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By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



LIGHT AND SHADOW.

You who judge by what you see,
Often fail to judge aright;
Stars are shining solemnly,
In the day as in the night;
All the day they lie concealed
By the glory of the sun,
But at eve they shine revealed,
In the azure, one by one.

So the daylight of a smile,
May but veil the human face,
Hiding for a little while,
Doubt, and care, and sorrow's trace;
So, when shadow clouds of woe
O'er a happy face arise,
Still beneath the shadows glow
Stars of joy in gentle eyes.

GOD MADE THE HEART.

God made the heart with every chord
Responsive to his love;
To cheer, to bless, to keep his word—
Like angel hearts above.

'Twas made to feel for other's woe,
LIFE'S sorrows to beguile,
To soothe the tears the wretched know,
And bid the mourner smile.

'Twas made to be the charm of earth,
Where all affections meet;
Where every human bliss hath birth,
And every hope is sweet.

'Twas formed the weak and sad to aid,
To bid misfortune flee;
Had man never mad'd what God has made
How heavenly earth would be!

MISCELLANY.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.

It was the day before the commencement at the M— Academy, in the pleasant town of G—, and since early morn every incoming train had disgorged crowds of young ladies and gentlemen, all destined for its classic shades.

It was now five o'clock, and in fifteen minutes the last train for the night would arrive, and many of the early comers were strolling towards the depot to witness the fresh arrival of students.

They had not waited long before the train came in with its usual screech and clamor and another crowd passed out; two young ladies among the new comers I wish particularly to notice.

One was short, with laughing blue eyes, which made her the very personification of fun and mischief. Her companion, though taller, was slight and graceful, every movement denoting by its perfect ease that she was associated with the educated and refined; she was dressed in black, and a thin veil screened her features from observation.

They went directly to the principal's office, and students were required to enter their names before rooms were assigned them in the boarding hall. The Principal bowed respectfully in answer to a similar salutation from them, and placed a large book before them; the first enticed her name as Jennie Allyn, the other as Nettie Moore. The Principal drew the book towards him and glanced at the names, then looking up to Nettie he said,

"Pardon me, but are you not Robert Moore's daughter?"

"I am, sir," she replied.

"Indeed I formed the acquaintance of your father a short time ago, and he said his daughter would attend the M— Academy this term; I heartily welcome you, and trust you will have a pleasant time. The scenery around G— is very romantic."

"And this," said Nettie, "is the daughter of the Lieutenant Governor."

"Ah! happy to form your acquaintance." The young ladies had a pleasant and commodious room assigned them, and their baggage arriving, they in a short time made it appear quite home-like, and here we may as well more fully describe Nettie. Her features were perfect in their outline, a full high forehead, denoting rare intellectual gifts; her hair was dark and fastened in a band; her eyes were also dark, and no one could look into the liquid depths without feeling a peculiar sensation. Without attempting a further description, suffice it to say that in a week she was admired by all the young gentlemen and envied by all the young ladies.

The first week passed away in preparation for the regular beginning, which was to take place the following Monday. Nettie's superior education placed her at once in the graduating class.

Saturday came and several of the young ladies were assembled in her room, drawn there partly to listen to Jennie's pleasant and ready wit, and partially because it made them more popular with the gentlemen to appear intimate with Nettie.

They had been conversing for some time when Adele Vernon proposed that each should tell her father's occupation. There was a simultaneous approval, and as Adele proposed it, they decided that she should tell first.

"My father," said she, "was formerly a merchant in New York, but has now retired from business and lives in a beautiful home on the banks of the river Hudson."

"My father," said Clara Lincoln, "was a physician in A—."

"Mine," said Hortense Sinclair, "is a Congregational clergyman in B—."

"And mine," said Estelle Darmount, "is a lawyer in S—."

"My father," said Jennie, "is Lieutenant Governor of this State."

The ladies at this expressed considerable surprise. Adele turning to Nettie, said:

"You are next; what does your father do?"

