Baltimore Advertisements.

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

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The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 8. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1865. NO. 21

Poetry.

For the Journal.

VENUS AND MINERVA.

How many a sweet and burning kiss
Upon her rosy lips I've pressed,
With what entrancing rapturous bliss,
I've touched her snowy virgin breast.

And when with nectar drugged how oft,
I've sued for one ambrosial taste,
But never from her bosom soft,
Come Virtue out, so pure and chaste.

Ah! maiden, keep your virgin dower,
Let not passion turn your heart,
Lose it not for in that hour,
All peace and happiness depart.

'Tis not for me, another now
Will pluck that flower from its stem,
With which I'd rather deck my brow
Than wear a kingly diadem.

AVON.

[Written for the New Era, Georgia.

SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

BY A. R. WATSON.

A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down,
His shoes were worn and his coat was torn
And his hat was without a crown.
He viewed the clouds and he viewed himself
And shook the wet from his head,
And a tear dimmed his eye as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
And he raised his voice in a dolesome tone,
That sounded like a gong,
While the rain come down on his nappy crown,
And sang to himself this song:

De wind blows cold, but I's done with toil,
And lef de cotton patch;
I guess old Massa tink he count
Dey chickens 'fore dey hatch.
I totes no more the heavy load,
Nor drives ole Missus round;
I wonder who dey's gwine to get
To work de patch of ground.
Den fling away de rake and hoe;
Dis am the jubilee;
De rain may come de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

But I tink last night as I tried to sleep
Upon the muddy ground,
While de rain was drippin' on my head
And de wind was whizzing round,
I'd like to have my light 'ood fire
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's gettin' berry cold
Out here in all dis rain:
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

I's got all ragged 'bout de knees;
My shoes is worn out too;
My coat's so old dat from each sleeve
De elbow's comin' froo.
And dare's the children dat once played
In shirt-tail 'bout de yard,—
I cannot buy a shirt for dem
De time's so berry hard,
But fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee:
De rain may come, de wind may blow;
But bress de Lord I's free.

De odder day when Pinky died,
I tink it berry good,
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before this cold wind blowed;
But den 'twas hard to see her die—
I wish she had not been born—
I's afraid she perished, for she asked
About de rice and corn.
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free.

And Dinah sits dere on de ground
And looks so thin and poor;
She cannot sing de songs she sung
About de cabin door.
Her poor ole limbs are almost bare,
Her cheek bones coming froo;
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up dere too.
But den she's done wid rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free.

I dreamt las' night ole Massa come
And took us home wid he,
To de log cabin that we lef'
When first dey sot us free;
And dere I built de light 'ood fire
And Dinah cooked the yam,—
Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true;
I wonder if dis one am.
But den I's flung away de hoe
To hab a jubilee;
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free.

Love Lightens Toil.

How easy it is to work when we are happy!—How delightful, when we are happy, to work for those we love. A life of constant toil, merely for subsistence, is very hard and sad. No heart can bear it. The strain will break the courage and sour the temper of anybody. There must be, before the worker, some better reward than the supply of his mere physical wants, or he will become a discontented being. He must work for LOVE more than MONEY, or he is miserable.

The thought of loving hearts at home nerves the strong arm of the man at his toil, and sends the warm blood singing through his heart. The wife, in her household labor, is happy, thinking of the evening hour, when she may sit down with her husband, and be rewarded by his companionship for all that, during the day, she accomplishes or endures for him and her little ones.

She knows not how hard she works, so long as she is happy in him. She would, if need be, kill herself with hard labor for his sake, and not dream that she was dying. And he, if a true man, would do the same for her. For what do warm, fond hearts know of how much they endure for each other? "Why," say they, "the more the better. It is for love—*for love.*"

What kitchen under ground, what back attic, seven stories high, is dreary enough to darken the face of the maiden, working to make ready for a lover visit? No one ever saw a place that could do it. Under the excitement of love, especially of love *requited*, wonders of work, otherwise impossible, have been accomplished: and so it will be again, and the worker hardly know that he has been tasked.

