

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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For the American Citizen.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered to the Butler County Teachers' Institute, Nov. 8th, 1865.

By Rev. J. J. Rockwell.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Yesterday, I was requested by your worthy Superintendent to deliver an address on this occasion. In compliance with that request I am now before you.

Man can be viewed in a light more interesting than as a progressive being. His journey from the cradle to the grave is a hurried passage through diversified scenes of childhood, youth, manhood and old age. Childhood is much the same to all; the happiest portion of our being; made up of innocent joys, intermingled with smiles and tears, and invested with golden charms unknown to man in after years. Men begin the race of life much alike. But in the distance we behold them traveling in paths widely divergent, and occupying positions in the strongest possible contrast. Of a half dozen youths reared at the same fireside, enjoying the prayers and instructions of the same mother, and the counsels and restraints of the same father; one is in a position of honor and usefulness, wreathing for his own brow a crown of just and enduring fame, and another is in the lowest state of degradation, an outcast from society, and lost to joys of home, honor, friends, and his own highest interest. And what is the cause of this difference? It is and must be found in the fact that "man is the architect of his own fortune;" or in other words, that man is the subject of education.

Education signifies, to lead out, a leading forth, and necessarily implies that there are within man certain faculties susceptible of development, and powers capable of progression. Man cannot be destitute of education. To lie, is to educate ourselves. To so act as naturally to develop character of some kind is as natural as the sunshine and life giving showers of spring; it is to unfold the bud and develop the glowing beauties of the full blown rose. If man fail to fill that high and holy purpose of his creation it is not so much for the want of education, as for the want of the right kind of education. One man educates his intellect, and learns to number the stars, to explain the harmony of the revolving planets, and to trace the course of the blazing comet in its eccentric pathway through the universe. Another individual educates his moral powers and becomes a H. ward in benevolence and philanthropy, a Henry in devotion, a Paul in zeal and sacrifice for the cause of truth and righteousness.

A third individual educates his passions and becomes a giant in crime, performing deeds of horror that shock humanity, and render him a terror and scourge to society. But these are educated. All are educated. And each one standing high in the line of his education.

That education, then, which man needs, is that which will fit him for his duties here, and his high destiny hereafter; developing those qualities which ennoble and dignify his being. And what is that within us which is susceptible of, and requires education? The immortal mind! What limit can bound its desires for knowledge? What mind can know its capacities; forever rising in the scale of moral and intellectual refinement, pouring a flood of light around its own pathway, passing from the known to the unknown, from the visible to the invisible, from the finite to the infinite, upward and onward in its wondrous flight to the throne of God.

With such a view of man's nature how imperfect and absurd that view of education which inquires, "what is to be gained by it?" Or in other words, how much money may be made by an education? We should educate, because knowledge is the natural good of man's mental nature. Intellectually, his powers are enfeebled, starved, and destroyed without knowledge. The man who estimates education only in the light of pecuniary loss and gain, educates but one power of his nature, and that the basest. Selfishness as the controlling passion, converts the man into a wretched miser, and shuts out from his soul the sunlight of virtue and knowledge; and leaves him in eternal forgetfulness—the victim of his sordid selfishness in the estimation of the good and wise; "Creston's blot, creation's blank."

We sometimes take an incorrect view of education, by supposing that it is limited to the short period spent in the school-room. Education is a life work. The nursery, the common school, the Academy, the College are but different stages of the one great progressive work. Many, but none should lay aside their studies when they quit school. A truer, nobler sentiment was never uttered than when the poet declared:

Whatever superiority the present age enjoys over the past; whatever advantage our country can boast over other lands; and the mighty contrast between the light, happiness, freedom and enterprise of the nineteenth century, and the darkness, superstition, servitude and misery of the dark ages—all, all must be ascribed to the influence of education, sanctified and directed by the great principle of Divine Truth. The educated mind solves the problems of philosophy, unravels the mysteries of nature discovers the rules of art, analyzes the principles of bodies, opens up new fields of employment for man, and guides the race in its onward march toward perfection. It controls the elements, contracts billiards, builds cities, rears mansions, sends intelligence across the trackless waves of ocean, from continent to continent as if by magic, "maps the world with grandeur." And yet, in all this we have but an imperfect idea of the true value of education.

