

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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Select Poetry.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

What legion of "friends" always bless us,
When golden success lights our way,
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good humored, and gay,
But, ah! when the sun of prosperity
Hath set—then how quickly they frown
And cry out in tones of severity,
"Kick the man, don't you see he is down!"

What thought, when you knew not a sorrow,
Your heart was as open as day,
And "your friends" when they wanted to borrow,
You obliged and never asked them to pay,
What thought not a soul you ever slighted,
As you wandered about through the town,
Your "friends" became very near sighted,
And don't seem to see when you're down.

When you're "up" you are loudly called,
And traders all sing out your praise,
When you're down you're greatly deflated,
And they "really don't fancy your ways."
Your style was tip-top when you'd money,
So sings every sucker or clown,
But now it's exceedingly funny,
Things are altered "because you're down."

Oh, give me the heart that forever
Is free from the world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust;
And when in adversity's maze
A victim is likely to drown,
Will lift a hand to the friend whose devotion
Will lift a man up when he's "down."

Select Story.

HOW HE DID IT, —OR— FANATICISM CURED.

"Dear, dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as bricks, and the coffee, stone cold," and Mr. Peters rose from the table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer. He rang again, a third, fourth time, and still no answer. Out of all patience, he went to the door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion, answered this summons. She had one of those round, bright faces which nature intended should be decked with continual smiles; but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious, or rather dolorous expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a diabolical whine.

"What is it, Joseph?"

"Where's the servant?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and continued, "cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined the wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the country, with a pleasant home a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good quiet children; and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle!"

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the children?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"

"My dear, the teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh, Joseph, turn now 'hile there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance! well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through." And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not read home any dinner, I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine."

Joe made no answer, unless the violent, emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hello," he cried, "you here? Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No."

"Had a quarrel?"

"No."

"Gone out of town?"

"No."

"Then why don't you breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"

"No."

"Servants all dead?"

"No."

"Well, what is thunder is to pay?"

"Maria's joined the Millerites."

Fred gave a long whistle, and then said, "Going to ascend next week, is she?"

"Yes; and if I don't commit suicide in the mean time, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants sneaky, house all in confusion, wife is the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white

robe to go to Heaven with, and groaning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a mind to take poison, or join the army."

"H'm, h'm! you give an enchanting picture; but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure!"

"Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful and your children happy."

"Do it," cried Joe; "I'll follow you like a soldier. What shall I do?"

At tea, Mr. Peters entered his house, whistling. Maria was seated at the table, sewing on her white robe, and there was no sign of preparation for an evening meal.

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters, cheerfully, "is tea ready?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "I have been out all the day attending meeting."

"Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting? You are resolved, then, to leave next week?"

"Oh, Joe, I must go when I am called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love," and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair, and pulled up his collar. Maria looked rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go so quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lips quivered, and her large blue eyes were filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful of the desired effect was not yet gained.

"So, my dear," he continued, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What?" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for."

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce determination.

"Another wife, Joe! another wife?"

"Yes, I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend."

"My bosom friend?"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Baker."

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid to be the mother of my children! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do. I don't want to leave my business to go courting, and she will have me, I know."

"No doubt! oh, you great, brutal, hateful!"

"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury, we will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!"

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow to spend the week."

"What!"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about the house."

"What!"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go?—You will do this to oblige me, won't you dear?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball, and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket and table cloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you whistled when you came in! You will be very glad to have me go, and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you shan't marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But, my dear, you say you must go if you are come for!"

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear!"

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah think?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—Oh—I am fairly choking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well, old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, rattling old maid, who under pretence of loving my wife was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?"

"No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go."

THE DUTY OF UNION.

During the last few months there have been enthusiastic meetings and passionate speeches in support or condemnation of Congress or the President. It has been confidently asserted that the difference would be referred to the people at the autumn elections, and they would authoritatively decide between the contestants. All this has seemed to us premature, for the reason that the points of dissent were not finally established. All that is clear is, that the President holds certain theories of the situation and Congress apparently others. But what Congress intended to propose under its terms was undecided, while nothing was more evident than that the President's logic was amazingly defective—and, to use a plain phrase, that his bark was worse than his bite.

