County Clerk

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Poetry.

[From the N. Y. Evangelist.]

One of Christ's Little Ones.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

It was just at dusk of an Autumn day,
That one of Christ's little ones threaded her way
Thro' the crowded streets of the city's din.
The clothes about her were ragged and thin;
The little face peeped from the hood so torn,
And like the old clothes, it was weary and worn.

Thousands and thousands passed the way
That the little one took, "going home" that day.
The minister, dressed in his good warm clothes,
Passed her right by! How little he knows,
When he prays for white robes his people to clad,
That one of Christ's lambs wanders naked and sad,

Hundreds of children by baptism given
To the Good Shepherd who walketh in heaven,
Sunday school teachers, who often rehearsed,
"Suffer the children"—that dear little verse—
All passed on their way. Not one of them knew
That she was one of Christ's little ones too.

Not long ere the little girl passed from sight
Into an alley, where even the light
Was ashamed to be found, and just gave one peep
In the earliest dawn when the rich were asleep.
Then up a rude stair case the tired feet sped,
And she threw herself down on an old straw bed.

Down the pale cheeks fell the tears, one by one,
And she said to herself, "What have I done
That I am a beggar with clothes all torn,
My feet so cold, so weary, so worn,
Tramping the streets from morning till night
For a few little pennies to buy me a bite?"

But the childish grief was soon forgot;
For that sad little one, tho' she knew it not,
With the tears in her eyes, had fallen asleep,
And angels were watching Christ's foundling to keep.
Yes, angels had come up those old back stairs,
And over Christ's little one watched unawares.

Sweet is the sleep of the children I ween,
In their warm little cribs, their faces just seen,
As they nestle above the clothes tucked so tight,
With the kiss on the cheek of the mother's "good night."

But prettier far looked that dear little head,
When angels pillowed the old straw bed.

The morning grey through the dingy glass
Stole its faint rays—the night had passed.
The beggar girl woke, "O mother dear,
Do you know," she said, "somebody's been here
Two smiling ones, they were dressed in white,
And around their heads they wore wreaths of light.

"They came in this room, and they didn't seem hurt,
When their dresses swept thro' the sand and dirt;
And they passed not by, like the ladies in town,
Holding their clothes lest they'd touch my gown.
And, mother, they bade me not beg to-day,
They are coming to-night to take me away.

"They live in a place where the streets are of gold,
Where the children's feet never ache with the cold.
And they have to cross a river so wide,
For the city is built on the other side,
On their wings they'll carry me all the way,
So I'll not be tired, you know, to-day.

"They told me we'd pass through a pearly gate,
But I thought that outside they would bid me wait
For, mother, my clothes are all tattered and thin,
And I could not think they would let me in!
But the shining ones said that a dress of white
Would be waiting for me when I came to-night!"

The little one waited, but not in vain,
For true to their promise, the angels came,
Through the dark alley they softly stept,
While weary workers all soundly slept.
And they took from the haunt of want and sin,
One of Christ's little ones, home to Him.

MONROE, Mich.

Miscellany.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing his offer of marriage after I had lured him to declaration. My last victim's name was James Frazer. He was a tall, awkward, homely, ungainly man, but his heart was true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained when I witnessed his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Capt. Elliot, who had been unremitting in his devotion to me. Mr. James Frazer warned me against Elliot, but I charged him with jealousy, and took his warning as an insult.

