

# 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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## A General Balance of Power.

Seriously strange as the phenomenon may appear to the practical minds of men in this country, the happy family of European States begins to be deeply concerned at the growing and apparently irresistible power of the American Union, particularly since our Government has fallen to embracing and caressing the Imperial system of the Russian Czar, receiving in return much more than a compound interest of flatteries and promises. Our late imposing display of naval and military efficiency; our possession of exhaustless material; our evident superiority of construction and invention in weapons and armaments; the warlike and patriotic spirit of our masses; our, to them, amazing financial elasticity, and the altered tone of our diplomacy, which, from subservient humbleness, begins to change to firm self-assertion, have filled the monarchical and reactionary camp with real alarm. This raw American youth of yesterday, has become a sturdy and somewhat noisy adult to-day.

After the downfall of the First Napoleon, the old-fashioned politicians of Europe, desperately striving to re-establish the order of things which he had so terribly disturbed, invented the phrase and the system known as "the balance of power," by which the different Empires and Kingdoms were so distributed as singly and conjointly to hold each other in check, and thereby preserve that immobility that is so favorable to monarchical forms. But ideas are as subtle as electricity, and propelled by steam they have given the "balance" some rule shocks during the last half century, the very worst one occurring in the Summer of the current year, when Prussia leaped from 17 to an influence over 35 millions of sturdy Germans.

But the wise patriarchs of bygone theories have not succumbed. Pursuing their well-known plan of suggesting fictitious dangers and stirring up chimerical wars, they are now busily engaged in agitating the mind of Europe with the phantasm of a terrible Russo-American conspiracy, and making this their reason for advocating combinations to bring about a universal balance of power, that is to say, an alliance, offensive and defensive, of the remaining States, to force America also into the iron bondage of some circumscribing and repressive political limit. Dreamers!—as though the bonds which even the shrivelled limbs of the decrepit monarchies have burst asunder on the Danube and the Adige, could, for an instant, hold the members of the young Republican giant, whose burning ardor the broad Ocean can scarcely restrain! Singular, nay, almost insane as such a proposition may seem to American intellect, it is, nevertheless, gravely entertained, and the new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, La Valette, in his much talked of circular to the agents and ambassadors of the Empire, has very broadly hinted at the comprehensive change which recent events have brought about in the relations of Nationalities and Governments.

Western and Central Europe, including Great Britain, now see confronting them on the East the colossal despotism of the Czars, numbering already 75,000,000 souls devoted to their greed, their Emperor and their fanatical belief in their future conquest of the Continent, and on the Western horizon, but only too near with the aid of iron clads and monitors as well as popular sympathies in Ireland and Germany, the United States with a census of 40,000,000 ready for 1870, and superabundantly rich in everything that makes a Nation formidable. These two mighty populations, although so diverse in their political theories, are now seen shaking hands with mutual assurances of firm alliance and reciprocal support in case of certain grave contingencies not, by any means, so unlikely to occur as most folks may imagine.

Were the lapse of another generation, at no more than the present rate of increase, these two Powers would number 200,000,000 of population, wielding scientific and material acquisitions bewildering to foresee. In their presence, at the most rapid allowable rate of growth, any of the separate monarchies of Europe would be but secondary, while their entire numerical force from Finland to the Bosphorus, taken together, would hardly, if at all, exceed that of the great allies.

Such are the reflections that have already passed through the minds of foreign publicists and statesmen within the last three months, and a leading organ of their opinions on our own soil, only some days ago, very frankly and plainly expressed their ideas as follows:

"Europe had two means of combating the menacing progress of the American Union. The first was the division of America into States nearly equal in strength and military power in such manner that no one of them could absorb the rest, and to form upon this hemisphere Nations that could not surpass in resources and influence the leading Powers of the Old World. This means has been attempted by France who had counted upon the support of the rest of Europe, and who had been weakly left in the lurch. Her Government, the honor of the Country once engaged, thought best to prosecute the enterprise; we have already explained how untoward circumstances and mistakes have caused its failure. To think of renewing it would be folly.—We must now make up our minds to see the North American Continent under the power or, at least, the direct influence of the United States. The moment when such shall be the case may be delayed; but it will come as every symptom indicates. There remains, then, but one means of counteracting the consequences of this formidable preponderance. It consists in framing a European Union, not copied servilely after the American form, for a host of reasons exist why such an imitation should not succeed, but a Confederation that would secure and protect the interests of Europe in her relations with the other Continents."

