Baltimore Advertisements.

BOLTON. DAN'L. K. BOLTON

H. BOLTON & BROTHER
West Pratt street, Baltimore.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Glass, &c.

Red, Yellow, Green, Yellow, Varnish, Turpentine, Varnish, Kerosene, Ethereal, Coal Oil, Linseed Oil, Solar Oil, Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Neat's Foot Oil, Machine Oil, Axle Grease, Paint Brushes, Window Glass,
Calcined Lye, Arizona Turpentine and Naval Stores.
Also, with a general assortment of goods which we will sell on liberal terms.

SWITCH AND OAKUM, in store and for sale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHER, 84 West Pratt street, Balto.

GREASE, in kegs, cans and boxes, and for sale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHER, 84 West Pratt street, Balto.

Great Victory.

Just arrived,
A genuine Rough & Ready Twist,
Bright Virginia Tobacco,
Golden Sceptre, in 5 lb. boxes.
Western tobacco.
Navy do.
Light Pressed.
Smoking Tobacco, of various brands.
1 lb. and ½ lb. bales.
A large assortment of CIGARS.
Henry Clay's.
La Minerva's.
" Espanola's.
Trabacco's.
General's.
Cigars.
A large assortment of Fine Cut Tobacco, and many other articles too numerous. All the above can be found at S. HYN'S, No. 177, West Pratt Street. I promises to sell cheaper than any house in the City of Baltimore. Please give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. [Feb 7-tf

Wines and Liquors.

W. R. MARTIN, & CO.
DEALERS IN
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Groceries,
and General Commission Merchants,
72 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.
Personal attention given to the sale of Flour.
We have on hand a stock of superior Groceries, to which we call particular attention.
1—1y

GOULD. I. REYNER DUKES. W. G. NICHOLSON
GOULD, DUKES & CO.
AGENTS AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.
Opposite Eastern Shore Steamboat Wharfs.
FOR THE SALE OF
Corn, Rye,
Potatoes, Staves, Bark,
Wood, Lumber, Wool,
Rags, Peaches, Apples,
Dried Fruits, Eggs,
Poultry, Beeswax,
Furs, and in fact everything the Merchant may wishes to dispose of.
Will pay especial attention to orders for Staves, Liquors, Fertilizers and anything that Planter and Farmer desires.
REMITTANCES MADE PUNCTUALLY
Sales and all kinds of PRODUCE solicited in shipments.

REFERENCES:
Chas. A. Skinner, near Royal Oak,
Joseph Harrison, " " "
Levi T. Dukes, near Hillsborough,
Thomas, Cashier Easton Bank, Easton,
Chas. Hambleton, Attorney, "
1-1y

OLIVER WOOD,
GENERAL AGENT.
WILL attend to all kinds of business entrusted to his care, such as
GOVERNMENT AND STATE CLAIMS,
Either in Maryland or Washington.
ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS,
attended to with dispatch.
Rents and City Property sold on Commission, Rents and Ground Rents promptly collected.
Persons in the Country will please address me
61 SECOND ST., BALTIMORE

REFERENCES.
Chas. H. Goldsborough, | Hon. P. F. Thomas
Chas. Hambleton, | Joseph Rasin,
Henson, | Richard C. Lane.

Notice to Farmers.

FARMERS in want of Labor can be supplied with Farm hands, laborers, house servants, by applying to
OLIVER WOOD,
Real Estate Broker,
3-tf No. 61 Second st., Baltimore.
N.B.—Orders left with Wm. T. Hardesty, will be promptly attended to. O. W.

Wanted.
RAGS, Rags, Feathers, Eggs, Soap, Lard, Beeswax, Tallow, &c., for which the highest price will be paid by
SAMUEL PATCHETT,

THE EASTON JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MARYLAND.
ARTHUR BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing; if not so paid, Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $1.50.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 8. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1865. NO. 13

Poetry.

One Word With Thee.

One word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating,
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye, and hear thee say
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness—
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush forever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core;
Whether we meet again, or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief, yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice, where last we met alone,
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own.
One word of bliss—O God! and can it be!
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

The Grave of the Heart.

There is a heart in every grave,
A secret, holy spot—
Filled with the memory of one
This busy life knows not.

Low down and deeply dug it lies—
This cherished grave unseen;
And years of blighting care that pass
Make not this grave less green.

With jealous love we keep it fresh
Through many wintry years;
And when the world believes us gay,
We water it with our tears.

Not for one cause alike do each
Their secret sorrow bear;
Perchance some mourn a living death,
Yet still a grave is there.