A political canvass before an election must be conducted upon certain proposed measures, and not upon theories. A bank or no bank; a tariff or no tariff; the toleration or prohibition of slavery in a Territory; it is upon such intelligible measures that every body can comprehend that the great popular debates upon the stump are held and the popular decisions are made at the polls. Now the important question is, what are the differences in proposed measures between the President and Congress upon which the country is to be asked to decide?

That both honestly wish the restoration of the Union can not be doubted. That both have a theory as to the principle which should regulate that restoration is obvious. But until we know precisely what Congress proposes how can an issue be made for an election? The decision of the Senate caucus and the debate in the Senate forshadow, indeed, the ground which Congress probably means to occupy. But is it so clear that the President will refuse to stand with them? Suppose that Congress proposes to disqualify certain rebel leaders for certain offices until two-thirds of each House remove the disqualification, and substantially to equalize representation by basing it upon voters, is it probable that the President, who has so constantly insisted upon making treason odious, and has suggested the very same amendment, will take the unnecessary responsibility of opposing so mild and generous a settlement? In making these propositions Congress will have yielded much to the desire of harmony with the Executive. Is the Executive to yield nothing?

It is true that the President may refuse all accommodation. He may insist that he has required all that is needful, all that is constitutional. He may declare that he will stand or fall without moving an inch from his present position. He has indeed virtually said as much. But he said it under other circumstances. He said it when it seemed as if Congress intended to occupy a position of uncompromising hostility. He said it before the mature decision of Congress had been declared. If after that declaration—after the wise, just, and moderate proposition which it would seem that Congress is prepared to make—the President should insist that the representatives of the loyal people are to have no voice in the settlement of the victory which those people have won, then the issue will indeed be made, and the final appeal taken to the country. But surely all those who believe as we do, that the division of the Union party, and the consequent surrender of the Government of this country to a party controlled by the counsels of such leaders as Alexander H. Stephens, George H. Pendleton, Vallandigham, and Horatio Seymour, would be incalculably disastrous to the cause of true liberty and civilization, will not passionately insist that such division, with all its consequences, is inevitable. Mr. Wendell Phillips, we observe, fervently desires that result. He prays that the Union party may be defeated. But its defeat is the resumption

of power by Alexander H. Stephens and his friends. Why does not Mr. Phillips put it in the other way, and say that he fervently hopes for the success of those gentlemen? Mr. Phillips did what he could to defeat Mr. Lincoln in 1864 by chilling the public confidence in him. He declared Lincoln recreant to liberty. He hopes now to chill confidence in the party that elected Mr. Lincoln by a similar declaration. It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Phillips's position is not partisan. He is a critic of all parties, and asks nothing of any. But all men who, like John Bright in England, believe that great political and social results are to be attained through party organizations, will, like him, while they declare equal rights to be the ultimate aim of their efforts, yet cordially work with any great party which shows the practical power to advance nearer to that bourne.

It is to secure the gains already made; to intrust the completion of the work of restoration to the hands which defeated rebellion, that it is the imperative duty of the President, of Congress, and of all loyal men, to maintain the ascendancy of the Union party until its work is accomplished. Congress has evidently yielded much to this great result; and it remains for the President to decide whether the restoration of the Union which should be accomplished by an alliance of the late rebel leaders, of the Copperhead leaders, and of such individual recruits as Senator Cowan, would not be a reactionary reconstruction, sure to plunge us into further trouble. It would not be President Johnson and Senator Cowan who would control that alliance, but Mr. Stephens, Mr. Vallandigham, and Mr. Pendleton. Whoever takes the responsibility of putting this Government into such hands will have a serious account to settle with the loyal American people.—*Ec.*

The Martyr of Fort Monroe.