This view of the subject regards man as if destined here only to live and toil and die and be no more. It leaves out of view the important, and higher consideration, that there is within us a natural and imperishable desire for knowledge; the gratification of which constitutes the noblest and most lasting happiness we are capable of enjoying. Knowledge is the food of the soul. It is as bread to the hungry, as the cool gushing fountain to the thirsty traveler, as freedom to the captive, and as liberty to the prisoner who looks out through the mossy bars of his gloomy dungeon upon a world of life, beauty, and activity. It is a source of happiness which can never fail! Even Sir Isaac Newton, with his powers and capacities fully developed, and with all his vast acquisition of knowledge, felt that he was like a school boy, amused with the pebbles and shells upon the shore while the great ocean of knowledge lay undisturbed before him. But his anxiety to extend his discoveries was in no degree abated, but each new truth gained, invested the unknown with increased attractions. And thus, we may be forever progressing in the pursuit of knowledge; at every step in our shining pathway, increased desires and enlarged capacities will urge us onward.

There is one element of true education too frequently neglected—an element indeed with out which no education can be complete. We mean the education of the heart, or in other words, the education of man's moral nature. Why should not the principals of the sciences of human duty—of right and wrong—be so carefully and faithfully taught in our Common school as the principles of Arithmetic and English Grammar? Is it because such knowledge has nothing to do with our happiness, and success in life? Is it because it has no connection with man's character, and no bearing upon his destiny for time and for eternity? To know and obey the laws of virtue and morality are as necessary to a safe voyage on the sea of life, as the ballast of the ship to enable her to ride in safety upon the ocean's waves. Without moral training, with all his endowments, and all his attainments in knowledge, man will be unhappy in himself, a curse to his fellow creatures, and as a ship with full sail, and without ballast, helm, or compass, his gigantic powers will carry him farther astray, until he becomes a miserable wreck amid the rocks and shoals of scepticism and infidelity. Then while we educate the mind, let us not forget to educate the heart also.

Teachers, a word to you and I am done. You are engaged in an arduous and noble, but very responsible work. Priceless Jewels—imperishable minds are in your hands to be moulded to your will. A single lesson, yea, a single idea impressed upon that youthful mind may fix its destiny forever. Then teachers, be men and women of high and worthy motives, faithful in the responsible duties of your station, and then multitudes will call you blessed when your work is done, and the golden fruit of your labor shall be seen and gathered through coming years.

Reciprocity of Courtesy.
A great many people seem to be born into the world—according to their own opinion—for the simple and express purpose of receiving favors. There is a purpose of other view to be taken of the subject never for a moment enter the head of any individual of this class. The idea of a quid pro quo, even if his intellect is able to grasp it, seems to him about as "Isaiah" to be one of the anointed? Doesn't a great part of the duty of the work consist in toadying him, and cying up his miserable virtues and parts? What the duce else was it created for? The check displayed by some of these fellows at times is perfectly stupendous and no

one in a community, perhaps, is obliged to witness its exhibition often, or endure its infliction more constantly than the editor of a newspaper. People who itch for notoriety, corporations who want their backs scratched, travelling lecturers who want tickling, all come to the editor, who many times from pure good nature, and many times for the sake of being rid of their importunities, gives them what technically known as a puff. But, eight times out of ten, if a reciprocal courtesy which literally costs them nothing, they don't "see" it. They are the parties to be favored, and that end gained, it is all sufficient. Now we protest against this sort of thing. It is void of reason, justice, or right. A kiss for a blow is very good in theory, but we have found from a long series of experiments, that it don't pay in business transactions.

We have not intended our above remarks to be taken in a sweeping sense. Not a bit of it. They are only directed to a particular class, and in a general manner. Everybody; whatever the position they fill, have suffered from the absentee qualities of these sponges of society without being able to squeeze out much in their turn, and in that peculiar suffering we have had our share. We are sick of it—heart sick. It doesn't pay in the first place, and in the second place it isn't pleasant to feel one's self the victim of imposition, for its nothing else. It destroys the feeling of independence, which every one is entitled to possess, and we believe we have as many rights as anybody else. But, yet, notwithstanding the preponderance of this element in many communities, we are glad to put on record that, on the other side, there are many good squares; white men, who appreciate and act upon the doctrine that one good turn deserves another. They understand that mankind was made for mutual support, not for one-sided swindling. They show at least common gratitude for favors received, and that is all we or anybody else can ask—or we're not speaking for ourselves alone. That their numbers may be increased and wax great in the hands is the prayer of suffering a community.

Let us Understand.

Among the amendments to the Constitution which the Jeffersonians of eighty years since deemed essential to the security of public liberties and personal rights was the following:

"Art. II. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

When our great war closed, it was deemed advisable that the soldiers of the Union should be allowed to retain the arms they had so nobly borne, on condition of the payment by each of what was considered by the Government their cash value. An order was accordingly issued from the War Department proffering to each honorably discharged soldier the privilege of purchasing his weapon on the payment of that sum, (\$5, we believe.) So said, so done; until now, on the representation of the ex-Rebels of Louisiana, Gen. Canby has nullified Mr. Stanton's order, directing that the Colored soldiers mustered out of service in his department (Louisiana) shall not be allowed to buy their muskets! We presume the Secretary will direct the satrap to mind his eye; but meantime the Black soldiers will be mustered out and dispersed and the reiteration of the original order will practically amount to nothing.