"Well, girls, I shall have to acknowledge that my father is by trade a shoemaker."

Jennie opened her blue eyes with astonishment and seemed on the point of speaking but a warning glance from Nettie silenced her.

The others glanced quick glances at each other, and in a few moments arose to leave. Jennie was warmly urged to return the call, while to Nettie they were hardly civil, each giving a formal invitation which was coldly received. Jennie could hardly restrain her impatience until the last one had disappeared, and as soon as the door was closed, exclaimed—

"Why, Nettie, what made you say your father was a shoemaker?"

"I told them he was a shoemaker by trade."

"But why did you not tell them what he is now?"

"Because I wish to remain inognito just for a joke. I will come out before I leave."

Jennie at once entered into the spirit of the joke, and promised to be a faithful aider and abettor.

When they went down to tea that evening they saw that the story had already gained a wide circulation. The ladies hardly recognized Nettie, while the gentlemen who had previously been so attentive stared almost rudely at her.

Frank Needham, son of a wealthy manufacturer, had been her opposite, but now he sat in front of the haughty Adele, while Ralph Gordon, son of a poor but honest mechanic filled his place; the two ladies exchanged quick glances and smiles; it was evident they did not feel badly about it.

That night they visited the Principal, but at the close of the conversation they all laughed heartily and declared it would be an excellent joke.

Monday came and brought with it Walter Percy, only son of a wealthy merchant in Boston. His advent caused a great sensation among the ladies, and they lingered long at their glasses before answering the bell for tea that night.

When Nettie entered the room most of the students were seated, and she saw the handsome stranger but a few chairs above her, conversing with Estelle, who had contrived in some manner to be his opposite; as Nettie seated herself he glanced at her, and admiration was at once depicted on his countenance. Estelle noticed it and bit her lips with vexation. After the Principal had invoked the Divine blessing, the hum of conversation began, and Walter inquired the name of the young lady who was dressed in black.

Estelle's lip turned scornfully as she replied, "It is Nettie Moore; only a shoemaker's daughter."

Walter regarded her for a moment with an expression she could not interpret, and then looked at Nettie. Her face was flushed; she had overheard Estelle's sneering answer.

That night she walked out alone across the fields, Jennie being otherwise occupied. She seated herself at the foot of a lofty oak and gave herself up to reflections.— She did not hear the steps which were approaching her from behind, nor did she know a person was near until a man rudely seized her by the arm and attempted to kiss her. She screamed and struggled violently to free herself but the villain held fast, and almost pressed his polluted lips to her cheek, when he received a blow that sent him reeling to the ground.

Nettie turned to thank her preserver and saw Walter Percy standing before her.— Her cheeks flushed for she remembered the scene in the drawing room. He appeared not to notice her embarrassment and said,

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Miss Moore?"

"Yes, sir, and I thank you very kindly for your timely arrival."

"I was also out walking when I heard you scream and ran to your assistance."

During the conversation the wretch had arisen from the ground and slunk away, muttering threats his cowardly heart would not dare fulfill. They watched him a few moments, then turning, Walter said—

"Shall I have the honor of escorting you back to the Hall?"

Taking his offered hand she replied—

"Perhaps you do not know I am only a shoemaker's daughter?"

"Miss Darmount was particular enough to inform me this evening; but she may learn that wealth or station is not my standard of affection. My father was once a poor boy, and has taught me to honor the industrious and good, if they are poor."

Their conversation soon turned on poets, and he found that she, like himself was an admirer of the "Poetic Lyre" when swept by the hand of genius.

The walk back to the hall passed pleasantly, and they parted excellent friends. That night he dreamed of shoemakers and their daughters more than he did of his Greek and Latin.

The weeks of the long term flew away.— Nettie was reminded every day by slight and other insults, that she was looked upon as an inferior. There were some who did regard her so, and there was one who showed her as much deference as a subject would his monarch; this was Walter Percy. Since that night he had rescued her, they had often met and conversed much to the chagrin of other young ladies who could gain from him nothing but cold civility.

