Wolford, Donegal.

ROMANTIC COURTSHIP.

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she had no notion for men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods and tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the scarp of an owl. I called her a beggar and everything that was bad, I lighted her features and form, till at length I succeeded in getting her mad and she ragged like a ship in a storm.—And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all, she fell into my arms like a wearisome child and exclaimed, "we will marry next fall."

A young man advertises for a wife who is pretty and don't know it. If he wanted one who is ugly and doesn't know it, he would find no trouble in getting suited.

A man ceases to be a good fellow the moment he refuses to be precisely what other people want him to do.

The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

Foreman.—"Two lines wanted." Devil.—"Here they are, old boy."