"The wicked see when no man pursue it." The negro-haters at the South have set their hearts on having a Black insurrection. They may fail; but it will not be for want of diligence and determination. Thus, in the South Carolina House of Assembly, Mr. Leitner of Kershaw has moved that the judiciary committee do proceed.

"To take into consideration the fact that numerous arms of various descriptions, and ammunition in considerable quantities, are in the possession of the free negroes of South Carolina; and that said committee be instructed to recommend, if possible, to this House, the adoption of such measures as will secure the following results:

"First—The rendition of such arms and ammunition as are now in the hands of said free negroes to the proper authorities of the State.

"Second—As will secure the punishment of those persons who, in the future shall harbor or in any wise furnish arms and ammunition to said free negroes.

"Third—As will in the future prevent said free negroes from retaining in their possession arms and ammunition, whenever or however obtained."

MY FIRST POEM.

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet!
It really is in print! you see!
How proud I'll be to show it!
And gentle Annie! what a thrill
Will animate her breast.
To read these ardent lines and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul—here's something strange:
When I saw the poem named
By talking of the "grateful brook"
That gander over the green,
And here's a "friend" instead of a
Which makes it "tipping" still!
"We'll seek the shore" instead of "shade,"
And "hill," instead of "hill."

"They look so" what I recollect,
"Twas sweet" and then "twas kind,"
And now to think the stupid fool
For "friend" has printed "blind,"
Was ever such provoking work—
The curious, by the by!
How anything is rendered "blind"
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears" the "left out,"
"Hast thou no tears" the "left out,"
"I hope that thou art dead,"
"I hope that thou art dead,"
So many blunders crammed!
"Those gentle eyes" instead of "spots"
"Those gentle eyes" instead of "spots"
"Those gentle eyes" instead of "spots"

"The color of the rose" is "rose,"
"Affection" is "affliction,"
I wonder if the likeness holds
In such a well as fiction,
"Thou art a friend," the "B" is gone;
Who ever would have dreamed
That such a trifling thing should change
A "friend" into a "blind!"

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame!"
It really is too bad!
And here, because it is out,
My lovely maid" is "mad,"
They drove her limbs by poking in
An eye—process now!
And now they've gone out again,
And made her crazy, too.

"Where are the mimes fled, that thou
Hast lived so long among!"
Thus read my vision—here it is—
"Should I live a long among!"
"The state of woman's love is things,"
"And it sometimes 'fate,'"
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to hate.

I'll read no more! What shall I do!
I'll never dare to send it—
The paper's waiting for my wife—
It's now too late to mend it.
Oh, Emma! thou shalt of human bliss!
Why did I ever write!
I wish my poem had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate—
I read her eyes, that's plain;
I've told her she's a laundress,
And blind, and deaf, and lame.
I've even such a horrid look
In poetry or in prose!
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor
About a half minute,
I'd bang him to his heart's content,
And with an R begin it,
I'd jam his body, eyes, and bones,
And spill it with a B,
And send him to that hill of his—
He spelt it with an X.

The Democratic Collapse.

The result of the elections of last week will be, it may be fairly conjectured, to extinguish what there was of life in the Democratic party. Whatever hopes the managers may have had of prolonging its existence have doubtless died out since the defection of New Jersey. Its defeat in that State is to it what the "collapse" is in cholera, an unmistakable symptom of impending and inevitable dissolution. Until the occurrence of that untoward event, there was hope even from such mustard-plasters as Governor Seymour's speeches, or such tickling of the soles of the feet as Mr. John Van Buren's jokes. But since New Jersey has given way, of course all the doctors have put up their nostrums and gone home, sadder and, we hope wiser men. There is now little left to be done but to prepare for the decent interment of the old and once powerful organization.

This sorrowful event can, however, hardly be said to have taken anybody by surprise—probably the chiefs less than anybody else. The symptoms of the malady which on Tuesday last terminated fatally showed themselves long ago, and the history of the party for the last ten years have been little better than a study in pathology. Such susceptibility to morbid influences was probably never before witnessed in a political organization. There has hardly a single question come up during the last ten years on which the country ultimately not simply repudiated as impolitic or inexpedient, but stigmatized as repugnant to its moral sense.

