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Poetry.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue long ago,
Tall and slender, and shallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

II.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Reading and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew;
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy in this world below;
Live for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old Pedagogue, long ago.

III.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below.
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

IV.

He lived in the house by the hawthorne lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below,
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

V.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;
This was the finest pleasure he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VI.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face,
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;
"I'm a pretty old man" he gently said,
"I've lingered a long while, here below,
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VII.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"Twas a glorious world, down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

VIII.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the West,
And the lingering beam, of golden light,
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
Gently—gently—he bowed his head—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.
—*Round Table.*

Literary.

Mr. Farnsworth's Tubs.

I remember one evening last summer, just after I came home from—not the war exactly but a two years' cruise in the Pacific as surgeon of the U. S. Steamer Wateree—that all of us bachelors were enjoying the cool of the evening and the fragrance of our pipes on the flat roof of the ell attached to the old boarding-house.

Lying about in various attitudes, one and another had told stories, made remarks, and subsided.

Lewis raised himself on his elbow, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and asked if I had ever heard of old Burbank of Virginia.

If I had, I had forgotten it.

"Burbank," said Lewis, was one of those old fellows that you find in every country village, whose sole business in life consists in looking after other people's affairs, and who seemed blessed with any amount of time to do it in.

"Burbank button-holed me one day in Washington street while I was waiting for a stage. How he ever got this far from home I don't know, but there he was in his 'Sunday-go to-meeting' suit, and insisted on telling me all about his row with Mr. Farnsworth.

"'I started out the other morning," he said, 'an' when I got outside the house I see it was goin' to be a pleasant day, an' I thought I'd walk down to Parmelee's shop an' see if them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's was done. I hadn't got nothin' to do, and I kinder thought Mr. Farnsworth might like to know if them tubs o' his'n was done. So I started an' got down to Parmelee's, an' I see the door was locked. So I went roun' behind the shop, an' looked in the back winder, an' there I see them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's, an' I see that they were done. Then I looked in again, an' saw that the shop was afire. Wall, I thought Mr. Farnsworth might kinder like to know that them tubs were done, an' that the shop was afire, so I thought I'd walk down to Mr. Farnsworth's house an' tell him that they was done, an' the shop was afire.'

"By this time," said Lewis, "my stage had gone by, and found I was in for the whole of Burbank's troubles. I told him to go on, inwardly wishing him and Mr. Farnsworth at the devil, and thinking of my chances of reaching home before dinner grew cold."

"'Well,' said Burbank, 'I'd walked along a piece, an' I see Mr. Deming a coming down street. 'Good mornin,' Mr. Deming,' says I, 'Pleasant day.'—'Yes,' says he 'good growin' weather. What's the news?' 'Wall, says I, 'I started out arter breakfast this mornin' an' I see it was agoin' to be a pleasant day, an' I kinder thought I'd go down to Parmelee's an' see if them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's was done, so I stated down street, an' when I got to Parmelee's I see the door was locked. So I thought I'd go roun' the shop an take a look in at the back winders, an' when I looked in I see them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's a stannin' there, and I see they was done. An' then I looked in agin, an' I see the shop was afire. Wall, I thought Mr. Farnsworth might kinder like to know that his tubs were done an' the shop was afire, so I started to go down to Mr. Farnsworth's house, an' tell him that them tubs o' his'n was done an' the shop was afire. 'Good mornin,' Mr. Deming' says I, 'I guess I'll walk right along seein' that the tubs is done, an' the shop is afire, an' tell Mr. Farnsworth about it."

"'Wall, I'd gone along a little further, an' I see Sam Pulsifer leanin' over his picket fence, in front o' his house. 'Good mornin', Mr. Burbank,' says he, 'what's your hurry?' 'Wall, nothin', says I, 'only when I got out o' the house arter breakfast, I see it was a pleasant day, an' as I hadn't nothin' in particular on my hands, I kinder thought I'd walk down to Parmelee's shop an' see if them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's was done. Wall, when I got down there I see the door was locked. So I thought I'd go roun' an' I look in the back winders. So I went roun' an' when I looked in I see them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's a standin' there, an' I see that they was done. An' then I looked a little further, an' I see that the shop was afire. Wall, it struck me Mr. Farnsworth might like to know that they was done an' the shop was afire, so I thought I'd go down to his house an' tell him that them tubs was done, and the shop was afire. An' I kinder guess I'll go right a long Sam,' says I, 'so's to tell Mr. Farnsworth.'

"'Wall, jest afore I got to Mr. Farnsworth's house, who should I meet but Maria Jane Peters, she that was a Williams. 'Good mornin', Miss Peters,' says I, 'how do you do?' 'Good mornin', Mr. Burbank,' says she, 'Why, what a stranger you be! Whereabouts you goin' this mornin'? 'Wal,' says I, 'when I started out this mornin', I see it was a goin' to be a pleasant day, an' I sorter thought I'd travel down to Parmelee's and see if them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's was done. Wall, when I got down there I see that the door was locked. So I thought I'd go roun' the shop an' look in the back winders. So when I got there I looked in the back winder, and there I see them tubs o' Mr. Farnsworth's a standin' there, and I see they was done. An' then I looked in agin, an' I see the tubs was afire. Here Miss Peters gave a scream, an' says she, 'Why Ebenezer Samuel Burbank, how you talk!' 'Yes,' says I. 'an' I kinder thought Mr. Farnsworth might like to know that them tubs o' his'n was done an' the shop was afire. 'Wall,' says I, 'I guess I'll go right along now an' tell him the tubs is done an' the shop is afire. Good mornin', Miss Peters.' 'Good mornin', Mr. Burbank,' says she.

