

A MERICAN 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 Frontier Wedding.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter, my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement to a nice couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we should be requested to remain all night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expectant bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks! She's got a marm's hat on and a turkey's wing in front of it; his nose is just like dad's, crooked as a cowhorn squawk."

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain!

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him in the pot! Sal, you quit that chum and sweep the floor. Kick that corn-dodger under the bed, Bill, you wipe that cheer for the minister's wife, and be spry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

"How do you do, elder? How 'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head, hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air hain't it? Shoo there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread trough. Sal, take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em through Bill's hair—keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy hair, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Laws, if she ain't actually shivering!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some hot wood! Here, marm, take this hot corn dodger inter your lap—it's as good as a soapstone."

A fearful squall souped the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterward he was becoming about in a four quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sal returned to her chair, but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern and butter and hot-spiced scent swimming over the floor.

"Great the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take care—don't put the snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so hasty. Die, do you know your feet out of the butter! It won't be long for the pigs when t' butter's gathered. Prave that bacon, quick, she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sal, do try and clean a little more keeful. If you are 'wine to be spliced to-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up!" remarked the bridegroom, thumping away at the chair.

By the time I got fairly warmed dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by over-eating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the events of to-morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sal lighted a pitch knot and climbed a ladder in one corner of the room. I hesitated.

"Come on," said she, "on't be afraid. Sam, and Bill, and Dick, and all the rest of 'ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for loose boards, marm; and mind or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimney comes through."

Her warning came too late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled and fell headlong through what seemed interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms and set me on my feet, remarking coolly:

"What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better. Bill and Dick and the o'her spalps in the same room with us, and made the air vival with their snoring. I fell asleep and dream'd I was just being shot from the muzzle of a cannon, and was as giddy as a top.

Mr. Morrison, who was informed that I was up, came to the door before breakfast, and Sally was already seated in her bridal robes. When I descended the ladder,

She was magnificent in a green calico over a cerise full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon, and

white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a plug behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet, which had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a step pan and a few words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled. "Now, elder," cried the groom, "drive ahead! I want it done up nice; I'm able to pay for the job; do you hear! Come, Father Burke, test out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was, or not at all. We urged and coaxed, but she was firm, and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood; the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "Will you have this woman," etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping bridegroom and pastor, and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the left and cut the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out, looking sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question Lemuel responded, "To be sure, what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "Yas; if you must know."

"Sublime your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything, elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that, sir. Just show me how, and I'll do it if it kills me."

My husband drew back, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I can't! I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel, and he justly taking a huge life from a piece of mangle sizer which he drew from his pocket, made a dash at me, took my watch guard into a dozen fingers, tore my hair down, and succeeded in slapping the spot upon my nose, exactly to the point of the company.

Then he turned to my husband, and said, "You're the drayage, but I'll show you how to do it!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said Mr. Morrison, who was just about to say "These, elder," said the other's "piece of mangle-sizer" and out there in the show, is two heads of cabbage, and your welcome to the hall of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, and the young people went to dancing. Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast and at my earliest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and we bade them all adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen, the elder's wife before she was married, Sally might have gone to the di'kens.

"Alas, it might have been!"

Remarkable Escape of Eminent Men.

Some years ago a young man, holding a subordinate position in the East India service, attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed its mark. A friend entered the room shortly afterwards, he requested him to fire it out the window, it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded the young man sprang up exclaiming: "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for a long time previous had been uppermost in his mind. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were, on one occasion, walking together, when a violent storm thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther have been unknown to mankind.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair, of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps, and deposited his burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Lister, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for several days. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. This young man, first drawn off toward back, the author of "Elegiac Progress."

Doddridge when ten years of age, was so weakly on his feet that he believed he would die. A woman passing by inquired that he saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble child of ten was saved from being forgotten, and an eminent author and consistent christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been left in. Of Philip Henry a similar circumstance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always on foot at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, however, with out being able to account for it, he would neither sit, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him, it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three snailshells might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena, one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Author Wellmay, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvellous deliverance. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late, the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized, and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion when the tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in a boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

LIFE.—We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life, short at the longest and uncertain at the best. All the imagination of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busy to find out the way how to revive it with pleasures, or relieve it with diversions—how to compose it with ease and tranquillity, and how to employ it in the service of the world. The reason of this is, that we are all insensible of the value of the moments of our lives, and the reason of this is, that we are all insensible of the value of the moments of our lives, and the reason of this is, that we are all insensible of the value of the moments of our lives.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Who was Jonah's tutor? The whole who brought him up.

—Another war with Turkey is at hand—next Thanksgiving day.

—Watts, the Reason?—Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

—Mr. Coleridge was once asked which of Wadsworth's works he considered the prettiest, when he promptly replied, "His daughter Dora."

—Lovers' Logic.—Edwin: "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you." Agatha: "Oh, you absurd creature."

—To the Would-be Author.—If thou wouldst fain be thought a sage, Think a volume, write a page, And from every page of thine, Publish but a single line.

—A pretty young American, whose Christian name is Anna, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and, looking archly at him, popped the question thus: "Have Anna?"

—Here is your money, doll, and tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?" "I'm sure I can't tell; but if you will excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't fetch it."

—The city dailies published a telegram from Europe last week, announcing the death of Tom Thumb's infant daughter. We think the news of such small moment as to be unworthy of telegraphic recognition.

"I will extend no mercy to you," said a prince to a jester, who, for a fault, was condemned to death, "except permitting you to choose what kind of a death you may die. Decide immediately for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," answered the jester; "I choose to die of old age."

—A woman being enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals fire on his head, replied that she had tried "blow water," and it didn't do a bit of good. She was rather doubtful about the efficacy of "kiss."