Not that there is anything very wrong in party managers taking no note of the moral bearing of the measures they support, but the Democratic leaders have exhibited what they and men of their stamp consider far more discreditable than want of goodness, and that is want of skill in their own calling. The whole art of a successful politician in a free country consists in finding out either what the public is likely to do if left to itself, or what he is likely to be able to persuade it to do, and yet in this art the leaders of the Democratic party, with all their long experience, have shown themselves fatally deficient. We hear a great deal of late of the blunders into which the London Times, the Saturday Review, Lord Russell, Mr. James Spence with regard to the course the American people were likely to take upon the various great questions which have agitated the country during the last four years; but their worst mistake have, considering that they are foreigners who never set foot in the country, been trifling compared to those committed by the Seymours, Pendletons, Pierces, Vallandigham, and Curtises.

We have no hesitation in saying, too, that the worst attacks on our national which have appeared in foreign journals during the past four years, have not covered half so much really biting insult, so much deep contempt for it, as popped out almost from every step taken by the Democrats in opposition to the Government during the war, or in opposition to the anti-slavery agitation which preceded it. Almost every argument used by them in depreciation of the anti-slavery movement was drawn from the supposed indifference of the people to everything to material interests. To everything that was said, or could be said of the moral or political evils of the growth of slavery, they had but one reply, and that was to meddle with it would cause the loss of Southern custom. Whenever, too, they sought to present the possible dissolution of the Union in darkest colors, its probable effect, in destroying trade was the consolation which they always put most prominently in the foreground.

In their efforts, also, to put a stop to the war, the relied almost exclusively upon appeals to the very basest and most selfish motives, fear, love of ease, love of money, and local jealousy, and they did so with a confidence which proved what a very low estimate they had of their audience. They did their best to ruin the Government credit by talking of repudiation as a thing sure to happen. They laughed at the notion that the American people would ever be such fools as to pay such a debt, even if they were able to do so. And they were not restrained even by personal pride from soliciting foreign interference, and trying to impress foreign governments with the belief that nothing else could save the country from ruin. When we condemn Louis Napoleon for taking advantage of our perplexity to invade Mexico; it will hardly do to forget what passed between the Democratic leaders and Lord Lyons in this city in the fall of 1862.

The moral of the history of the party is very plain and simple. It teaches, in the most unmistakable manner; that leaders

son which of all others politicians are apt to be most unwilling to learn, and that is, that nothing succeeds in the long run in America but principle. The plan of governing by arrangements, compromises, fictions, concealments, and so forth, has been tried for ages in Europe, and has there succeeded fairly. Social and political devices based on great wrongs, and setting moral laws at defiance, have, for reasons too numerous to specify here, achieved a considerable degree of success. But the two conditions which more than all others have contributed to their success—popular ignorance and subservience, and the force of tradition—are here totally wanting, and the Democratic party has come to grief simply because the leaders refused to recognize this difference. With all their abuse of Europe and professions of exemption from its influence and from the yoke of its ideas, and loud proclamations of Democratic feeling, the Seymours, Vallandighams, and Pendletons are European politicians and measure the public by the European standard, popular sagacity and conscience. It has taken them a long while to find out their mistake, but we presume they have found it out.

These recent defeats are but illustrations of the truth that in our politics not only is honesty the best policy, but that it is difficult, if not impossible for any public man to rate too highly the class of motives by which our public is actuated. In other words, he is pretty sure to come out best in the end who acts as if the people, instead of being selfish, timid, parsimonious, despisers of ideas, or, as it is the fashion to call them, "isms," were chivalrous, open-handed admirers not of what seems likely to pay best, but of what, in their very best moods, they think most nearly right, in the highest sense of the word.

One effect of the result of the elections will undoubtedly be to give greater elasticity to Mr. Johnson's ideas of what the North requires as a settlement. This is all the more important, because we think the events of each day make it clearer and clearer that he means to do right, and that his aberrations from the straight road, whether real or crooked ways. The dislike of the loyal States to half-way measures might, perhaps, have been revealed more strongly, but still it has been revealed. The vote of last Tuesday was a solemn confirmation, as solemn as could well be uttered, of all that has been uttered and done for truth, and freedom, and justice during the last four years. All that is to be feared now, it is plain, is too great credulity, too great disposition to rely upon professions and fine words, where written contracts or formal enactments can furnish the only security.