There is within my heart a shrine,
All wholly given to him;
No dearer treasure e'er could make
Its lights burn low or dim.

Oh! there are things within this life
Which strangely, deeply thrill;
In music's softest, sweetest notes,
We hear a voice long still.

We deem the act a wanton one
Upon a grave to tread;
We pass in silent reverence
The resting of the dead.

Then on the sacred, hidden spot,
Let us not press too near;
Remembering that to every heart
Its secret grave is near.

A Yankee Courtship.

Well, you see, arter the "poker" scrape, me and Sal got along middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, for I loved her harder and harder every day, and I had an idea that she had a sorter sneaking kindness for me, but how to dew the thing up right pestered me orful. I got some love books and red how fellows got down on their marrow bones and talked like parrots, and the gals they would go inter a sort of trance, and then how they would gently fall into the feller's arms, but some how that way didn't suit my notion. I asked marm how dad courted her, but she said it had been so long that she'd forgot all about it. (Uncle Joe allers says marm done all the courtin'.) At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairly consuming my innards. So I goes over to her daddy's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinking how I should begin. Sal seed sumthin' was a troublin' me, and sez she—"Ain't you sick, Peter?"

"Yes—no," sez I; "that is, I ain't exactly well; I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. "That's a mighty putty beginnin', anyhow, thinks I; so I tried again. "Sal," sez I, and about this time I felt mighty fainty and oneasy about the squizzer inetum.

"What?" sez sal.

"Sal," sez I agin.

"What?" sez she.

"I'll get to it arter a while at this lick," thinks I.

"Peter," sez she, "there's sumthin' a troublin' you powerful, I no. It's mity wrong for you tew keep it from a body, for a innerd sorrer is a consumin' fire." She sed this, the dear, sly creeter. She need what was the matter all the time, mity well, and was just a tryin' to fish it out, but I was gone so far I didn't see the pint. At last I kinder sorter gulped down the lump as was raisin' in my throat, and sez I—"Sal, does you luv everybody?"

"Well," sez she, "thar's dad and marm, and, (countin' her fingers all the time with her eyes sorter shut, like a feller shooting off a gun,) and thar's old Pide, (that were an old cow of hern.) I can't think of anybody else jist now," sez she. Now this were orful for a feller ded in luv, so arter a while I tries another shute. Sez I—"Sal, I'm powerful lonesum to hum, and I sumtimes think if I only had a putty wife to luv and to talk to, and to move and have my bein' with, I should be a tremendous feller." With that she began and named over all the gals within five miles of thar, and never wunst cum a nigh nam in' of herself, and sed I orter get one of them.—That sorter got my dander up, and so hitched my cheer close to hern, and shet my eyes, and tremblously sed—"Sal, you are the very gal I've been hankerin' after for a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your hed to the foot of your crown, and I don't care who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, e pluribus unum, world without end," sez I; and I felt like I'd throwed up an allygatur, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter a while she sez, sez she—"Peter!"

"What is't, Sally?" sez I.

"Yes!" sez she, a hidin' ov her pretty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it I felt orful good.

"Glory! glory!" sez I. "I must holler, Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hooray for hooray. I kin jump over a ten rale fence, I can do everything that any feller could, would or orter do." With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and clinched the bargain with a kiss—and such a kiss—talk about yer merlasses—talk about yer blackberry jam—you couldn't have got me to come nigh em, they would all a-tasted sour arter that. Ef Sal's daddy had'nt hollered out it's time for all 'onest folks to be in bed, I do believe I'd staid there all nite. You orter seed me when I got hum. I pulled dad outer bed and hugged him. I pulled marm outer bed and hugged her. I pulled the nigger servant outer bed and hugged her. I rored, I hollered, I danced about and cut up more capers than you ever heard tell ov, till dad thot I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "Dad," sez I, "I'me gwine to go for to get married."

"Married!" balled dad.

"Married!" squalled marm.

"Marrird!" squawked ant Jane.

"Yes, married!" sez I. "Married all over; jined in wedlock; hooked on for worser or for better, for life and for death, to Sal; I am that very thing; me, Peter Sporem, Esquire." With that I up and telled them all about it from Alpher to Omegar. They were all mity pleased and mity willin', and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

O, Jehosifat! didn't I feel tremendous good, and kept a gittin' that way all nite. I didn't sleep a wink, but kept rollin' about and a thinkin' till my cup ov happiness was full, pressed down and a runnin' over.