"Wall, then I went right over to Mr. Farnsworth. Miss Farnsworth she comes to the door. 'Why, says she, 'Mr. Burbank how do you do? Come right in and set down!' So I went in and set down. 'Wall,' says Miss Farnsworth, 'hows Miss Burbank and the children?' 'Middlin,' says I, 'middlin,' Miss Farnsworth,' says I; 'you see when I started out this mornin' I see it was a pleasant day, an' I thought I'd go down to Parmelee's as I hadn't go. nothin' to do, an' see about them tubs o' yourn.—'Wall, when I got down to Parmelee's I see that the door was locked. Wall, I thought I'd go roun' behind the shop an' look inter the back winders, an' when I got roun' and looked in, I see them tubs o' your'n standin there and I see that they was done. By the way Miss Farnsworth, says I, 'where's Mr. Farnsworth?' Just then the door opened leadin' inter the bedroom, an' Mr. Farnsworth he come out. "Good mornin', Mr. Burbank,' says he, 'how do you do? I heard you tellin' Miss Farnsworth that them tubs o' ourn were done.' "Well, says Mr. Farnsworth, 'I guess I'll put Billy inter the wagon an' go up an' get them.' 'Well, says I, when I looked inter the back winder agin I see the shop was afire. I hadn't more'n got the words out o' my mouth afare Mr. Farnsworth, he jumped for the door, an' he says, says he, 'damnation, why didn't you say so?' 'Wall,' says I, 'I was comin' to it.' By that time Mr. Farnsworth was runnin' down the street powerful. I sot there talking with Miss Farnsworth. Bimeby Mr. Farnsworth come back. 'Wall,' says I, 'did you get them tubs o' yourn?' He begun to swear, an' says he, 'when I got to Parmelee's, the hull thing was burnt, tubs and all.' 'An' now, Mr. Lewis,' said Burbank, 'Mr. Farnsworth he blamed *me!*'"

The First Baby.

By the Rev. Mr. ——, J. W. C. to C. E. G., only daughter, &c. "No cards."

We didn't say no baby! I have one of those interesting animals at my house It came when it rained like the devil, dark as pitch, and my umbrella at the store, no cars running. The doctor lived five miles due West, and the nurse six miles due East; and when I got home to the bosom of my family, the condensed milkman was at the next door. It's a funny little chap, that baby: Solferino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Cross? I guess not. Um, um; it commenced chasing me down the pathway of life just when muslin, linen, and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a hen house for Mrs. Eve's chickens. The doctors charge two dollars a squint, four dollars a grunt, and on account of the scarcity of rain in the country, take what is left in a man's pocket, no discount for cash, and send bill for balance Jan. 1st. A queer little thing is that baby; a speck of a nose like a wart; head as bald as a squash, and no place to hitch a waterfall; a mouth just suited to come the gum game and chew milk. O crackee! you should hear her sing. I have bumped it, stuffed my fur cap down its throat, given it the smoothing irons to play with; but that little red lump that a looks as if it couldn't hold blood enough to keep a mosquito from fainting, persists in yelling like thunder. It shows a great desire to swallow its fists, and the other day they dropped down its throat, and all that prevented their going through was the crook in its elbows. It stopped its music and I was happy for one and a half minutes.

It's a pleasant thing to have a baby in the house—one of your belly-ache kind. Think of the pleasures of a father, in deshabille, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of cold oil cloth, dropping parygoric in a teaspoon, by moonlight, the nurse thumping on the door, the wife of your bosom shouting "hurry," and the baby yelling till the frescoe drops from the ceiling. It's a nice time to think of dress-coats, pants, ties and white kids. Shades of departed cocktails, what comfort! what a picture for an article in Plaster Paris! Its mother says the darling is troubled with wind on the stomach; it beats all the wind instruments you ever heard of. I have to get up in the cold and shiver while the milk warms; it uses the bottle. I have a cradle with the representation of a miraculous soothing syrup bottle on the dash board. I tried to stop its breath the other night; it was no go; I rocked it so hard I missed stays, and sent it slap clear across the room, upsetting a jar of preserves. It didn't make any noise, then! Oh, no! Its mother says, only wait till it gets bleached, (its been vaccinated,) and old enough to crawl about and feed on pins. Yes, I am going to wait. Won't it be delightful? John, run for the doctor, it's fell in the slop pail and is choking with a potato skin; sis has fell down stairs; sis has swallowed the tack hammer; shows signs of the mumps, croop, whooping cough, small-pox, colic, dysentery, cholera infantum, or some other darn thing to let the doctor take the money laid by for my winter's corn beef; and all this comes of my shampooing and curling my hair, wearing nice clothes and looking handsome, going a courting and making my wife fall in love and marry me.

EX-GENERALS Marmaduke, Preston and Walker, of the Confederate army, are in London.

Battles of the Swordfish and the Whale.

Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close their ranks. The swordfish always endeavors to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows. The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escapes the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam.—The gigantic animal has only its tail for defence. It tries to strike its enemy, and finish him with a single blow.—But if the active swordfish avoids the fatal tail the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in its turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it. It dies then like Maccabaeus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim. The heroic combats of the swordfish with the whales would assuredly furnish matter for a strange poem, in which the grand would contend with the eccentric. The sea of blood, loaded, with monstrous bodies devoid of life, and slain upon each other, would be a picture worthy of inspiring a rival of the singer of the Batrachomyomachia. If the divine Homer did not hesitate to celebrate the wars of mice and frogs, why should not one of the sons of Appolo accord the recital of the formidable resistance of the giant of the waters?

Prenticeisms.

When sitting alone by the side of a beautiful woman, one cares little how grasping she is.

The number of people in a city may not necessarily have increased because many of its population have *doubled*, but it is in a fair way to increase.

We must suppose that men value red noses, judging from the expense they are at to get them.

Why make it a reproach to any one that he has "changed his tune?" What sort of a singer would he be who never did so?

It may be said of many a fellow that when he sees whisky his mouth waters, and when he sees water his mouth whiskies.

Good woman are the salt of the earth, sweet ones the sugar, pungent ones the pepper, biting ones the mustard, and sour ones the vinegar.

They say that Hercules was "known by his foot." A man had better try to make himself known by his head.

The physically blind are thankful for guidance; the mentally blind resent it as an insult.

A man with a long head is not apt to be head-long.

If the body is, as the old author calls it, "the bridegroom of the mind," many bodies are worse married than Socrates was.

A young man advertises for a wife who is pretty and dosen't know it. If he wanted one who is homely and dosen't know it, he would find no trouble in getting suited.

Folly would do but little mischief if it were confined to fools.

Virtue and happiness often kiss each other, but they are not married.

When colors are costly, prudes can't afford to blush their erring sisters.

The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

Queen Victoria has conferred the honor of Knighthood upon Edward Jordan, a black man. Perhaps Nighthood would have been more appropriate.

Few of our ladies have traveled extensively, but nearly all of them have taken tea in China.

Oftentimes a chief magistrate is the mere figure-head of the ship of State instead of the man at the helm.

Franklin and his Gig.

It is now more than a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster-General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about ninety years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, and when a small folio (still preserved in the Department at Washington), containing but three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years. If a Postmaster-General now were to undertake to pass over all the established routes, it would take six years of incessant railroad travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily; while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a lifetime for its performance.—Instead of a small folio, with its three quires of paper, the post office accounts consume every two years three thousand of the largest ledgers, keeping upwards of a hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with more than thirty thousand contractors and other persons.

An Incident of the Border.

It is related that a keen custom house officer on the bridge across the St. Croix river, from St. Stephens, N. B., to Calais, Me., saw one evening a woman with a bundle in her arms. "What have you there?" he demanded. She hesitated, stammered, and then said, "nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it; she resisted; a struggle ensued. At last she yielded and placed the bundle in his arms, saying, "take it, then, and much good may it do you." Then she returned to St. Stephens, while he made for the light to examine his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The mother remains undiscovered and the child remains on the hands of the official.

Miscellaneous.

Washington's Church.

The following extract from a letter, written before the close of the war to the Boston *Gazette* from Alexandria, by a member of company K, 42d Massachusetts, tells its own story:

"Yesterday we attended service at a church around which cluster memories of Washington and the Revolution—the old Christ Church at Alexandria, Va. It is a plain brick edifice, surmounted by a dome-shaped wooden tower or steeple, and was built by the English from imported bricks, in the year 1752, so it is now one hundred and twelve years old. It was erected, and has always been occupied by the Church of England. Passing through the church in the rear, we found on the old sand and slate-stone slab the names of men and women who lived and worshipped with Washington. Upon entering the church the first object to attract the attention of the stranger is the lofty, urn-shaped pulpit, built of chestnut, and trimmed with crimson-velvet. On the wall back of the pulpit are two tablets; the one on the right is inscribed with the 20th chapter of Exodus (the ten commandments); the one on the left with the Lord's Prayer, the Articles of Faith, and the Golden Rule (Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them; for this is the law and the prophets). Beneath and in front of the pulpit is the usual chancel. Around the three remaining sides of the room run a gallery supported by pillars.

The music is furnished by the choir and an organ. The pews are built in the usual Episcopal manner, and have all been remodelled, except numbers fifty-nine and sixty on the left, a square family pew, the one formerly occupied by Washington and his family. When our troops took possession of this city the congregation of this church were so rebellious that the commanding General turned them out and placed a loyal rector and people in possession, but the secessionists had time to steal and secret the communion service, the baptismal font, and silver plate with Washington's name, from his pew. We should doubtless have had a chance to look over the church records, but the gentlemanly rector informed us they, too, had been confiscated by the rebs, who, after the war is over, will doubtless bring them forward and claim the church; but don't think they will get it. It may be of interest to state that the rebel General Lee, who now commands in Virginia, occasionally occupied this church, and desecrated the sanctity of the "Washington Pew."—The inside ceiling and wall are plain white.

This building, from the connection it has with the Washington family, as their place of worship, is a very interesting as well as a well preserved relic of the past. Seventy years have passed away since its portals were pressed by the feet of that man, so beloved by every American and so adored by both friend and foe to the Union.