The strenuous effort of those who had no word of horror for the torture and massacre of Union soldiers at Andersonville and Belle-Isle to represent Jefferson Davis as the victim of cruelty at Fort Monroe have occasioned the publication of his bill of fare for a week, which has been widely published. There are thousands of honest people all over the land, who work hard for their living, who would be very glad of half as good fare as the Martyr of Fort Monroe daily enjoys. For those of our readers who may not have seen the list we quote a specimen:

WEDNESDAY.—Breakfast—Ham and coffee, wheat and corn-bread, butter, sugar, coffee, milk. Dinner—Mutton-chops, stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, apples, bread, butter, coffee.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast—Beef-steak, two boiled eggs, wheat or corn bread, butter, sugar, milk, coffee. Dinner—Veal-cutlets, panned oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, coffee, butter.

FRIDAY.—Breakfast—Stewed oysters, mackerel, or fresh fish, wheat and corn bread, coffee, sugar, milk, and butter.—Dinner—Pork-steak, poached eggs, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast—Mutton-chops, two boiled eggs, bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee. Dinner—Stewed oysters, potatoes, onions, bread, butter, coffee.

This probably compares favorably with the daily bill of fare at Andersonville; but since there will undoubtedly be a persistent attempt to excite sympathy and even admiration for Jefferson Davis as a political prisoner suffering from an honest difference of opinion, it is as well to understand clearly and precisely what his position is.

The odium that hangs around his name, and which will forever deepen, does not arise from the fact that he held abstractly the theory of State sovereignty and the constitutionally reserved right of secession; but that he and his fellow-conspirators chose to assert that doctrine at the cost of countless innocent lives and of the welfare of the country, not to remedy injustice or oppression for which there was no legal redress, but to perpetuate the foulest system of tyranny under the sun. Had Davis and his confederates appealed to God and mankind for the rectitude of their intention as revealed in the purpose of the war which they invoked—had they argued against the National Government in the name of vital State rights which that Government had denied—had they risen against an arbitrary power which was grinding them and their families, and trampling upon sacred, natural, and constitutional rights for which it refused a remedy—then, indeed the last terrible appeal to blood, which only hopeless oppression authorizes, would have been justified, and their cause, however unfortunate, would have commanded the admiration and sympathy of the world.

It is idle to say that, holding secession to be a constitutional right, they might assert it at any time, and for any purpose which pleased them. When war is the cost of the practical assertion of any right it can be justified only by the fact of vital grievance for which there is no other redress, or by the purpose for which it is intended to exercise that right. That was the justification of our great revolution of 1776. But what is Jefferson Davis as the official representative of the rebellion of 1861? He is a man who deliberately plunged his country into the most fearful war, and flooded it with blood that he might whip women and sell children at his pleasure. His pretense was State sovereignty, his purpose was human slavery. That was the object for which he and the other leaders "fired the Southern heart." For this they directed the war. For this they starved brave men at Andersonville and Belle-Isle, tortured them into idiocy, and shot them like dogs. For this were Southern Union men seized at night, and before the eyes of their despairing wives and agonized children hung and shot and drowned. For this they drove thousands and thousands of conscripts to die upon the field of battle. For this Jefferson Davis's garments reek with innocent blood, and his name is a stench.

Here is a pretty martyr, with his ham and eggs and paned oysters! Here is a Christian hero; and General Miles must be removed if he does not bow low enough! Here is a model American, who must be magnified into a Spielberg victim and sufferer of the Bastille if his muffins are not toasted, and his beef steak is overdone! Our readers will bear us witness that we have not advocated vengeance, that we think the trial of Davis for treason a mistake, and that we are ready to take, with fair precautions, all the necessary and inevitable risks of the situation. But the madlin sentimentality that would drape with the dignity of a martyr for political opinion a man who for such a purpose waged a war we believe will disastrously recoil upon those who foster it.—We have no wish to revive dead feuds or to use harsh words, but we can conceive no greater misfortune to the manhood of American youth than that they should be taught to regard Benedict Arnold as an honorable man, or Jefferson Davis as a guiltless and unfortunate patriot.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Canadian Confederation. The Scheme a Menace to the United States—What Fruit Will It Bring Forth?