[From New York Daily News]

SOUTHERN REMEDY AGAINST RADICALISM.

The course adopted by the Administation in reference to the mode of restoration of the Union, we have protested against its inception. If the war upon the South were really, as it was pretended to be, a war for the *restoration* of the Union, then, undoubtedly, has it committed the Cabinet to such a restoration as may be held compatible with the Constitution. The invasion of the South claimed, in fact, to have been made in assertion of the Constitution. The violence of the Federal Government was never held by any of the war party in this section, to have been directed against the *sovereignty* of the States. Even Mr. Lincoln's first proclamation declined to recognize the ordinances of secession as acts of the States; but, on the contrary, called on the forces collected under those ordinances to disperse, precisely as a Police Magistrate would do to a mere mob.—Mr. Johnson has declared himself, furthermore, an advocate of the rights of the States; and nearly all his followers have claimed that their war upon the South found its justification in the constitutional principle that the acts of secesssion having gone beyond the powers of the States, were, simply, null and void. Under all these circumstances the only constitutional mode of adjusting the relations of the States to the central government subsequent to the submission of the South, was, after their repeal of the ordinance of secession, the readmission as was proposed more than once during the war, of her Senators and Representatives to their legitimate places in the general parliament of the Union.

Mr. Johnson saw proper to hold the war waged by the General Government one waged upon the Southern *States*. Arrogating for the central power all the rights of a conqueror over those sovereignties, he began the work of reconstruction by an act of usurpation. He overthrew State after State, until he had virtually reduced one-half of a Union of coequal sovereignties, to the condition of conquered vassals of the other half!—We protested against this at the time, as the inauguration of a revolution in the character of the American Union. But the dangerous scheme set thus on foot, announced itself as but a temporary formulary, which would be directed in the *ultimate* fact of the restoration of the Union. We waited the result, watching. Some admirable selections, made under this revolutionary movement, for the office of "Provisional Governor," lead us to wait a developement of the Executive scheme, in hope. Popular suffrage, in a more or less full degree, was subsequently "conferred" upon the citizens of the Southern States; and, finally, Legislatures were elected. Members of the House of Representatives were also chosen; and even Senators were elected for the representation of the South in our Congress of sovereignties.

Mr. Johnson having thus led the Southern people to hope for a restoration of the Union, won their confidence. He found no difficulty in employing it in the promotion of the lawlessness of his initial step for reconstruction. He has presumed to dictate to legislatures; has, in fact, set aside the "restored" governments, which certainly never held existence otherwise than by the exercise of his will. The "Provisional" condition into which he had flung the political organizations of the South, he claims a right to extend at his own good pleasure; and, while cajoling the mockeries he has set up, gives them to understand that they may become realities under some *hocus pocus* process contingent on their adoption of the so-called Constitutional Amendment. Now, the said Constitutional Amendment consists of two provisions, one affirming the accomplished fact of the freedom of the Southern negroes; the other enacting a new principle revolutionizing the relations of the States of the whole Union to the central power. The right of Congress to legislate specially for the local government of any class of people within the jurisdiction of a State of this Union, is a right which, striking at the very form and essence of the Union, involves a revolution.—The right underlay the policy adopted by Mr. Johnson in his overthrow of the Southern Sovereignties; and as a violation of the Federal principle which has been limited so guardedly in the Constitution, is one which, we hope most earnestly, will never be sustained under any specious promises whatever by the people of the South.