When he conversed with her, his voice was deep and tender, and there was a light in his eye which often caused Nettie's delicately tinted cheek to wear a richer hue.

They visited together many of the romantic places in the vicinity of G—, taking with them Jennie and Ralph Gordon, who though poor was handsome and one whom Jennie much admired.

The term was drawing to a close. The twenty-four weeks had dwindled down to four when an event happened which caused much excitement.

A lady formerly a student of the Academy was to give a grand party, and an invitation was extended to all the students.

To the young ladies wearied by the continuous routine of study the excitement of preparation was a delightful recreation, and was indulged in to such an extent by some as to bring opposite their names numerous black marks designed to show how black spots had been stamped on their teacher's opinion in regard to their scholarship.

The invitation had not been given long when Walter sought Nettie and asked her company.— She first refused, as she had not attended a party since her mother died two years before. Walter pleaded earnestly, and finally gained her consent.

Estelle hinted several times that his company would be agreeable to her, but he appeared not to understand her, and she was finally obliged to find another escort.

Mrs. Jameson's room was rapidly filling with the wealth, beauty and fashion, of G—. Among the gay assembly were many whom I have before introduced.— Jennie had refused many of the upper ten-tons of the Academy, and was now promoting through the apartment leaning on the arm of Ralph Gordon.

Adele moved gracefully through the throng attended by Frank Needham. Estelle sat in the recess of the window, talking with Harry Spaulding; while others promenade the rooms or sat in groups conversing.

"I wonder where Nettie is?" said Jennie, having sought her in vain. Just then entering her place towards the door she exclaimed: "Ah! here they come!"

Walter and Nettie had just entered; as they passed in the room, she moved beside him with an ease and quiet dignity few could imitate, none excel. She had for a time laid aside her mourning garb, and was dressed in a rich but simple robe which floated gracefully around her faultless person. She wore no ornaments but a few white buds among the dark braids of her hair. The evening passed pleasantly, and finally Walter proposed a walk over the beautiful grounds which surrounded the house and to which many had resort. Nettie gladly consented. Walter tied on her hat, and they stepped out on the veranda and entered one of the paths which led through the grounds.

It was a beautiful night; the moon, slowly circling through the heavens, cast a silvery radiance over all objects; no sound broke the stillness save the sweet tinkling of the fountain as it threw aloft its waters all sparkling in the mellow light.

They wandered for a time along the different paths, feasting upon the scene of beauty, and then he drew her to a seat beside him on a rustic bench.

They sat there for a while in silence, she gazing off into the dim distance, he watching the changes of her lovely features.

"Nettie," and his whole heart seemed to go out with the impassioned utterance.

"What, Walter?"

"Nettie, since the first night we met I have loved you deeply and truly, and now existence would be a blank without your sweet company. Oh, say! can you—do you love me?"

At the first sentence her eyes sank under his eager gaze, and a rich crimson suffused her face; but as he finished her eyes sought his, and she said:

"Do you not see, Walter, that I am treated as an inferior by my fellow students, and are you willing, with your wealth, and your bright prospects, to take such an one to your heart?"

"Ah, Nettie, I should consider wealth and all its blessings as nothing if your love was denied me, those who despise you are deficient in all that belongs to pure and noble womanhood. Oh say, Nettie, may I hope I am beloved?"

"Yes, I do love you, Walter, with my whole heart," and her head sank on his shoulder.

I will pass over the remainder of the term, which was mostly occupied in preparation for the examination. Nettie, Adele, and Estelle were the only graduates, and they were busy at work on their essays, for each desired to take the prize. This would also finish Walter's preparatory course, and next term he would enter Yale.

On the morning before the examination, as the students were all assembled in the chapel, they were electrified by the announcement that the Governor of the State would arrive that night and remain through the examination. The students were all excited, and when the time drew near, expectation was on the alert. A carriage was seen coming up the road, and they all cried—"The Governor is coming!" The carriage halted, and a noble, portly looking man alighted, and Nettie rushed out, and throwing herself into his arms, called him father.