The late Fenian movement upon the Canadian border was a lesson that the Canadians should profit by, but it is not thought they will, so long as they persist in setting up a new nationality through the proposed confederation. The Toronto correspondent of the New York Herald asks: Now that confederation has been, owing to various causes, rendered a certainty, it becomes an important question, what will be its fruits? The advocates of the scheme claim that it will consolidate British power on this continent and serve as a check upon the expanding policy of the United States; that it will reduce the public expenditures, lighten the burdens of the people and become the nucleus of a great nation in the future, with one arm clasping the Atlantic and the other the Pacific ocean. I must confess I cannot see it in this light. The interests of the various colonies are in many instances so diametrically antagonistic, politically and religiously, that confederation is destined to breed local jealousies, array one colony against another, and in the end one after another will seek safety in withdrawing from the compact and entering the American Union. The assertion that expenses of government will be lessened is erroneous. With ten or a dozen local legislatures where now there are but six, of course there must be increased expenses in all departments of the civil service. With many new offices created for needy friends and ministers, the colonies will soon find their debt millions where it is now thousands. That confederation will render the colonies more defensible is all moonshine.—The moment they aspire to a nation, as they will under confederation, England will consider her duty to the colonies fulfilled, and say to them, as she has already hinted through the London Times and other organs, that if they wish to have a nationality they must defend themselves. The colonists thrown upon their own resources, must tax themselves thirty or forty millions per year to organize and maintain a standing army, or failing in that, complacently await a war between England and the United States, to fall a prey to a conquering army of Americans, or witness the snuffing out of their nationality and upon its ruins the erection of a new Irish nationality by half a million

sons of Erin, who only await the signal gun of war to step across the border without fear of neutrality laws.

Everybody familiar with the resources of Canada and the Fenians know that had the United States government acted upon the policy pursued by Col Turbin of the Nineteenth Illinois, when his regiment was at Athens, hungry, and he called his Adjutant and said, in his Teutonic style, "Adjutant, I shutz mine eyes one hour," to-day the entire Canadian frontier would be in possession of the Fenians. Were Secretary Seward to say, "Sweeney, I will shut my eyes for a month," God help Canada! It would be an Irish Republic when Seward awoke. Why Canada does not see this, I am at a loss to discover. They are loyal and patriotic people I will admit; but in all sincerity I tell them that sooner or later they are destined, confederation or no confederation, to be absorbed by the United States, and instead of separation from Great Britain and forming an independent nation under the powerful protectorate of the United States, with whom they could live on terms of close friendship, by their confederate scheme they menace the United States and throw down the gauntlet, which the United States in the event of war must take up, and, according to the well accepted policy of the Monroe doctrine, knock over the confederate castle or give the colonies of North America to the Fenians for a breakfast job.

The Pause in Europe.

It is natural that the great powers of Europe should pause upon the very edge of war and reflect if there be no alternative. It is so long since there was a general war upon the Continent, and every war has such inevitable horrors and so doubtful a conclusion, that it is not strange there is reluctance to strike the first blow. Once begun, war would end only in a reconstruction of the map, and an enormous debt, weighing upon every belligerent with crushing force.

Yet we do not see that war can be easily avoided. If the considerations were merely dynastical, they could be settled in a Congress. But they are national, and involve the most absorbing passions. Italy will go into no Congress which does not accept the cession of Venice to the Italians as a preliminary. Yet Austria can not consent to relinquish Venice without fatally impairing her prestige as a great power. Prussia can not consent without some equivalent that France shall stretch her line to the Rhine; yet where is the equivalent that can be offered?—The call of a Congress is wise, if only to show that no accommodation is practicable. Italy is inflamed already; Garibaldi has been summoned to the head of the volunteers. A large army has been taken. The people believe their cause to be sacred. It has the sympathy of the world. The eager Italians believe the long looked for hour is already striking. How can they pause? If the ministry order Garibaldi back to Caprera, they must be ready to face an insurrection. Austria must therefore, as it seems to us, surrender the Italian portion of her empire or there must be war.

And if it comes and desolates Europe, let us learn its lesson. It is simply this, that any settlement of great political convulsions which is reactionary will very soon revenge itself upon those who make it by plunging them into deeper trouble. The English revolution of 1645 ended in the death of Cromwell by the return of Charles II. and the old Stuart regime. It was a reactionary settlement, and it ended eighteen years later by the menace of a vast war, which was avoided by the peaceful and "glorious" revolution of 1688 and a settlement which was not reactionary. The revolution of 1787 in France was finally composed by the settlement of 1815 which was reactionary. It was made in the interest of certain families, and not of the nations nor of the people of Europe. Consequently there have been discontents and dangers and overthrow until now, after fifty years, the settlement is to be changed either by a Congress, which is improbable, or by the sword.