After his arduous public life was over and he had retired to his beautiful estate at Mount Vernon to pass his waning life in the quiet, peaceful pursuits of agriculture and the bosom of his beloved family, how calmly and serenely he must have wended his way to and from this church. What a privilege it must have seemed to the "Father of his Country" to be allowed once again, after so many years of commotion, to peacefully worship the "Father of his race." But could his body, so long mingled with the "*sacred soil*," reunite with his spirit in worship here at the present time, how different and how painful would be his meditations. His beloved State laid waste by the ruthless march of armies—his own countrymen—O what a fall!—seeking to tear one another, and the glorious Union for which he fought so bravely, and maintained so triumphantly, asunder. Rest in peace, "old man," we would not if we could awaken you from your peaceful couch to view this "cruel war's desolation."

The Romance of Insurance.

Perhaps the most singular specimen of an insurance company that ever existed was the "Plate Glass Insurance Company" that flourished in London some twenty years ago. We doubt whether any mining share operator ever played quite as sharp a game as that narrated below:

At the time alluded to the plate glass of enormous dimensions was beginning to be brought into use for shop windows in the great thoroughfares, and these monstrous panes seemed especially to provoke the destructive propensities of that class of young bucks who were in the habit of "traveling" late, ringing bells, changing signs, breaking street lamps and perpetrating all manner of mischief. To aggravate matters, it so happened, by some legal oversight that the law making the smashing of windows a misdemeanor was so worded as to afford no protection to panes above a certain size. This furnished perfect impunity to jayhawkers in their attacks upon the largest and costliest show-windows, and the shopkeepers suffered accordingly. But now a bright idea occurred to one of the most active and enterprising of the "destructives." He set to work among his companions and organized a "Plate-Glass Insurance Company," for the insurance of panes too large to be within the protection of the law. A room fronting upon a crowded street was taken, showy signs put up, and business commenced with all due formality. Meantime energetic outside measures were taken to lend an impetus to the business. The fashionable quarters of London were districted among the stockholders, and it was made the duty of each to devote himself zealously to breaking all the windows in his district not covered by the policies of the company. Under this able management, the "Plate-Glass Insurance Co." was soon floating on the top wave of prosperity, and business and money flowed so fast as almost to appall the stockholders. The losses were few and promptly paid while the receipts were enormous and the public confidence in the company unbounded. It was in this condition of affairs that the directors sagaciously determined to avail themselves of the present smiles of fortune, and place themselves beyond the risk of her caprice. They had issued immense numbers of policies for a year; the premiums were already paid; every one likely to insure had insured; what then was the use of continuing the expense of carrying on the business and risk of losses? These views met with the unanimous approval of the stockholders. A meeting was accordingly held, and the resolutions formally passed, dissolving the company and dividing the capital on hand. Thus terminated the existence of the "Plate-Glass Insurance Company" after a brief but brilliant career of a few months. Its history is calculated to furnish a valuable moral for those who are capable of deriving a lesson from the experience of others.

BREAD AND BUTTER.—Some fellow enamored of a young lady named Anna Bread, dropped the following from his pocket—

"While belles their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any *but her*."

—A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you bog trotter, come and tell me the greatest lie you can, and I will treat you to a glass of Irish whiskey." "By my word," says Pat, "an yer Honor's a gintleman."

—The man everybody likes is generally a fool. The man nobody likes is generally a knave. The man who has friends who would die for him, and foes who would love to see him broiled alive, is usually a man of some worth and force.

The President's Views on Negro Suffrage.

His Reply to a Delegation of Negroes.

He is not Willing to Adopt a Policy That Will Lead to the Shedding of Blood.

The Policy of the Radicals Will Result in Great Danger to the Colored People.

Evils of Forcing Negro Suffrage on the South.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7, 1866.

The delegation of negro representatives from different States of the country now in Washington to urge the interests of the colored people before the government, had an interview with the President this afternoon. The delegation was as follows: Fred Douglass, of New York; George T. Downing, representing the New England States; Lewis H. Douglass, son of Fred Douglass; W. E. Matthews, of Maryland; John Jones, of Illinois; John F. Cook, of District of Columbia; A. J. Raynor, of South Carolina; Jos. E. Oatis, of Florida; A. W. Ross, of Mississippi; Wm. Whipper, of Pennsylvania; John M. Grovin and Alex. Dunlop, of Virginia, and Calvin White, of Virginia.

The President shook hands with each member of the delegation, Fred Douglass first advancing for that purpose.

George T. Downing then addressed the President as follows:—We present ourselves to your Excellency to make known with pleasure the respect which we cherish for you—a respect which is due you as a Chief Magistrate. It is our desire for you to know that we come feeling that we are friends meeting a friend. We should, however, have manifested our friendship by not coming to further tax your already burdened and valuable time. But we have another object in calling. We are in a passage of equality before the law. God hath made it by opening a Red Sea.—We would have your assistance through the same. We come to you in the name of the United States, and are delegated to come by some who have unjustly worn iron manacles on their bodies, by some whose minds have been manacled by close legislation in States called free. The colored people of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, the New England States and the District of Columbia have specially delegated us to come. Our coming is a marked circumstance, noting determined hope and that we are not satisfied with an amendment prohibiting slavery, but that we wish it enforced with appropriate legislation. This is our desire. We ask for it intelligently, with the knowledge and conviction that the fathers of the Revolution intended freedom for every American, and that they all should be protected in their right as citizens, equal before the law. We are Americans, native born. We are glad to have it known to the world, as bearing no doubtful record on this point. On this fact, and with confidence in the triumph of justice, we base our hopes. We see no recognition of race or color in the organized law of the land. It knows no privileged class, and therefore we cherish the hope that we may be fully enfranchised, not only here in this District, but throughout the land. We respectfully submit that rendering anything less than this would be rendering to us less than our just due; that granting anything less than our full rights will be a disregard of our just rights, of due respect for our feelings. If the powers that be do so it will be used as a license, as it were, or an apology for any community, or for individuals, thus disposed, to outrage our rights and feelings. It has been shown in the present war that the government may justly reach the strong arm into the States and demand from them, those who owe allegiance, their assistance and support. May it not reach out a like arm to secure and protect its subject upon whom it has a claim?