Heads were drawn back, and many said contemptuously, "how absurd to mistake a shoemaker for a Governor."

They watched in vain till tea was announced, when they gave it up, concluding he would not come that night.

The students were all seated when the Principal entered, accompanied by Mr. Moore and Nettie. To the surprise of all, he gave that gentleman the head of the table, while he and Nettie took the next seats below.— When all was quiet, he said, in a clear, distinct tone, so that all could hear:

"Governor Moore, will you ask the divine blessing?"

It would be hard to describe the surprise and mortification of those who now learned they had been slighting and sneering at the daughter of their beloved Governor.

Jennie, who sat next to Adele, whispered in her ear:

"He was once a shoemaker, but now a Governor."

It was true. Governor Moore, when a young man, learned the shoemaker's trade, and worked at it many years. He prospered, and finally retired from business, but was soon called upon to fill the highest office in the State, and nobly did he perform his duties.

Walter was greatly surprised, but this did not intensify his love, for he had given Nettie his whole heart, when he thought she was only a shoemaker's daughter.

That night, when Nettie and Jennie had retired to their room, the door opened, and Adele, followed by a number of the other young ladies, entered to excuse their conduct. Nettie received them very coldly, and said, "I excuse your conduct, but as I was not worthy to associate with you as the daughter of a shoemaker, I am not worthy as the daughter of a Governor."

With this rebuke they soon left the room.

Nettie took the prize and received many congratulations, but none were valued so highly as those spoken by Walter Percy.

She had revealed to her father her regard for Walter; and when she presented him, he was cordially greeted by the Governor, who by the way, was acquainted with his father.

The night after the examination she and Walter took their last stroll over those grounds where they had passed so many happy hours. They were to separate on the morrow; she would return home, he would ere the day was over be at old Yale.

But little remains to be told. Walter graduated with honor, and soon brought to his home the lovely Nettie Moore.

Not many years after, Ralph Gordon, then a young and prosperous physician, was married to our old friend Jennie, and they now live a short distance from Walter. They often recall their school days at M— Academy, and laugh over the joke of the shoemaker's daughter.

admission of members to Congress.—So that, as it applies to Louisiana, every member of the Cabinet fully approved the plan. The message went to Congress, and I received many commendations of the plan, written and verbal, and not a single objection—to it from any professional Emancipationist came to my knowledge until after the news reached Washington that the people of Louisiana had begun to move in accordance with it. From about July, 1862, I had corresponded with different persons supposed to be interested, seeking a reconstruction of a State Government for Louisiana.—When the message of 1863, with the plan before mentioned, reached New Orleans, General Banks wrote me he was confident that the people, with his military co-operation, would reconstruct, substantially on that plan. I wrote him and some of them to try it. They tried it, and the result is known.

Such only has been my agency in getting up the Louisiana government. As to sustaining it, my promise is out, as before stated. But, as bad promises are better broken than kept, I shall treat this as a bad promise, and break it whenever I shall be convinced that keeping it is adverse to the public interest; but I have not yet been so convinced.

I have been shown a letter on this subject, supposed to be an able one, in which the writer expresses regret that my mind does not seem to be definitely fixed on the question whether the seceded States, so called, are in the Union or out of it. I would, perhaps, add astonishment to his regret were he to learn that since I have found professed Union men endeavoring to make that question, I have purposely forbore any public expression upon it. As appears to me, that question has not been, nor yet is, a practically material one, and that any more discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than a mischievous one of dividing our friends. As yet, whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad as the basis of a controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper practical relation with the Union; and that the sole object of the Government, civil and military, in regard to those States, is to again get them into that proper practical relation. I believe it is not only possible, but, in fact, easier to do this, without deciding or even considering whether these States have ever been out of the Union, than with it.— Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union; and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether, in doing the acts, he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it.