A few days afterwards Elliot and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a fair way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many have not so much in a lifetime.—Many awake from the bright, short dream to find themselves in life-long darkness, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not as miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good circumstances, but having very bad health. She was also of an easy, listless, credulous nature—hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they happened to present themselves. She therefore made no inquiries about Capt. Elliot—but fondly believed that, inasmuch as he was a captain, he must necessarily be a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and in India, and won medals. His regiment was quartered in our neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest, officer in it. I remember well the day we became engaged. He was on duty, but had managed to ride over to our house in his uniform, and while we were walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I referred him to "mamma;" he hastened to her—returned in three minutes, and led me into her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been readily and freely given. My dear mother hated trouble and she moreover lived methoderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband presenting himself in a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said; and at the expiration of this there might have been seen a gay equestrian party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade. I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Captain Elliot was mounted on a handsome black horse that had been sent him from London. Following us was a merry bevy of girls and their cavaliers; and among them was tall, awkward and silent James Frazer. His presence had marred all the pleasure of my ride, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliot, who wished himself a knight and me a faire ladye of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle and compel all men to recognize the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspirations of love, of the brave deeds and perilous exploits it had prompted, wishing again and again that he might proclaim and maintain his love before the world. It pleased me to listen to this and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test. A shot suddenly rang through the woods and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to check her, and even as she flew, the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly where this mad gallop was to end. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a path that led to the river. In the sudden movement the reins had been torn from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes, that I might not behold the fate that awaited me. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought my last! How all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me! I thought of the pang that would rend Elliot's heart as he saw my lying, mangled and dead; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even, as he had said, at the risk of life and limb. I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until, days afterward, I woke to a faint, weak semblance of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliot again. The last words I ever heard from his lips were those of knightly-laring. The last action of his life in connection with mine, was to follow in the train of frightened youths who rode after me to contemplate the disaster from afar, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely, but it was hoped not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from mere rumor.

At last it was known that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury and that very day Captain Elliot suddenly departed from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me, that in my altered circumstances our engagement must come to an end; but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor!) he wrote to say that, while entertaining the highest respect for me, he desired a formal renunciation of the claim. Writing on the bottom of the letter, "Let it be as you wish," I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my brief dream of romance.

I had heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly conduct on that day; but now I first bethought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent death. And then I learned that James Frazer, his arm already broken by the jerk with which brown Bess tore away from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me, and had been the first to lift me from the water. Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me; his had been the hand that had sent the rare flowers that had decked my room; his were the lips that breathed words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books that I read during the days of convalescence; and his, now, the arm that supported me, as slowly and painfully I paced the garden walks.

I have been his wife for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside, as utterly untenable, my theory that beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a providential compensation that, in denying physical perfection, the soul is not dwarfed or marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

JIM SMILEY'S JUMPING FROG.—Well, this yer Smiley had rat-terriers and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he calilated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little bunch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd mail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believed him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any mor'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightforward as he was. And when it come to rain-and-square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it came to that, Smiley would ante-up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and ben everywheres said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for one thing I should judge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now, you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l gave a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it was no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley, he stood scratching his head and looking at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him, he 'pears to look mighty boggy, somehow"—and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!"—and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

The Free Press.

GEO. W. & C. G. BENEDICT,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

FRIDAY MORNING JAN. 26, 1866.

Universal Suffrage in the District of Columbia

The passage by the House of the bill granting suffrage without distinction of color in the District of Columbia, has surprised the country, which was expecting only the extension of a qualified suffrage. This noteworthy victory was heralded and prepared by a speech from ex Gov. Boutwell of Massachusetts, opposing the amendments proposed by Judge Hale of New York, restricting the right of suffrage to those who paid taxes, could read or who had fought in the army, and urging the immediate passage of the bill, pure and simple with great earnestness and force. The voting followed. A motion to postpone was lost. Mr. Hale's motion to recommit for amendment in the respects mentioned was next lost, 53 to 117. A number of Democrats voted on this with the majority, desiring to force the Republicans to a direct vote. Several Republicans, among whom were Messrs. Banks, Kasson, Hale Woodbridge of Vermont, Gov. Raymond, and others voted to recommit the bill.

All these however voted for the bill, on the main question, as did all the Republicans, except Kuykendall of Illinois; Hill, Stillwell and Farquhar of Kentucky; Noell, Van Horn, Benjamin and Anderson of Missouri; Henderson of Oregon; Hubbard and Latham of West Virginia. Upon the announcement of the result the floor and the galleries broke out into most hearty applause.

The bill will doubtless pass the Senate, and we believe it will be signed by the President.

The Suffrage Question.

We copy in another column, at some length, the main points of the speech of Gov. Boutwell on the suffrage question. We own the force of its considerations, but must also own ourselves not fully convinced on all its points. The right of suffrage is nowhere wholly unrestricted. Here in Vermont, where it is the freest, it is permitted only to persons over 21, to men, and to men "of quiet and peaceable behavior." We cannot see why, take the country through, a further restriction requiring every voter to be able to read the Constitution of his State, or of the land, would not be well.