Mr. Johnson won, we said, the confidence of the Southern people. In that confidence they have yielded to him principles dear to their souls. They have legalized, to please him, even the lawless violence by which his military underlings have dared to make emancipation an accomplished fact. The moral obligation of this circumstance, the moral obligation of his proclamation of restoration, the very text of his telegrams to his "Provisional Governors," bind Mr. Johnson to the restoration of the Union—not of a new Union, but of the *old*—as by a solemn compact. If his faith in an implied agreement, so decided and positive be not carried out firmly, let what will come to his own political fortunes, we insist that the people of the South should no longer act in any reliance on Mr. Johnson. Only a few days ago he instructed Governor Perry—in mockery of that gentleman and of the whole people of South Carolina—"to remain in the exercise of his functions as Provisional Governor until relieved by express directions!" Now, with a faith foreshadowed in the guarded terms of his message, between the President and the people of the South, we insist that no Provisional Governor, or any other man of honor and independence at the South, shall consent to play the roll assigned him by Mr. Johnson one moment longer than is necessary to carry out the forms prescribed for restoration. Governor Perry owed it to himself, to his State, and even to Mr. Johnson's honor, to declare, as he has done in reference to the Executive dispatch, that "after the Governor elect has qualified, I (Governor Perry) shall recognize him as the Chief Magistrate of the State, and make all my communications to him."

The course that reconstruction is taking, ought to suggest to the people of the South, the necessity of new views on the subject. Their representatives and Senators will, we presume, be refused admission in the regular course, to the Congress of the Union. If so, then have the Southern people been trifled with by the President. The message, it is true, takes on this subject a ground of either very elaborate neutrality, or, at least, very doubtful support; and while something may be conceded in its interpretation to Mr. Johnson's known firmness, we do not hesitate in declaring that, with his personal honor and his official good faith pledged in the case, we do not like his attitude of non-commital.

A bill has just been drawn up by Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts, with a view to its introduction into the Senate. This, no doubt, has been done according to an understanding that it will obtain the consent of Congress. That measure assumes to declare null and void all laws now existing, or that may hereafter be passed, in Southern States "whereby *any inequalities of civil rights and immunities* among the inhabitants of said States is recognized, authorized, established, or maintained, by reason of, or in consequence of any distinctions or differences of *color, race* or *descent!*" With previous bad faith of his acquiescence in the exclusion of their representatives and Senators from Congress, we insist that, if such a bill as that contemplated, shall, under any circumstances, receive the signature of the President, and be enforced among the people of the South, that they are bound by every duty of honor and every duty of love and every suggestion of policy, to meet the restoration of any *such* Union as that proposed, by the most potent agency at the service of an insulted and helpless people, *passive resistance!* Hungary, when under the foot of Austria, employed that form of power; and to-day is in a large enjoyment of her autonomy. Rather than submit to such degradation, we hope, most earnestly, that Southern men will withdraw their acquiescence in the state of things to which it appears they are in reality invited; and that declining to sit as judges, as legislators, as magistrates, to act as even tax collectors, or as constables, they will submit without dishonor, to be governed by a negro, to be judged by a negro, to be legislated for by a negro, to be represented in Congress, in the congenial company of Messrs. Sumner and Wilson, by negroes! This passive resistance the Southern people may, if the President shall prove actually guilty of weak or bad faith with them, owe to their own self-respect—may owe it to their duty as sworn lieges of the Union as it is—in order to bring revolutionary Radicalism to a sense of its position before the people of the North.

God at the Helm.

How wonderful the thought that for each one of us, however humble our position, God has a life plan which we are daily and surely working out. His purposes may be far above our head, far beyond our intention to perform, but all our surroundings converge to this one divine plan of our lives

How little did Joseph know to what purpose he was sold away from home, and friends, and country, till God had worked it out in his great life-plan in Egypt. Paul knew not to what a grand apostleship he was about to be called until after the great light on the Damascus road flashed it with dazzling blindness on his soul. Bunyan little dreamed, when he brought a substitute to fill his post as a soldier, to what a great purpose God was saving him. That substitute was actually shot in battle, but "the immortal dreamer" was shut up in Bedford jail, there to accomplish a work which should go down the centuries, hand in hand with God's own word

We, none of us know our life-plan, no, not for a single day, before us: yet God will work it out by means of our unconscious agency. Our whole biography is written in the mind of God.