Frederick Douglass advanced and addressed the President, saying: Mr. President—We are not here to enlighten you, sir, as to your duties as the Chief Magistrate of this republic, but to show our respect and to present in brief the claims of our race to your favorable consideration. In the order of Divine Providence you are placed in a position where you have the power to save or destroy us—to bless or blast us—I mean our whole race. Your noble and humane predecessor placed in our hands the sword to assist in saving the nation, and we do hope that you, his able successor, will favorably regard the placing in our hands the ballot with which to save ourselves. We shall submit no argument on that point. The fact that we are the subjects of government and subject to taxation, to volunteer in the service of the country, subject to being drafted, subject to bear the burdens of the State, makes it not improper that we should ask to share in the privileges of the condition. I have no speech to make on this occasion. I simply submit these observations as a limited expression of the views and feelings of the delegation with which I have come.

The President then spoke as follows:

In reply to some of your inquiries, not to make a speech about this matter—for it is always best to talk plainly and distinctly about such questions—I will say that if I have not given evidence, in my former course, that I am a friend of humanity, and to that portion of it which constitutes the colored population, I can give no evidence hereafter. Everything that I have had, both as regards life and property, has been perilled in this cause, and I feel and think that I understand—not to be egotistical—what should be the true direction of this question, and what course of policy would result in the amelioration and ultimate elevation, not only of the colored, but of the great mass of the people of the United States.

I say, that if I have not given evidence that I am a friend of humanity, and especially the friend of the colored man, in my past conduct, there is nothing that I can do now that would. I repeat, all that I possessed—life, liberty and property—have been put up in connection with that question, when I had every inducement held out to take the other course, by adopting which I would have accomplished, perhaps, all that the most ambitious might have desired. If I know myself, and the feelings of my own heart, they have been for the colored man. I have owned slaves and bought slaves, but I never sold one. I might say, however, that practically, so far as my connection with slaves has gone, I have been their slave instead of their being mine. Some have even followed me here, while others are occupying and enjoying my property with my consent. For the colored race, my means, my time, my all have been perilled, and now, at this late day, after giving evidence that is tangible, that is practical, I am free to say to you that I do not like to be arraigned by some who can get up handsomely rounded periods and deal in rhetorical talk about abstract ideas of liberty, who never perilled life, liberty or property. This kind of theoretical, hollow, unpractical friendship amounts to but very little. While I say that I am a friend of the colored man, I do not want to adopt a policy that I believe will end in a contest between the races, which, if persisted in, will result in the extermination of one or the other. God forbid that I should be engaged in such a work.

Now, it is best to talk practically and in a common sense way. Yes, I have said, and I repeat here, that if the colored man in the United States could find no other Moses, or any Moses that would be more able and efficient than myself, I would be his Moses to lead him from bondage to freedom; that I would pass him from a land where he had lived in slavery to a land, if it were in our reach, of freedom. Yes, I would be willing to pass with him through the Red Sea and the Land of Promise to the Land of Liberty. But I am not willing, under either circumstance, to adopt a policy which I believe will only result in the sacrifice of his life and the shedding of his blood. I think I know what I say. I feel what I say, and I feel well assured that if the policy urged by some be persisted in, it will result in great injury to the white as well as the colored man. There is a great deal of talk about the sword in one hand accomplishing an end, and the ballot accomplishing another at the ballot-box. These things all do very well, and sometimes have forcible application.

We talk about justice; we talk about right; we say that the white man has been in the wrong in keeping the black man in slavery as long as he has. That is all true. Again, we talk about the Declaration of Independence and equality before the law. You understand all that and know how to appreciate it.—But, now, let us look each other in the face; let us go to the great mass of colored people throughout the slave States; let us take the condition in which they are at the present time—and it is bad enough we all know—and suppose you could say to every one, you shall vote to-morrow. How much would it ameliorate their condition at this time? Now let us get closer up to this subject, and talk about it. What relations have the colored man and the white man occupied in the South heretofore? I opposed slavery upon two grounds: First, it was a great monopoly, enabling those who controlled and owned it, to constitute an aristocracy, enabling the few to derive great profits and rule the many with an iron rod, as it were. And that is one great objection to it in a Government, its being a monopoly. I was opposed to it, secondly, upon the abstract principle of slavery. Hence, in getting clear of a monoply we are getting clear of slavery at the same time. So you see there were two right ends accomplished in the accomplishment of the one.

Mr. Douglass—Mr. President, do you wish—

The President—I am not quite through yet. Slavery has been abolished. A great national guaranty has been given—one that cannot be revoked. I was getting at the relation that subsisted between the white man and the colored man; a very small proportion of white men, compared with the whole number of such, owned the colored people of the South.

