Baltimore Advertisements.

J. H. BOLTON. JAN'L. K. B

WM. H. BOLTON & BROTH

84 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils, Glass, A

Lead,
White Zinc,
Chrome Green,
" Yellow,
Spanish Varnish,
Spirits Turpentine,
Japan Varnish,
Verdigris,
Vermillion,
Red Lead,
Litharage,
Concentrated Lye,

Kerosene,
Ethereal,
Coal Oil,
Linseed Oil,
Solar Oil,
Sperm Oil,
Lard Oil,
Neat's Foot Oil,
Machine Oil,
Axle Grease,
Paint Brushes,
Window Glass,

Natrona Turpentine and Naval Stores
together with a general assortment of G
line, which we will sell on liberal terms
oct 27-1y

TAR, PITCH AND OAKUM, in store
sale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTH
oct 27 84 West Pratt street, B

AXLE GREASE, in kegs, cans and b
store and for sale by
WM. H. BOLTON & BROTH
oct 37 84 West Pratt street, B

Great Victory

HAS just arrived,
boxes genuine Rough & Ready Twist,
" bright Virginia Tobacco,
" Golden Sceptre, in 5 lb. boxes.
" Western tobacco.
" Navy do.
" Light Pressed.
00 lbs. Smoking Tobacco, of various kinds
5, oz., 1 lb. and ½ lb. bales.
Also a large assortment of CIGARS.
50,000 Henry Clay's.
40,000 La Minerva's.
25,000 " Espaniola's.
25,000 Trabacco's.
10,000 General's.
Havana Cigars.
Also, a large assortment of Fine Cut Ta
and Pipes, and many other articles too
to mention. All the above can be fo
GINSTEIN'S, No. 177, West Pratt
which he promises to sell cheaper than an
in the city of Baltimore. Please give hi
before purchasing elsewhere. [feb

Wines and Liquor

WM. R. MARTIN, &

DEALERS IN

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and
ries, and General Commis
Merchants,

No. 72 South Calvert Street, Baltimore
Personal attention given to the s
Grain.
We have on hand a stock of supe
Whiskies, to which we call particular at
aug 11—1y

THOS. S. GOULD. I. REYNER DUKES. W. G. SH

GOULD, DUKES &

AGENTS AND GENERAL

Commission Merchan

No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Baltimore, Md,

Opposite Eastern Shore Steamboat Wh

FOR THE SALE O

Wheat, Corn, Rye,
Potatoes, Staves, Bark,
Wood, Lumber, Wool,
Rags, Peaches, Apples
Dried Fruits,
Poultry,
Peas, Furs, and in fact everything the
and Farmer wishes to dispose of.
We will pay especial attention to
Groceries, Liquors, Fertilizers and any
Merchant and Farmer desires.
REMITTANCES MADE PUNC
GRAIN and all kinds of PRODUCE s
consignments.

REFERENCES:
Gus. A. Skinner, near Royal Oak,
Joseph Harrison, " " "
Capt. Levi T. Dukes, near Hillsborough,
Gen. Rd. Thomas, Cashier Easton Bank,
Col. Saml. Hambleton, Attorney,
ap 12-1y

OLIVER WOOL

GENERAL AGENT,

WILL attend to all kinds of business
ed to his care, such as
GOVERNMENT AND STATE CL
Either in Maryland or Washingto
ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS
attended to with dispatch.
County and City Property sold on Co
House and Ground Rents promptly co
Persons in the Country will please a
at 61 SECOND ST., BALTI

REFERENCES.
Gen. H. H. Goldsborough, | Hon. P. F.
Col. Saml. Hambleton, | Joseph Ras
James Benson, | Richard C. D

Notice to Farmer

FARMERS in want of Labor can be
with Farm hands, laborers, house
&c., by applying to
OLIVER WOO
Real Estate Br
my 23-tf No. 61 Second st., Ba
N. B.—Orders left with Wm. T. H
Easton, will be promptly attended to.

Wanted.

WOOL, Rags, Feathers, Eggs, S
Beeswax, Tallow, &c., for which
est market price will be paid by
may 30 SAMUEL PAT

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. 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1865. NO. 16

Poetry.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver; and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—most a head,
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket too and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey,

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall.
Hearts don't change much after all.
And when, long years from day to day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong but you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep!

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No—but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket too and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone—
That is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at its side!

From Peterson's Magazine.