The amount of constituency, so to speak, on which the new Louisiana government rests, would be more satisfactory to all, if it contained fifty, thirty or even twenty thousand, instead of only about twelve thousand, as it really does. It is also unsatisfactory to some, that the elective franchise is not given to the colored man. I would myself prefer that it were now conferred on the very intelligent, and on those who serve our cause as soldiers. Still the question is not whether the Louisiana government, as it stands, is quite all that is desirable. The question is "Will it be wiser to take it as it is, and help to improve it; or to reject and disperse it?" "Can Louisiana, be brought into proper practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining, or by discarding her new State government?"

Some twelve thousand voters in the heretofore slave State of Louisiana have sworn allegiance to the Union; assumed to be the rightful political power of the State; held elections; organized a free government; adopted a free State constitution, giving the benefit of public schools equally to black and white, and empowering the Legislature to confer the elective franchise upon the colored man. Their Legislature has already voted to ratify the constitutional amendment, recently passed by Congress, abolishing slavery throughout the nation. These twelve thousand persons are thus fully committed to the very things, and nearly all the things, the nation wants—and they ask the nation's recognition and its assistance to make good that commitment.

Now, if we reject and spurn them, we do our utmost to disorganize and disperse them. We in effect say to the white man, "You are worthless, or worse; we will neither help you nor be helped by you." To the blacks we say, "This cup of liberty which these, your old masters, hold to your lips, we will dash from you, and leave you to the chances of gathering the spilled and scattered contents, in some vague and undefined when, where and how." If this course, discouraging and paralyzing both white and black, has any tendency to bring Louisiana into proper practical relations with the Union, I have, so far, been unable to perceive it.

If, on the contrary, we recognize and sustain the new government of Louisiana, the converse of all this is made true. We encourage the hearts and nerve the arms of the twelve thousand to adhere to their work, and argue for it, and proselyte for it, and fight for it, and feed it, and grow it, and ripen it to a complete success. The colored man, too, seeing all united for him, is inspired with vigilance, and energy, and daring, to the same end. Grant that he desires the elective franchise. Will he not attain it sooner by saving the already advanced steps toward it than by running backward over them? Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it. [Laughter.]

Again, if we reject Louisiana, we also reject our vote in favor of the proposed amend-

ment to the national Constitution.—To meet this proposition it has been argued that no more than three fourths of those States which have not attempted secession are necessary to validly ratify the amendment. I do not commit myself against this, further than to say that such a ratification would be questionable, and sure to be persistently questioned; while a ratification by three-fourths of all the States would be unquestioned and unquestionable.

I repeat the question: Can Louisiana be brought into proper practical relation with the Union sooner by sustaining, or by discarding her new State government? What has been said of Louisiana will apply generally to other States. And yet so great peculiarities pertain to each State; and such important and sudden changes occur in the same State; and, withal, so new and unprecedented is the whole case, that no exclusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collateral. Such exclusive and inflexible plan would surely become a new entanglement. Important principles may and must, be inflexible.

In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South—I am considering, and shall not fail to act, when satisfied that action will be proper.

The speech was applauded throughout by emphatic sentences and loud cheering. We have purposely omitted each burst of approval as it occurred, to avoid marbling, or, at all events, breaking the consequentialness of the argument by innumerable parentheses.

Our House.

There is a place called "Our House," which everybody knows of. The sailor talks of it in his dreams at sea. The wounded soldier, turning in his uneasy hospital bed, brightens at the word; it is like the touch of cool fingers on a burning brow. "Our house," he says, feebly, and the light comes back into his dim eyes, for all his homely charities, all fond thoughts, all parties, all that man loves on earth or hopes for in heaven, rise with the word.

"Our House" may be in any style of architecture, low or high. It may be the brown old farm-house, with its tall well-sweep, or the one-story, gambrel-roofed cottage, or the large, square white house, with green blinds, under the wind-swept eaves of a century, or it may be the log-cabin of the wilderness, with its one room, still there is a spell in the memory of it beyond all conjurations. Its stone and brick and mortar are like no other; its very clap-boards are dear to us, powerful to bring back the memories of early days, and all that is sacred in home-love.

