

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 2.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

NUMBER 10

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP LOWELL, Prospect Hill Va

Dear Sir:—Permit me, a representative of old Butler county, to give you a brief history of our doings in "Johnydom." As you are aware of the fact, that we are Heavy Artillery, and as a matter of course, are doing Artillery duty every day, in the shape of work, you would be astonished at the progress we are making on our pieces we turn out every morning for drill. Every man shoulders his piece and goes out to practice on them; I tell you they learn fast. They handle their pieces well. We have a good set of officers, our Colonel is a fine fellow and is very sociable with his men, but a strict military man and a gentleman with every one that makes his acquaintance; his headquarters are at Vienna, distant 8 miles on the north Hampshire and Alexandria Railroad, one battalion at Fairfax Court House, one at Vienna, and one here—Major Bear in command and to see him you would take him for a private, by the way he goes around among the men in his command, getting off some of his dry jokes and selling us preciously and running off and laughing at us. We all like him and will do all we can for him. In fact all our officers are fine men, courteous and obliging to the men under them. Since we arrived in this place we have been as busy as bees digging rifle pits, building block-houses, abettis and planting batteries. There are four large block houses, one at each corner of our encampment, and six batteries, when completed and mounted I am certain we can hold our position against any number they may send against us. We have a line of rifle-pit extending all around camp, and if it was in a straight line it would measure over a mile in length, and our abettis is the best I ever saw, it extends all around camp, but outside of rifle-pits the limbs pointed so as to turn horsemen if attacked by rebel cavalry. We are getting along fine and do our share of picketing—we are supported by a regiment of cavalry, the 13th New York; we are contented and have plenty to eat, but no delicacies and are better without them. There is no sickness among our battalion and only one or two deaths since we came out, we are in a very good place plenty of good water and wood and can in a clear day see the Capital from our camp—we are in sight of nine large Forts and can see for miles any way we may look, except towards Drainsville, a place noted for cut throats and vagabonds. We are on the Leesburg pike, and on the camp ground of the old Penna. Reserve, I have seen where they lay and can see where the rebels lay when our men lay on one side of the Potomac, and they on the other. Well we are here now, but hope we may all live to get home again, when peace shall once more spread her mantle over our once smiling and prosperous but a w distracted country. But the old ship has sailed for over eighty years, and she shall not go down while American sons are able to keep her afloat. I am proud of our dear old flag, "long may it wave, over the land of the free," and may her presence make tyranny tremble and traitors turn pale and not dare touch that ensign of purity that our forefathers fought to sustain, and which now we are trying to keep from their grasp, and by the strength of willing hands and the help of Him, who rules above, we shall preserve from dishonor; and if every true American will put their shoulders to the wheel, this rebellion must and shall be put down. By the choice of the people the chair of State is to be filled once more, by one who has piloted her through near four years of war; he can certainly bring her through four years more, and may his next four years be as peaceful as a well governed family, is the wish of every good and true American soldier, and may peace be restored in such a manner that war may never ruin our country with its iron will, is the sentiment of the soldiers, no treaty with traitors but unconditional surrender.

Yours Truly,
H. S. STUBBS.

A story is told of a certain Mrs. Petroleum whose husband had suddenly come into possession of a large fortune, and had erected a house to correspond to his means. Mrs. Petroleum had heard that it was necessary to have a "library," and accordingly sent to a popular bookstore and ordered one. A well assorted library of standard works was sent up to her house. Next day comes down my lady in a towering rage at their selection—"Choice works?" cried she, as an explanation was attempted, "both your choice works," they were all different sizes and colors. I want them all in bipe and gold, to match my furniture;

Speech of General Benj. F. Butler. At a Public Meeting Held to Rejoice over the Ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, Boston, Feb. 4, 1865.

