The Alton Telegraph.

PARKS & PINCKARD, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws." Editors and Proprietors.

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ALTON
WEEKLY TELEGRAPH
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Our friends throughout the State are requested to use their influence to extend the circulation of the Telegraph.

The Rights of the Negro.

The editor of the Alton Democrat, and a large number of similar stripe, are sunk so low in morals, education and intelligence, that they are continually alarmed for fear the negro will become their superiors, that they cannot hear with the least degree of favor any proposition for granting the colored race the common rights of human beings. So ashamed have they become that they fairly gloat over every circumstance which tends to belittle and degrade the negro, no matter how slight the evidence, or the slightest tendency to injure the character or the future prospects of the poor negro. They appear to act on the principle that the elevation of the latter is to be attained practically degrade and the white race. But this is a great mistake, and must turn out to be a logical conclusion. The prejudice, the result of their ignorance and deep-seated prejudice against a class which has been degraded, not by color, but by the ethics accursed system of human slavery, which has cursed the human race, after a fashion not to be considered the great variety of circumstances which causes us so widely to differ in many particulars, are yet so intimately and closely connected, that the elevation of any one part of it, tends to elevate the entire race, while the degrading of any portion of it, effects all the rest. We, therefore, wish it distinctly understood that we are just as ardently desirous that the ignorant and unthinking portion of the Democratic party, to which we have already alluded, should be lifted up in the scale of human society, as we are that the negro should be educated and have all of his natural and inherent rights granted unto him. We must all rise or sink together.

We have been led to make these remarks, from reading a letter of Geo. H. Pendleton, late Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, on the ticket with Gen. McClellan, to N. B. Meade, of Winchester, Va., on the black laws. He probably comes the nearest to being the leader of the ... portion of that party of any other ... in the country. It will be seen that he is not ... trammeled or controlled by any such petty and low prejudices as we have been discussing, but looks at the matter as a statesman and a friend to human advancement. It is true, that he still lags behind the spirit of the age, but his position is a noble one for a modern Democrat to occupy.

He says the blacks in Ohio enjoy practically all civil rights, and have a provision for schools, and that the repeal of the "black code," which was obstinately resisted by the Democratic party, was not followed by any evil results, and that no party now would be willing to abandon this system of equal justice.

He qualifies his approval of the same system for general practice, as follows:

My observation of the effects of such a policy are limited to Ohio. I am aware that a policy well suited to a State where the negroes are few in number and generally of good character, might be disastrous in a State where the negroes are very numerous and generally very ignorant and degraded. I am also fully aware that a condition of society which has existed for centuries leaves deep impressions on the habits, modes of thought and character of a people, and that it is always unpleasant and frequently unsafe to disregard them. History teaches in every page that sudden and radical changes, which at once shock deeply rooted prejudices and go too far, even in a right direction, are followed by a reaction which leaves the latter state worse than the first. The wisdom and beneficence of any change depend upon its entire fitness in some and manner, and degree, to the condition of the people upon whom it operates.

This certifies the negro's capacity for, and improvement in, freedom, and the degrading effect of slavery upon him, and justifies the change in his condition.

Mr. Pendleton then goes on to lay down his idea of the place where the power resides to fix the status of the inhabitants, and of the policy that should be pursued. This concludes the letter, and is the material part. We have given the substance of the rest:

The questions relating to the status of its inhabitants belong solely to each State. They lie within the domain of reserved rights, upon which neither the Federal Government nor the other States can lawfully enter.

These considerations constrain me to speak with diffidence of the proper course to be pursued at this time by the Southern States in relation to their freedmen. That it ought to be humane, and in conformity with their changed condition, and calculated to give free scope to whatever capacity for improvement they may possess, I do not doubt. Whatever may have been expedient or necessary in a society where the conditions of slavery exists, it does seem to me that justice and good policy alike require that ample protection should be assured to the person and property of the negro, wherever he is recognized as a freeman. I mean that protection, and that sense of protection, which just laws, impartially administered, give to the person and property of the white man. The condition of freedom deprives the negro of that care and protection which the affection and interest of his master assured to him, and imposes upon him the duty to support himself and his family. The full enjoyment of the fruits of his labor—the right to acquire and to hold property, to make and enforce contracts—is essential to the performance of this duty. The society which imposes the duty should guarantee the protection. This is simple justice to the negro. I believe that it will at the same time promote the peace and good order of society, and the pleasant and profitable connection of the two races in their new relation to each other.

I notice what you say in reference to the proposition to permit negroes to testify. Many judicious persons agree with the opinion you express, but my observations and experience have convinced me that the true rule is to permit all persons to testify, leaving to the judge or jury the question of their credibility. Such, with very inconsiderable exceptions, has been the law of Ohio for ten years, and it has been attended with good results.

The policy here laid down is exceedingly liberal for a Democrat. The name of Democrat and the principles of caste aristocracy, are so identified in this country that it has to be pronounced exceedingly liberal in a Democrat to allow all men the equal right to existence, and to the equal protection of the laws which they have no voice in making.

Cheapness of American Papers.

The New York Citizen says that those who grumble at paying four cents for daily, and ten cents for weekly papers here, would do well to notice what European papers cost.—The London Times costs $45 a year. The Morning Chronicle, Daily News, Globe, Herald and Post, charge the same rate. The London Evening Mail is published three times a week, at $25 a year. The London semi-weeklies $12. The French daily papers, large ones, are about the same price as the London prints. Those about the size of ours cost $20 and $25 a year. The German papers cost from $22 to $36 a year. The cost of paper and composition, and indeed everything connected with the make up of a paper, is much less in Europe than in this country, so that the American journals are even cheaper than would appear from the disparity of prices.