PAUL JONES.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

Paul Jones was the first man that ever hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a ship of war. When the revolutionary war broke out he was living in Philadelphia in extreme poverty. Indeed he was almost penniless and had scarcely a friend in the colonies. He was born on the southern coast of Scotland, where he lived till he was twelve years old, and then, having a passion for the sea, he served a regular apprenticeship of seven years on board a ship trading to America. He learned his business thoroughly as great men always do.—There never lived a better sailor than Paul Jones, and he knew the British coast as familiar as newsboys know Nassau. After following the sea until he was twenty-one years old, he settled as a a merchant in the West Indies, where he acquired a little property, and had good prospects of making a fortune. But in 1774, when he was but twenty-four years of age, he was obliged, for some reason he would never tell, to suddenly leave the island of Tobago, and he sailed for Philadelphia with just fifty pounds in his pocket; and that was all the money he ever received from his property in Tobago. There is said to be a woman at the bottom of every mischief. This, as our readers well know, is a slander on the fair sex. But the intimate friends of Paul Jones always supposed that it was some affair of love that caused him to abandon his home and property in the West Indies. He was always noted for his chivalric and respectful devotion to the ladies.

In Philadelphia he lived a year and eight months on his fifty pounds, since commerce was nearly suspended by the refusal of the colonists to consume British manufactures and he could get no berth on ships or shore. Just as he was getting to his last guinea, living almost on bread and water, Congress resolved to have a navy. Then he came forward and made known his situation and past history to a member of Congress, who saw the stuff he was made of, took his cause in earnest, and got him a lieutenant's commission in the navy of the United States. Let us say however that Paul Jones was not a needy adventurer. He was wholly devoted to the cause of his adopted country. He understood the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country and embraced the right side of the dispute with all his heart and mind.

His success on the sea was wonderful. In one short cruise on the American coast he took sixteen prizes, of which he burnt eight that were not worth saving, and sent in eight. He did not refuse battle even with the king's ships, one of which he captured that had on board a company of troops and ten thousand suits of clothes, which were worth to Congress just then their weight in silver. In about eight months he made a fortune in prize money, and had absolutely swept the coast clear of all British vessels sailing without a powerful convoy.

Congress was prompt in rewarding him. July 14, 1776, when he was not yet thirty years old, he was appointed to command the "Ranger," the best vessel of our infant navy, ranking as a sloop of war. At the mast head of this immortal ship the Stars and Stripes were first flung to the breeze; it was on this ship that the ensign of the Union first received a salute from the guns of a friendly nation. This occured in the French harbor of Brest in February, 1778, just one week after Dr. Franklin had signed the treaty of alliance with France.

A new and brilliant scene now opened in the career of this heroic sailor. Closing the ports of the "Ranger," and moving every other trace of her warlike character he sailed boldly into the channel and made his way to that part of the coast upon which he was born, and to the town from which he had sailed ten years before, every wharf and lane of which he knew. It was White Haven, a place of several thousand inhabitants, and the harbor of which contained 300 vessels, fastened close together. At daybreak, with two boats and thirty-one men he landed on a wharf of the town, provided with a lantern and two barrels. He went alone to a fort defending the town, and finding it deserted climbed over the wall and spiked every gun, without alarming the garrison who were all asleep in the guard-house near by. Then he surrounded the guard-house and took every man prisoner. Next he sprang into the only remaining fort, and spiked its guns. All this time was the work of ten minutes, was accomplished without resistance. The ships being then at his mercy, he made a bon-fire in the storage of one of them which blazed up through the hatchway while Jones and his men stood by, pistol in hand, to keep off the people, whom the flames had alarmed, and who came running down to the shore in hundreds. To the forts! was the cry. But the forts were harmless. When the fire had made such headway that the destruction of the whole fleet seemed certain, Captain Jones gave the order to embark. He was the last to take his place in the boat. He moved off leisurely from the shore and regained his ship without the loss of a man. The people however, succeeded in confining the fire to two or three ships. But the whole coast was panic stricken. Every able-bodied man joined the companions of patrolmen. It was a month before the inhabitants of that shore went to sleep at night without a certain dread of Paul Jones.