In this country we are doing for the Union what the settlement of 1815 did for Europe. Let us take care that it be not reactionary like that, but in the direction of the war itself, like the glorious settlement of England in 1688.—*Ec.*

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—That was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rosebush, where on the topmost stem, the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once artlessly expressed to her brother, "See Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

"NIGGER EQUALITY."

One of the reasons assigned by the Democracy why the Republican party should not succeed, is the favoring by that party of "nigger equality," that it is a "nigger party," and in favor of placing the negro upon an equality with white men. This may be a very good argument for that class of Democrats who instinctively feel that the negroes are infinitely their superiors, and it may do for those who fear that the negro will rise above them. Every effort of patriotism, liberty, justice and humanity, to lift the burdens imposed upon a poor race by the curse of slavery—every effort to alleviate their sufferings and instruct them in the path-way of knowledge is stigmatized by these demagogues as "nigger equality," and that very soon the negro will be upon an equality with white men. The intelligent man has no fears of this kind. He walks the earth in the conscious dignity of the equality of humanity, and as a man whom God made. He feels that it enables him who extends the helping hand to the sons and daughters of misfortune, but never degrades. He feels that the sons of toil, whose hands are hardened by honest labor, are the equals, before the law, of kings and princes, and our young republic so proclaimed it in the ear of all humanity, when she declared that all "men were born free and equal." The poorest man in the land is entitled to the equality, before the law, with the wealthiest citizen. His cabin may be tottering and his wife may be in tatters, yet the one in the castle and the other is equally protected by the laws of the land as the wife of the wealthiest nabob. The unscrupulous politician, for the accomplishment of his own selfish purposes, will smother down the best feelings of his nature, will shut out the voice of conscience, and follow madly after the phantom power. He distorts and garbles the sentiment of principles honestly promulgated for the benefit of mankind, and would prefer ruin to his country to the defeat of his party. It is such as these that are prating about "nigger equality." They call loudly upon the people to stand up for their rights, that this is a "white man's government," and the oppressed of other climes have nothing to do with it. Certainly it is a white man's government as long as it is governed upon the principles of truth, justice and humanity.—Whenever the American people are willing to concede that they are no longer competent to hold the helm of the old ship of State, then we will submit to be governed by any shade or color that can safely guide us.—*Arguing Republican.*

Agents of the Government.

acting under instructions from the Quartermaster General's Department, since the termination of the rebellion have been actively engaged upon every battle-field in the Southern States, in gathering together the bodies of the national dead, and properly interring them in the nation's cemeteries. The work of establishing these mute tributes to those who have fallen in defence of our country is of no mean importance, involving as it does months of patient toil. In every Southern State, from Virginia to Texas, cemeteries have been established, in some of which repose the remains of more than 10,000 of our immortal dead, whose last resting places, although they have not been adorned by costly monuments, have been marked by simple, plain and expressive head and foot-bards, bearing upon their faces volumes for contemplation.—In order to prevent desecration of these sacred spots, and keep the fences, grounds, &c., in repair, superintendents have been appointed to watch over them.

Governor Patton, of Alabama, writes that General Swayne, commissioner for the Freedmen's Bureau for that State, is now furnishing five thousand rations a week for the starving population of that section, and that the majority of them are whites. The Governor says there are one hundred charitable objects in Alabama. The great mass of these people depend upon the Freedmen's Bureau for their subsistence.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who is living at Fortress Monroe, is in the daily receipt of considerable sums of money for her husband, sent through by express.—These contributions amount sometimes to \$500 to \$1,000 a day. He can safely count on the stream continuing for some time yet.

Nebraska city papers claim that the State organization has been carried for the Union State ticket, and that a Union majority in both branches of the Legislature has been elected.

The Hon. Justin S. Morrill, of Vt., declines to be a candidate for re-election.