A TROUBLED HONEY-MOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

George Jameson and Katie Vaughan had a
lliant wedding. Everything was faultless—
n the icing on the cake to the arrangement of
bride's waterfall.
Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to redden
her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the dignified
er familiar to a charm; and George and Katie
re so affectionate as to give the world the idea
t here was a match made in heaven.
The bridal breakfast over, the white moire an-
ue and orange flowers were laid aside, and the
atty traveling suit of gray alpaca, with azur-
e blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest
ng, so all the ladies said; the very sweetest
e of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made up
the season. Then there was the little bonnet
gray silk to match the dress, with its blue face
nning to match Katie's eyes, and the golden
d of Paradise drooping its plumage over the
wn; and it was such a fine morning, and every-
ng looked propitious; and in the midst of the
ngratulations and kisses, George and Katie
rted for the depot.
They arrived just in season. The whistle
nded in the distance. George buckled up his
veling-shawl; and Katie graped her parasol.
"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out
see to the trunks! I should die if, when we
to the Falls, my clothes should not be there!
would be dreadful to be obliged to go to din-
in my traveling-dress! Do see to them,
re's a darling!"
George vanished; the train, puffing and smok-
, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his
d into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of
voice.
"All aboard for Danville! all aboard! Come
try up, ladies! Five minutes behind time,
another train due."
Katie did not know whether she was bound for
nville or not; probably she was, she said rap-
y to herself, and she had better get in and let
orge follow. So she entered the long, smoky
icle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry,
the slightest provocation. The conductor pass-
by her seat. She caught him by the arm.
"Is my husband——"
"Oh! yes, yes, all right!" said the official, hur-
ng on in a way railway officials have. "I'll
d him right along," and he vanished from
w in the long line of moving carriages.
Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage
proceeding that had occupied more time than
had intended it should—returned to the ladies'
m to find Katie missing. He searched about
dly, inquiring of every one he met, but with-
success.
"She's probably already in the train, sir," said
icket-agent of whom he made inquiry. "You
going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the
n for Buffalo, you'll likely find her there.—
t starting—not a moment to lose!
George grasped the railing of the hind car as it
by, and flinging open the door, he rushed
ough car after car, but seeking in vain for Ka-
She was not on the train.
"Most likely she got on the wrong train and
t by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a
-station fifteen miles further ahead. We
there fifteen or twenty minutes for refresh-
ts. You'll doubtless find her there.
The cars flew over the track. George mental-
lest the man who invented steam engines—
ould reach Katies that much sooner. Dear
e thing! how vexed and troubled she must be
nd George grew quite lachrymose over her
late condition.
But it seemed ages to George before they whirl-
up to the platform at Groton, and then he did
wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out
etuously, knocking over an old lady with a
flower-pot and bird-cage in her hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to Belvidere house—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road: for all vestige of fences and wheel-tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him!—People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise in; but probably it realized that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George screamed at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out.

"Hilloo there! Is it you, or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly a woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sake!" cried she. "You're in for it, hain't ye?"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody mustn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying; indeed! I'm after my wife!"

"Land sake! Your wife! Well, of all things I declare, I never!"

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way.—Help me out, do that's dear woman!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, and, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on.——"

"No, you won't, neither! You'll go right over to our house and have a cup of coffee and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I dry yourn. And I'll send Tom over to Margate with the horse and wagon to bring your wife!"

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be well rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was dispatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue swallow-tailed coat, home made, gray pantaloons, cowhide boots, and a white hat with a broad brim, for Starks were Friends—felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train for Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plasters for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt.—He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a handcar, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander informed him a lady, answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband!

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie!—Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station,

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband.—Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train until he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American.

Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was waiting for her husband. Room 221, righthand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last?"

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried,—"Oh, heaven! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medici!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chamber-maids, and as many white-aproned waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and broke in the brim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

"Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there's no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. Oh, my wife! My wife!

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane, or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh, Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and, regonizing him, began to cry.