The next day he landed near the castle of the Earl of Selkirk, intending to take the Earl prisoner, and keep him as hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners in England, whom the king affected to regard as felons, and who were confined in common jails. The Earl was absent from home. The crew demanded liberty to plunder the castle, in retaliation for the ravages of British captains on the coast of America. Captain Jones could not deny the justice of their demand; yet, abhoring the principle of plundering private houses, and especially one inhabited by a lady, he permitted the men to take the silver plate only, forbidding the slightest approach to violence or disrespect. The silver plate he himself bought when the plunder was sold, and sent it back to the countess of Selkirk with a polite letter of explanation and apology. The haughty Earl refused to receive it: but Captain Jones, after a long correspondence, won his heart, and the silver was replaced in the closet of Selkirk Castle, eleven years after it had been taken from it. Such was the persevering chivalric generosity of Capt. Jones.

The day after his visit to Lady Selkirk was that of his great fight with the British man of war, the "Drake." The Drake he heard was lying at anchor in the harbor of Cerrickfergus. As he was running with the fixed attention to fight her there he saw her standing out to sea in quest of him. They met. The fight was short and furious. In an hour and four minutes the "Drake" struck, having lost her captain, first lieutenant and forty men. The "Ranger's" loss was nine.

The victory electrified Europe. The audacity, the valor, and success of Paul Jones were the admiration of the world. Old Dr. Franklin, who had planned the enterprise, and had sent out to America for a captain to come and execute it, was enchanted. In Paul Jones' subsequent troubles, he always had a staunch friend and protector in Franklin. A very successful man generally has enemies. Paul Jones experienced the truth of this remark. Nevertheless after much delay and some mortifications, Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting another ship, the ever famous "Bon Homme Richard," thus named by Captain Jones in honor of the venerable editor of Poor Richard's Almanac. She was a large, slow, rotten old ship, and manned by three hundred and eighty sailors and landsmen of all nations, French, Irish, Scotch, Portuguese, Malays, Maltese, and a sprinkling of Americans. It was in this ship the indomitabe Jones fought the "Serapis," a new British ship of forty-four guns, one of the stoutest vessels in the English navy. This was perhaps the most desperate and bloody contest that ever took place between single ships. It was fought in the evening of September 23, 1778, so near the Yorkshire coast that the battle was witnessed by hundreds of spectators on the shore.—Capt. Jones perceiving the superior strength of the enemy, saw that his only chance was to come to close quarters, early in the fight got alongside and lashed his ship to the side of the "Serapis." By this time however, the "Bon Homme Richard" had received eighteen shots below the water line, had four feet of water in her hold, had four guns and all the rest disabled but three, had a hundred men in killed and wounded and was on fire. Almost any other man would have given up, for the "Serapis" was still uninjured. Capt. Jones, however, fought on with an energy and resolution undiminished.

With his three guns, all aimed by himself, he kept thundering away at the foe, while a force of sharpshooters aloft swept the decks of the "Serapis" with musketry. Such was the vigor of this fire of musketry, that at length no man was seen on the enemy's deck. Then the men of "Bon Homme Richard" formed a line along the main yard, and passed hand grenades to the men at the end, who dropped them down into the hold of the "Serapis," doing tremendous execution. For three hours the battle raged. The "Bon Homme Richard's" pump was afire, and then a new danger threatened her. She had gone into action with five hundred prisoners in her steerage, and when the pump was shot away, the officer in charge of the prisoners, supposing the ship was sinking, released them. At the same moment a boarding party from the "Serapis" sprang up the sides of the "Bon Homme Richard." This was the crisis of the battle. Capt. Jones never faltered. The boarders were gallantly repulsed; the prisoners were driven below and the fight was renewed. At half past ten in the evening, the British ship being on fire in many places, her captain struck her colors. The "Bon Homme Richard" was so completely knocked to pieces that she could not be kept afloat. She sunk the next day, and Capt. Jones went into port in the captured ship, with seven hundred prisoners.

The great victory passed his fame to the highest point. The king of France gave him a magnificent diamond-hilted sword, and Congress voted him a gold medal. After the war was over, the empress of Russia invited him to join her navy with the rank of Rear Admiral. He accepted the post, but the jealously and intrigues of the Russian naval officers disgusted him to such a degree that he resigned and returned to Paris. The last years of his life were passed in obscurity. He died at Paris in 1792.

Paul Jones was a short thick set man, of great strength and endurance. He had a keen, bright eye, with a look of wildness in it. His voice was soft and gentle. In his dress and equipage of his boat and ship, he was something of a dandy. In bravery and tenacity of purpose he has never been surpassed, but in the intercourse of private life he was one of the most amiable and polite of men.

The Relief of the Southern Clergy.