The act as passed by the House is well; for it removes all restrictions of color within the region under the immediate and special care of Congress. If Congress shall hereafter pass an act, applicable to all colors, restricting the right in the District, in the respect named, we think the country will not greatly quarrel with the arrangement.

SENATOR FOOT ON INTER STATE INTERCOURSE.—In the Senate, on the 15th, the bill to facilitate commercial, postal and military intercommunication between the States, being up in committee of the whole, Mr. Foot of Vermont, advocated the bill in a clear and forcible speech. The act is a simple one, conferring on every Railroad the right to carry passengers, troops and government supplies from one State to another; and is meant to hit the case of New Jersey, which has given to one company, the Camden & Amboy, the exclusive right to take passengers across its territory from New York to Philadelphia. Mr. Foot argued that the right of Congress was clear, to overrule such restrictions upon commercial intercourse between the States, under the provision of the Constitution giving to Congress the power to regulate commerce between the States. He quoted in support of his position from the decision of Chief Justice Marshall, and the argument of Daniel Webster, in the famous case of Gibbons vs. Ogden, which forty years ago grew out of an act of the Legislature of New York granting to Livingston and Fulton the exclusive privilege of navigating by steam vessels the waters within the State—maintaining that the right of Congress was as clear to regulate commerce by railroad as by steamboats. He declared further, that a State could no more inhibit the use of all but one of several roads over its territory to the citizens of other States than it may prohibit altogether and absolutely the use of any and of all its public roads for travel and trade, especially so, if the general interests of commerce are at all impeded or impaired by such limitation, and in fine, he pronounced the passage of the bill to be demanded by "high considerations of public interest, and no less of public faith."

No definite action was taken on the bill by the Senate, and what are the prospects of its passage we do not know. We are only sure that anything which shall work confusion to Railroad monopolies, in New Jersey or elsewhere, will be gladly welcomed by the country at large.

It is stated that the Tammany Hall Democrats intended to make their recent pow wow on the 8th inst., the occasion when President Johnson should commit himself to the fortunes of the Democratic party. They sent a special invitation to the President to be present, but getting no response they dispatched a messenger to Washington, who besieged the President for two days for a letter, but all in vain. The President was too old a bird to be caught with such chaff. It is further stated that the committee got letters from Generals Grant and Sherman and one from Secretary Seward, which they did not read at their banquet and which they very carefully kept out of the hands of the reporters.

FIRE IN SHELBURNE.—The fine green-house owned by Ezra and F. J. Meech, in Shelburne, the finest conservatory in the State, and filled with rare and valuable plants, was burned to the ground on the 15th. Loss $4000; no insurance.

The Negro Suffrage Question.

SPEECH OF MR. BOUTWELL OF MASS.

The suffrage Bill, as introduced and finally passed in the House, simply extended the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia, by striking from all laws and ordinances in force therein the word "white."

Mr. Hale, of N. Y., had moved as an amendment to the motion that the bill be recommitted for amendment, so as to extend the suffrage in the District to all persons coming within either of the following classes, irrespective of color, but subject to existing provisions and qualifications, to wit:

First—Those who can read the constitution of the United States. *Second*—Those who are assessed for and pay taxes on real or personal property within the District. *Third*—Those who have served in and been honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States; and to restrict such right of suffrage to the classes named, and to include proper provisions excluding from the right of suffrage those who have borne arms against the United States during the late rebellion, or given aid and comfort to said rebellion.

On the question Ex-Gov. Boutwell spoke as follows:

MR. SPEAKER * * * I am opposed to the restrictions moved by the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Hale,) because I see in them no advantage to anybody, and I apprehend from their adoption much evil to the country. It should be borne in mind that when we emancipated the black people we not only relieved ourselves from the institution of slavery; we not only conferred upon them freedom, but we did more: we recognized their manhood, which, by the old constitution and the general policy and usage of the country, had been, from the organization of the government until the emancipation proclamation, denied to all of the enslaved colored people.