I might instance the State of Tennes see in illustration. There were twenty-seven non slaveholders to one slaveholder, and yet the slave power controlled that State. Let us talk about this matter as it is. Although the colored man was in slavery there, and owned as property, in the sense and in the language of that locality and of that community, yet in comparing his condition and his position there with the non-slaveholder, he usually estimated his importance just in proportion to the number of slaves that his master owned with the non-slaveholder. Have you ever lived upon a plantation?

Mr. Douglass—I have, your Excellency.

The President—When you would look over and see a man who had a large family, struggling hard upon a poorer piece of land, you thought a great deal less of him than you did of your own master.

Mr. Douglass—Not I.

The President—Well, I know such was the case with a large majority of you in those sections. Where such is the case we know there is an enmity, we know there is a hate. The poor white man, on the other hand, was opposed to the slave and his master, for the colored man and his master combined kept him in slavery by depriving him of a fair participation in the labor and productions of the rich land of the country. Don't you know that a colored man is going to hunt a master, as they call it? For the next year they will prefer living with a man who owned slaves rather than with one who did not. I know the fact at all events.

Mr. Douglass—Because they treated him better.

The President—They did not consider it quite as respectable to hire to a man who did not own negroes as to hire to one who did.

Mr. Douglass—Because he would not be treated as well.

The President—Then that is another argument in favor of what I am going to say. It shows that the colored man appreciated the slave holder more highly than he did the man who did not own slaves, hence the enmity between the colored man and the non-slave holders. The white man was permitted to vote before the Government was derived from him. He is a part and parcel of the political machinery now, by rebellion or revolution, and when you come back to the objects of this war, you find that the abolition of slavery was not one of the objects. Congress and the President himself declared that it was waged on our part in order to suppress the rebellion. The abolition of slavery has come as an incident to the suppression of a great rebellion. As an incident, and as an accident, we should give it the proper direction. The colored man went into this war a slave; by the operation of the rebellion he came out a freedman—equal to a freedman in any other portion of the country. There, then, is a great deal done for him on this point. The non-slaveholder, who was forced into the rebellion, and was as loyal as those who lived beyond the limits of the State, was carried into it, and his property, and in a number of instances, the lives of such were sacrificed, and he who has survived has come out of it with nothing gained but a great deal lost. Now, upon a principle of justice, should they be placed in a condition different from what they were before? On the one hand, one has gained a great deal; on the other hand, one has lost a great deal, and in a political point of view, scarcely stands where he did before. Now we are talking about what we are going to argue. We have got at the hate that existed between the two races. The query comes up, whether these two races, situated as they were before, without time for passion and excitement to be appeased, and without time for the slightest improvement, whether the one should be turned loose upon the other, and be thrown together at the ballot-box with this enmity and hate existing between them? The query comes up, will we not then commence a war of races? I think I understand this thing. Especially is this the case when you force it upon the people without their consent. You have spoken about government. Where is power derived from? We say it is derived from the people. Let us take it so, and refer to the District of Columbia by way of illustration. Suppose, for instance, then, in this political community, which, to a certain extent, must have government, must have law—putting it now upon the broadest basis you can put it—take into consideration the relation in which the white race has heretofore borne to the colored race, is it proper to enforce upon this community, without their consent, the elective franchise without regard to color, making it universal? Now, when do you begin? Government must have a controlling power, must have a lodgment. For instance, suppose Congress should pass a law authorizing an election to be had at which all over twenty-one years of age, without regard to color, should be allowed to vote, and a majority should decide at such election that the elective franchise should not be universal, what would you do about it? Do you deny that first great principle of the right of the people to govern themselves? Will you resort to an arbitrary power, and say a majority of this people shall receive a state of things they are opposed to?

Mr. Douglass—That was before the war.

The President—I am now talking about a principle, not what somebody else said.

Mr. Downing—Apply what you have said, Mr. President, to South Carolina, for instance.

The President—Suppose you go to South Carolina, suppose you go to Ohio, that dosen't change the principle at all. The query to which I have referred still comes up, when Government is undergoing a fundamental change. Government commenced upon this principle. It has existed upon it, and you propose now to incorporate into it an element that did not exist before. I say, the query comes up, in undertaking this theory, whether we have a right to make a change in regard to the elective franchise in Ohio, for instance? Whether we shall not let the people in that State decide the matter for themselves?

Each community is better prepared to determine the depository of its political power than anybody else, and it is for the Legislature, for the people of Ohio to say who shall vote and not for the Congress of the United States. I might go down here to the ballot-box to-morrow to vote directly for universal suffrage, but if a great majority of this people said no, I should consider it would be tyrannical and arbitrary in me to attempt to force it upon them without their will. It is a fundamental text in my creed that the will of the people must be obeyed when fairly expressed. Is there anything wrong or unfair in that?

Mr. Douglass—smiling—a great deal of wrong, Mr. President, with all respect.

