

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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The Pastor's Wife.

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Great was the consternation in the town of Newbay, a little community on the eastern shore of Long Island, when Mr. Chase, the pastor of the Methodist body, returned from an excursion to a far away country of the State and brought home with him a wife! Did not know that for asking, and a very little asking too, he might have had Miss Perry and five hundred dollars a year into the bargain. Could he have failed to notice the attention of the Homers, who had evidently no other motive than to secure him for Estelle or Abner. Above all, could he have been so hardened as to despise the scarce concealed regard of petty Louise Gardner? Yet, oh! the folly of mankind, he had turned away from all to bring amongst them some distant penniless belle whose new fangled ways would disturb the whole congregation.

Thus the gossips of Newbay talked on the evening of the return, as if the minister had no right to dispose of himself like an ordinary individual. It would probably have been more in accordance with their views had he called a meeting of the church members to decide for him, on whom he should bestow his affections. Meanwhile the object of their remarks was receiving a visit from Miss Perry, for no consideration of delicacy could avail to keep that lady from the house until a reasonable hour for calls should arrive; her curiosity was excited, and "as a member of the church, she had a right to see the bride!"

"You must have had a dismal journey," said the visitor, as she kept her gray eyes on the sunny face of her bride.

"No, indeed," replied the bride, with a kind glance at her husband.

"Well, I mean if you have much feeling, Mrs. Chase," the last two words came forth with an asperity it is impossible to convey; "but perhaps you had not a very happy home, and so parting with your parents did not affect you?"

The mild blue eyes of the fair young bride filled with tears, but noticing the rising color on her husband's brow, she hastened to reply to the coarse insinuations that had displeased him.

"I had a happy home, and it was with sadness I bade it farewell; but I had been so long familiar with the thought of absence, and my parents and sisters were for my sake, so cheerful, that I could not in the society of—I mean, I could not very well be sorrowful." She paused, and blushed so deeply, that the pastor to his loving sympathy drew off the attention of their unbecoming guest.

"You have had some excellent sermons from Mr. Mayburn, in my absence, Miss Perry?"

"Oh! excellent, returned the lady—I wish you should have heard him on worldliness; it was just what the people wanted. I never knew a more worldly set—never!" said Miss Perry, emphatically.

Mr. Chase could not restrain a smile, but he excused himself saying—

"Mr. Mayburn probably guessed as much. Did he visit you during his stay?"

"Oh! yes, and I felt it my duty to prepare him for the next Sabbath, opening up a little of the wickedness of the people. I told him of those dressy Homers, and that fitting Louise Gardner—Nobody else had given him a hint."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Chase.

Miss Perry's quick eye detected the shade on his brow, and she abruptly quitted the subject, dreading that one of his gentle reproaches should fall—not for the first time—to her lot.

"A piano!" she exclaimed, moving towards the instrument; "pray, sing to me, Mrs. Chase."

Her hostess was too obliging to hesitate; and touching the instrument with the grace of a finished musician, sang one of the "Songs of Zion."

Miss Perry was not fond of music—few such persons are—and she motioned to depart without asking for an encore.

"We are fortunate, Agneta," said Mr. Chase, when she had retired, "in the means of dismissing Miss Perry, just when we please."

"I do not understand you," replied the gentle wife, looking up.

"I mean that music will send her off at any time," explained her husband, with a glance of subdued humor that was irresistible. Agneta laughed heartily, and then began a grave rebuke, which was stopped in the midst, no matter how.

Three days passed away, and Louise Gardner had not yet crossed the pastor's threshold; Louise, who had done so much to prepare the house for his return.

"I am surprised," observed the minister, "Miss Gardner is the most unceremonious person I know, yet she has not been to welcome you, Agneta. There is some mystery here." And truly there was a mystery which a woman alone could unravel.