Pursuing this reflection, the writer points out the immense increased weight that such a co-operation would give to European councils in Africa and Asia as well as in America, and in regard to the latter Continent, traces a plan by which, in spite of any accumulation of strength in the other direction, the new Union could meet undue pretensions with combined resistance. For example, should the United States, in the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine or any other political or commercial line of policy, seek to close the Gulf of Mexico against outside Powers, the latter, by common consent, could retaliate by shutting us out from the Baltic, the Mediterranean, the German Ocean and the British Channels. With a strong foothold in the Canadas and the British Possessions of the North West, they might even disembark armies and menace us severely upon the coasts of both Oceans. The many other ways in which such coalition could be made annoying require no analysis. They suggest themselves to the practical mind at once.

We have touched upon this topic, not because we believe that the project of a European Union in the sense above set forth is in any immoderate likelihood of realization, but because its grave discussion by a large and intelligent portion of the Foreign press, is a sign of the times not to be disregarded by our public men. We are of those who look forward with the most sanguine faith, to an early reform in public sentiment that will do away with the abuses we have still to deplore, and give a far higher and nobler tone to the National voice abroad as well as at home. One of the first effects of such a change will be the concentration of all our influence upon the affairs of the two Western Continents, to establish such alliances between ourselves and all the States of the North and South America, as shall conduce to the general welfare of mankind, while setting at rest forever the question of European interference. Hitherto, the "Balance of Power," so called, has only revealed itself in the oppression of the feeble by the strong; the Partition of Poland, Denmark and the smaller States of Germany; the coalition of Monarchs against the people, and the endless anxieties and disturbances occasioned by mutual treachery and intrigue, and officious intermeddling upon every pretext. In fine, the thing has been a farce and a misnomer unworthy of civilization—disgraceful to a Christian epoch.

Our balance of power will be founded upon the free and full consent of the people acting on behalf of liberty, justice and progress; it will be a general council of emancipated States, an expression of the opinions of mankind, taken in the aggregate, an Aresopagus of Nations.—The time is ripe for such a coalition, and the true pivotal centre should be in Republican America, not in monarchical Europe.—*New York Mercantile Journal.*

"I'm not so strong as I used to be," as the onion remarked after it had been boiled.

## A BASHFUL MAN IN LOVE.

A correspondent of a sporting paper tells the following capital story of the adventures of a bashful lover:

His name was Jackson; we used to call him Jack, for short. Heaven help me if he should see this story; I hope he does not get the paper.

Among many of his misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired and knock-kneed—he numbered the inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless, he was fond of the ladies; although when in their presence, he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him; in fact, he was a man of "great actions."

Jack, one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at college, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it was manly to have a "penchant."

So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most hydenish girl in the square; but how to tell his love! There was the rub. He had heard a great deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but when he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some persons on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despaired expressive eyes ever since then.

At length, Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for the season, and as each interview only increased his ardor, he determined on going it alone.

Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons, black cassimere pants, side pants being a trifle tighter than the skin, and a spotless vest.

The journals of the day state, as an item of intelligence, that the thermometer rang down from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred.

As the hour gradually drew near, Jack found his perspiration and his courage oozing together; and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded, however, to take a walk past the house, and see how he felt.

By the time he reached the mansion, he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting his eyes toward the parlor window and perceiving no signs of life, he thought it was probable that no one was at home, and since he had proceeded so far, he would proceed farther, and leave his card.

No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled at the bell; the darned thing needn't make such a cussed noise.

The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him in. Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him.

O Lord! here was a fix! go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl alone! It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door, and was pointing into the parlor where Miss Emily was.

Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or slid.

All was perfect chaos to his eye for a moment, but only for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice, "bidding him welcome, and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed, but the little dream of the obstacle which fate had thrown in his way. He knew too well that the stream of love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered into his head. Judge then of his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for an extra tension of the muscles and sinews, he not only procure a tumble, but also a compound fracture extending all across that point which comes in closest contact with the chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not "setting him forward any," he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would when requested to dance upon a pile of needles.

The young lady was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad misfortunes of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so as to induce him to make a remark. On this rock he split.

Just at that moment she discovered

she had lost her handkerchief. What had become of it? She was sure she had it when he came in. It must certainly be somewhere about.

"Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Jackson?"

Jack was sure he had not, but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop his coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing viper, he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened and he fell there, as the lady supposed, her property.

It was the work of a moment to catch the gem and exclaim:

"If 'tis 'tis, sir, you needn't trouble yourself about it. Just raise a little, it's under you!" at the same time she gave it a long, hard pull.

Alas! the tail was too long to escape, nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt.

But what should he do? Another, and another, stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost dry goods, coupled with the request:

"Get up, sir, you're sitting on it," determined him; and in the agony of the moment, and grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Miss Emily, leave my shirt collar!"

## Exploit of an Italian Officer.

The Italian papers are full of the singular exploits of a Savoyard. Capt. De Len, who commands a squadron of the Victor Emmanuel Lancers, and is described as an officer of remarkable dash and intrepidity, a reputation he certainly deserves if the stories told of him be true. His squadron being the head of the advance guard, he received orders from Cialdina to press forward in the direction of Padua until he reached the very gates of that city, and there he found the enemy in very considerable numbers. Instead of considering his mission fulfilled and retreating he is related to have ordered his trumpets to sound, and to have audaciously entered the place, whereupon the Austrians, although six or eight times as numerous, doubtless thought the whole advance guard of the Fourth Corps was close to his heels, hurriedly evacuated the city, whose inhabitants could not make enough of the bold handful of lancers.

After a short time De Len took four of his men, went down to the railway station, had a locomotive and one carriage got ready, and started in the direction of Vicenza. He went on and without seeing Austrians, until at last he entered the Vicenza station, full of imperial royal troops. Had he his squadron with him, he would perhaps have charged them, taking advantage of their astonishment at the unexpected sight of Italian uniforms, but, with four dismounted lancers, he of course could do nothing. Unwilling, however, to return to Padua empty handed, he ordered the driver to take the engine to the head of a long train which he saw there ready to start in another direction. This was swiftly done, the train hooked on, and within half an hour the adventurous captain re-entered the Padua station with a quantity of Austrian tobacco worth something like 50,000,000 francs. This is the story told, and it must be admitted that M. D. Len was more lucky than wise, and that the Austrians at Padua and Vicenza were easily frightened and outwitted.

LOVELINESS.—It is not your dress, ladies, your expensive shawl or golden fingers that attract the attention of men of sense; they look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for the sex. It is the loveliness of your nature that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by gewgaw, and fashionable showy dresses, but the wise and substantial are never caught by traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the good and truly great may linger in your steps.

The Mayor of Nancy is an intelligent individual. On the occasion of the recent visit of the Empress Eugenie, with her son, the Mayor asked the Prince Imperial: "What is your age my Prince?" "I am ten," answered the Prince. "So young and already the son of the Emperor of the French!" exclaimed the Mayor, with great emphasis.

## A Runaway Match.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair haired lasses were not so plentiful in New England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village some twenty miles distant from market town, a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy farmer.

Minnie was Danforth's only child and report said truly she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer and was worth full \$10,000, at that period handsome fortune. The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie had stirred up the fag feelings of the whole male population of the village, and her suitors were numerous, but her father was peculiar, and none succeeded in winning much headway with him or her.

In the meantime Minnie had a true loyal lover in secret. Who would have supposed that such a fellow dare to look on beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, and he was simply a farmer employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place two or three years. But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager was this Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three, and he actually fell in love with this beautiful Minnie Danforth, his employer's daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was that Minnie returned his love, earnestly and frankly promised to marry him at a favorable time.