Almost ninety years since, amid the radiant glories of midsummer, our fathers assembled to congratulate each other upon a declaration of human rights which has since been claimed to be a charter to the white man only. Seventy seven years ago, in mid-winter, Massachusetts debated the acceptance of the Constitution of the United States—the solemn compact of assurance to those rights—the most perfect form of Government ever devised by man, but which left unsecured and unprovided safeguards of freedom and equality of right to all men, irrespective of color. Our fathers believed that the clear interests of the rising Nation would protect it from the receding weight of Human Slavery. But, a single Massachusetts invention—the cotton-gin—opposed the present interests of the individual to the future good of the State, and made the burden—greater than that of Pilgrim Christian—seem eternal.—From that one defect of Constitutional law has arisen the most gigantic national sin, followed by the most terrible national retribution with which the Divine will has seen fit to afflict the children of men. The nation, brought to a sense of justice by its chastisement, we are now met to congratulate ourselves upon the first step taken in supplying this omission of the form of government of '87. Released from all constitutional obligations to protect Slavery, acting upon the frame of Government itself, three-fourths of the loyal people of the country will have no difficulty in erasing from their fundamental law this, the last blot upon their civilization. Amid the joyous scenes of this triumph of the right which animates the hearts of all good men, even now and here, it may not be unfit to pause for a moment to consider the duties and obligations under which we find ourselves to this class as constituted and declared by this change in our organic law. Laying aside all prejudices; giving up all theories; putting away all predilections; we should approach the subject as one calling for prompt, active, and officious justice; at least to make amends for former long continued wrongs. By the final passage of the Amendment which we celebrate, every negro slave is made a citizen of the United States, entitled as of right to every political and legal immunity and privilege which belongs to that great franchise. He may well say, "I am an American citizen." If he may not proudly proclaim with the apostle, "I was free born," yet he can truly claim as did the chief captain, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Of these rights or either of them, no man, and no combination or confederation of men, can with justice deprive the negro. As a nation he is of us, and a part of us; equal in right under the law. To the men of Massachusetts, in this so clear and self-evident proposition, there seems no difficulty. Since 1789, the colored man in Massachusetts, under the laws thereof, modified only by the laws of the United States, has enjoyed the rights and privileges of every other citizen of Massachusetts. The child goes to the same school. The man partakes of the same employments. The same learned professions, medicine, the bar, the pulpit, are open to him, and more than all, he carries to the election of his rulers and framers of the laws, the equal ballot, which—

—soft falling
Like the snowflake on the sod,
Executes the freeman's will
As lightning executes the will of God."

In other sections of the country, the mind warped and twisted by the influence of the system of Slavery—whose funeral obsequies we are now attending—does not at once comprehend these truths, and admit the force of the inexorable logic of equal rights. Men otherwise just and good have been brought to believe, that the negro can have no practical rights as a citizen; no claims to be considered as an integral part of the inhabitants of the country, and to be treated as if he were an alien—nay, more, as if he were a beast and a dangerous beast beside; either to be sent out of the country or to be herded and penned as such in some remote or unhealthy corner thereof, as not fit to live on the soil which gave him birth, and to which he has every right, and is held by every tie and attachment which binds a man to that portion of earth which he calls home and country. It has been, therefore, proposed to send him away—to herd him in rice swamps or cotton islands—where alone he may listen to the sad music of the roar of the ocean surge, more relentless and unceasing to him than the wails of his fellow men; there to prevent any white man or white woman in the missionary labor of love to visit

him; uneducated, to put him beyond the pale of education; to allow his child never to know the benefit of the common school. Just released from a worse than Egyptian bondage, to make him a Colonist, without the implements of colonization or fostering care on the part of the mother country. To any such illogical and unjust treatment of the negro, it need not be said that the people of Massachusetts will never consent. Our material interests, the interests of the country oppose it. For two hundred and fifty years at least we have been importing the laborer, because we needed labor in this country. The necessity for labor here has caused it to be imported, even to be employed in the wasteful habits of Slavery. Shall we now, that four millions of strong hands and willing hearts are made free laborers, productive and profitable, take them from the lands which they have tilled? From the homes which they have reared? From their hearthstones, as dear to them as our roof-trees is to us, and send them away to some foreign land, or shut them up in some corner of this, where their labor, if not wholly unproductive and lost, must be unprofitable? Our sense of justice denies it.—They have taken up arms freely and willingly in our defense, and we have given them their freedom and rights as citizens. What just freedom is it to them to be penned in a corner, or to be shut up in a rice swamp and not be allowed to see the faces of their fellow citizens, except it may be of a soldier sent as their guard? What true citizenship is it, to be deprived of their equal rights, in the land their arms have helped to save from the fiery furnace of Rebellion, and to be put upon such portions of it only as are not thought to be well habitable by their white fellow-citizens? What fair division can it be of the heritage acquired in part by their blood, to give their white fellow soldier one hundred and sixty acres of land, to be located where he chooses—the finest the sun ever shone upon—to him and his heirs forever, while to the colored soldier, scarred perhaps with honorable wounds, but forty acres of a rice-swamp is to be allotted, or eight hundred feet front of marsh on a sluggish river, and that a possessory title only? And yet the distinguished General who makes this proposition says "the young and able-bodied negroes are to be encouraged to contribute their share toward maintaining their own freedom and securing their rights as citizens of the United States." What encouragement to enlist is this? What freedom? What rights of citizenship for which to shed one's life, even if it is only black blood? What wise statesmanship ever yet founded a colony from which the young and able-bodied men were taken as soldiers? Where the blacksmiths, carpenters, and the skilled mechanics were taken from the settlement; and where the respectable heads of families had no inducements held out to them for leaving the homes of their childhood and making new homes in the wilderness, save a possessory title only to forty acres of land not too much out of water? Under such inducements, under such pupillage, with such restrictions, and with such hopes, even our hardy Anglo-Saxon fathers, who landed at Plymouth, would not have thriven. How much less, then, is the negro, by our wrongs untaught, uncultivated and without the habit of self-dependence, fit to be thus to take care of himself? The precepts of our holy religion forbid it.—Every benevolent christian in the land has contributed his mite to send the self-sacrificing missionary to redeem the Pagan from darkness, and yet here it is proposed to erect a heathenry upon our own soil, into which no Christian minister or Sabbath school teacher, upon their high and holy mission, shall penetrate, if it is their good fortune to have a white face. I repeat again: Massachusetts is unalterably opposed to any proposition of colonization or segregation of the American citizens, made so by this Amendment of the Constitution. No! We propose, on the other hand, simply to let the negro alone; that he shall, in fact, enjoy the right of selecting his place of labor, the person for whom he will labor, if not for himself; to make his own contract for his labor; to determine its length and its value; to allow him at least the enjoyment of the primordial curse, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," restrained only by the laws applying to him, and to all alike; as the rain falleth upon the just and the unjust. We also accept the fact, that by our injustice to him and his race, he is thrown upon the Government, unused to care for himself, unfurnished with the means of beginning life anew. And we agree that it is our duty and the duty of the Government to remedy this injustice, to see to it that he is taught; that he is gradually brought to a state of self-