I am not personally responsible for the presence of this bill at the present time, but I am responsible for the observation that there never has been a day during a session of Congress since the Emancipation Proclamation—aye, since the negroes of the District were emancipated—when it was not the duty of the Government (which, by the Constitution, is entrusted with exclusive jurisdiction in this District) to confer upon the men of this District, without distinction of race or color, the rights and privileges of men, and, therefore, there can be nothing premature in this measure. I cannot see how any one who supports the Proclamation of Emancipation—which is a recognition of the manhood of the whole colored people of this country—can hesitate as to his duty. And first we are bound to treat the colored people in this District in regard to the matter of voting precisely as we treat white people; if the question here to-day were whether any qualification should be imposed upon white voters in this District, if they alone were concerned, the House would say no. Aye, not ten men upon this floor would consider whether any qualifications should be imposed or not.

What are the qualifications suggested? They are three—first, and most attractive, service in the army and navy of the United States. I shall have occasion to say, if I discuss, as I hope to do, the nature and origin of the right of voting, that there is not the least possible connection between service in the army and navy of the United States and the exercise of the elective franchise. None whatever. Those black men may have performed service, and I am for dealing justly with them because they have performed service. But I am more anxious to deal justly by them because they are men. And when it is remembered that for months, and almost for years, after the opening of the rebellion, we refused to accept the services of colored persons in the armies of the country, it is with an ill grace that we now decline to allow the vote of any man because he has not performed that service.

The second is the property qualification. I hope it is not necessary in this day and at this hour of the Republic to argue, anywhere, that a property qualification is not only unjust in itself, but that it is odious to the people of this country to a degree which cannot be expressed. Everywhere, I believe, for half a century, it has been repudiated by the people. Does anybody contemplate such a qualification in the exercise of the elective franchise in the case of black people or white?

And, next, reading and writing, or reading, as a qualification, is demanded, and an appeal is made to the example of Massachusetts. But it is a different proposition in Massachusetts as a practical measure. When, ten years ago, this qualification was imposed upon the people of Massachusetts, it excluded no person who was then a voter. For two centuries we have had in Massachusetts a system of public instruction, open to the children of the whole people, without money and without price; therefore all the people there have had opportunities for education. Now, why should the example of such a State be quoted to justify refusing education to men who have been denied the privilege of education, and whom it has been a crime to teach? Is there no difference?

I suppose it will happen, even if you pass this reading amendment, that between any two annual elections any negro twenty one years of age in this city, or who may come here, may acquire the ability to read. The requirement will not exclude many men. My objection is not that in this District it will exclude a great number from the exercise of the elective franchise, but I object to it as a matter of principle. The right to vote is a higher and better right than can be derived from the simple fact that a man can read.

* * * The doctrine that the right of voting is a conventional right is not sustained by reason or history? History shows only this—that the limitations upon the exercise of the right of voting are the results of conventions. The natural right is the right of the family to speak on all matters which concern the welfare of the family as one family, in the great society and family of man. This demonstrates, I think, that the negro has everywhere the same right to vote as the white man; and I maintain still further that, when you proceed one step from this line, you admit that your government is a failure. What is the essential quality of monarchical and aristocratical government? Simply that by conventional rule—by arrangements of conventions—some persons have been deprived of the right of voting. We have attempted to set up and maintain a government upon the doctrine of the equality of man—the universal right of all men to participate in the government. In accordance with that theory we must accept the ballot upon the principle of equality. If the negroes of the South—four millions strong—had been endowed with the elective franchise, and had united with the white people of that region in the work of rebellion, your armies would have been powerless to subdue that rebellion, and you would to-day have see your territory limited by the Potomac and the Ohio. And if in the North suffrage had been limited, as it is in Great Britain, you could not have commanded two million six hundred thousand volunteers for the defense of the republic. The unity of sentiment in the loyal States was due to the fact that every man felt that the government was his own.