Of some of us he was written like Cyrus. "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known my name." He is making us do his work, though, like the carpenters of Noah's ark, we be drowned in the flood after all. Of others, and perhaps of us, he has said, as of Pharoah.—"Even for this same purpose I have raised thee up that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth." Perhaps of some of us he has said. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

He is sending us to our tasks with his Word for our guide, his love for the light of our lives, and whether we follow it or not, whether we take his yoke upon us, or break away from his wholesome restraints, he is still weaving our work into the great web of his manifested glory, to show forth his mercy and love in us, or to teach his infinite justice by the use or example he makes of our lives in the end.

How much needless anxiety we might save ourselves, if we would only believe that God is really at the helm. He chooses our changes for us. Even the very houses in which we dwell are built and kept for us by his providence, though we have never caused a timber of them to be laid. He appoints the very young people among whom we are to dwell, & on whom our influence is to bear, and who in turn influence us, However unlikely a change may seem, if he sees it is for our own good, he will cause it to take place. When God works, nothing can stand an instant in opposition. Why we not learn, then, to take less thought for the morrow, and be content to commit the keeping of our souls to him in *well-doing?* That our chief concern, is to "do with our might what our hands find to do," in the situation where he has placed us.

A Remarkable Escape.

The following beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember to have seen:

"On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicksome and mischievous disposition became so troublesome in his pranks, that he was threatened by the captain, if they were continued, that he would confine him in a water-cask. Our younster took no heed, however, and, at his next offence, was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask, containing the boy, rolled over into the sea. The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately, the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach at St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attraced to the cask, and, in walking around it, one of them, it being fly-time, switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it, as we say, into a COCKED HAT. The boy, thus providentially released, was discovered by fishermen on the Point and taken into Appalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north by way of Columbus."

KISSING.—Dow, Jr., closed a sermon on kissing with the following quaint advice:

"I want you my young sinners to kiss and get married, and then devote your life to morality and money making. Then let your homes be well-provided with such comforts and necessaries as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, vinegar, virtue, wine and wisdom. Have these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do not drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about business after breakfast—lounge a little after dinner—chat after your tea, and kiss after quarreling;—then all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford, shall be yours, until the graves close over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world."

Philosophy.

Practical philosophy is that which enables us to look at the ills of life, its disappointments and its diseases, in a manner which does much to surmount them and deprive them of the power to do any permanent injury. True philosphy has no pretense about it; no chicanery, no fraud; it does not worry itself in the endeavor to make the worse appear the better reason, or in making troublesome concealments; on the contrary, it finds a happiness and a grateful relief even in a frankness which endangers a storm of ridicule.—Who, for example, does not admire the moral courage of the elderly negro noticed upon the hurricane deck of a steamer, after the taking of Fort Donelson; with a philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, he squatted down on his little bundle, toasting himself against the chimney, in a state of profound meditation.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, had I knowd it war coming."

"Why, that was not very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfession."

"Well, but have no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by the side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's!"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more than all this wuld—more dan a million of dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preserbashun am de first law wid me."

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

There is another kind of philosophy, or which may be called a moral force, which often enables men to live above disease, and survive for many years, ravages on the constitution, which, preying upon persons of less strength of mind, would hurry them to the grave in a very short time.—We remember to have heard of a neighbor in early youth named Hume. He was a miser and very rich. He was apparently at the point of death. All his broad and fertile acres had been disposed of, and he ceased to dictate to his lawyer, who, knowing he had a large amount of silver and gold in his house said to him after a pause: "Well, Mr. Hume, what disposition will you make of your money?" "My money! do you expect me to give away my money, too! I will not do it;" and summoning to himself what, under the circumstances, seemed to be superhuman energy, he rose from his bed, dressed himself, broke the spell of his disease, and lived some years afterwards to advocate the making of tin hats, as they would not soon wear out.