The President—It is the people of the States that must, for themselves, determine this question. I do not want to be engaged in a work that will commence a war of races. I want to begin the work of preparation. If a man demeans himself and shows evidence that this new state of things will operate, he will be protected in all his rights and given every possible advantage by the community; when they become reconciled socially and politically to certain things, then will this new order of affairs work harmoniously; but forced upon the people before they are prepared for it it will be resisted and work inharmoniously. I feel, too, a conviction that forcing this matter upon the people, upon the community, will result in the injury of both races, and the ruin of one or the other. God knows I have no desire but the good of the whole human race. I would it were so that all you advocate could be done in the twinkling of an eye, but it is not in the nature of things and I do not assume or pretend to be wiser than Providence, or stronger than the laws of nature. Let us now seek to discover the law governing this question. There is a great law controlling it; let us endeavor to find out what that law is, and conform our action to it; all the details will then properly adjust themselves and work out well in the end.—God knows that anything I can do, I will do in the mighty process by which the great end is to be reached. Anything I can do to elevate the races, to soften or ameliorate their condition, I will do, and to be able to do so is the sincere desire of my heart. I am glad to have met you, and thank you for the compliment you have paid me.

Mr. Douglass—I have to return you our thanks, Mr. President, for so kindly granting this interview. We did not come here expecting to argue this question with your Excellency, but simply to state what were our views and wishes in the premises. If we were disposed to argue the question, and you would grant us premission, of course we would endeavor to controvert some of the positions you have assumed.

Mr. Downing—Mr. Douglass, I take it that the President, by his kind expressions and his very full treatment of the subject, must have contemplated some reply to the views which he has advanced, and in which we certainly do not concur, and I say this with due respect.

The President—I thought you expected me to indicate, to some extent, what my views were on the subjects touched upon in your statement.

Mr. Downing—We are very happy, indeed, to have heard them.

Mr. Douglass—If the President will allow me, I would like to say one or two words in reply.

The President—All I have done is simply to indicate what my views are, as I suppose you expected me to do from your address.

Mr. Douglass—My own impression is that the very thing that your Excellency would avoid in the Southern States can only be avoided by the very measure that we propose, and I would state to my brother delegates that because I perceive the President has taken strong ground in favor of a given policy, and, distrusting my own ability to remove any of those impressions which he has expressed, I thought we had better end the interview with the expression of thanks. [Addressing the President]—but, if your Excellency will be pleased to hear, I would like to say a word or two in regard to that one matter of the enfranchisement of the blacks, as a means of preventing the very thing which your Excellency seems to apprehend—that is, a conflict of races.

The President—I repeat, I merely wanted to indicate my views in reply to your address, and not to enter into any general controversy, as I could not well do so under the circumstances. Your statement was a very frank one, and I thought it was due to you to meet it in the same spirit.

Mr. Downing—Thank you, sir.

The President—I think you will find, so far as the South is concerned, that if you will all inculcate there the idea in connection with the one you urge, that the colored people can live and advance in civilization to better advantage elsewhere than crowded together in the South, it would be better for them.

Mr. Douglass—But the masters have the making of the laws, and we cannot get away from the plantations.

The President—What prevents you?

Mr. Douglass—We have not the simple right of locomotion through the Southern States now.

The President—If the master now controls him or his action, would he not control him in his vote?

Mr. Douglass—Let the negro once understand that he has an organic right to vote, and he will raise up a party in the Southern States among the poor who will rally with him. There is this conflict that you speak of between the wealthy slaveholder and the poor man.

The President—You touch right upon the point there. There is this conflict, and hence I suggest emigration. If he cannot get employment in the South, he has it in his power to go where he can get it.

In parting, the President stated that they were both desirous of accomplishing the same end, but proposed to do so by following different routes.

Mr. Douglass, on turning to leave, remarked to his fellow-delegates: The President sends us to the people, and we will have to go and and get the people right.

The President—Yes, sir; I have great faith in the people. I believe they will do what is just, and have no doubt they will settle this question right, and hope that it will be submitted to them for full action.

The delegates then bowed and withdrew

The Loyalty of the Negroes.

The Louisville *Journal* which ought to be well posted says:

The flagrant falsehood, so generally acted upon by the radicals in Congress, that the negroes were all "loyal" in the war, has given to demagogues a strong weapon before the ignorant masses of North. We kept pretty well posted as to current events while the war progressed, but we remember no victory won nor battle fought by negroes. The success of our arms was the result of the skill and courage of the white officers and soldiers. Sherman, we believe, had not a single black soldier with him; Thomas had only one or two regiments in the battle in front of Nashville; Sheridan had no negro troops, and Grant none to aid him materially. On the other hand, it has been said that every officer of the rebel armies had a negro servant with him; and of the four million slaves in the South, not one-tenth sought the Federal lines, and, during the war, they were more than usually faithful to the wives and children of their masters, most of whom were in the rebel armies. We know that these statements are in conflict with the current assertions among the Radicals, and will be considered by them as a monstrous libel upon the character of the "loyal blacks," but they are true, nevertheless.

—None of us are either so much praised or so much censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of vanity if they would only rehearse their own funeral, and walk abroad incognito after their supposed burial.

Reply of the Negro Delegation to the President.

The following is the published reply of the negro delegation to the President after they had their interview with him on Wednesday:

MR. PRESIDENT: In consideration of a delicate sense of propriety, as well as your own repeated intimations of indisposition to discuss or to listen to a reply to the views and opinions you were pleased to express to us in your elaborate speech to-day, the undersigned would respectfully take this method of replying thereto.