Things went on merry for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them which excited his envy and suspicion. Very soon afterwards Joe learned the old man's mind in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand; he quickly saw his case was a hopeless one unless he resorted to stratagem, so he set his wits at once to work. By agreement, an apparently settled dislike and coldness was observed by the lovers for each other for six months and the father saw, as he believed, with satisfaction that his previous fears had been premature. Then by agreement also between them Joe absented himself from home at evenings; and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return only at a late hour to bed. This was unusual, and Danforth was determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant, but after a faithful attachment between them for months, the old man had utterly refused his application for the young girl's hand.

This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child, and he resolved to help Joe get married and thus to stop all further trouble or suspicion at home.

"Do you like her?"

"Yes, sir—yes."

"Then marry her."

"But I can't—her father objects."

"Oh! let him do so; what need you care. Run away with her."

"Elope!"

"Yes, of with you at once. If the girl will join, all right. Marry her, bring her here; you shall have the cottage at the foot of the lane; I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased, and the old man may like it or not."

"But—"

"No buts, Joe, do as I bid you; so about it at once, and—"

"You will stand by me?"

"Yes, to the last. I know Joe, you will make any body a good son or a good husband."

"The old fellow 'll be so mad though."

"Who cares? Go, now, quickly."

"To-morrow night then," said Joe.

"Yes."

"I'll hire Clover's horse."

"No you shan't."

"No?"

"I say no. Take my horse—the best one—Young Morgan—he'll take you in fine style in the new phaeton."

"The old gentleman will be astonished."

"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at any rate."

"I'll do it," said Joe.

"You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in good spirits.

An hour after dark on the following evening Joe made his appearance dressed in a new black suit, and really looked very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping him to harness Young Morgan.

A few rods from the house he found Minnie as previously arranged, and repairing to the village, the parson quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took his bride and soon dashed back, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was

steadily looking for him with open eyes.

"Is it done?"

"Yes," answered Joe.

"Bring her in," continued the old fellow, in high glee; "never mind compliments here," and the honest farmer ran for lights, returning almost immediately

"Yes, yes."

"And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up his beautiful bride, the bewitching and lovely Minnie.

"What!" roared the old man—"what did you say, Joe—you villain—you scamp—you cheat—you—"

"It is true, sir, we are married; you advised this, you planned the affair; you set me a horse; you encouraged me, you promised to stand by me, you offered me the cottage at the end of the lane—"

"I didn't—I deny it. You can't prove it—you're a—"

"Calmly, now, sir," said Joe; and the entrance of the happy couple quelled the old gentleman's ire.

He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie was joyfully to be acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.

## A Noble Lady.

A short time ago as a train of cars was approaching the Suspension Bridge near Niagara, the conductor found a young man who could not pay his fare. The poor fellow was evidently in the last stages of consumption, and emaciated to skeleton proportions. He sat by himself, and his eyes were red as though he had been weeping, but the laws of the company could not be transgressed, and he must leave the train. Not a word was spoken and no one moved as the conductor led him from his seat, all shivering with fear; but just as he reached the door, a beautiful girl arose from her seat, and with bright, sparkling eyes demanded the amount charged for the poor invalid. The conductor said eight dollars thereupon the young and noble girl took the amount from her purse, and kindly led the sick youth back to his seat. The action put to shame several men who had witnessed it, and they offered to "pay half," but the whole-souled girl indignantly refused their assistance. When the train arrived at Albany, the young protectress gave the invalid money enough to keep him one night in that city, and sent him to his friends the next morning. Two-thirds of the women of the world would suffer by comparison with her. The man who gets that noble girl for a wife will be a subject of admissible envy.

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day a gentleman of the old fog school blundered in the wrong shop.

"Is the doctor in?"

"Don't live here," said the lawyer who was in full scribble over some old documents.

"O, I thought this was his office."

"Next door, sir."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me if he has many patients?"

