

# 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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## Address of Schuyler Colfax. The true Reconstruction Policy, POSITION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Colfax was serenaded in Washington on Saturday evening, and in reply to the compliment made the following speech:

MY FRIENDS: I thank you for the pleasant serenade with which you welcome me on my return to the sphere of public duty. Since I left here I have traveled many thousands of miles over the plains and mountains of the Pacific slope, and up that coast to the British Possessions, in the extreme North-West; but I will not detain you with any allusions to the scenery or incidents of my journey, as I have already promised to speak in regard to them in this city next month. My thoughts more naturally turn this evening to the auspicious condition of our country now as compared with the closing of the last Congress. Then a hostile flag waved over cities and forts and camps and regiments, and we went home in March to assist in raising the troops called for by the President. Now there is peace over all the land, and the flag of the Republic waves unquestioned over every acre of our national domain. [Cheers.] We never knew the value of our institutions until the hour of their peril. If we had failed, there would have been no resurrection from the tomb of nation. But, thanks to our heroic defenders, no Gibbon will write the history of America's decline and fall. [Cheers.] I shall hail the day when all the States shall revolve in their appropriate orbits around the central Government, and when we can behold them "distinct as the billows, but one as the sea." But we cannot forget that history teaches us that it was eight years after the surrender of Yorktown in the Revolutionary War, though our fathers were of one mind as to its necessity, before the Constitution was adopted and the Union thus established. It is auspicious that the ablest Congress I have seen during my knowledge of public affairs, meets next month, to settle the momentous questions which will be brought before it. It will not be governed by any spirit of revenge, but solely by duty to the country. I have no right to anticipate its action, nor do I bind myself to any inflexible, unalterable policy. But these ideas occur to me, and I speak of them with the frankness with which we should always express our views. Last March, when Congress adjourned, the States lately in rebellion were represented in a hostile Congress and Cabinet, devising ways and means for the destruction of this country. It may not be generally known but it has been repeated to me, on the testimony of members of the so-called Confederate Congress, that Gen. Lee, the military head of the Rebellion, declared last February, in his official character, that the contest was utterly hopeless, but that their Congress and Cabinet determined to continue the struggle, and 20,000 men fell after that time on both sides in the battles around Petersburg, Richmond and elsewhere. Since the adjournment of the United States Congress, not a single rebellious State voluntarily surrendered, not an army laid down its weapons, not a regiment abandoned their falling cause; but the Union armies conquered a peace, not by compromise or voluntary submission, but by the force of arms. Some of these members of the so-called Confederate Congress, who at our adjournment last March were struggling to blot this nation from the map of the world, propose, I understand, to enter Congress on the opening day of its session next month, and resume their former business of governing the country they struggled so earnestly to ruin. They say they have lost no rights. It seems as if the burning of the ships of our commerce on the ocean, starving our prisoners on the land, and raising armies to destroy the nation, would impair some of these rights until their new governments were recognized by Congress. [Cheers.] The Constitution, which seems formed for every emergency, gives to each House the exclusive right to judge of the qualifications of the election returns of its members, and I apprehend they will exercise that right. Congress having passed no law on Reconstruction, President Johnson prescribed certain actions for these States, which he deemed indispensable to their restoration to their former relations to the Government. I think this eminently wise and patriotic. He declared, first, that their Conventions should declare the various ordinances of Secession null and void—not, as some have done, merely repealing them—but absolutely without any force and effect. Second, that their Legislatures should ratify the Constitutional Amendment