At length she came. Agneta was not alone, for Mr. Chase had requested the wife of one of his deacons, a woman of some education, and most attractive piety, to be present when his bride received company, and the two were already friends. Louise was embarrassed, but Agneta encouraged her so kindly that she soon forgot her awkwardness, and engaged in an animated conversation. Presently the door opened and Mr. Chase came in. Miss Gardner was the first to remark his entrance. With a woman's intuition Agneta learned the secret of the flush upon her cheeks, her sad silence, and her abrupt departure. Poor Louise, she had lived in vain! But although Agneta could in a few moments discover this, her husband was happily unconscious of it.

"Louise Gardner is certainly changed," he observed, and that was all.

But Agneta, how did this affect her? Was she not angry with the young and certainly beautiful creature who had presumed to love him, and was doubtless saddened by the happiness of his new home. Had she the generosity to sympathize with the grief-stricken one, and strive to comfort her, or would she turn away to her own joy and so forget all?—Let the warm tears she shed that evening when her husband was not by, the earnest prayer she offered in behalf of the suffering spirit; the written resolution that she would, God helping her, bring comfort to that heart, give forth their loud reply.

"So, Miss Perry; you went to see the bride?"

"Yes, Mr. Bliss, and a queer sort of person she is."

"Aye, aye," said farmer Bliss, "how do you mean?"

Miss Perry leaned against the garden fence, and added, with emphasis—

"Mark my words, this piano fingering and French jangling will come to no good, unless a minister who can take such a wife as that ought to be ashamed of himself!"

The sedate old farmer looked shocked.

"She's that sort of a body, be she?"

"A fashionable, musical, Frenchified doll. Why, her bonnet would have told you that!"

Mr. Bliss went home.

"Polly," said he, to his dame, "don't you go high the pastor's wife?"

"Why not?" inquired the old lady.

"She's one of your fashionables, and we don't want none of them here," rejoined the farmer.

A fortnight had passed, and Mrs. Bliss was preparing a comfortable supper in the kitchen, when there was a gentle knock, and the pastor and his wife walked in. Mrs. Bliss felt confused, her honest pride forsake her, she saluted them, and would have led the way to the parlor.

"Not so!" said Mr. Chase. "I told my wife of the many tea drinking in this old kitchen, with its broad five place and rose decked lattice; and she came expressly to ask leave to taste the tea, and sit beside the roses."

"Yes indeed," said a sweet, kindly voice at her elbow. "I love a farm, and I want to learn the secret of bread making, Mrs. Bliss, for which my husband gives you so much credit."

What was the good woman to say?—She could refuse nothing to the face and smile—and the compliment to her housewifery. She loved the pastor's wife from that time forth. So they sat down in the wide recess of the kitchen window, and having protested against the production of the best china, drank from the homely self the well brewed tea of which the minister had spoken.

They were in earnest talk; the delicious ham, the rich yellow butter, the wholesome bread had each received a word of praise, and the good woman was in her most sunny humor, when the door flew open, and the farmer stood before them. Mr. Chase went forward and shook hands—it was a hearty gripe, such as he knew the old man liked. He could no more resist that pressure than his wife could resist the praises of her bakery, and he went through an introduction to the bride with a good grace.

"You are heartily welcome," he said, "and if I'd known you'd have come to our place so friendly as this, I'd never have listened to Miss Perry, and kept Polly away."

"Hush man," interposed his wife, "Miss Perry won't thank you for telling that."

"Never mind, I'm right glad to see

you, and that's all about it," returned the farmer.

It was moonlight ere our friends bent their steps homeward. The good old folks watched them as they crossed the meadow, and the farmer was the first to speak.

"What a beautiful prayer he made, to be sure!"

"And she," put in his wife, "I could have listened to her singing all night."

"I like to hear her talk, especially about our little Mary," and he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Yes, yes," her voice trembled as she spoke, "she comforted me more than any one else. Ah! if I were only a Christian like her."

It was evening; and while Mr. Chase was doing duty for a friend at a distance, Agneta and Louise Gardner sat in a long and earnest conversation. At last the younger lady threw her work aside, exclaiming—

"Oh! my friend, what must I do?"

"You have not told me what your deep sorrow is yet," replied Agneta, "but in all his distresses a Christian has need of prayer; let me urge you to pray."