We gave place a few days since (says the Baltimore Sun) to certain resolutions offered at the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, relating to the suffering condition of the Southern clergy. The following committee was created under this action of the Board, viz: Bishops Lay and Whittingham, Rev. Drs. Schenck, Craik and Gillette, Judge Chambers and William Welsh, Esq. They subsequently reported as follows, and immediate action is to ensue by the issue of pastoral letters by the Bishops and other instrumentalities:

Resolved, That the Church in the Southern dioceses, because of the peculiarly suffering condition of the clergy, is at this time in great danger of being scattered or quite destroyed, and, therefore, appeals, as no other part of the great homefield can appeal, to this Board for missionary cooperation.

Resolved, In view of the foregoing, that every parish and congregation be earnestly requested to make a special contribution within the next sixty days, and forward the same to the treasurer of the domestic committee, the whole amount thus received to be equally apportioned by said committee to each Southern diocese, according to the number of clergy therein, and to be ultimately appropriated by the Bishop or committee of diocesan missions in each diocese, as a special missionary stipend, separate and apart from all other missionary appropriations, general or diocesan.

Resolved, That the travelling agent of the domestic committee, (or any other agents it may appoint) be requested to bring this subject to the special attention of all parishes and congregations visited by him during the ensuing two months.

☞ A witty printer, who quit his business, studied physic, and became a physician, gave his reason for doing so that in printing all the faults are exposed to the eye, but in physic they are buried with the patient.

From the New York Day-Book.

Financial and Commercial.

The fate of the American Republic is, to-day, in jeopardy. The light of its very life at this moment seems doomed to go out, or rather to be put out, by the terrible rottenness of the body politic; the laxity of the morals of the people; the sad degeneracy of the age, brought on by the corrupting influences of the most atrocious civil war which history will ever record. The ordinary evils of a war, sufferings, physical and mental, national exhaustion, consumption of resources and general poverty, we might have passed through, and preserved our national integrity and purity, held to our virtue, and, in time, recovered, but we have been debauched by the passion for power and riches. A bad government for the past four years, in order to corrupt the great body of the people into sustaining this cruel war, has pandered to the basest sentiments of the human heart. Offices and emoluments, granting power and wealth to an extent the great world never witnessed, even in the most profligate period of the Roman Empire, have been lavished upon the most faithless and basest of our people, and the result is, a state of things to-day to make a patriot weep. A dawning of the picture of to-day was faintly seen at the outbreak of this terrible war, four years ago; we were startled at the threatening hue of the skies then, and looking into history, foresaw what, at the end of this war, would be our fate. That fate seems to hang over us like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a hair. What Sallust wrote of the Roman Republic, two thousand years ago, the historian of the present age can well repeat. His words fall upon the mind to-day, as applied to our case, with terrible power and truth. The Romans were debauched, and the empire was dying. Sallust says:—"First, a love of money possessed their minds; then a passion for power, and these were the seeds of all the evils that followed; for avarice rooted out faith, probity and every worthy principle, and in their stead substituted insolence, inhumanity, contempt of the gods and a mercenary spirit.—Ambition obliged many to be deceitful, to belie, with their tongues, the sentiment of their hearts, to value friendship and enmity not according to their real worth but as they conduced to interest, and to have a specious countenance, rather than an honest heart. These corruptions at first grew by degrees, and were sometimes checked by correctious. At last infection spread like a plague, the State was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most righteous and equitable, became cruel and unsupportable. At first, indeed, the minds of men were less influenced by avarice than ambition, a vice which has some affinity to virtue, for the desire of glory, power and preferment is common to the worthy and worthless, with this difference, that the one pursues them by direct means; the other, being void of merit, has recourse to fraud and subtlety; avarice has money for its object, which no wise man coveted. This vice, as if impregnated with a deadly poison, enervates both soul and body, is always boundless and insatiable, nor are its cravings lessened by plenty or want."

Thus wrote the heathen Sallust, or Sallustius, fifty years before Christ lived. If a Roman, who had no knowledge of Christian virtue, could in such language deprecate and deplore the fate of his people in that benighted age, what should the historian of to-day say, when viewing the condition of one of the "most enlightened and pious nations on the globe," steeped to the chin in the grossest sins and iniquities the world ever saw, at any period? Does this condition not foreshadow our fall, my countrymen? Did the world ever witness such official rascality, such open, shameless corruption and venality as is now practiced in the city of Washington? Pardons are being *sold* to certain emasculated, miserable southerners at the highest price that can be obtained. Generals in the army, publicly branded as "thieves," are in good standing at the White House. Revenue officials are known to be purchased up by revenue defrauders, these official scoundrels keeping one hand in the coffers of the government and the other in the pockets of manufacturers.—Corruption, like a virus permeates every branch of the Federal and State Governments, and extends itself into social life to a degree unequalled at any period in the history of the country. The huge issue of the paper money has tended to poison and corrupt the nation. Poverty and deprivation a people can stand, but suddenly thrust upon them luxury, and the licentiousness it breeds ruins any class, however virtuous they might have been. This luxury of the rich is purchased by the wasted sinews and reeking sweat of the poor.