abolishing Slavery, that this cause of disunion and rebellion might be utterly extirpated. Third, that they should formally repudiate the Rebel debt, though by its terms, it will be long while before it falls due, as it was payable six months after the recognition of the Confederacy by the United States. [Cheers.] This reminds me of an old friend in Indiana, who said he liked to give his notes payable 10 days after convenience. [Laughter, and cries of "Good," "Good."] But there are other terms on which I think there is no division among the loyal men of the Union, first—that the Declaration of Independence must be recognized as to the law of the land, and every man, alien and native, white and black, protracted in the inalienable and God-given rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Mr. Lincoln, in that emancipation proclamation which is the proudest wreath in his chaplet of fame [cheers], not only gave freedom to the slave, but declared to the Government he would maintain that freedom. [Applause.] We cannot abandon them and leave them defenseless at the mercy of their owners. They must be protected in their rights of person and property, and these freedmen must have the right to sue in courts of justice for all just claims, and to testify that they have security against outrage and wrong. I call them freedmen, not freedmen. The last phrase might have answered before their freedom was fully secured; but they should be regarded now as freemen of the Republic. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.] Second—The amendment of their State Constitutions, which have been adopted by many of their Conventions so reluctantly, under the pressure of dispatches from the President and Secretary of State, should be ratified by a majority of their people. We all know that but a very small portion of their voters participated in the election of the delegates to those Conventions, and, necessarily, if not all, the Conventions have declared them in force without any ratification by the people. When this crisis has passed, and they not turn around and say that these were adopted under duress by delegates elected by a meagre vote under Provisional Governments and military authorities and never ratified by a popular vote? And could they not turn over the anti-Compromise argument against us and insist, as we did, that a Constitution not ratified by the people may have effect, but no moral effect whatever. Third—The President can on all occasions insist that they should elect Congressmen who could take the oath prescribed by the act of 1862; but, in defiance of this, and insulting the President and the country, they have, in a large majority of instances, voted down mercilessly Union men who could take the oath, and elected those who boasted that they could not take the oath, and would feel disgraced if they could. Without mentioning names, one gentleman elected in Alabama by a large majority declared in his address to the people, before the election, that their pen of history would record the emancipation act as the most monstrous deed of cruelty that ever darkened the annals of any nation, and another avowed that he gave all possible aid and comfort to the Rebellion, and denounced the Congress of 1862 for enacting such an oath. [A voice—"Put them on probation."] The South is filled with men who cannot take the oath. It declares "I have not voluntarily taken part in the Rebellion." Every conscript in the Southern army can take that oath because he was forced into the ranks by conscription, and every man who stayed at home and refused to accept a civil or military office could take that oath; but these were not the choices of the States lately in Rebellion. Fourth—While it must be expected that a minority of these States will cherish for years perhaps, their feelings of loyalty to the country has a right to expect that before their members are admitted to a share in the government of this country, a majority of the people of each State should give evidence of their earnest and cheerful loyalty, not by such speeches as are so common that they submitted the issue to the arbitration of war, but that they are willing to stand by and fight for the flag of the country against all its enemies at home or abroad. The danger now is in too much precipitation. Let us rather make haste slowly, and we can then hope that the foundation of our government, when thus reconstructed on the basis of indisputable loyalty, will be as eternal as the stars. [Applause.] I, President Johnson I have unshaken confidence. I cannot forget that in the Senate, at the opening of the Rebellion, he was the only Southern member who denounced it and its originators, and that he was faithful among the faithless.

[Applause.] Nor do I forget that when on his way from the capital to his home, insulted though he was at many railway stations, he never faltered in his devotion to the Union. Nor can I forget his speech when Military Governor of Tennessee to a mass-meeting of the colored men at Nashville, in which he declared that all men should have a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life, and let him succeed who has the most merit. You all remember his speech to the colored regiment of the District of Columbia, where he repudiated that stereotyped declaration that this "is a white man's country alone," and insisted that it was theirs also. You remember also his remarks to the South Carolina delegation, that the only right system was to protect "all men white and black," and if they got general principles right, details and collaterals would follow. We all remember, too, his earnest dispatches to these Southern Conventions in settling the Richmond elections, when a disloyal Mayor and Common Council were chosen, and that he has signed the death warrant of every one who has been convicted of conspiracy. The great Union organization of the country carried the nation successfully, aided by our heroic defenders, through the perilous crisis of the past four years. Our beloved martyr President leaned upon it in the darkest hour. It stood by the national cause unflinchingly. It voted down the Chicago platform, which declared the war a failure, and demanded a cessation of hostilities. The people have the whole power of the Government in its hands, executive, legislative and judicial, and reassured it by the brilliant victories of this Fall. Let us emulate the example of its friends in all the States. Let us study unity in light of duty, and I believe the Executive and Legislative Departments of the Government, when the compare views together, will cordially co-operate in the great work before us, and so act that the foundations of our Union, wisely and patriotically reconstructed, shall be eternal as the ages, with a hearty acceptance by the South of the new situation. I rejoice to believe that under a system of paid free labor and respecting the rights of freedmen the South will go forward in a career of prosperity, wealth and progress unparalleled in its previous history. It has a more genial climate than we have in the colder North; a wider range of production, for it has cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar, which command such high prices now in the markets of the world, with boundless water-power, almost entirely unimproved. Rid now of the shiftless system of slave labor, it will, with its loins girded anew, rival us in the race of prosperity. In conclusion, I can but echo the words of our departed President: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, but with firmness do the right as God gives us to see the right, and all will be well."