There is no one fact of our human existence that has a stronger influence upon us than the house we dwell in, especially that in which our earliest and more impressive years are spent. The building and arrangement of a house influences the health, the comfort, the morals, the religion. There have been houses built so devoid of all consideration for the occupants, so rambling and haphazard in the disposal of rooms, so useless and cheerless, and wholly without snugness or privacy, as to make it seem impossible to live a joyous, generous, rational, religious family-life in them.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN A. CHRISTIAN.— (Extract of a sermon by Rev. J. E. Carey, of Freeport, Ill.) A gentleman, having recently visited Washington, on business with the President, was, on leaving home, requested by a friend to ask Mr. Lincoln whether he loved Jesus. The business being completed, the question was kindly asked. The President buried his face in his handkerchief, turned away and wept. He then turned and said "When I left home to take this chair of State, I requested my countrymen to pray for me; I was not then a Christian. When my son died, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes who had fallen in defense of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus—independent.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side—it is the right side. The times may go hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that make the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue! Ten times where it is black—once. You have troubles; it may be—so have others, none are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark. The lane will turn and the night will end in broad day.

We expect, and hope, and pray for a crown of glory, but we need not expect it without labor. God has scattered Christian duties, like grains of gold, all through the sands of life, and we must pick up from the dust of the earth, one by one the grains of gold from which we mould our immortal diadem. The more abundant the grains, the greater, the richer will be our crown. He who gathers not these golden grains will never be king.

A Coal Oil speculator in Huntingdon recently fell asleep while in church, from which he was awakened by the pastor reading:— Surely there is a vein for the gold and a place for the silver where they find it.— Jumping to his feet and shaking his psalm book at the minister, he cried out: "I'll take five hundred shares, Duck Creek and Cherry Run."

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

[We give below perhaps the last speech of our late lamented President which was delivered in Washington at a celebration in honor of the surrender of Gen. Lee, on the evening of the 10th.]

We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, gave hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gives us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parcelled out—with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you; but no part of the honor, for plan or execution, is mine. To Gen. Grant, his skillful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in receipt to take active part.

By these recent successes the reorganization of the national authority—reconstruction—which has had a large share of thought from the first, is pressed much more closely upon our attention. It is fraught with great difficulty. Unlike the case of war between independent nations, there is no organized organ for us to treat with. No one man has the authority to give up the rebellion for any other man. We simply must begin with, and mould from, disorganized and discordant elements. Nor is it a small additional embarrassment that we, the loyal people, differ among ourselves as to the mode, manner, and measure of reconstruction.

As a general rule, I abstain from reading the reports of attacks upon myself, wishing not to be provoked by that to which I cannot properly offer an answer. In spite of this precaution, however, it comes to my knowledge that I am much censured for some supposed agency in setting up and seeking to sustain the new State Government of Louisiana. In this I have done just so much, and no more than the public know.

In the annual message of December, 1863, and accompanying proclamation, I presented a plan of reconstruction; (as the phrase goes,) which I promised, if adopted by any State, should be acceptable to and sustained by the Executive Government of the nation. I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States. This plan was, in advance, submitted to the then Cabinet, and distinctly approved by every member of it. One of them suggested that I should then, and in that connection, apply the Emancipation Proclamation to the theretofore excepted parts of Virginia and Louisiana; that I should drop the suggestion about apprenticeship for freed people, and that I should omit the protest against my own power in regard to the admission of members of Congress; but even he approved every part and parcel of the plan which has since been employed or touched by the action of Louisiana.

The new Constitution of Louisiana, declaring emancipation for the whole State, practically applies the proclamation to the part previously excepted. It does not adopt apprenticeship for freed people, and it is silent, as it could not well be otherwise, about the