The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A boy came home after having a glorious time in the puddles, his face all aglow and his rubber boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very hard at first; but as his little heart warmed up with the recollection of the triumphs of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared to, he could bear the restraint no longer, and went to his mother, saying: "Please mother, whip me, and let me go out again!"

"Madame," said a very polite traveler to a testy old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house, there ain't a fly's hair in it, for as soon as Martha Ann told me the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over." The young man faints.

A nobleman having given a grand party his tailor was among the company, and as thus addressed by his lordship:

"My dear sir, I remember your face; but I forget your name." The tailor whistled in a low tone, "I made your breeches." The nobleman, asking him by the hand, exclaimed: "Major Breeches I am happy to see you."

"When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little cats."

A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.

## I'll Call To-Morrow.

It's never safe to be impolite. A Boston manufacturer lost some expensive orders from Russia, by want of attention to visitors, and the following incident, said to be literally true, is told of a Philadelphia trader, who subjected himself to great mortification by impoliteness to Washington Irving. He had been much annoyed by many idle calls, and became a little crusty.

One day, the owner was standing in his door, when up came a rough-looking man, in a well-bundled overcoat, wearing coarse, unpolished boots, and carrying in his hand a whip, who thus accosted him:

"Good day, sir. Are you the owner of this establishment?"

"Well, I am," replied the carriage dealer.

"Have you any fine carriages for sale?" inquired the stranger, apparently not heeding the boorishness of the other.

"Well, I have."

"At what prices?"

"Different prices, of course."

"Ah! yes. Can I look at them?"

"You can do as you please."

The stranger bowed politely, and passed in, examined the vehicles for a few moments and then returned and said:

"There is one I think will answer my purpose," pointing towards one, "what is the price?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Is that the lowest?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I will call and give you my decision to-morrow," and the stranger walked away.

"Yes, you'll call to-morrow! Oh, yes, certainly," replied the owner in a tone of irony, not so low but the stranger heard him; but he kept on his way, taking no outward notice of it.

"Fool me, will you?" and the owner whistled.

The next day came, and with it the stranger.

"I have come according to promise."

"I see you have," replied the owner, a little abashed.

"I will take that carriage, sir," and to the astonishment of the owner, he pulled out an old wallet, well stuffed with bills, and counted out two hundred dollars.

The owner was completely staggered. There was something new. A cabman with so much money. He looked at it, then at the stranger; eyed him from head to foot, and even examined his boots attentively. Then he counted his money over, and held up each bill to the light to see if it was counterfeit. A thought struck him; he would find out his name.

"I suppose you would like a receipt, sir?" said he at length to the stranger.

"It may be as well."

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"Sir," said the other, actually starting back with amazement, "did I understand your name was—"

"Washington Irving," replied the other, smiling.

"Washington Irving, sir—my dear sir," stammered the owner confusedly, "I—I—I really, sir, beg ten thousand pardons, sir, but I mistook you for a cabman! I did indeed."

"No excuse, my friend," replied Irving. "I am no better than you took me for. You acted perfectly right," and having at length succeeded in getting his receipt, amid a host of apologies, he politely bade the carriage maker "good day," and left him to the chagrin, that he had mistaken for a cabman, a man whose lofty genius commanded the admiration of the whole world.

A gentleman riding a very ordinary looking horse asked a negro whom he met, how far it was to a neighboring town, whether he was going. The negro, looking at the horse under the rider, with a broad grin of contentment, replied: "Wi' dat ar hoss, massa, its jist fo'teen miles. Wi' a good chunk ob a hoss, seven miles; but if you jist had Massy Jimmy's hoss! gosh! you'd dare now!"

A young lawyer arrested for lacking a friend with a pen knife could see nothing criminal in what he had done. He thought it was a well established rule: that any one could get an acquaintance without incurring a penalty.

Superlatives are dangerous things. A man once wrote to his wife, "My dearest Maria," and by return of post he received the cold reply: "Permit me to correct either your grammar or your morality. Pray who are your other dear Marias?"