"Oh dear! that ever I should lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle.—"I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windam depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations along the road for information of you. Why did I receive no answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not run into old Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise——"

"My clothes were muddy, and have got on Mr. Stark's," said George; and though the explanation was not particular lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katie, rushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world!—Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could not be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air. The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow-tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she turning from the glass at which she had been surviving herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamps would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer has the following dispatch from Washington: It appears to have been finally decided that Jefferson Davis will receive a full and free pardon, and be furnised a passport to Europe, on giving his parole never to return. The several plans for his trial have all fallen through.—The Norfolk Court, of Judge Underwood, was abandoned on account of a doubt as to the question of jurisdiction, and the improbability of obtaining an unbiased jury at that place. A military commlssion had been also agreed upon at one time, an evidence prepared tending to convict him of conapiracy in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln; but the President has concluded to have no more military court-martials or commissions. It was also proposed to try him in Virginia, by a United States Circuit Court, over which Chief Justice Chase was to preside, but this was also found impracticable, as there is as yet no organiziation of the United States Court in Virginia, and if there had been, an impartial trial by jury there would be impossible. It is said the President decided that he should not be tried anywhere out of Virginia, and overruled the proposition to try him in Baltimore or Washington, because he, Davis, "committed his crimes in Virginia." Thus the matter stands. It is said that in addition to the united appeals of the rebel leaders in the South, to "let Davis go," Horace Greely, Ward Beecher, and others, have visited the President and begged for the release and pardon of the "eminent Southern statesman."

THE FENIANS IN IRELAND.—The Catholic Primate of Ireland, Rev. Dr. Cullen, has issued a long address, in which he severely condemns Fenianism. He, however, does not deny that Ireland has many causes of grievance, and says:

"But are we, then, never to seek for the redress of grievances? Are we to sit in silence, like Mahomedan fatalists, under the lash of the oppressor without complaining, or without seeking for justice? Certainly not. Nothing is more comformable to reason and religion than to expose our sufferings to those in power, and to call on them for relief. If the people of Ireland were fairly dealt with, revolutions and conspiracies, Whiteboys and Fenians, would no longer be heard of; the people would be happy and peaceable, and a source of strength to the empire at large; it would not be necessary to increase the military and police and to double the taxation."

The Condition of the South.

The Hon. Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, has writen a letter, from which we take the following extracts:

"You can have no idea—no Northern man can have—of the utterly subdued, crushed, and broken spirited condition of our people. Such an upheaval, moral, social and political, has not been witnessed, in my opinion, in any civilized country in modern history. I know it is a very easy way of disposing of the difficulty by one who cannot appreciate the condition of affairs, by saying 'Let everybody go to work.' And so they would if there was work to do. But, as I said before, there is a stagnation of every kind of business. There is no money—no capital. The whole framework of our industrial system is shaken to pieces; and that all of a sudden. Suppose, by some commercial revulsion, all the money should disappear from Philadelphia or New York, and the larger portion of the inhabitants were deprived of all their wealth and resources of every kind; suppose the laboring portion of the population were to refuse to work at their ordinary avocations—just conceive to yourself what a picture would be presented. Would the problem of their difficulties be solved by the flippant remark, 'let them all go to work?' I assure you the case I have put, by way of illustration, is not overstated when applied to the present condition of the South. A Northern man in merely passing through a Southern town would not see this. Our houses are still standing (where they were not burnt). Their exterior appearance would denote comfort. Our supplies of food and clothing are not quite exhausted, and hence we have not been reached by famine.—But when you come to look closely into the condition of the people, especially with reference to to the future, the prospect is dark and forbidding indeed. If there was work for every body to do there would be no difficulty about it. It is a mistake to suppose that the Southern people are ashamed to work.

"Let us look into the matter closely. Suppose a man is a preacher; I will begin with divinity first. He can preach still where his church is left standing; but his congregation have not the money to pay him $100 a quarter, where formerly they paid him $500. Suppose he is a lawyer; in the first place there is no law, as there ever is where there is no business; and if there was, his clients cannot pay him any money.—The same is the case with the physician. People get sick, as usual, and they send for their doctor, but they cannot pay him money for his services. Suppose he is a merchant, his bushel of 'Confederate' paper left on his hands won't buy goods in the Northern cities, and if he could buy on credit, his old customers have no money to buy with. Suppose he is a school teacher, the parents of children cannot pay him for their schooling. Suppose he is a carpenter, there are no houses being built. Suppose he is a tailor or a shoemaker, or a saddler; every body is economizing and trying to make every article of old clothing or of other domestic uses last as long as possible. And yet every one of these men has his family to support. How is it with the farmer? Formerly he had his regular income from what he made to sell. If he had no money he by all means could get credit until he could dispose of his forthcoming crop; now his resources are gone. His slaves have left him, or, if they remain, it is to do not half the work, raising a bare supply of corn; for there is no cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, &c., (the articles which formerly brought money in the country, and thus went into all the channels of circulation) being gone. Consequently he cannot promise to pay money postively at a given time, even if there was any one to loan it to him. Banks cannot go into operation for the purpose of aiding and sustaining credit—first, because there is no capital on which to base them; and secondly, the borrowers would have no reliance on their ability to meet the payments when due.

