

# 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 4.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1867.

NUMBER 11

## AMERICAN CITIZEN Job Printing Office!

Ornamental, plain, Fancy, card Book  
AND

GENERAL JOB PRINTING,  
In the Arbitration room in the Court  
House,  
BUTLER PA.

WE ARE PREPARED TO PRINT, ON SHORT NOTICE  
Bill Heads, Books, Druggist Labels, Pro-  
grammes, Constitutions, Checks, Notes,  
Drafts, Blanks, Business Cards, Visiting  
Cards, Show Cards, Pamphlets, Posters,  
Bills of Fare, Order Books, Paper Books,  
Bills, Sale Bills, &c.

BEING FURNISHED WITH  
The Most Approved Hand Presses

AND  
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF  
Type, Borders, Ornaments, Rules, Cuts, &c.,  
IN THE COUNTY.

We will execute everything in the line of  
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PRINTING  
NEATLY, PROMPTLY, AND AT REASONABLE RATES,  
in a style to excel any establishment at  
home, and compete with any abroad.

**SKILLED WORKMEN**  
Are employed in every branch of the  
business, and we endeavor to meet the  
wants of the community, and to re-  
tain the honorable distinction which has  
been already conceded to this establish-  
ment, for

**TASTE IN COMPOSITION**

AND  
Elegance in Press Work.  
In all the essentials of Cheap Printing,  
Good Paper, Tasteful Composition, Beau-  
tiful Press Work, and DISPATCH, we in-  
vite comparison, from getting out a Card  
of a single line to an illuminated Poster,  
or a work of any number of pages.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. Z. MITCHELL,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office N. E. Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

Charles McCandless,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South west corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

J. N. & J. PURVIANCE,  
Attorneys at Law,  
Office, on S. E. of Diamond and Main st., Butler, Pa.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, EDWIN LYON  
THOMPSON & LYON,  
Attorneys at Law,  
Office, on Main Street, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

W. H. FLEGER,  
Attorney at Law,  
Office, South East Corner of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

## Select Miscellany. EVELINE'S VISITANT.

A Ghost Story.

It was a masked ball at the Palais Royal that my fatal quarrel with my first cousin Andre de Brissac began. The quarrel was about a woman. The woman who followed the footsteps of Philip of Orleans were the cause of many such disputes; and there was scarcely one far head in all that glittering throng, which to a man versed in social histories might not have seemed bedabbed with blood.

I shall not record the name of her for love of whom Andre de Brissac and I crossed one of the bridges, in the dim August dawn, on our way to the waste ground beyond the church of St. Germain des Pres.

There were many beautiful vipers in those days, and she was one of them. I can feel the chill breath of that August morning blowing in my face as I sit in my dismal chamber at my chateau of Puy Verdun to-night, alone in the stillness, writing the strange story of my life. I can see the white mist rising from the river, the grim outline of the chateau, and the square towers of Notre Dame black against the pale gray sky. Even more vividly can I recall Andre's fair young face, as he stood opposite to me with his two friends—scoundrels both, and alike eager for that unnatural fray. We were a strange group to be seen in a summer sunrise, all of us fresh from the heat and clamor of the Regent's saloons—Andre in a quaint hunting dress copied from a family portrait at Puy Verdun. I costumed as one of Law's Mississippi Indians; the other men in like garish frippery, adorned with brooches and jewels that looked wan in the pale light of the dawn.

Our quarrel had been a fierce one—a quarrel which could have but one result, and that the direst. I had struck him; and the well raised by my open hand was crimson upon his fair womanly face as he stood opposite me. The eastern sun shone on the face presently, and dyed the cruel mark with a deeper red; but the sting of my own wrongs was fresh, and I had not yet learned to despise myself for that brutal outrage.

To Andre de Brissac such an insult was most terrible. He was the favorite of fortune, the favorite of women, and I was nothing—a rough soldier who had done my country good service, but in the bou-  
doir of a Paraclete a mannerless boor.

We fought, and I wounded him mortally. Life had been very sweet for him; and I think that a frenzy of despair took possession of him when he felt the life-  
blood ebbing away. He beckoned to me, his eyes lay on the ground. I went, and knelt at his side.

"Forgive me, Andre," I murmured. He took no more heed of my words than that of piteous epeaty had been the idle ripple of the river near at hand.