"Of two persons having consumption, with apparently equal chances of life, the man who abandons himself to his fate, hugs the fire, and is afraid to stir out of doors lest he should take cold, inevitably dies in a short time; the other having force of character, indomitable determination, and a truer philosophy, considers that life is striving for, that he can but die any how, and braving all winds and weathers, fights courageously against his malady, and lives to be an old man. So it is in some forms of paralysis, rheumatism, and other disablements, the exercise of a true philosophy is manifested in brave resolves to live down disease, to live above it, and by sheer force of will to break the spell which was thrown over the succumbing body; thus the mind may, and often does, become a power over human maladies more efficient than the most famed medicines of the apothecary.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"Try it On"--Anecdote of Burchard.

The *Knickerbroker* tells an excellent story of Burchard, the revivalist; not of him, either, but of what happened at the close of one of his meetings. He was in the habit of addressing his congregation in this wise:

"I am now going to pray; and I want all who desire to be prayed for to send up their names."

On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names of the persons in whose behalf he was to "wrestle," as he said, "with the Almighty."

A pause ensued, when he said, "Send them up! If you havn't any paper get up and name the friend you want prayed for."

At this stage of the proceedings a man whom we shall call Oziel Briggs, a stalwart man of six feet and a half in his socks, a notorious unbeliever, and a confirmed wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, a mark for all, and amidst the winks and becks and smiles of the audience, said:

"Mr. Buchard, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson."

The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement in the audience, that Oziel was a "tough one."

"What is your name, sir; and who is Mr. Thompson?"

"It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern, down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want you to give him a lift."

"But said Mr. Buchard, "have you faith in the efficacy of prayer? Do you believe in the power of petition?"

"That is neither here nor there," responded Oziel "*I want you to try it on.*"

A NEW FASHION AMONG THE LADIES.—"They say" that one of the latest fashions with the ladies is wearing long ends of narrow ribbon around the neck. Few of the uninitiated know the significance of the same. When they wear the ends hanging in front, it means that the lady is married; the right shoulder that she is engaged; down the back, that she has a "feller" coming to see her, but that she isn't engaged; over the left shoulder, it means. "Fellers, come follow me." If she does not wear any, it means that she is engaged, and don't wish to have anything to do with "any other feller."

MOTHER AT HOME.—It has been eloquently and truly said, that if Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators or the throngs of busy men, we should find her last retreat with woman at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering around the knee of a mother; the last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

"TOM, tell the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass beer."

"A lie! I never told a lie in my life."

"Draw the beer, boy."

Terms of Advertising.

TERMS—One square—6 lines—one insertion $1. and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued until ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted for 50 cents.

Merchants and others advertising by the year will be charged extra for advertisements out of their regular line of business.

The Virginians.

Hon. Henry Clay Dean, of Iowa, in a speech delivered at Hackensack, New Jersey, a few days ago paid the following tribute to the Virginians:

I dare speak one kind word for the oppressed in the very teeth of the oppressor. Since Adam took possession of Eden, no part of his heritage has given to man such an hundred years of history as that of Virginia; beginning with the public life of George Washington, and ending with the surrender of the armies of Gen. Robert E. Lee.—The great orator, Patrick Henry, whose spirit lighted up the first great Revolution, and whose mild sweet voice called armies up to the valleys and down from the mountains to defend New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts from the invaders hoof, was a Virginian; George Washington, who led these armies, was a Virginian—Thomas Jefferson, whose great soul encompassed the world and lifted its light upon a benighted age to teach it liberty, was a Virginian; James Madison, who environed our rights by a flame of living fire, which the most illustrious periods in the past and present century preserved unharmed all that was sacred in life and precious in hope—the Constitution of the United States—was a Virginian; John Marshall, whose luminous mind, guided by immutable justice, gave being to a most profound and comprehensive judiciary, the bulwark of American institutions, the marvel of mankind, was a Virginian; Henry Clay, whose commanding majesty of soul drew after him whithersoever he went one full half of the whole moral and intellectual power of America, who did obedience to his name, was a Virginian; the Lees, Richard Henry, Arthur Francis Lightfoot, Light Horse Harry, and his illustrious son, Robert E. Lee, were Virginians; Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the great military genius of the western hemisphere, born on my own Monongahela, was a Virginian. The courts, and legislatures, and forums, and pulpits of every State in the Union and every government on the continent, have been adorned by Virginians. This blood, shed in noble defence of liberty, has fattened every valley, and their bones have bleached on every mountain from Bunker Hill to the city of Mexico. With such a history and such a race of freemen, Henry Wilson, Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner would disfranchise this illustrious people, and place them under the tutelage of barbarian negroes!—Proud, glorious old Virginia, what American, with American pride, whether Abolitionist or Democrat, would not rather be Stonewall Jackson, buried in the bosom of Virginia, dead and immortal, than live and be Butler, loathed by mankind? The negroes can never be taken to the polls in Virginia, until they have been at the same time in every other State. In New York a rich negro is as good as a poor white man, and can vote, but a poor negro is no better than a horse and can't vote: and Mr. Greely tells you squarely that they need the negroes vote; to secure the payment on the bonds to help the rich grind the taxes from the poor. This is the last feather that will break the camel's back, and henceforth the Republican party will be no more. They now appeal vociferously to the soldiers to come to their aid.