"Therefore, what sort of 'work' can all these classes of people 'go to?' They can't erect manufacting establishments and go to manufacturing, because that requires capital, and they have none. The same of mining, the same of commerce—To build vessels requires money, and also skill in these peculiar branches of labor, which must come from abroad. After weighing these considerations, what, then, would the man say who supposed he had disposed of the difficulty by saying, 'let everybody go to work?' Would he say let everybody go to work in the fields, raising corn, cotton, tobacco, &c? The only reply to that suggestion is this. Suppose the very state of things I have described as existing here in the South were, by some great revulsion, to suddenly take place in the State of Pennsylvania or New York, would any sensible and reflecting man, in either State, suggest as a remedy for the evil, 'let everybody go to work in cultivating the soil?'"

"In this State, public opinion is unanimous in favor of the separation of the white and black races; and I learn that the same view is gaining strength rapidly all over the South. You may rely on it, the two races cannot co-exist in the same country where there is anything like the same approximation to equality in numbers as there is in the South. The good of both races requires their separation. I assure you, in all sincerity, my opinion is that, if this separation does not take place, in less than ten years the Southern States will retrograde into a state of semi-barbarism. There it but one thing to prevent it, and that is the operation of those natural laws which has caused the Indian, and, so far as has been tested, on a small scale, the African too, to die out and disappear when thrown on their own resources in competition with the white race. It is to be hoped the General Government will immediately turn its attention to this question of colonization, and that the statesmen of the North will bestow on it their mature consideration. As to the place, the proper territory can be found if the Government should decide on it. As soon as the will prevails, the way can be devised. We had hopes that a heavy immigration would pour down here from the North and from Europe, and that a hardy, industrious, and enterprising population would settle upon our lands, improve our country, and develop its resources. But I do not think they will come so long as the negroes are here. This black population has heretofore kept immigration from the South. I fear they will be still more objectionable to the immigrant in a state of freedom. The Northern people owe it to humanity toward both races, to their own interests, to do so."

A certain minister, going to visit one of his parishioners, asked him how he had rested during the night. "O, wondrous ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! sir," said he, because *my nose* was betwixt them."

DESIRE not that which is another's.

The Evils Of Hasty Legislation.

In discussing this question (says the Baltimore Sun) we referred not only to the acts of Congress of July 1862, and January 4th, 1865, prescribing oaths which are impossible generally to citizens of the Southern States who may be elected to Congress or appointed to Federal office, but also to the new Constitutions of Maryland and Missouri. They are all, as we remarked, illustrative and operative instances of the serious evils of hasty legislation, resulting from the passionate impulses of the hour, the two last the more injurious because of the increased difficulty of removing such illiberal and unjust provisions when they are given the Constitutional form. The provisions of the Constitution of Missouri, which lately went into operation, are an example of the pernicious effects of precipitate legislation even more remarkable than our own Constitution affords. The terms of that instrument require of every voter, of every officer, of every professor or teacher, public or *private*, of every attorney and of every minister of the gospel, to take an oath that he has never in any manner adhered to the enemies, foreign or domestic, of the United States, nor has *ever* by act or *word* manifested his adherence to the cause of such enemies, or his desire for their triumph over the arms of the United States, or his *sympathy* with those engaged in exciting or carrying on rebellion against the United States, or has ever, except under overpowering compulsion, submitted to the authority or been in the service of the so-called Confederate States of America. It is made, moreover, a penal offense for any person to practice as an attorney or to exercise the functions of a minister of the Gospel, by preaching, or teaching or solemnizing marriage, who has not taken the oath. The Constitution of Maryland is limited to the privilege of holding office and citizenship; that of Missouri deprives professors, teachers, officers of private corporations and lawyers of their daily business—of all means of earning bread for themselves and families. It invades the precincts of the sanctuary and places a guard at the steps of the altar. It is a direct invasion of the freedom of religion in undertaking to prescribe the qualifications of those who shall teach the truths of religion. It is the first attempt in this country to pass the line which separates things spiritual from things temporal—the first effort to trammel those whose command it is to "preach the Gospel to every creature." That a government may exact reasonable security from ministers of the Gospel, as well as others, that they will not disturb its peace or plot its overthrow, no man can deny; but that is a totally different question from prohibiting men from discharging their sacred mission, because, as to past conduct, they cannot come up to a standard newly established. The question of loyalty is not to be confounded with this. Of course the clamor of disloyalty, so easy to be raised, and (under circumstances by which men were lately surrounded) so hard to be refuted, has been raised against the clergy of Missouri who may refuse to obey the injunction of the Constitution, but the remarkable unanimity with which the clergy of all religious denominations in that State have resolved that the sacred right of religious liberty is invaded, must refute the slander.