### Power of Music.

One stormy night a few weeks since, we were wending our way homeward near midnight. The storm raged violently, and the very streets were almost deserted. Occupied with our thoughts we plodded on when the sound of music from a brilliantly illuminated mansion, for a moment arrested our footsteps. A voice of surpassing sweetness commenced a well known air. We listened to a few strains and were turning away when a roughly dressed, miserable looking man brushed rudely past us. But, as the music reached his ears, he stopped and listened intently, as the last sound died away, burst into tears. "For a moment, emotion forbade utterance when he said: "Thirty years ago my mother sang me to sleep with that song; she has long been dead, and I, once innocent and happy, am an outcast drunkard." "I know it is unmanly," he continued, after a pause, in which he endeavored to wipe with his sleeve the fastly gathering tears. "I know it is unmanly thus to give way, but that sweet tone brought vividly the thought of childhood. Her form seemed once more before me—I can't stand it!" And before we could stop him, he rushed out and entered a tavern near by, to drown remembrance in the intoxicating bowl. While filled with sorrow for the poor man we could not help reflecting upon the wonderful power of music that simple strain perchance from some gay, thoughtless girl, and sung to others, equally as thoughtless, still had its gentle mission, for it stirred up dear feelings in an outcast's heart, bringing back happy hours long gone by.—E. General Cox's majority for Governor of Ohio foots up about 30,000.

### AUTUMN SUNSHINE.

Mild as the glance of angel eyes,  
Soft as the kisses of first-born love,  
Down through the haze of these autumn skies,  
Comes the glad sunshine smiling from above.  
Beautiful pictures it sketches now,  
Touched with the glowing hues of old,  
Painting the valley and mountain's brow  
Over with purple, and red, and gold.  
Whispers of beauty the spirit fills,  
Tales of a land that faded never,  
Sunshine that glides the beautiful hills,  
Just over the banks of a crystal river.  
Beautiful rest for the weary soul,  
Earth hath no beauty akin to this;  
Anthem of gladness forever roll  
Over these halcyon plains of bliss.  
Down the steps of life's western hill,  
Beautiful sunshine of hope and light,  
Every shadow and hope dispel,  
Lift my spirit from the realm of night.  
Soft as the beams of the autumn sun,  
Sweet as the death of the summer flowers,  
Gather thy jewels one by one,  
Take my soul to those fabled bowers.

### WIT AND WISDOM.

—He that swells in prosperity, will be sure to shrink in adversity.  
—Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveler to an Irish cart driver. "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"  
—Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Elihu of Shubite.  
—Who was the fastest woman of the Bible? Herodias' daughter, because she got ahead of John the Baptist on a charger.  
—What is the worst insect mentioned in the Bible? "The Wicked Flea."  
—FOOL PROVERBS.—Get drunk yourself and say that your neighbor stagers.  
—Stand on your head and say the world is upside down.  
—Spend your time working in cesspools, and wonder that you get yourself dirty.  
—Mind everybody's business and wonder at their ingratitude.  
—Act like Satan through the week, and wonder that you don't feel good on Sunday.  
—To-Morrow.—On the Little Miami Railroad is a station called Morrow. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired:—"Does this train go to Morrow, to-day?" "No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next." "You don't understand me," persisted the stranger; "I want to go to Morrow." "Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow, or any other day you please."  
—"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?" "Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."  
—As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee who knew the station required to, came along and gave him the alleged information.  
—A lady in a city, a few days since, having purchased some sausages, of a couple of lads, overheard them disputing about the money.—"Give me half on't," said one. "No! I won't; I'm bound to have it all," said the other. "Now taint fair, Joe, you know it aint; half the pup was mine." It is needless to say that the lady not relishing the notion of eating puppy sausages, threw her bargain to the dogs.  
—The following is a verdict on a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a kerner's jury to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone afore us, had been sittin' on de said nigger afore said, and he did on de night of de fustenth of November come to def by 'fallin' from de bridge ober de ribber in de said ribber, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de river side whar we spose he was froze to deef."  
—A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said: "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here stand it!" And before we could stop him, he rushed out and entered a tavern near by, to drown remembrance in the intoxicating bowl. While filled with sorrow for the poor man we could not help reflecting upon the wonderful power of music that simple strain perchance from some gay, thoughtless girl, and sung to others, equally as thoughtless, still had its gentle mission, for it stirred up dear feelings in an outcast's heart, bringing back happy hours long gone by.—E.