As to the Democrats themselves, we do not flatter ourselves, and we do not advise the public to do so, that we have got rid of them. Where change has come as it has here, what might be almost called the animating principle of our political system, we are not likely to have, as in older countries, anything which can be fairly called a "Conservative" party, and the Democracy cannot be converted into such a party. The two great divisions of our political world will consist hereafter, not exactly of the knives and of the honest men, but of those who think the great laws of morality are good political guides, and those who think they are for political purposes of little or no consequence. To this latter party, under whatever name it may be called, or for whatever purpose it may be organized, the debris of the Democratic party is sure to belong. We may rely upon it that wherever we can see a body of men rallying around an abuse with a fair chance of defending it successfully, Mr. George T. Curtis and Mr. Horatio Seymour and their associates will be found in the midst of them, with their hands under their coat-tails, showing that to touch it would break up the framework of society. That the Democratic party was not simply the pro-slavery party, but the party of rascality and corruption has, in fact, been thoroughly proved by the strenuous opposition it has always offered in this city to the work of municipal reform.—Nation.

N. Y., November 22.—Wm. Wells, who was to have been executed at Kingston, N. Y., to-morrow, for the murder of Mrs. Rockwell, has received a respite from the Governor, postponing the execution until the fifteenth of December next.

Analyzing dame reports that "she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her now—but she knows of many thousands of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

—A woman dies but she never surrenders her age!

Execution of Wirz.

Henry Wirz the jailer of the charnel house of Andersonville, was executed in Washington on Friday last in the Old Capital Prison yard, in obedience to the finding and sentence of the military commission as approved by the President. He persisted to the last in denying that he had willfully starved, murdered or maltreated Union prisoners, although the testimony on the trial was overwhelming and cumulative to an extent that precluded the possibility of doubts as to the fiendish character of the man. He gave to the reporters of the press a detailed account of his life, carefully embellished his good traits, as though he dreaded the imputation of the unnatural crimes charged against him next to death. His last letter was written to one of his counsels just before mounting the gallows, in which he appealed for assistance for his family. He said in it that "if any one ought to come to the relief of my family it is the people of the South, for whom I have sacrificed all." After his execution, his body was delivered to Father Boyle, his spiritual adviser, for interment.

—Thus has the creature of monstrous treason atoned for the monstrous atrocities which doomed twenty thousand Union prisoners to loathsome disease, lingering starvation and death; but where are his principles? The record of the trial of Wirz shows that he was arraigned, tried and convicted for "combining," confederating and conspiring together with Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, John H. Winder, Richard B. Winder, Isaiah H. White, S. P. Moore, Kerr, late hospital steward at Andersonville, James Duane, Wesley W. Turner, Benjamin Harris and others "unknown, to injure the health and destroy the lives of soldiers in the military service of the United States, then held and being prisoners of war," &c. Upon this charge Wirz was found guilty—not guilty merely of murdering Union prisoners himself, but guilty of "combining, confederating and conspiring together" with Davis, Seddon and others to accomplish the Jeffersonian murder of prisoners of war. This finding the president approves with the sentence, and upon this record, sanctioned by a court martial and approved by the highest officer of the Government, the poor creature—the miserable tool of the chief murderers—is executed. What shall be the fate of his principals? When and how will they be tried? Is justice to be satisfied by the punishment of an irresponsible subordinate, while his superiors whose bidding he was bound to obey, or enjoying their freedom and helping to reconstruct the Government, or calmly waiting in comfortable confinement, the coming day when they may be discharged with impunity?

The Shenandoah.
The British Government has on its hands a big elephant, the disposal of which has not yet been decided on. The Shenandoah came all unexpectedly into the Mersey, like a terrible apparition.—Its advent has produced a sensation in England. One of our monitors passing up the stream, paying shotted salutes to both banks, would hardly produce more. The gentle commander, it appears, as soon as he heard, in the distance, scene of his piracies, stowed his guns away and started for home, paid off his crew in regular business style, and gave up the business. His mission was accomplished, his work was done, and he returned to England to give an account of his stewardship to those who sent him forth.

The London Times very sensibly remarks on the appearance of this vessel, "the reappearance of the Shenandoah in British waters at the present juncture is an untoward and unwelcome event."—And again, "it is greatly to be regretted that the ship overcame back to England." We think that this unforeseen event, although extremely embarrassing in England, will help to a just and speedy arrangement of the difficulties between that country and the United States, which have grown out of the atrocious piracies on our commerce. Had this "untoward and unwelcome" arrival occurred some weeks earlier, it is probable that the tone of Earl Russell's reply to Mr. Seward would have been somewhat modified by it. But it is not late yet for the great and enlightened nations to come to an understanding consistent with justice and favorable to their long standing friendly relations. We cordially wish the arrival of the Shenandoah in England under voluntary impulse, as a reasonable and fortunate event at this juncture.—Pitts. Com.

—Why are the Jousess like the Green? land fishes? Ans.—Because they abound in W(b)ales.