If there be any value in human testimony, the unanimous declaration, before God and their fellow-men, of a large body of enlightened and God-fearing men, of the sincerity and singleness of their motives, must be accepted as true. The slander then falls. The painful issue, however, remains. Will the people of Missouri sustain a law against which the feelings of all Christian denominations is arrayed? The Christian minister cannot shrink from obeying his conscience and his God. He must preach and he must teach.—He cannot compromise with imperative duty.—Men may submit to civil disabilities, the loss of property and oppression, when an unjust law or an arbitrary government exacts the sacrifice; but to abstain from doing that which divine obligation requires, may not be done by those who fear God more than they reverence man. Acting in this spirit, already several ministers have suffered the penalties imposed by the law. The pressure of enlightened opinion may yet, however, compel the authorities of Missouri to allow the odious provisions of her Constitution to become a dead letter. It is painful to speculate upon the consequences which must ensue from their enforcement. Should the effect of this issue be the speedy abrogation, by the common consent of the people, of the onerous constitutional restrictions and their total repeal at the earliest possible period, according to the forms of law, we may trust that the evils of hasty legislation, as regards the national Congress, as well as the States of Missouri and Maryland, which we have been considering, may all be converted into beacon warnings to those who may be entrusted with the future legislation of the country.

MARRIED AND KILLED WITHIN A WEEK.—*A Sad Episode.*—The most touchingly painful case resulting from the fatal explosion ou board the steamer St. John, at New York, on Sunday, was the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, a newly married couple, who had not been united in the bonds of matrimony more than four days. They were both to be buried from the same church in which they had been married on Thursday last. Mrs. Lyons was the only sister of Mr. John E. Greene, clerk of the board of councilmen. Her husband expired on Sunday, while she lingered on till eight o'clock Monday morning, when she died at the New York Hospital. She was sensible to the last, and conversed until a few moments before her death with her father. The news of her husband being dead was kept from her, fearing the shock might hasten her demise. A sadder case could scarcely have been met with.

THE CHOLERA AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES.—Dr. Jordon, editor of the Indianapolis Gazette, who is represented to have been one of the most successful physicians in Cincinnati, in 1849, in the treatment of cholera, speaks as follows in his journal, in reference to that terrible plague:

In all probability it (the cholera) will be here next year, and it may be early in the spring or summer. We have had some experience in the treatment of this dreadful disease, in 1849, in Cincinnati, as some of our readers will probably recollect, and we found one article of very great importance—that of *prickley ash berries*. We, therefore, advise druggists everywhere to secure as many of these berries as they can, or at least a reasonable quantity. This can be done by letting the country people knew, about it, and they will gather them. Should the cholera come, we shall certainly want some of these berries. As to the manner of using them, it will be time enough to speak of that hereafter.

"It is impossible," said one politician to another, to say where your party ends and the opposition party begins." "Well, sir," replied the other, "If you were riding a jackass, it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the donkey began."

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From the Ohio Statesman.

Bondholders' Festival---Speech of Hon. Mammoth Bondholder.

Messrs. Editors:—The bondholders held a grand jubilee at Aristocracy Hall in this city on the 13th inst., at which Hon. Greenback Millionaire presided as President and Mr. Wholesale Defalcation acted as Secretary.

To the toast—"The American Bondholders—the only true representatives of European Civilization in America," the Hon. Mammoth Bondholder responded as follows:

Fellow Bondholders: We are a power in this Government. We own thirty hundred million dollars in bonds and greenbacks. It will take over one-fifth of all the property of every description in the United States to pay us these debts. We own one horse in every five; one sheep in every five; one acre of land in every five; one-fifth of every homestead in the United States and to secure the payment of these, we hold a mortgage on every farm and every article of property in the United States. [Cheers.]