In the city of Genoa, the traveller's eye will rest on one of the most magnificent streets of any capital in the world. It is called the "Street of the Palaces." Here is all that wealth can procure, of beauty, luxury, and grandeur, and within the walls of these palaces reside the principal aristocracy of Genoa, the families of Babbi, Doria and others, who hold patents of nobility, and claim exclusive privileges. When the "lower orders pass before these palaces, they realize the great gulf which separates the lordly possessors and themselves, and realizing also that their sweat and toil support these pampered drones, they curse the institutions of their country, and silently vow, that at a day not far distant, they will shake off the shackles of white slavery, which puts all their earnings into the coffers of these exclusives. The luxury of the few keeps the great producing body in abject poverty, but the vow has been made daily for the past five hundred years, and to-day the poor Genose is growing poorer, and the privileged class wealthier, more luxurious, and more insolent than ever. In our city we have the Street of Palaces and the orders of untaxed bondholders; our scrip nobility of the 7-30 stamp; our shoddy aristocracy, who were beggars, and some of them thieves of yesterday. In Wall street, we have all of these; nay, the stealings, forgeries, and the modified form of criminality known as "defalcations," emanate directly from among these privileged orders, these paragons of morality and purity, who might have been seen at any time within the last four years, reading the bulletins with greedy eyes, which gloated over a report of "ten thousand killed on each side," and rolling their saintly orbs towards Trinity Church steeple, "thanked God, we had a government." One of these pious scions of the immortal order of privileged bondholders, who howled daily during the past four years, for more blood, more conquest, more national power, is now going through a course of deep reflection within the walls of a loathsome prison, for stealing four millions of money. There are scores, aye hundreds of this class of political Mawworms yet to be brought to the bar of justice sooner or later, unless, like the Roman Republic, we are drowned in the sea of iniquities we are reveling in. But the Street of the Palaces we have, and within those palaces are the lordly rag barons, the privileged, untaxed bond-holders, knights of the 7-30's, who are supported by the sweat and toil of the American serfs. I tell you, workingmen of America, if you sleep over the dangers that threaten us, we are lost. Partial taxation, double taxation for the poor, that the rich may pay nothing, will turn us into that order of society known as white slaves. If you are not ready to bow your necks to this yoke, watch the ballot box, and apply the remedy. Over twenty years ago, the well known William Leggett said to the workingmen, "Serfs of free America, bow your necks submissively to the yoke our scrip nobility, our privileged order of bank-charter mongers and money changers are preparing for you, for these exchequer barons have you in their power, and resistance now would only make the burden more galling. Do they not boast they will be represented in the halls of legislation, and that the people cannot help themselves? Do not their servile newspaper mouth-pieces prate of the impolicy of giving the people an inch, but they demand an ell? Do they not threaten that unless the people restrict their requests within the narrowest compass they will absolutely grant them nothing?"—The moneyed, bank-loving, privileged orders of twenty years ago brought on the war and its four thousand million debt. Are we not in their power to-day?

The stock market opened better this week; general securities rose from ¾ to 2 per cent on Monday. Governments were not particularly active, but an advance was noticed in coupon 5-20's of the new issue. Gold bearing securities were a shade higher. Coupon 10-40's a shade lower.—As the week advanced the slight buoyancy of certain portions of the securities gave way, and the balance of the sales were irregular. There was no positive firmness noticed in anything save gold bearing stocks. Gold is weaker, under a cotton advance in Europe. It rates at about 145, sales on Wednesday at 145¼. Money on call is 7 per cent. Commercial paper 8a9. A lower grade is done at 10 to 12. Exchange is lower, quotations 108a109. No material change in Petroleum stocks.

The report of the New York banks is as follows: Loans increased $6,686,000; deposits increased $4,640,000; circulation increased $322,000; specie decreased $174,000. There is very great activity in the business world this week, and the huge money scheme, so far, is held by its friends to be even a more perfect circulating medium than its most sanguine advocates anticipated. We shall see what the future brings forth touching this $1000,000,000 of paper, and no silver or gold coin, or a national currency.