Horace Greely On Reconstruction.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—Mr. Horace Greely to-day addressed the following card to the editor of the *National Intelligencer:*

"In your issue of this morning, you have spoken of my presence in Washington and of my view of the political situation in terms which seems to require of me a few explanatory words. I herewith submit them:

"I desire and labor for peace. Peace between North and South. Peace between white and black. We have had enough of war and waste; of havoc and carnage for at least a century.—Hence I have long labored and still labor for true and lasting peace. I can conceive no possible good to our country, to any section, race or class that is likely to be secured or promoted by alienation between the President and the Congress of the United States. On the contrary, it seems to me that every peril that now threatens us; every evil that now weighs upon us, would be aggravated; every good put at hazard; every hope clouded, if not blasted by such a malign, untoward collission.

"I have come here to do whatever I can, however little that may be, toward averting such a catastrophe. But, I am not, as your paragraph would seem to imply that I am, the advocate of any special plan of reconstruction. I urge only that the President and Congress, each respecting the others prerogatives and personal convictions, shall freely and trustfully confer, discuss and consider, with a profound deference for each other's patriotism, and an earnet desire to agree on a course of action which they shall mutually deem just and beneficent.

"Let the great problem of reconstruction be approached from all sides in this spirit, and I feel sure that a benign solution will be speedily attained. Our difficulties are aggravated by the fact that our position is essentially novel. I can recall no paralell to it in human history. It is complicated by questions affecting the natural rights of the freedmen; and our moral obligation to them as our humble allies in the late momentous struggle. "That we may promptly re-establish the Southern States in all their original rights and liberties, without sacrificing or hazarding those of any portion of the American people, is the earnest desire of

"Yours, HORACE GREELY.

"Washington, Dec. 11th, 1865."

Ben Butler.

In the Virginia Legislature the following resolution was recently offered by Mr. Hurst, of Norfolk:

Whereas, It is currently reported and generally believed that the celebrated Hudibrastic General, B. F. Butler is about to take charge of this military department, with powers extraordinary, therefore.

Resolved, That whatever money may remain in the State Treasury be immediately divided among the widows and orphans of the deceased soldiers, and couriers be dispatched to the various counties requesting the people to secrete or bury their plate.

The reading of the resolution gave rise to considerable merriment, and was laid on the table on motion of Mr. Ellis.

GAITIES OF THE WINTER AT WASHINGTON.—A letter from Washington says:

There will be a good deal of entertaining this winter, after the holidays especially, by some of the heads of departments. Mr. Seward, who bears himself like a prisoner at business hours in the State Department, is very willing to entertain, officially and otherwise, at his house. Mr. Welles is not much given to parties—nor is Mr. Stanton. The President is known to have a great dislike to the pomp and show of dinners, and public receptions, and will be glad to get off with just as little of this as is possible. But there are many Congressmen, and more of the lobby and lookers-on who mean to entertain abundantly.

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