### A DANGEROUS CURE.

"Tom, my dear Tom, you are mistaken—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I—"  
"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom; "not I, indeed. When did you ever find me mistaken? No, no; I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since—since—well, it's no good mincing the matter—since you were insane enough to marry. There, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly—"  
"Tom, for goodness' sake, stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But, as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but—"  
"But—ah! that's it, Harry; we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unbuckle your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private."  
Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he was almost wearied out with the continual eruptions which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject would send his wife into violent hysterics, till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact, he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.  
"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."  
"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.  
"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; "but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endearing epithet under the sun, and terming yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in the future she shall reign supreme, and all kind of absurdities—speak in a loud voice; say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer; something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvelous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses particularly if nature has not benevolently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door loudly after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is seriously aroused, and that it would take some time and great alterations in her conduct to bring you around again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequences of exciting you into a passion. Once do that and you'll have very little trouble with her afterward."  
"Impossible, Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lillian is so fragile such harsh treatment would kill her!"  
"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice you'll repent."  
"Lillian, dear?"  
Lillian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.  
"Lillian?" he repeated, in a louder tone.  
"Good gracious,—arry, how you startled me! What?"  
"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there I am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.  
"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book if you keep interrupting me. Oh dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."  
"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."  
"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it mine to spend a long tedious evening with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me receipts for some extraordinary puddings."  
Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lillian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful, light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.  
"Madam," he exclaimed, passionately, "you strangely forget of whom you are speaking; for the future, if you can not speak in a different strain, I beg you will be silent," and he looked defiantly toward the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence.—Lillian was in hysterics stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded, Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? any how he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him; and if they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her head and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door.  
"Oh! Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was soon busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched!"  
"Yes, ma'am, dessey yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—at-tacks; I think she called 'em."  
"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lillian, plaintively.  
"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'stericks. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."  
"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane?"  
"Well, ma'am, he was for a time; but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O lor! I shall never forget one day if I live to be a hundred years old.—Mistress was in awful 'stericks. I bathed her head, and gave her sal volatile, and sick like, but nothing seemed to do her no good, she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden up jumped master, like a madman, and gave her, O lor! sich a shaking: it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."  
"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lillian, in a frightened voice.  
"Die! bless yer soul, no. 'Stericks don't kill."  
"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"  
"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good; she never had 'em after the shaking."  
"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."  
"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peace gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worry him, and it was more than he could bear."  
"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lillian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"  
"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lillian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.  
"Jane," she said, wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone I might try and sleep a little."  
When Lillian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed. She felt sure he would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching, heart-rending language that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again he must not look to her for mercy. But listen—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lillian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected; she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there.—Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no! he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute—What had she now to live for? What would the future be to her?—all dark and dreary.  
Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lillian watched anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened; and as she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him to never treat her so again.  
"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.  
"No answer."  
"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me; I'm so very, very miserable."  
Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.  
"Well, Lillian," he said, gravely.  
"Oh, Harry! if you only know all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."  
"Lillian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that your determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more 'seenes,' and his home now is a perfect elysium."  
"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."  
And Lillian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "seenes," and his home now is a perfect elysium.  
—That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.  
—That brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.  
—That wine causes many to take a winding way home.  
—That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.  
—That ale causes many ailments; while beer brings us any to the pier.  
—That Champagne is the cause of many real pains.  
—That gin-slings have "slewed" more than sines of old.  
—A lady came across the frontier, from Waterloo, Canada West, on a ferry boat, the other night, decked in her robes for the bridal ceremony, and bringing with her certain indispensable articles for the occasion.—Instead of throwing herself into the arms of her affianced as she expected on touching the eastern shore of the Niagara, she found herself embraced by a revenue inspector, who confiscated all her trousseau as lawful plunder for Government. The Collector of Buffalo took pity on her, however, and finally let her go with a warning.