BEN. FRANKLIN.

White Labor for the South.

The labor question at the South has given rise to a great deal of discussion in both sections—that is to say, North and South. In the North people are prone to consider it, as war has made it seem to be, the best thing for the negro. In the South citizens are disposed to accept, in quite a different light, the definition attached to the term or idea of laborer, especially negro laborer. Why especially? Because in the South they are ethnologists, and apt to receive opinion in accordance with life-long theories and proven principles.—Because in the South labor of "the hewer of wood and drawer of water" order was only performed by the race which has recently been sent adrift as no longer slaves, no longer laborers, no longer beings who owed any obligation to the "higher law" or the lower, unless to the extent of a practical acquiescence in the doctrine of Black Republicanism. Because at the South the negro is precisely what his name implies and what his nature imports, while at the North he is, for all social and other than political purposes, as nothing, as a creature who, with an identity, has no characteristics entitling him to the consideration of men who vote themselves respectable.

It is utter folly—it is even worse—for men to prate about the equality of races, when every social incident and all the appliances of what is known as "breeding" go in direct contravention of the theory. But, with us, at present, the question is not whether white men would sooner sit at table or in a car with white people, as opposed to black—not whether a Wall street bull would prefer dealings with a negro bear, or a Wall street bear rather have financial intercourse with a negro bull—the question is how far the delusions at present affecting and afflicting the laboring population of the country will touch the root of it, which is to say the blacks. We say this with purpose aforethought. For, if the New England or other Northern States provide us with the labor which produces manufactures either of wooden nutmegs, or clocks, or boots, or bonnets, it is indisputable that the labor which gives vigor to the enterprises of the North belongs peculiarly to the South.

But the normal labor of the South is destroyed. Among the other results of the war that stands definitely and defiantly prominent. Black labor was the labor of the South. It lived, and the South flourished. It is dead, and the South languishes. For this there must be a remedy: it is an evil demanding not reparation merely, but redemption. This can only be effected by substitution. For the "new condition of things" white, rather than black, labor is indispensable—the black labor is rendered valueless.

Negroes can form no part of "the body politic." As sage men have said: "This is a white man's Government." What has thus been announced has been meant. What has thus been said all intelligent Americans will indorse. Aye, even the veriest Black Republican we know, who is not as black in skin as in policy, even he would hardly presume to thrust aside a white man to the particular advantage of a black one—though some there be who perhaps would.

The negroes, as a race, have, for this and kindred reasons, been most unfortunate in their friends. The clamor raised around and above them has been to their ruin—to their regeneration only so far as that may be taken as a synonym of renunciation. Not that they are, poor creatures, disowned or denounced; but that they are deprived of the advantages promised to accrue from what was insidiously whispered in their ears as Emancipation.

The result of all this is the necessity of white labor at the South. On all sides we hear the cry for white labor. It must come. Southern farms of the most tempting description invite white labor and promise to repay it by becoming the property of the first white laborers who go down to work and occupy them. Emigrants from the North or from Europe, white men of energy, industry, and determination are wanted everywhere South. Men who will not simply supply the vaccuum left by the destruction of black labor, but who will help to share as well as reap the harvest of the future.—*N. Y. News.*

A PROVOST MARSHAL SENTENCED.—Major Jno A. Haddock, formerly provost marshal of the Lehigh and Montgomery district, Pa., was recently tried by court-martial, at Auburn, New York, on numerous charges of fraud, malfeasance in office and abuse of official powers. He has been sentenced to pay a fine of ten thousand dollars to the Government, and be imprisoned, not exceeding five years, till the fine be paid.

HASTY climbers have sudden falls.

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The Executive and Jefferson Davis.

The South Carolina Convention have been very earnest and active in their endeavors to effect the prompt restoration of the State to its legitimate relations with the Federal Government. But, in the true spirit of chivalry and justice, they have remembered in the midst of their arduous duties the noble spirit that was chief among them in the hour of trial is now languishing within prison walls. On Friday, delegates from that Convention waited upon the President to request Executive clemency for Jefferson Davis. They will return, not indeed, with a direct acquiescence in their request, but with assurances that the Executive policy contemplates the speedy release of the prisoner in whose behalf they urged the plea of mercy. It was, perhaps, too much to expect that Mr. Johnson would immediately consult even his own inclinations in answering an application whose purport certainly involves questions of great political and judicial significance. It is perhaps necessary, it is perhaps for the best, that the release of Mr. Davis should be accomplished more deliberately and if not with some accompaniment of judicial form, at least in conjunction with the termination of the routine of reconstruction.—But Mr. Johnson has very plainly signified that he does not propose to deal harshly with the prisoner who is so dear to the Southern people and who may be so valuable hereafter to the Republic as an accomplished and experienced statesman. His answer to the delegation was of the most cordial, sympathizing and encouraging character, and it leads us to believe that he has determined that Mr. Davis shall, at no remote period, be absolved from all penalty for his participation in the strife between the sections.