"I cannot; at least not as I once did."

"Then you have not forgiven him who laid this sorrow on you?"

Louise looked up in surprise.

"It is strong language, I know," said Agneta, "but is it not true?"

The girl burst into tears.

"You cannot understand my grief; it is a trial you have never undergone."

Agneta felt the truth of this, and they wept together.

"It is not that you have given your heart where you can hope for no return?" inquired the young wife at length.

For a moment Louise hid her face; then with a sudden energy, she cried—

"Ask me no more, but help me, help me to crush this love forever! For it must—her voice sank to a hollow whisper, "it must be done; he is the husband of another now."

Ah! noble Agneta, to hear this and give no sign, that she might spare the burdened heart the pang of knowing that he was hers no more. They knelt together, and the young, the happy wife prayed for the stricken one beside her. What wrestling with high Heaven, what burning words of agonized entreaty, what gentle, meek adjurations in the name of "Him who died!"

They rose, and after some minutes of unbroken silence, Louise threw herself into the arms of her new friend.

"Ah! Agneta," she exclaimed, "surely our God has taught you how to give me aid. I know He will hear those prayers and help me to get aright."

The bride's heart was full.

Louise continued—

"And once I hated you!"

"Hated?" cried Agneta, starting.

"Yes, when you first came here, but you have won me by your love; and now, oh! Agneta, what a friend have I, an orphan, in the world, like my pastor's wife?"

Agneta embraced her fondly, and from that time she was an elder sister to the neglected Louise. Would the result of her tuition be known to ask the people of Mr. Mayburn's charge, and they will tell you that their minister's wife—for such Louise is now—is all they can desire.

"Is it possible, dear Mrs. Chase, that you have invited Miss Perry to stay with you whilst her house is being painted?"

So spoke the deacon's wife one morning as she stood beside her friend in the kitchen.

"Yes," said Agneta, looking up from her pie crust, "I have done so, Mrs. Green."

"After all the ill-natured remarks she has made?"

"Just so. I mean to cure her."

Mrs. Green's face grew brighter. "I sit at your feet," she said.

"Nay!" replied Agneta, "let us rath'er sit together in the place that Mary loved—learning of Him who, 'When He was reviled, reviled not again.'"

"I shall have a miserable time of it," said Miss Perry to her friends, "but I cannot bear the smell of paint, and therefore I shall go."

This was all the remark that the kind invitation of the young wife elicited. But Agneta was never daunted; she had determined to cure Miss Perry, by God's blessing, cure her she would. Night and morning she remembered this in her prayers; early and late she pondered the grief to be employed. Knowing it was a trial to him she loved best of all things earthly, that she should have an enemy in the very midst of his people, she had resolved to succeed, if success were not absolutely impossible.

Such then was the course the pastor's wife marked out. For two whole weeks she was the constant companion of her guest; the despised piano was scarcely touched, and the sound of French was a thing forgotten. Agneta received long lessons in the culinary art, and very modestly gave lessons in return. Quietly she drew Miss Perry into the houses of their poorer neighbors; she yielded willingly up to her the honor of their united efforts, and carefully she studied all her wants and wishes. The heart must have been hard indeed that could withstand such consideration, and the fortress already began to show some signs of a surrender.

"I do not know how it is," remarked Miss Perry to her cronies, "but whether I like Mrs. Chase or not she will love me and I cannot prevent her."

And ere she left that hospitable roof the enemy had become a friend and ardent admirer—nay, even her affection had been won, in fact, Miss Perry was cured.

"Dear Agneta," said the pastor, "you have made me very happy. There is not one of the congregation who does not now see the wisdom of my choice."

She laughed her merry laugh.

"You do me credit then," she said; then pausing for a minute, she added, earnestly, "Ah! Ulric, of myself I can do nothing."

A Russo American Alliance.