"Listen to me, Hector de Brissac," he said. "I am not one who believes that a man has done with earth because his eyes glaze and his jaw stiffens. They will bury me in the old vault at Puy Verdun; and you will be master of the chateau. Ah, I know how lightly they take things in these days, and how Du-  
bois will laugh when he hears that Ca-  
has been killed in a duel. They will bury me, and sing masses for my soul; but you and I have not finished our affair yet, my cousin. I will be with you when you least look to see me—I, with this ugly scar upon the face that women have praised and loved. I will come to you when your life seems brightest. I will come between you and all that you hold fairest and dearest. My ghostly hand shall drop a poison in your cup of joy. My shadowy form shall shut the sunlight from your life. Men with such iron will as mine can do what they please, Hector de Brissac. It is my will to haunt you when I am dead."

All this in short broken sentences he whispered in my ears. I had need to bend my ear to his dying lips; but the iron will of Andre de Brissac was strong enough to do battle with Death, and I believe he said all he wished to say before his head fell back upon the velvet cloth that had spread beneath him, never to be lifted again.

As he lay there you would have fancied him a fragile stripling, too fair and frail for the struggle called life; but there arose those who remember the brief manhood of Andre de Brissac, and who can bear witness to the terrible force of that proud nature.

I stood looking down at the young face with that foul mark upon it, and God knows I was sorry for what I had done. Of those blasphemous threats which he had whispered in my ear I took no

heed. I was a soldier and a believer.— There was nothing absolutely dreadful to me in the thought that I had killed this man. I had killed many men on the battle-field; and this one had done me cruel wrong.

My friends would have me cross the frontier to escape the consequences of my act; but I was ready to face those consequences, and I remained in France.— I kept aloof from the court, and received a hint that I had best confine myself to my own province. Many masses were chanted in the little chapel of Puy Verdun for the soul of my dead cousin, and his coffin filled a niche in the vault of our ancestors.

His death had made me a rich man, and the thought that it was so made my newly acquired wealth very hateful to me. I lived a lonely existence in the old chateau, where I rarely held converse with any but the servants of the household, all of whom had served my cousin and none of whom liked me.

It was a hard and bitter life. It galled me, when I rode through the village to see the peasant children shrink away from me. I have seen old women cross themselves stealthily as I passed them by. Strange reports had gone forth about me; and there were those who whispered that I had given my soul to the Evil One as the price of my cousin's heritage. From my boyhood I had been dark of visage and stern of manner; and hence, perhaps, no woman's love had ever been mine. I remember my mother's face in all its changes of expression; but I can remember no look of affection that ever shone on me. That other woman, beneath whose feet I laid my heart, was pleased to accept my homage, but she never loved me, and the end was the eph-  
ery.

I had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures, when a feverish desire seized upon me, and I pined to be back in the press and throng of the busy world once again. I went back to Paris, where I kept myself aloof from the court, and where an angel took compassion upon me.

She was the daughter of an old com-  
rade, a man whose merits had been neglected, whose achievements had been ignored, and who sulked in his shabby lodging like a rat in a hole, while all Paris went mad with the Scotch financier, and gentlemen and laqueys were tramping one another to death in the Rue Quincampoix. The only child of this little cross grained old captain of dragoons was an incarnate sunbeam.

She loved me. The richest blessings of our lives are often those which cost us least. I wasted the best years of my youth in the worship of a wicked woman, who jilted and cheated me at last. I gave this meek angel but a few court-  
ing words—a little fraternal tenderness—and lo, she loved me. The life which had been so dark and desolate grew bright beneath her influence; and I went back to Puy Verdun with a fair young bride for my companion.

Ah, how sweet a change there was in my life and in my home! The village children no longer shrank appalled at the dark horseman rode by the village gates no longer crossed themselves; for a woman rode by his side—a woman whose charities had won the love of all those ignorant creatures, and whose companionship had transformed the gloomy lord of the chateau into a loving husband and a gentle master. The old retainers forgot the unaimed fate of my fair cousin, and served me with cordial willingness, for love of their young mistress.

There are no words which can tell the pure and perfect happiness of that time. I felt like a traveler who had traversed the frozen seas of an arctic region, remote from human love or human companionship, to add himself on a sudden in the bosom of a verdant valley, in the sweet atmosphere of home. The change seemed too bright to be real; and I strove in vain to put away from my mind the vague suspicion that my new life was but some fantastic dream.

So brief were those halcyon hours, that I looking back to them now, it is scarcely strange if I am still half inclined to fancy the first days of my married life could have been no more than a dream.