I declare, after the greatest deliberation, and the calmest reflection, and I say it with sorrow, looking upon the country rent by opposite opinions on this question, that without such a measure as I suggest for the Southern States, this government cannot outlast those who are now in the vigor of manhood. It will fall and fall by the fact that, without this all-essential guaranty, we put into the hands of our enemies in the South two weapons the blows of which we shall be powerless to parry. One is the assumption by the Government of a vast and overwhelming weight of indebtedness, to be followed by a foreign war. Suppose the powers of this government were entrusted to the hands of the late slaveholders—does any man believe that they are restored to their right mind?—that they will give an ardent support to the government? All the testimony is that they are as alien and hostile to this government as ever. They are marshalling to-day in Virginia, in South Carolina, in Louisiana, their claims upon this government. They will demand two billions of dollars for slaves; untold hundreds of millions of dollars for depredations committed by our armies; an aggregate of thousands af millions of claims, or demands having the color of claims, will be marshaled against the government, and you invite sixty representatives united, bound together by the ties of interest and of ancient and unrelenting hostility, to enforce these claims. This Congress, no doubt, is incorruptible, but when there are claims against the government to the amount of three billions of dollars, with the support that such Representatives may afford—twenty-two in the Senate and sixty in the House—with all the influence of this immense demand against the Government, do you expect to resist them? Do you expect to meet them with a paper blockade—a Constitutional Amendment? If that is your expectation your expectation will not be realized. And when they have involved the country in an indebtedness of four, five or six thousand millions of dollars—when they have so broken your credit in the markets of the world that your paper will sell for fifty cents on the dollar—and taking advantage of the just and natural hostility of the people against European aggression, they involve you in a foreign war, what have they to do but to march out of the United States and bid you defiance?

Secondly, you leave the rebels in possession of a power which they will surely avail themselves of when they again undertake the destruction of the government—the opportunity to bestow the elective franchise upon the negroes.

It is a maxim of another language, which we may well apply to ourselves, that where the voting register ends, the military roster of rebellion begins; and if you leave those four millions of people to the care and custody of the men who have inaugurated and carried on this rebellion, then you treasure up for untold years the elements of social and civil war, which must not only desolate and paralyze the South, but shake this Government to its very foundation.

MEXICAN NEWS.—A Despatch from Washington says that official news from Mexico, states that the French marched in great force against the city of Chihuahua, and the Mexican government had to abandon it. On the 9th inst, President Juarez left Chihuahua with his cabinet and his army, and come to El Paso, arriving there on the 18th. The French occupied Chihuahua on the 11th of December.

The Mexican forces remained fifty miles from Chihuahua, annoying the French. President Juarez was very well received by the people at El Paso. The news from the interior is represented as very good for the national cause.

FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER.—Information has been received at New Orleans, that four hundred fillibusters, under the command of Gen. Reed, had crossed the Rio Grande from the American side, and captured Bagdad, on the Mexican side, below Matamoras, taking prisoners the Imperial garrison, numbering about one hundred and seventy-five men.

The French man-of-war in the harbor opened fire upon the fillibusters, compelling them to take refuge in the upper part of the town. Last accounts stated that the killed on both sides were thirty-one.

Gen. Crawford had started from Brownsville for the scene of action. The last accounts say that thirteen hundred Imperialists had left Matamoras to attack the fillibusters.

THE FENIANS.—Capt. Lonergan, State "Centre" of Vermont, issues an appeal to his circumference, dated at Burlington, Jan. 17th, 1866, in which he announces that Brotherhood is now one; that the Fenian Congress won a victory in conquering themselves; furthermore that the altar is prepared and the sacrifice to be offered. He closes with the following exhortation:

Wherever ten Irishmen live who still remember Ireland, and have not forgotten England, prepare. Organize. *There must and will be* an exchange of prisoners.

It does not look to outsiders as if the Brotherhood were entirely one at present. The recent Congress fully sustained O'Mahoney; and letters from Stephens, the Irish Head Centre have also been received endorsing O'Mahoney; but on the other hand the Senators acknowledge no authority in the Congress, denounce the Stephens letter as a forgery; and the other President, Roberts, is making ready to call his Congress together at Pittsburg, to repudiate all the action of the late Congress which, according to his claim, has no elements of regularity whatever.

It is stated that the recent Congress cut down salaries extensively. O'Mahoney now receives but $2000, the other officials $1500 to $1000 each. The salaries of the organizers of local centres are $70 a month and expenses.