The great banquet given by the leading merchants of Moscow, the real commercial and industrial capital of Russia, to the American Minister, Cassius M. Clay, has actually become the topic of the hour in the Muscovite press, and in no small proportion of the journalism of all Europe. The French seem to be especially moved by the flaming after dinner speeches delivered upon that very remarkable occasion, and the English organs are only second to them in expressing much and some apprehension, at the billing and cooing, which, ever since the hearty reception of Admiral Lesofsky and his naval squadron at this port, in 1863, has been going on between the American and Russian Eagles. The interchange of marked civilities between officers of the Yankee and Muscovite fleets in the sea-ports of France, at different times during last summer, while the French and English naval dignitaries were comparatively held aloof by our own, had already given umbrage to our Trans-Atlantic friends of the *entente cordiale*, but Mr. Clay's denunciatory speech, and the response of the Czar's officers to it, followed by the enthusiastic demonstrations of the Moscow merchant-princes, in favor of a grand Russo American alliance against the world, has positively given them a fright, if not in view of immediate events, at least in anticipation of a future, not far off. On the other hand, all the newspapers in Russia that have the slightest claim to be considered progressive are delighted with the affair, and laud Mr. Clay, and everybody else concerned in the dinner, to the skies, notwithstanding the protests and sneers of the *Invalide Russe*, the mouthpiece of the old conservative Russian nobility. The *Moscow Gazette*, an influential organ, among others, says very significantly:

"The United States must feel as much affronted by the Mexican expedition, as we should be were France to seize what belong to us, or is to become ours. Mexico is the Constantinople of the New World, and the Americans quite legitimately desire to obtain possession of it. When our eagles are seen flying over the Bosphorus, and the American eagles are at Mexico, there will be but two great powers in the world—Russia and the United States."

Difficult as the juxtaposition in policy and harmony of action between two such Powers may seem, to American citizens who reflect upon the radical difference between the institutions and principles of the two Countries, some of the most intelligent European political writers find nothing insurmountable in that direction, but coolly speculate upon the reality of such designs and such an alliance as are hinted above. The *Courier des Etats Unis*, the oldest established French organ on this Continent, has been universally regarded as uttering the views and sentiments of Napoleon III, since he ascended the throne. If, with full apparent knowledge of its position, and claiming to be versed in American, as well as French affairs, it calmly admits the probability of such a combination, and calculates the effect it would have in counterbalancing the western powers. But the most weighty utterance on this subject, and one that frankly commends itself to the attention of American statesmen and merchants—the terms are not infrequently synonymous—is the truly valuable essay of Mr. V. de Mars, in the great Parisian month-

ly—the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which employs some of the ablest and most experienced pens in Europe. Mr. de Mars chiefly directs his attention to the advance of Russia in the farthest East which has so recently alarmed the British authorities, and the effect of her diplomacy in China and Japan, but he discloses the great part which the United States will be called upon to play in the Muscovite combinations, and thence, concludes that it is across the Pacific that the Czar will shake hands with the Great Republic. He is acquiring vast territories, and enriching his Empire with their resources, building railroads, and sinking his Pacific coast with those of California, and thereby, with the whole American continent, by lines of swift steamships and the electric telegraph, while the Western powers dream on in false security, that he is merely recovering from the losses of the Crimean War. They will awaken one day, to find themselves outwitted and their commerce ruined.—Such are some of the main ideas of Mr. de Mars. But we can do no better than to translate a few of the telling passages of his valuable treatise.

"The day he writes, 'when Russian policy shall have succeeded in acquiring the position it aims at in the waters of the extreme East, the only force that could easily and seriously combat her designs, would be that other Power bordering on the Pacific, which also, seek to rule the Continent, where it now plays a grand part. We speak of the United States of America; but, between these two Powers, which have equal aspirations, which seem destined to confront each other, to clash together on that vast arena of the distant seas, there are more affinities than reasons for antagonism and incompatibility. They are separated in spirit, in manners, and institutions, yet they sympathize; it is useless to deny, in a feeling more or less latent, more or less revealed, of hostility to Europe. Moreover, it is through interest in time of peace, and even in war, that they are drawn together in a certain solidarity, and led to multiply and bind more closely their ties of intercourse. This alliance which is but outlined as yet, no doubt, but of which, in the events of the last few years, more than one symptom has been visible in highly significant occurrences, must strengthen with all the commercial relations that will be quickly established between California and the Amoor river, so soon as the grand line of communication that is to unite New York, Boston, and the chief manufacturing cities of the Atlantic slope with San Francisco, that future port of transit for the commerce of America, with China and Japan, shall have been completed."