Neither in my days of gloom nor in my days of happiness had I been troubled by the recollection of Andre's blasphemous oath. The words which with his last breath he had whispered in my ear were vain and meaningless to me.— He had wanted his rage in those idle threats, as he might have veiled it in idle execrations. That he will haunt the footsteps of his enemy after death is the one revenge which a dying man can promise himself; and if men had power

thus to avenge themselves the earth would be peopled with phantoms.

I had lived for three years at Puy Verdun sitting alone in the solemn midnight by the hearth where he had sat, pacing the corridors that had echoed his footfall, and in all that time my fancy had never so played me false as to shape the shadow of the dead.

Is it strange, then, if I had forgotten Andre's horrible promise?

There was no portrait of my cousin at Puy Verdun. It was the age of bou-  
doin art, and a miniature set in the lid of a gold bomboniere, or hidden artfully in a massive bracelet, was more fashionable than a clumsy life-size image, fit only to hang on the gloomy walls of a provincial chateau rarely visited by its owner. My cousin's fair face had adorned more than one bonboniere, and had been congealed in more than one bracelet; but it was not among the faces that looked down from the panelled walls of Puy Verdun.

In the library I found a picture which awoke painful associations. It was the portrait of a De Brissac who had flourished in the time of Francis the First; and it was from this picture that my cousin Andre had copied the quaint hunt-  
ing dress he wore at the Regent's ball.— The library was a room in which I spent a good deal of my life; and I ordered a curtain to be hung before this picture.

We had been married three months when Evelyn one day asked: "Who is the lord of the chateau nearest to this?"

I looked at her with astonishment. "My dearest," I answered, "do you not know that there is no other chateau within forty miles of Puy Verdun?" "Indeed!" she said; "that is strange." I asked her why the fact seemed strange to her; and after much entreaty I obtained from her the reason of her surprise.

In her walks about the park and woods during the last month she had met a man who, by his dress and bearing, was obviously of noble rank. She had imagined that he occupied some chateau near at hand, and that his estate joined ours. I was at a loss to imagine who this stranger could be; for my estates of Puy Verdun lay in the heart of a desolate region, and unless when some traveler's coach went lumbering and jingling through the village, one had little more chance of encountering a gentleman than of meeting a demi-god.

"Have you seen this man often, Evelyn?" I asked.

She answered, in a tone which had a touch of sadness, "I see him every day." "Where, dearest?" "Sometimes in the park, sometimes in the wood. You know the little cascade Hector, where there is some old neglected rock work that forms a kind of cavern. I have taken a fancy to that spot, and have spent many mornings there reading. Of late I have seen the stranger every morning."

"He has never dared to address you?" "Never. I have looked up from my book, and have seen him standing a little distance off, watching me silently. I have continued reading; and when I have raised my eyes again I have found him gone. He must approach and depart with a stealthy tread for I never hear his footfall. Sometimes I have almost wished that he would speak to me. It is so terrible to see him standing silently there."

"He is some insolent peasant who seeks to frighten you?" "My wife shook her head. "He is no peasant," she answered.— "It is not by his dress alone I judge, for that is strange to me. He has an air of nobility which it is impossible to mistake."

"Is he young or old?" "He is young and handsome."

I was much disturbed by the idea of this stranger's intrusion upon my wife's solitude; and I went straight to the village to inquire if any stranger had been seen there. I could hear of no one. I questioned the servants closely, but without result. Then I determined to accompany my wife in her walks, and to judge for myself of the rank of the stranger.

For a week I devoted all my mornings to rustic rambles with Evelyn in the park and woods; and in all that week we saw no one but an occasional peasant in a sash, or one of our own household returning from a neighboring farm.

I was a man of studious habits, and these summer rambles disturbed the even current of my life. My wife perceived this, and entreated me to trouble myself no further.

"I will spend my mornings in the pleasure, Hector," she said, "the stranger cannot intrude upon me there."

"I begin to think the stranger is only a phantom of your own romantic brain," I replied, smiling at the earnest face lift-

ed to mine. "A chataine who is always reading romances may well meet handsome cavaliers in the woodlands. I daresay I have Mlle. Soudier to thank for this noble stranger, and that he's only the great Cyrus in Modern costume."

"Ah, that is the point which mystifies me, Hector," she said. "The stranger's costume is not modern. He looks as an old picture might look if it could descend from its frame."

Her words pained me, for they reminded me of that hidden picture in the library, and that quaint hunting costume of gold and purple which Andre de Brissac wore at the Regent's ball.