Believing as we do that the views and opinions you expressed in that address are entirely unsound, and prejudicial to the highest interests of our race, as well as our country at large, we cannot do other than expose the same, and, as far as may be in our power arrest their dangerous influence. It is not necessary, at the present time, to call attention to more than two or three features of your remarkable address.

The first point to which we feel especially bound to take exception is your attempt to found a policy opposed to our enfranchisement upon the alleged ground of an existing hostility on the part of the former slaves towards the poor white people of the South.

We admit the existence of this hostility, and hold that it is entirely reciprocal; but you obviously commit an error by drawing an argument from an incident of a state of slavery and making it a basis for a policy adapted to a state of freedom.

The hostility between the whites and blacks of the South is easily explained. It has its root and sap in the relation of slavery, and was excited on both sides by the cunning of the slave masters.—These masters secured their ascendancy over both the poor whites and the blacks by putting enmity between them. They divided both to conquer each. There was no earthly reason why the blacks should not hate and dread the poor whites when in a state of slavery, for it was from this class their masters received their slave-catchers, slave drivers and overseers. They were the men called on upon all occasions by the masters when any fiendish outrage was to be committed upon the slave.

Now, sir, you cannot but perceive that the cause of this hatred removed, the effect must be removed also. Slavery is abolished. The cause of antagonism is removed, and you must see that it is altogether illogical, and putting new wine into old bottles, mending new garments with old cloth, to legislate from slaveholding and slavedriving premises for a people whom you have repeatedly declared your purpose to maintain in freedom.

Besides, even if it were true, as you allege, that the hostility of the blacks toward the poor whites must necessarily project itself into a state of freedom, in the name of Heaven we reverently ask how can you, in view of your professed desire to promote the welfare of the black man, deprive him of all means of defense, and clothe him who you regard as his enemy in the panoply of political power? Can it be that you would recommend a policy which would arm the strong and cast down the defenseless? Can you by any possibility of reasoning regard this as just, fair or wise? Experience proves that those are oftenest abused who can be abused with the greatest impunity. Men are whipped oftenest who are whipped easiest. Peace between the races is not to be secured by degrading one race and exalting another, by giving power to one race and withholding it from another, but by maintaining a state of equal justice between all classes, first pure and then peaceable.

On the colonization question you were pleased to broach, very much could be said. It is impossible to suppose, in view of the usefulness of the black man in time of peace as a laborer in the South, and in time of war as a soldier at the North, and the growing respect for his rights among the people, and his increasing adaptation to a high state of civilization in this, his native land, there can ever come a time when he can be removed from this country without a terrible shock to its prosperity and peace.

Besides, the worst enemy of the nation could not cast upon its fair name a greater infamy than to suppose that the negroes could not be tolerated among them in a state of the most degrading slavery and oppression, and must be cast away and driven into exile, for no other cause than having been freed from the chains of slavery.

[Signed,] GEORGE T. DOWNING,
JOHN JONES,
WM. WHIPPER,
FRED. DOUGLASS,
LEWIS H. DOUGLASS,
and others.

Washington, Feb. 7, 1866.

Fresh Eggs in Winter.

During no season has the writer felt better repaid for the trouble and expense of keeping poultry, than during the last. His stock of hens numbers about a dozen, mostly a cross between Chittagong and Dorking, with a slight infusion of the Bolton Gray, and all but four hatched in April last. From this source his larder has been supplied with two dozen eggs, on an average, through the coldest weeks of the winter, while they were commanding in the market five cents a piece. In return for this outlay of the biddies, they have been satisfied with an outlay of their owner of about one quart and a half of shelled corn daily, washed down with a dish of our milk, with occasionally crumbs from the master's table. They have been, moreover, confined in a snug hen house, well lighted by one large window on the south side, and provided with a box of air-slacked lime for them to pick materials from for their egg shells another box of gravel, and another of wood ashes, for them to wallow in at pleasure. Now and then a bone has been thrown in for them to pick, and a chunk of refuse meat, besides all the egg shells from the kitchen. The time spent in their service has averaged fifteen minutes daily. Besides the fresh eggs, their other droppings have already amounted to two barrels of manure, equivalent to guano, with an unfailing supply in prospect.

Their average weekly bill of expense has certainly not exceeded eighty-seven cents, and their payment in eggs alone have been worth at least $1.25 per week, and often more. The writer takes particular satisfaction in publishing these facts, because there never was a winter in which fresh eggs were more a luxury, and to confute the too prevalent notions that hens are not worth caring for during the season when they certainly will not lay without proper care.—*Cor. New England Farmer.*

JUST think of prosaic Connecticut originating in our day such a romance as the following:

Norwalk is exercised about body-snatchers, who, on Sunday night last, dug up the body of a young lady who had been buried that afternoon, and succeeded beyond their anticipations. She had been buried while in a cataleptic fit, and, upon being exposed to the night air, animation was restored. The resurrectionists fled, and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, believing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and on Monday morning they were married.

THE Secretary of the Treasury contemplates having the waste notes and securities, that are now destroyed by burning, converted into pulp for paper stock. The quantity destroyed in the last fiscal year was about thirty tons, and in the present year it is estimated that this sort of waste will amount to as much as forty tons. It has been suggested that out of that stock, which would have to be reduced to pulp in the Treasury, paper and envelopes could be manufactured for Government use. The value of envelopes now required in the Treasury, is about ten thousand dollars per year.