The black man who spoke in our City Hall on Friday evening, was born and bred to manhood a slave. He carries upon his back still the mark of his master's lashes. He can be pardoned therefore, in a stern remembrance of the wrongs of slavery and a vindictive feeling which would not be so excusable in one differently nurtured. It will not quite do for us generally to accept his proposition that our magnanimity is our greatest weakness at the North. We question too the correctness of his assertion of the superior disinterestedness of the colored soldiers. One great inducement to the negro to enter the army certainly was that so he would secure his freedom and that of his race, which could hardly be considered a wholly disinterested motive. Furthermore it will hardly do to denounce Mr. Johnson for what he is *going* to do. When he has shown himself the oppressor of the black man, or proved traitor to the cause of freedom and human rights, it will be time enough to say that it were better for him that he had never been born.

A RECRUIT FROM THE GRAVE.—The St. Louis News says the following circumstance, among the most remarkable that occurred during the war, is vouched for by Colonel Ellis, late of the First Missouri Cavalry, and can be attested by the parties concerned:

"A few days after a fiercely contested battle in the South, a party of soldiers belonging to the First Missouri took a jaunt over the battle field, and came to a spot where the rebel dead were buried. In one place the hair of a man's head was seen sticking out of the ground like a tuft of grass, and near by a hand was seen protruding upward, which evidently belonged to the corpse that owned the head of hair.

One of the cavalrymen remarked to his companions, in a spirit of thoughtless levity, "See, there's a dead reb reaching out for something; let's see what he wants!" In the same spirit of wanton mischief, almost recklessness, the cavalrymen took hold of the man's hand and hauled the body out of the grave, the loose dirt falling back into the hollow hole. Soon after, the man began to stir and manifest signs of life, to the utter astonishment and horror of the resurrectionists.

The man was taken by his rescuers to their tent and was rubbed down, washed off, and in a few days became as "good as new." He said that in the battle he was stunned by the passage of a shell which knocked him senseless. He was picked up among the dead and buried like the rest. Not a scratch was found on his body. He said he had joined the rebel army, and fought the federals long and well, but as this was his second appearance on earth, he would now join the federals and fight for them. He accordingly enlisted in the First Missouri, did a good deal of tough marching and hard fighting, and last September was mustered out of the service and paid off at Benton Barracks.

The western farmers complain that it costs three bushels of corn to send one to market.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS' LECTURE.—The lecture Friday evening, as predicted, drew the largest audience of the season. The Hall which had been provided with a large number of extra seats in anticipation of a crowd, was crammed, floor and galleries. Mr. Douglass is a good looking "bright mulatto," with long hair, thickly streaked with white, caucasian mouth and features, bright black eye, white teeth, and well kept black moustache. He has a clear deep and pleasant voice, of good power when exerted; speaks with remarkable command of language and with great clearness and ease; quite slowly as a general rule, but rising at times into animated bursts of eloquent denunciation or warning. His lecture was not a written one, and his subject, "the Assassination and its Lessons," was used merely a thread on which to string his views of the character of Abraham Lincoln, of the Southern people, of President Johnson, and of the dangers and demands of the present crisis. He praised Mr. Lincoln as a pure, good, true, wise and honest man,—one of the best that ever ruled any nation. He said more History had been made in connection with his name, than of any other American, and that a thousand years hence, when our war has dwindled to a speck, his fame will be known and his example commended. His murder was the inauguration of a new crime in our annals, but it was an illustration of and in keeping with the character of the Southern slaveholders, and in accord with the other crimes committed in the cause of slavery, of which he recited with bitter unction a long and black catalogue. He said that now magnanimity was our greatest weakness and danger; that our people seemed when the war ended to be about as much obliged to Lee for surrendering as to Grant for making him do it: that now a greater crime was impending than the assassination, viz, the wanton abandonment of our only allies in the South, to the tender mercies of their late masters. He eulogized the loyalty and devotion of the blacks, saying that they were more disinterested and noble in going into the war, than even the brave and devoted white defenders of the Union, for the blacks fought for a country not their own, in which they were aliens, an unfriendly country, and did it for less pay, and with halters about their necks. He spoke of President Johnson's speech to a colored regiment, advising them to go home and prove their right to liberty by work, as an insult to the colored soldiers. He thought the exhortation to work was most needed by the whites of the South, and declared that if work is virtue and idleness a sin, the negroes are the saints and the whites the sinners of the South. He said the new gospel preached from Brooklyn heights and from the White House was in advance of the Christian religion, which only requires forgiveness upon repentance, whereas we are now told that we must forgive and fraternize with the unrepentant rebels. He praised Mr. Beecher for many good qualities but said his course in this matter was entirely characteristic of him; that fifteen years ago he heard him say that slavery better remain 25 years and then be ended by the church than to be ended at once without the church. "That" said Mr. Dougls, "is Mr. Beecher; but if he had been my slave and I had stood over him with only a moderate sized cowhide, I could have brought him to a different conviction in five minutes." He, the speaker, did not wish to "forget." If he were a preacher he would preach for a year from the text "remember Lots wife," urging the duty of remembrance of the crimes and wrongs of slavery.