After this my wife confined her walks to the pleasure; and for many weeks I heard no more of the nameless stranger. I dismissed all thought of him from my mind, for a graver and heavier care had come upon me. My wife's health began to droop. The change in her was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to those who watched her day by day. It was only when she put on a rich gala dress which she had not worn for months that I saw how wasted the form must be on which the embroidered hung so loosely, and how wan and dim were the eyes which had once been brilliant as the jew-  
els she wore in her hair.

I sent a messenger to Paris to summon one of the court physicians; but I knew that many days must needs elapse before he could arrive at Puy Verdun.

In the interval I watched my wife with unutterable fear.

It was not her health only that had declined. The change was more painful to behold than any physical alteration. The bright and sunny spirit had vanished, and in the place of my joyous young bride I beheld a woman weighed down by rooted melancholy. In vain I sought to fathom the cause of my darling's sadness. She assured me that she had no real ground for sorrow. But although she said nothing, I could see she had no hope or belief in the healing powers of medicine.

One day, when I wished to beguile her from that pensive silence in which she was wont to sit an hour at a time, I told her, laughing, that she appeared to have forgotten her mysterious cavalier of the wood, and it seemed also as if he had forgotten her.

To my wonderment, her pale face became of a sudden crimson; and from crimson turned to pale again in a breath.

"You have never seen him since you deserted your woodland heart?" I said. She turned to me with a heart-rending look.

"Hector," she cried, "I see him every day; and it is that which is killing me." "She burst into a passion of tears when she had said this. I took her in my arms as if she had been a frightened child, and tried to comfort her.

"My darling, this is madness," I said. "You know that no stranger can come to you in the pleasure. The moon is ten feet wide and always full of water, and the gates are kept locked day and night by old Masson. The chataine of a medieval fortress need fear no intruder in her antique garden."

"My wife shook her head sadly. "I see him every day," she said. On this I believed that my wife was mad. I shrank from questioning her more closely concerning mysterious visits. It would be ill, I thought, to give a form and substance to the shadow that tormented her by too close inquiry about its look and manner, its coming and going.

I took care to assure myself that no stranger to the household could by any possibility penetrate to the pleasure.— Having done this, I was fain to wait the coming of the physician.

He came at last. I revealed to him the conviction which was my misery. I told him that I believed my wife to be mad. He saw her—spent an hour alone with her, and then came to me. To my unspoken relief he assured me of her sanity.

"It is just possible that she may be affected by one delusion," he said; "but she is so reasonable upon all other points that I can scarcely bring myself to believe her the subject of a monomania. I am rather inclined to think that she really sees the person of whom she speaks. She described him to me with a perfect minuteness. The descriptions of steeves or individuals given by patients afflicted with monomania are always more or less disjointed; but your wife spoke to me as clearly and calmly as I am now speaking to you. Are you sure there is no one who can approach her in that garden where she walks?"

"I am quite sure."

"Is there any kinsman of your steward or hanger-on of your household—a young man with a fair womanish face, very pale, and rendered remarkable by a crimson

scar, which looks like the mark of a blow?"

"My God!" I cried, as the light broke in upon me all at once. "And the dress—the strange old-fashioned dress?"

"The man wears a hunting costume of purple and orange," answered the doctor. "I knew then that Andre de Brissac had kept his word, and that in the hour when my life was brightest his shadow had come between me and happiness."

I showed my wife the picture in the library, for I would fain assure myself that there was some error in my fancy about my cousin. She shook like a leaf when she beheld it, and clung to me convulsively.

"This is witchcraft, Hector," she said. "The dress in that picture is the dress of the man I see in the pleasure; but the face is not his."

Then she described to me the face of the stranger; and it was my cousin's face line for line—Andre de Brissac, whom she had never seen in flesh. Most vividly of all did she describe the cruel mark upon his face, the trace of a fierce blow from an open hand.

After this I carried my wife away from Puy Verdun. We wandered far—thru' the southern provinces, and into the very heart of Switzerland. I thought to distance the ghastly phantom, and I fondly hoped that change of scene would bring peace to my wife.

It was not so. Go where we would, the ghost of Andre de Brissac followed us. To my eyes that fatal shadow never revealed itself. That would have been too poor a revenge. The unholy presence destroyed her life. My constant companion hip could not shield her from the horrible invader. In vain did I watch her; in vain did I strive to comfort her.

"He will not let me at peace," she said; "he comes between us, Hector. He is standing between us now. I can see his face with the red mark upon it plainer than I see yours."