The American traders can then ascend the Amoor, spread through Siberia to the interior of Russia, in Europe, and easily defy English, French, or German competition, for the very simple reason that goods which can be delivered on the Amoor, after thirty or forty days only of navigation, can be sold more cheaply than those which shipped at Hamburg, London, or Marseilles, have to double the Cape of Good Hope, and must consume 130 or 140 days in making the passage to the same point.

Some idea may be formed of the material advantages that the Americans will reap from intercourse of this kind with the Russians, by what they gain now.—It is enough to recall a single fact, which may be verified by a glance at the official statistics. From 1849 to 1861, the American whaling vessels that fished in the seas of Okhotsk and Kamshatka carried for their underwriters, a profit of \$140,000,000. What, then, would be the benefits that the Americans must draw from the wealthy possessions of Russia, when they shall have had conceded to them, without competition, the steamship lines between the Amoor, China, Japan, California and the interior of Siberia; the mining of coal; the construction of railroads and telegraphs, as we now see the case in the work for the grand line of the Pacific Ocean telegraph.

The Americans, who are practical men, will not fail to recognize the value of such relations, and of a good understanding with the Russian Empire. There will be found, nay, there have already been found among them, minds to propagate the rather odd idea of a grand civilizing mission devolving upon the United States and Russia, conjointly.—Is it even impossible, that in certain cases, the Government of St. Petersburg may find in the "Yankees" active, or at all events, efficacious condottieri? Here, England is, perhaps, the Power most interested. Suppose, for instance, that, at a given moment, a war were to break out between Great Britain and Russia, would it not be a magnificent chance for the American ship owners who would have

to embark on their neutral vessels the rich cargoes which Chinese commerce would fear to entrust to the belligerent British flag, on seas infested by Russian privateers. A Muscovite Admiral receiving orders by telegraph from St. Petersburg, to sail out of Vladi Vostok and fall upon the enemy's commerce, might feel sure, after having despatched his vessels in all directions, of finding refuge and succor in the ports, the arsenals and the navy yards of the United States. Nay, more, he would find American vessels to bring to him, from San Francisco, provisions, coal, munitions of war, and to man the prizes he might have taken from the enemy. It is needless to penetrate farther into our speculations on this line. Who knows, however, that these reflections may not have weighed upon the course pursued by England for some years past? Who knows, indeed that such a prospect may not have influenced France, herself, in her recent enigmatic and provident reserve in the affairs of Europe, and that Mexico, for instance, is not looked upon as, in some measure, a counterpoise to the United States and Russia.

It is sufficient to propound these questions in order to find ourselves confronting problems of all kinds, raised by Russian progress in the remotest East. The clearest, undoubtedly, is that this alliance between Russia and the United States, is not, absolutely, a chimerical vision; that, not only does the Oriental policy of St. Petersburg, by no means, impede, but rather serve it; that not only is it possible, but even defined, in certain eventualities, and that the Americans, themselves, regard it as nothing extraordinary. It is, in fine, so to speak, one of the elements of the politics of to-day."

The French writer might have added, had he chanced to remember it, that the Russian Possessions of this Continent are not only vast in extent, and favorable in position, but so strongly held, that during the Crimean struggle, an Allied fleet recoiled with damage from a futile attack upon one of their sea-coast fortresses. He might, also, have said, had he known it, that the Washington Government have long held in their keeping, very explicit documents elucidating this whole subject. The most impressive deduction that we make from the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is that the influence of this country has suddenly become paramount in the commercial and political councils of mankind, and that in the hints it gives respecting the mercantile opportunities in oriental Russia, our business men may see a great and genial light shed upon the future of our struggle, first for existence and then for supremacy, with the trade and manufactures of Western Europe.