More than this brother bondholders. This vast wealth goes scot free of taxation. We ride over the public roads and we pay no road tax. We send our children to the public schools and we pay no road tax. We are protected in our person and property by the State, county, township and corporation officers, and yet we are untouched by taxation for their support. Ye Gods, can the nobility of Europe boast of more? [Prolonged cheers and cries of "go on"]

Brother Bondholders we do not work, neither do we sweat, yet we have millions who toil and moisten the soil with their daily sweat to pay the interest on our bonds, we have them in our power. Last week I invested $100,000 in bonds, and thereby took that amount off the duplicate for taxation, and loaded the taxes to that amount upon the broad shoulders of our noble farmers, mechanics and returned soldiers. By rising one hour earlier and working one hour later they can easily pay their taxes, our taxes and our princely incomes on our untaxed bonds besides.

The invalid soldiers and soldiers' widows have the impudence to complain that $96 a year is not sufficient to feed, clothe, shelter and educate six helpless children whose father's bones are bleaching on the country's battle-fields; and that if the bonds were taxed the pledges made to the soldier when he left his home, that if he fell his family would be reared and educated, could be fufilled.

Brother Bondholders, listen to no such entreaties. The Government had the right to draft the life of the poor man, but it had not the right to seize the property of the rich man. Property is worth more than life. We stand on the terms of the contract forced out of the Government in its necessities by our power and patriotism. We now demand the "pound of flesh" and the blood with it, if it enslaves them all.

Here the meeting was disturbed by some "Boys in Blue" who were standing by the window with me, and declared that they did not want their wages for the last four years taxed out of them again to pay princely incomes of untaxed stay-at-home patriots, and in the confusion that followed I became INVISIBLE.

Doctrinal Preaching.

Some ministers neglect doctrinal preaching as unfruitful. They think it instructive, but unfitted to awaken the conscience or impress the heart. No mistake can be more fatal to the highest success of the preacher. Exhortation, to be of permanent value, must grow out of strong doctrine. All emotion which does not spring from doctrinal influences will be superficial and evanescent. The most repulsive doctrines when presented in the spirit and pressed in the authority of the Bible, often produce the most extraordinary results.

When Dr. Griffin was settled at Newark, N. J., he gave great offense to some of his people by a sermon on Election. They remonstrated with him and threatened to leave the society if such unwelcome truths were presented in the pulpit. The Doctor was in great trouble. He dared not cover up or hold back God's truth, for he held a commission from God to preach it, whether men would bear or forbear. But he did wish to offend his people, or loosen his hold on their affections and esteem. Could he not, by a wise delay, omit doctrinal preaching for a time, and make it more effective in the end?

He went to an experienced pastor for counsel. The pastor after hearing the statement of the case, replied earnestly, "Griffin, go home to your closet and study, and prepare the two best sermons in your power on Election. Vindicate God's sovereignty to your people, and see to it that eternal truth does not suffer at your hands.

The Doctor received the answer as a message from Heaven. He went to his closet and study, bending under a great burden. His mind was roused to work with intense energy and power. His heart kindled with the grand theme. The sermons were instinct with the life of his own soul, awed by the presence of the Holy One.—The Sabbath came and he went to the sanctuary, inspired by the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion. His frame heaved, and his face was radient with the thought that he was vindicating God's Government against erring men. His words came with power, the congregation was awed, thrilled and subdued. They went away at the close of the morning services in profound silence. In the afternoon the house was crowded, and God was present to seal his truth on the heart. The large congregation listened spell-bound to the preacher as with severe logic and pungent rhetoric, he presented the utter helplessness of the sinner and the absolute sovereignty of grace. Scores of the hearers were convicted under that sermon, and a great revival commenced in Newark, which brought into the churches a body of intelligent, devout and earnest Christians whose influence is felt to this day.—*National Baptist.*

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Secord gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and employment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end?"

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."

NEARLY A WHOLE FAMILY CONVICTED OF STEALING.—John J. Burkholder, his three daughters, two sons and two sons-in-law, living near Altoona, Pa., have all been convicted of stealing from the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. By means of a freight car key which one of them obtained as an employee of the road, immense quantities of goods were stolen from the cars during the past year. One thousand dollars' worth were found at the home of the son-in-law, and large quantities were discovered concealed about the house, barn and grounds of Burkholder, who owns a large farm and was in no necessity of resorting to this mode of making a living.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

GOODNESS always enriches the possessor.

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