dependence and independence of others; that he shall have a fair share of the lands that he and his fathers have wrought upon; that he shall be left in the several States where his labor is needed and is productive, and that he is furnished at first with the means of beginning that life which justice, equal laws and equal rights have for the first time opened up to him and his children forever. And when this is done, we believe our duty is done, and that thereafter, so far as Government interference goes, the negro is to be let severely ALONE. We believe that he shall work as every man must work, or become a vagabond. We believe he must be taught, as every man must be taught, to be a good citizen. We believe he must be furnished with the means of beginning life, either with education, habits of self-dependence, or with the fruits of agricultural earnings; and when these are given to him, we have repaired, in part, the wrong we have done him. We may then hope to receive the pardon of the Almighty for the sins we and our fathers have committed toward him. Failing in this, our duty, we may fear still further chastisement from His hand who has sustained us, as He sustained our fathers, because the bitter cup of purification and chastisement has not yet been suffered to pass from our lips. As a nation we have taken the first step in the right direction. We have bowed to the first principles of eternal justice. If we go forward with no halting tread, taking no step backward, we may look with humble confidence that hereafter our political sky shall be so healthy and so pure that no thunderstorm and torrent will descend to clear the national atmosphere, and to wash away with blood the sins of the people. Unless we do justice, how can we hope for justice? Although the punishment for national wrong and national sin is sometimes, in wisdom, delayed, and wickedness seems for a time to escape punishment, yet although—

"The wrath of God grind slow, but they grind exceeding small."

And our joyous notes of congratulatory triumph, may we not also pause for a moment to turn our memories to those pioneers in the cause of justice, of whom we can say, "Would they had lived to see this day? I need not name them. Their memories are still green in our hearts, but the names of two flash before us—PARKER the divine, whose lips ever defended the cause of freedom in this hall; MANN, the teacher, a pioneer of education to an oppressed race. It shall not hereafter be said that Massachusetts is ungrateful, for to the latter, at least, we look forward to the hour when his statue, gracing the front of our legislative halls, shall do honor to him and to our Commonwealth. The two statues overshadowing the broad entrance to our Capitol, making together the full compliment of a Massachusetts statesman. One Conservative, who wisely expounded the Constitution as it was; the other Progressive, who dared to look forward to the amendment of a material defect of that great instrument whose passage now brings liberty and equality of right to the world.

DAWSON'S ALE.—The following is too good to be lost, although it occurred some year ago in Germantown, in a hotel not many miles from the railroad.

"Will you give me a glass of Ale, if you please?" asked a rather seedyish looking person, with an old well-brushed coat and a most too shabby hat.

It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler.

"Thankye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said:

"This is very fine ale—very. Whose is it?"

"It is Dawson's ale."

"Ah! Dawson's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it."

It was done; and holding it up to the light and looking through it, the connoisseur said:

"Pon my word, it is superb ale—superb!—clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a mug of it."