TO SOFTEN OLD PUTTY.

In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty, that sticks round the glass and frame. To do this easily; dip a small brush in nitric or muriatic acid to be obtained at the druggist's and go over the putty with it. Let it rest awhile, and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbor by the name of Jones, and with very knowing look she replied:

"Why, I don't like to say any thing about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones—sometimes I think—and then, again, I don't know—but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

Non-committal—rather.

DISAPPOINTED PICKPOCKET.

Well, if this ain't mean! Here's this fellow again about with this here yaller chain, and when I pulls it out there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct of these flashy clerks is enough to break the heart of a poor fellow like me, as has to depend on his trade for a livin'.

A wife in San Francisco lately petitioned for divorce on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The Judge, who was an old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea, because every man would be liable to the same imputation who gets married.

A child seventeen months old fell over the railing of a porch from the third floor of a house, in St. Louis, the other day, and, strange to say, the babe was but very little hurt!

The number of young Southerners, of both sexes, who are present seeking employment in the Northern cities is almost incredible. It is said that in New York alone there are more than fifty thousand of Southern born and bred persons seeking their fortunes.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"So many men, so many minds."—Not always the case. A gentleman asked a crowd to imbibe the other day.—They were all of one mind and partook.

"Deal gently with the (b)erring," said the Cockney fish-dealer said to a customer.

A wag says of women: "To her virtue we give love; to her beauty, admiration; and her hoops the whole pavement."

Why is a constant attendant at auction an unpleasant fellow? Because he's for-bidden.

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." As for us, we had rather have two turkey buzzards in the bush than one in the hand.

A very volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said his wife, "I hope you'll mend."

"Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

Science does more for the brute than the man. Pigs, attacked by the most fatal disorders, are frequently cured after death.

Why is a generous man a good Christian? Because he's for-giving.

A conductor out West recently demanded two tickets of the Simese twins, but the twins insisted they were one, and as the conductor couldn't eject one without the other he had to let them pass.

The first and greatest thing in rhetoric is to have something to say.

"Out of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We lost our wallet the other day and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up: "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me too long with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless sirups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you now to strike at the cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decenter of gin that stood on the side-board.

A clergyman was addressing his hearers with some warmth regarding the great power which the devil exercises over the minds of men generally, and just as he had come to a climax of this point a bewildered dog, which had entered the church in search of his master, uttered a loud bark, when, with a flash of his eye, and giving the Bible board a tremendous thump, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Ah, yes, my friends! the foul fiend is so bent on recruiting his ranks that he has sent that dog in here to-day to interrupt my speaking and carry away your minds."

"Do you believe in the appearance of spirits, father?" asked a rather fast young man of his indulgent sire. "No, Tom, but I believe in their disappearance, since I missed my bottle of Bourbon last night," said the old gentleman, looking hard at Tom. But Tom didn't seem to take the hint, although it was evident he had taken the Bourbon.

A gallant officer having been asked by the fair daughter of a prominent philanthropist whether he was an abolitionist, replied, "I am more than an abolitionist; for ever since I first met you, Miss J—, I have been a slave."

California has long been celebrated for "big things," animal and vegetable, and the following adds to the list:

Before Justice F—, at San Juan, Nevada County, was brought a Hibernian, charged with assault and battery upon a fellow countryman. Many witnesses were examined; and, finally, Jimmy C— was called to the stand.

"Mr. C—, state what you know about this case."

"Well, your Honor, Barney and Patrick had a bit of a quarrel about some wood they had been cutting. They were standing near the wood-pile in front of the house, and after jawing a little Barney picked up a bit of a silver, and gave Patrick a little tap on the head, and he went over to the wood-pile—and that was all there was about it."

JUSTICE F— "You say Barney hit Patrick on the head with a bit of a silver. What kind of a silver was that?"

"Well, your Honor, 'twas a small thing—a bit of a chip."

"But we want to know how big it was; give us your idea of the size of it."

"Well, your Honor [after some hesitation], I think it was about two feet long, and about as big around as my wrist."