We sincerely congratulate the Republic upon this assurance that its record shall be free from the stain of a vindictive and cruel policy in its hour of peace and security. In dispelling all doubts as to the fate of Mr. Davis, Mr. Johnson has given the Southern people an incentive to energy in their labor of recuperation; and when the day shall have come for the restoration of the chief of their lost cause to his liberty, his citizenship and his home, the President will realize that he has not only advanced his own popularity with all classes of the South, but purified the political atmosphere of the land from all the lingering taint of civil strife.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Bishop Wilmer and Gen. Wood's Order.

Dearly Beloved Brethren—You will have seen, in the papers of the day, the "General Orders" from the commander of the Department of Alabama, in relation to the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Alabama.

In order to satisfy my own mind as to the scope and intent of the said "General Orders," I addressed to the commanding officer a note, of which the following is a copy:

MOBILE, Sept. 22, 1865.

To Major General Charles R. Wood, Headquarters Department of Alabama:

Dear Sir—I see in the morning papers of this city an order, issued under your authority, forbidding the Bishop of Alabama and his Clergy to "preach or perform Divine service," etc.

The chief object of this note is to inquire if it is your purpose, by the intervention of a military force, to obstruct me, or any of my clergy in the performance of ministerial duties.

I do not, for a moment, recognize the right of any civil or military officer to dictate to me in the performance of my duty in the Church of God. At the same time, I have neither the wish nor the power to resist in military force.

The expression on your part, of a determination to oppose the celebration of Divine service by force of arms will be regarded by me as equivalent to a forcible ejection from the precincts of the sanctuary.

In making the above inquiry I wish clearly to define my position.

I have issued a pastoral (a part only of which is quoted in your "General Orders") to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Alabama. The positions therein stated were taken with great deliberation, and I see no cause, and can see no cause, other than the intervention of a higher ecclesiastical authority, to reconsider them.

Standing upon the provisions of the Constitution which I have sworn "faithfully to defend," and also upon the inherent independence and supremacy of the Church (in all matters pertaining to her doctrine, discipline and worship,) to which alone I hold myself answerable for any alleged violation of the laws and usages; and which alone, as I maintain, has the right to suspend the exercise of Episcopal and Ministerial functions, I do most respectfully, but most firmly, enter my solemn protest against the interference expressed in your "General Orders."

Will you do me the favor to reply to this at your earliest convenience? Yours, respectfully,

RICHARD H. WILMER, Bishop of Alabama.

In reply the General commanding stated that he would, if necessary, use military force in closing the Churches.

HARDLY KNEW YOU.—A maiden lady, residing in great seclusion, had not been to church for several years, but on the accession of a small property she bought herself a new bonnet, shawl and dress, with the appropriate gloves, boots, &c., and appeared on the following Sabbath in a style which almost destroyed her identity with the hitherto shabby and hopeless old maid.

Just as she was walking up the aisle, and as every eye seemed to be turned upon her, the choir commenced singing an anthem, the burden of which was "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The indignant spinster retraced her steps down the aisle in high dudgeon, exclaiming;

"Hardly knew you" indeed! Why, this is not the first time I've been dressed up. "Hardly knew you!" I guess I don't come here again soon!

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—The London Times of September 20th, says the cattle plague has suddenly exhibited an entirely new and unexpected development. The disease has broken out among the sheep, accompanied by its most fatal characteristics; and there is every appearance of the infection having been communicated both from sheep to cows, and from cows to sheep. It is pleasant, remarks a cotemporary, to feel that this terrible scourge can hardly be carried across the Atlantic. Even the Irish channel seems wide enough to stop it—for Ireland is, thus far, happily exempt. But it would yet be well to use some precautions here. It would be a great calamity to have a cattle murrain break out upon this continent now; and it may be well to look pretty sharply after stock imported in these days from England.

SECTARIAN BIAS.—"My friends," said a returned missionary, at one of the anniversary meetings, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness.—The inhabitants of Hindostan, were I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb, that, 'though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splinters, you cannot get the *crook* out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradited; and I hold that each one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*" [Great laughter and applause.]

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