The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbiber said:

"Whose ale did you say this was?"

"Dawson's," repeated the bar-tender.

The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went towards the door:

"Dawson's ale is it? I know Dawson very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with him for two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good mawning!"

—Which is at once the easiest and hardest of occupations? The musician's; for he plays when he works, and works when he plays.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Sure way to get up ice-screams—Slippery sidewalks.

—When is a hen most likely to hatch? When she is in earnest (her nest).

—What beams often fall on men's heads without hurting them?—Sunbeams.

—There is more than one link in the chain that cements earth and heaven.

—We have already a female doctor, why not have a female druggist? And if so, why not call her Ipecacu Hannah?

—The "young lady," who hid the key of our sanctum, can have an opportunity of setting up a night with our devil, to think over the matter. Pitch in N—e.

—"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

GREAT SHOCK.—A lady we know was startled the other day, by being told that someone was waiting below for her "body." Dressmakers should be careful.

—An impudent wretch came near getting his ears boxed at a wedding reception, the other day, for wishing the beautiful young bride "Manny happy returns of the day."

—An Irish Paper, in reference to the projected construction of a tunnel under the river at Dublin, says: "A Thames tunnel is about to be constructed under the Liffey."

—"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror."

"Why so?" said the blushing lady. "Because you would be such a good-looking lass."

—True superiority of mind exists not until the person possessing it becomes perfectly conscious of his own equality with mankind, and of the fact that his existence lies in the hands of a supreme power.

—Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but to secure thy content look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.

—There is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest man is most generally found to be the biggest fool.

—Dr. Casin having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

—There are three kinds of men in the world—the Wills, the Wonts, and the Cants. The former effect everything; the others oppose everything. "I will, builds our railroads and steamboats;—Went" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy."

—Sorrow and suffering are the nurses of all real goodness. The process we shrink from. But should we if we valued the results as we ought? And does not the measure of our shrinking show the measure of our lack of appreciation of the "peaceful fruits of righteousness afterwards?"

—The reason why we recollect what we write better than what we read, is because that which we commit to paper must be clear to the mind before it can be properly written; and very few can illustrate an idea so clearly to others as it appears to the mind of the originator.

—Cleanliness is regarded as a cardinal virtue; but there can be such a thing as too clean; with our best traits, during life, there will be some alloy so firmly attached that the attempt to cleanse perfectly will wash away many a virtue.

—Pleasure is a necessary reciprocal; no one feels who does not at the same time give it. To be pleased, one must please. What pleases you in others will generally please them in you.

—Sambo lost a dog, the tail of which he finally found and recognized lying in the street in front of a sausage-shop, upon which the darkey exclaimed, as he pointed to certain well-filled skins hanging in the window, while he held up Carlo's tail,—

"I won't say nuffen sgin dat ere sausage-shop, but I know where my dog is."

—General Grant, says a Washington correspondent, "looks upon the whole affair of peace negotiations as a farce. He believes that the sword alone can bring the rebels to honorable terms. The moment that Lee's army is beaten the rebellion will collapse. A prominent General who is in the confidence of Gen. Grant

Beecher on Furnishing Liquors.

A church which listens to such preaching as the following should not do many wrong things. Beecher is a plain talker and we like the positiveness of his preaching. Here is an instance:

I most respectfully, but earnestly, invoke the consideration of those who are beginning to introduce wine and strong drink into their households, and ask them whether they have lent their ear to fashion or to God. I have the utmost respect for a man's liberty, and for the sanctity of the family. I would as soon cut off my right hand as I would become a spy in a man's house, because he put a bottle on his table. All I ask is, whether you have given to intemperance the consideration of a Christian man, and not a bon vivant. Have you determined this question in the light of your duty to God and man? I have not a word to say, if you have. I respect your liberty. But if you have drifted into habits of indulgence; if, because you have seen your neighbors do the same thing, you have unthoughtfully, as a curious experiment, and as a thing that seemed to be acknowledged as respectable, you have allowed intoxicating drinks to creep into your household, is it not well for you to stop and make the matter a subject of self-examination and of prayer? I tell you it is not a small thing to bring up a family of children; and I tell you that to bring up your children to believe that intemperance is a dangerous, lurking, insidious, untamable enemy, is to send them into life much safer than to bring them up in habits of indulgence in intoxicating drinks.