**A NEW SOUTHERN STATE.**

We find in the Greensboro (N.C.) Register a copy of a memorial to Congress from the loyal people of Western North Carolina, embracing the mountain section of the State, asking either that a new State may be organized in that section, under the auspices of Congress, in which only loyal citizens shall be voters or hold office, or that the State of North Carolina shall be reorganized by Congress upon that basis. As their reasons for this movement, they say that they have lost all hope of those controlling the civil powers and internal affairs of North Carolina taking proper steps to restore the State to its former relations to the Union; that owing to the persistent disaffection of the instigators and propagators of the rebellion, and the influence they wield, the loyal population is deprived of representation in Congress, and that they are anxious to accept of the wise and prudent plan of Congress, and of being speedily and permanently restored to the Union, and relieved of the ban of secession, and from their present suspense and deplorable condition.

In regard to the formation of the proposed new State, the memorialists ask that it be composed of a sufficient number of counties of the west end of the State to afford the requisite population; that the boundary line be fixed by a convention chosen by the loyal people; that Congress order the call of a convention, to be held in the district, for the purpose of forming a State government, based on loyalty to the national government, prescribing that loyal men only shall vote, and that the discriminations as to test of loyalty be made by Congress with due reference to the locality and to the condition of the people of the district during the rebellion and the character of their loyalty since.

Nothing is said in this memorial as to the question of negro suffrage, and we infer that, while these loyal people are anxious to do all the voting and office holding, to the exclusion of their rebel neighbors, they have no disposition to share their privileges with their colored fellow citizens, who, during the war, were rather more loyal than they were themselves. It would seem, therefore, that if this prayer were to be granted, the colored citizens of North Carolina would be excluded from political rights, as are those of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri. It is not probable, at the present time, that Congress will agree to such a state of things, or be willing to add two more Senatorial votes to the array of conservative impracticables.

If the United States Supreme Court were to decide the rebellious districts to be null States, the proposed new State could not be established without the con-

sent of North Carolina, which of course could not be obtained at this time. If, however, the rebel States perished in the civil war, as is contended by many able casuists, it would be perfectly competent for Congress to establish the proposed new State without the consent of what is called the State of North Carolina, and if the territorial theory is to be insisted on and carried out, it seems to us that the formation of new States out of the southern districts, well known to have been determinedly loyal during the war, would be the best way to weaken the oligarchy and set a mark that should be a warning in future against State rebellion.

While we have confidence enough in the loyalty of the people of these districts, we think that negro suffrage is indispensably necessary to strengthen the new State against being overwhelmed by rebels and traitors from the seaboard districts. If this were secured, we feel certain that western North Carolina would soon become as valuable an adjunct to the cause of liberal and enlightened progress as West Virginia or Missouri. As a similar movement has been inaugurated in western Maryland, the general question as to the policy of establishing such new States will have to be settled by Congress in some way. Western Maryland is decidedly loyal, and does not like to be overlaid by the disloyal counties of the Eastern Shore. East Tennessee has a standing desire for separate State organization. In fact, the whole mountain region of the south was opposed to the late rebellion, and wants to get rid of its connection with the plantation oligarchs who dominated the old State governments. If this could be lawfully accomplished, we should esteem it the most fortunate thing for the republic that has happened in a long period. If this remark we include the mountain districts of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky. We began the revolution by establishing the State of West Virginia, and we have seen no good reason to repent of having done so. It has given us a staunch Republican State out of the territory of old Virginia. If East Tennessee were now a separate State, she would at once establish negro suffrage, and be firmly secured against a recurrence of Democratic proslavery domination. Perhaps it might prove so with North Carolina; but we should be opposed to making the experiment unless negro suffrage were conceded at the outset, as we presume it will have to be before the district can become a State.—*N. American.*

**Purity of Character.**

Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the first fruit itself—a soft delicate flush that overspreads the cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that it is at once gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impaled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees blended in beautiful fantastic pictures. Now lay your hand on the glass, and by the scratch of the finger or warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which when once touched and defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, which when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of his mother's kiss still wet upon his forehead, if he once loses that purity of character it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated—it can only be forgiven.

A bill posted on the walls in a country village announced that a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection made at the door to defray expenses.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitating, "I really don't know Miss; I don't recollect ever having at a codfish ball."

The public debt of Illinois has been reduced \$1,400 within the past year, and now amounts to \$8,638,253 31. The debt of Michigan is \$3,791,021 25.