He expressed considerable distrust of President Johnson, and great faith in Congress. In closing he said that in spite of the tone of apprehension in which he had felt it to be his duty to speak, he recognized ground for the brightest hopes in the astonishing progress toward universal freedom made by the Nation in five years, illustrated by the passage of the free suffrage bill in the House, for which he thanked God—and he had full faith in the ultimate triumph of the right.

Mr. Douglas spoke over an hour and a half and held his audience without weariness to the end. Many doubtless were unpleasantly reminded by his denunciations of President Johnson, of Wendell Philips' denunciations of Mr. Lincoln; but other portions of his lecture were abundantly and heartily applauded.

He goes next to Troy, thence to Brooklyn, where he speaks in the Academy of Music next Monday evening, and thence to Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL COLLOQUY.—In the House, Jan. 11, the following occurred in the course of a speech of Mr. Rogers of New Jersey, against negro suffrage in the District of Columbia:

Mr. Woodbridge. The gentleman from New Jersey says we are imposing upon the District of Columbia, that which no State in the Union has imposed upon herself. Allow me to state, in behalf of Vermont, that black men vote there with white men.

Mr. Rogers. With a property qualification.

Mr. Woodbridge. There is no property qualification. There the black man can hold civil offices with white men. There he has been free; and let me tell the gentleman, that in consonance with the principles which have been adopted in the State of Vermont, and as a direct effect of those principles, when we enlisted eighty negroes living in the State of Vermont to go into a company, there was not one of them that could not sign his name to the muster roll. That is my comment on the course that Vermont has taken in relation to the negro.

Mr. Rogers. How many negroes have you in the State of Vermont?

Mr. Woodbridge. I really cannot state at present.

Mr. Rogers. A very inconsiderable number; such a number as can in no way affect the political *status* of the people of the State of Vermont. But I have no doubt that the gentleman from Vermont (Mr. Woodbridge) would throw aside his partisan character and feelings, if the negroes in Vermont were sufficiently numerous to overbalance the whites, i. allowed political privileges; he never would submit the rights of his wife and children and property to the control of negro ballots and negro officers.

Mr. Woodbridge. I wish merely to say to the gentleman from New Jersey (Mr. Rogers) that I have not the means at hand to enable me to state how many negroes there are in the State of Vermont. I know of a great many there, but I do not know one who ever voted with the party to which the gentleman from New Jersey belongs. (Laughter.)

IMPORTANT TO TAX PAYERS.—To those who shall pay their State taxes previous to the first day of February next, the law allows an abatement of 3 per cent.

THE MISSISQUOI BANK.—We find the following in two of the Boston papers.

The loss of the Missisquoi bank at Sheldon by Hubbell, the missing cashier, is now stated to be between $300,000 and $400,000. The directors are liable for all the debts of the bank and each or all of them will be ruined financially. Hubbell's father, Judge Hubbell, is one of the directors and the richest man in Franklin county, but will lose every dollar he has.