And allow me, in the near presence of the holidays, to make an exhortation and request. I believe that, for the most part, the families of this church and society are not accustomed to spread their board with intoxicating drinks; but recently, at weddings, at social festivities, and at the Christmas and New-year's holidays, there is beginning to be a renewal of this dangerous habit. It there is any day of the year on which you ought to clear your table of all intoxicating drinks, it is the first day of January. It is the worst day in the year for a man to begin a bad habit on. And it is an unkindness for you to put them there on that day; and you know that when young men come into your house, and the sideboard is there, and wines are proffered to them, it will be an exception for one of them to have the moral firmness to say, "I never take them." You know that there are scores of young men that will drink against their wish, and against their judgment, because they are ashamed to make themselves an exception to those with whom they are in company. You know that, by their sympathies and kinder feelings, they will be dragged into a compliance that is bad for them. And, allow me to speak the truth, it is disgraceful to you. You have no business to spread a snare on your table for the young and unwary, catching them unawares.

The Wise Ambassador.

We remember reading, in an old French magazine, accounts of an ambassador from the court of the Emperor Charlemagne to that of an Eastern monarch.

Dining one day in company with the barbarian king and the great men of the court, not knowing the regulations and the etiquette of the East, the ambassador, without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table.

Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death; consequently, all eyes were turned upon the ambassador of Charlemagne, and there was immediate outcry against him; for the courtiers of the tyrant thought to gain his favor by upholding him in his tyranny.

The barbarian king feared to displease so great an emperor as Charlemagne, but he feared to transgress his own laws more, and he then told the ambassador that he must suffer death for what he had done.

"Great king," said the Frank, "I submit to my fate. The laws of so powerful a monarch should not be broken with impunity. I die without a murmur, but, in the name of the great emperor whose servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die."

"Thou speakest well," replied the barbarian king. "It is not my will that thou suffer death, but, since the laws require it, I give thee the promise of a king, whose word is fate, that whatever thou askest shall be granted. I have spoken."

"Thou I am satisfied!" replied the ambassador, proudly; and he glanced contemptuously at the obsequious courtiers. "All I ask is this:—Give me the

use of every man who saw me commit the crime."

The tyrant seemed confounded, and his flatterers turned pale; but his word had gone forth, and must be kept. The Frank's request must be granted.

"It is well!" said the king. "Thy eyes shall be plucked out for thee."

But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king also declared that he himself had not.

"Then why should I die, great king?" said the Frank. "The deed cannot even be proved against me?"

The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but, acknowledging and praising his cunning and wisdom, sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.—A member of a large mercantile firm recently gave me a bit of his early experience. Said he,—

"I was seventeen years old when I left the country store where I had tended for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place; anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my case a very pretty affair, which I had purchased with direct reference to this occasion. My first day's experience was encouraging. I traversed streets after street; up one side and down the other, without success. I fancied towards the last that the clerks all knew my business the moment I opened the door, and that they winked intelligently at my discomfiture as I passed out. But nature endowed me with a good degree of persistency, and the next day I started again. Towards noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady at the door. I waited until the visitor had left, and then stated my errand.

"No sir," was the answer, given in a peculiarly crisp and decided manner.—Possibly I looked the discouragement I was beginning to feel, for he added, in a kinder tone, "Are you good at taking a hint?"

"I don't know," I answered, while my face flushed painfully.

"What I wish to say is this," said he, smiling at my embarrassment, "if I were in want of a clerk I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring upon his finger, and swinging a fancy cane."

"For a moment mortified vanity struggled against common sense, but sense got the victory, and I replied with rather a shaky voice, I am afraid—I'm very much obliged to you," and then beat a hasty retreat.

"As soon as I got out of sight I slipped the ring to my pocket, and, walking rapidly to the Worcester depot, I left the case in charge of the baggage master until called for. It is there now, for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner. How much my unfortunate story had injured my prospects on the previous day I shall never know, but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain dealing without feeling, as I told him at the time, 'very much obliged to him.'"

SLEEPING OUT OF DOORS.—A sensible writer to Harper's Magazine for September, concerning this matter, says:

"I thought I should never get to sleep, I had a bed of cornstalks, but I believed I was rousing it. It was the dreadful exposure to the night air which worried me, and not the proximity of hostile balls and bayonets. And when I was aroused at five in the morning, to continue the march, I actually felt more fearful of being broken down by want of proper rest than of being shot in the approaching engagement. How mistaken our mothers were when they warned us against exposure to the night air, and sleeping in damp clothing, and going with wet feet! Judging from a two years' experience of almost constant field service, I aver that these things are wholesome and restorative. It does not require a strong constitution to stand them; it is sleeping inside which which ought properly to be called exposure, and which demands a vigorous vitality; and its the crowning triumph of civilization that it enables humanity to do this without extermination. I have a creed to deliver some day on this subject to a misguided and house-poisoned public."