—A rural pastor played fervently for minutes during a severe drought, which began to fall in to-morrow just as the services closed; when two farmers walking home together were getting awfully wet, and one remarked to the other: "The parson does pray with a good union." "Yes," replied the other, but he lacks judgment."

—A dandy strutting about a tavern took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and turning to the looking glass, said: "Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord; they hide a part of your face."

—A certain judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several small suits into court, and remarked that it would have been much better for all parties had he persuaded his clients to leave their cause to the arbitration of two or three honest men. "Please your honor," replied the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them." The Judge frowned.

—A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman; "for I row you as a plump as a partridge." "At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually making game of me."

—Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to his apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for awhile." "Thank'ee, sir," "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shuttin' up shop, and going to dinner, sir."

—A cobbler, living in Baltimore, thus announces his calling: "Surgery performed here on boots and shoes, by adding of the feet, making good legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with new soles. Advice gratis."

—A Hard One.—Why should there be no free seats in a church? Because you single men made good for nothing.

—A young man, in a mistake, the other day shot a lord at a fine audacious, successful brae, he the young man gave the partridge instead of the lord.

—Mrs. Gibbins, Snookies.—The old lady made them last fifteen years. She is an economical sort. She puts her feet to them every winter, and new legs every other winter.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

A Thrilling Story.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beautiful girl, who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April 1840, the court house in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enraging fees had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a defeat of a dwarf against giants.

The slander suit was for the 9th and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was unearthly, sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, shrouded in black, and with a beard and hair of the same color, stepped forward, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story; and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the home down in cheers in which the jury joined.

"It was now the stranger's turn. He rises before the bar, not behind it, and to near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. As he proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam; every one looked surprised. After he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer Pike. "How the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye, the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witness of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspen, and two of them fled from the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come."

His eyes began to flash, he looked like a demon, a bright, fierce light assumed the same terrible character. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come."

He proceeded directly to Springfield, where he was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die. The council of Mas-

achusetts was, at that time, the supreme executive of the State. Application was made to them for a pardon. Mr. Edwards was one of this board. The facts of the case, and the sentence, were stated; and at first they all agreed, who spoke on the subject, that even the intention of treason should be punished with death; but when Mr. Edwards was to express his views, his first gave an account of Mr. Jackson's uniform honesty of purpose, and of seeing him, as he was on his way to Springfield, without a guard; all he knew of Jackson's character was related in a simplicity, which gave it much force.

The council were soon unanimous for his pardon, and Jackson returned to his family. The old and true maxim, that honesty is the best policy, was exemplified in this case, though Jackson acted from a much higher motive; he was honest, because he loved honesty and the right, it was a part of his life; the policy of being honest did not enter his mind.

When the war was over, Jackson was as devoted to the interests of the Union, as he had before been to his king, and held many offices of trust and honor.

DELAWARE, WIS.

Wanted—A Printer.

Wanted—a printer, a competent, experienced, and reliable man, who will set up many types a day; a machine that will think as fast as a steam engine, a being who understands the most systematic and economical drudgery, yet one the ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically; this is the printer.

A printer yet for all his seeming disinterested and reckless habits—a worker, at all times and in all ways; sitting up in the middle of the night, when every ray of dawn is hurrying to the theatre, later still, when the street is all alone, and the city sleeps—in the fresh air of morning, in the broad and gushing sunlight—some printing machine in his case, with his steady, unvarying clock click!

Click! click! the polished types fall into the stick—the main integers of expression are marshaled into line, and march forth as immortal print. Click and the latest intelligence becomes—the thought a principle—the idea a living sentiment, Click! click! from grave to grave, item after item—a delirium, a murmur, a bit of scandal—a graceful and glowing thought—some closed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and set adrift on the sea of thought. He did not think of the future nor recall the past—was not thick of home, of kindred, of wife, or of babe—his work lies before him, and thought is chained to his duty.

You know him by his work, who read the papers and are quick at typographical errors—whose eyes may rest on these marks of evidence of cogitation; correspondence, editors and authors, who score the simple medium of your fame, think not that the printer is altogether a mere hireling, think not he is indifferent to the sum of which he is but the letter—a subtle eye may penetrate the recesses of his brain; of the flowers he gathers some may leave their fragrance upon his toil-worn fingers. But when you seek a friend, companion, adviser—when you would elevate one who sympathizes with you, and whose views are as sound as your own, who judges Legislators, Governors and Presidents—O, ye people, advise: "Wanted—a printer."

A ROMANCE IN IRELAND.

The Irish papers contain a romantic story, substantially as follows:

About twelve months ago a gentleman who resided in the county of Galway dreamed that he had been instrumental in saving the life of a lovely and accomplished young lady, who would have been destined to pieces were it not for his timely aid. The face of the fair one was so deeply engraven on his mind that when he awoke, being a tolerable good artist, his first impulse was to make a sketch of it, which he improved on from day to day until it was rendered as perfect as possible.

On a bitter cold night some months subsequently, while the dreamer was comfortably ensconced in an arm chair before a blazing fire, he was startled by the scream of a female. In a moment his overcoat was hurried on, and he shortly after arrived on the spot whence the cry proceeded. In a deep ditch by the side of the road, a horse was kicking and plunging in a fearful manner, attached to a jaunting car, which was turned up side down. Three persons were quickly rescued from beneath it, and conveyed to the house, where they soon recovered from the effects of the accident. The gentleman who had saved their lives appeared all at once cheerful; with one of the party a young lady, whom he felt a desire to have seen before. The dream was brought forcibly to his recollection, and on entering another apartment his vision was more than astonished to perceive the portrait of one of themselves suspended from the wall. The mystery was soon explained, and in two months from that date the dreamer and the fair young lady were married in Dublin.