What is the authority for such a statement as the above is not mentioned. Be it what it may, we are assured by those who ought to know that it is very wide of the truth. That a defalcation of $300,000 or $400,000 could occur in a bank whose total capital was only $100,000, will strike every one as at least extremely improbable. We are informed that the bulk of the losses to the Bank by Mr. Hubbell, are believed to have been ascertained, and that they will not exceed $80,000—which is fully bad enough. The statement in regard to Mr. Hubbell's father is as incorrect as the rest. He is a worthy and respectable citizen of Franklin County, and is probably ruined by his son's crime, as he was on his bonds, as well as a director in the Bank; but he was very far from being the richest man in the County, being worth less than $20,000. This whole Boston story looks to us like the device of some broker to make bill holders sacrifice their bills.

We learn that a sheet of $100 bills ha been found among Mr. Hubbell's papers on which he had evidently been experimenting in an attempt to imitate the signature of Mr. Green, the former President of the Bank. Whether any such were put in circulation, thus adding counterfeiting to theft is not known.

THE BURLINGTON IRON WORKS—OPENING OF THE NAIL FACTORY.—A new step in the progress of the iron works which promise to be so successful and important a branch of the industry of Burlington, has been taken in completion of the nail factory of the Burlington Manufacturing Company. Steam was raised in the boilers of the new mill yesterday, and it will be in full operation on Monday or Tuesday of next week. The new building is a substantial brick structure measuring *one hundred and forty-four by forty-five* feet. An engine of 80 horse power, gives motion to a long shaft and drum running through the building lengthwise, to which are belted the nail machines, forty-six in number. The furnaces are fitted to burn shavings from the planing mills, and the draft from them is through a flue running 300 feet underground to the great chimney of the rolling mill. All the arrangements show experienced and careful forethought, and it is believed that there is no more complete and convenient mill of its kind in the country. It will give employment to *seventy* hands and will turn out 300 kegs or *fifteen tons* of nails a day. The rolling mill has been for several weeks occupied night and day in turning out the long bright cherry colored ribbons which when cooled and cut up into foot lengths make the nail plates from which the nails are cut. A supply of 300 or 400 tons of them has thus been accumulated to start with. At the present and prospective high price of nails, this will be a most profitable branch of the company's business.

Other branches will be added next season. The foundations of a Mill, 200 by 73 feet, for rolling boiler plate, are already laid, and the machinery is ready for erection as soon as the building is ready for it. The foundations of two smaller buildings for the manufacture of Bessemer Steel are also ready. The company also propose to erect in the Spring a store house 125 by 50 feet.

The establishment of the iron works, as we are glad to learn, is already having its natural effect in calling around it still other branches of the manufacture of iron, by other parties. We understand that some gentlemen from out of the State have determined on the erection of a factory for making horse-nails. It will be about 500 feet long by 75 wide and will be located South of the Nail Mill, on the land of the iron company. The machinery for this mill, which will turn out a very superior horse-nail, every way preferable to those made by hand, is now arriving.

Other parties contemplate the construction of a factory for the manufacture of wagon axles; another for tacks, and another for iron rivets.

The only thing which can delay these enterprises, one and all, is the scarcity of houses for mechanics and laborers, and that is a want to the supply of which our citizens must address themselves in earnest.

THE FIRE IN ST. ALBANS.—The buildings burned on the 15thin St Albans were owned by C. H. Huntington, loss $4,000, insured for $1,500; Wm Clapp, loss $6,000, partially insured; Levi Webster's estate, loss $3,000, insured for $1,000; E. T. Watson, loss $5,000, insurance $1,000. The occupants were A. H. Muryan, Jewelry, loss $2,000, insurance $1,500; Skinner and Stone, stoves and tin ware, loss $4,500, insurance $2,000; Miss Eliza Adams, dressmaker, loss $250, no insurance; Allen, Smith & Co., hat and fur store, loss $2000, insurance $1,500; Foster and Potter, grocers, loss $6,000, insurance $5,000; H. N. Cheney, family effects, loss $500, no insurance; Wheeler and Stevens, boots, shoes and leather, loss $3,500 on their stock, and $800 in damage to their building, covered by assurance. In addition to the four stores, the brick stables of the American Hotel, Mr. Field proprietor, were burned, with their contents of hay and oats. The horses and carriages were saved. Mr. Field's loss is $2,800