The Fighting Preacher.

The Rev. Col. Granville Moody, well-known in the military as well as the theological world, preached two sermons on Sunday, the 21st, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, and raised $10,000 for the completion of the church. Among his hearers in the morning was President Johnson, who was a friend of Col. Moody in the darkest days of the rebellion in Tennessee. When the contributions were being taken up the President emptied his pocket-book into the basket, and urged them to take it. His contribution was about $100. At the conclusion of the morning services President Johnson was elected a life-member of the society, and the fee of $1,000, and [illegible]

Temperance and Taxation.

To the Editors of the Alton Telegraph:

I herewith enclose to you an item from the Child's Paper, which has the genuine, old-fashioned temperance ring. It is quite in contrast with the article from the Chicago Republican, in your issue of the 15th, entitled, "Appeal to Congress," and which you endorsed as "eminently just."

Now, sir, you will not deny that it is either *right* or *wrong* to engage in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. If right, it is just as proper for yourself and other good men to engage in the infernal business, as for those who have no other principle but to make money, no matter how much evil they bring upon society. As to the argument that alcohol and whisky are used in some of the arts, it is a very poor recompense for the woe, misery and death which are the legitimate consequences of their manufacture. If the tax is a prohibition to manufacture, it looks reasonable that there is less whiskey produced; and if less whiskey, it seems logical to reason, that there will be less drunkenness. It is true, that the policy of the government is to secure a revenue; but if it partly fails in that purpose, and instead promotes the great cause of temperance, surely good men ought not to complain.

I feel that we should say amen to any means that serves in any degree to check the desolating tide of intemperance, even if that means be a high revenue tax.

No, sir! Rather than reduce the tax on liquors, I would be glad to see it doubled. Better burn every bushel of corn not required for food for man or beast, than for the sake of "remunerative prices to our farmers" to convert it into intoxicating drink to destroy the bodies and souls of men. VERITAS.

"A TEMPERANCE MAN.

A master-cooper called upon a colored man in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. He inquired for what purpose he wanted it, and received for an answer, 'I have contracted for so many whiskey barrels.'

'Well, sir,' was the prompt reply, 'I have the timber for sale, and want money, but no man shall purchase a stave from me for that purpose.'

"Mr. cooper was indignant to meet such stern reproach from a black, and called him a nigger.

"That is very true,' mildly replied the other; 'it is my misfortune to be a negro. I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whisky barrels, and I mean to do it."

We simply wish to say in reply to the criticism of our respected correspondent, that it is a generally admitted fact, that there is more intemperance in our country at this present time, than there has been at any one time during the last forty years, notwithstanding the exorbitant tax on the manufacture of whisky. This fact is of itself, sufficient evidence to our mind, that the cost of intoxicating liquors will not have the slightest effect in reducing the quantity drank, while it will greatly reduce the amount consumed for mechanical and medical purposes.

But our correspondent says that the manufacture of whisky "is either right or wrong.' True; but suppose that we admit it to be totally an entirely wrong. What shall we do then? Levy a heavy tax upon it? No. That would not make the business morally any better. Under such circumstances, if the government felt called upon to interfere at all in the matter, it would of course have to prohibit the business entirely. But Congress evidently does not look at the matter in any such light. Their business is to raise revenue, and to leave the subject of temperance to those moral agencies, which God has ordained for redeeming this world from all of its vices. Men cannot be legislated into temperate habits, any more than they can be made moral and virtuous by legal enactments. The only question then, to be settled in this discussion, is whether more revenue can be raised by taxing the article one dollar per gallon, than by a tax of two dollars per gallon. We believe the largest amount can be raised by fixing the tax at the smaller sum named, while our esteemed correspondent takes a different view of the matter.

Our friend may just as well take a rational view of this matter, and treat it as he does a thousand other questions, over which neither he nor the Government has rightfully any control. Men are daily breaking every command of the decalogue, either in thought or deed, and there is no human laws to punish them, unless they commit some direct overt act against the life or property of their neighbor.

This is right. Human governments were made to control the outward conduct of men, in their business and intercourse with their fellows, while their inward feelings, desires, appetites, &c., &c., are to be left to the control of their consciences and those moral agencies which God ordained for the government of his moral and intelligent universe.

The time will come in our opinion, when men will cease to use alcoholic drinks as a common beverage, but we expect the distillation and manufacture of alcohol will be continued as long as this earth is inhabited. We therefore believe that those of us who profess to be temperate men, can spend our time to much better advantage, in trying to educate the rising generation to habits of temperance and frugality, and by trying in kindness and with patience, to reform those who are addicted to a free use of intoxicating liquors, and bringing them back to the paths of sobriety, than by sitting in our comfortable homes, insisting upon Congress and our Legislatures enacting stringent prohibitory laws on the subject.

A Bushwhacker Killed.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Pleasant Hill, Mo., under date of the 22d instant, says that Deputy Sheriff Mr. Holmes, assisted by a young man, Mr. Copeland, attempted to arrest the noted bushwhacker "Bill Reynolds," on a warrant issued upon an indictment before the Grand Jury.—Before the Sheriff could close in upon the fiend he succeeded in killing them both, making his escape on horseback, followed by a younger brother of the murdered Copeland.

Reynolds, after eluding pursuit for some time, took refuge in a house, occupied by a lady whose husband he had killed, telling her on entering that "unless she gave him shelter she was a dead woman!" On receipt of this intelligence, a party started to the house, and found him, put him into a wagon and brought him into town. A brother of the murdered Copeland, who accompanied the party, and who had said nothing on the way, rode up to the wagon as it halted in front of the office where the two men were killed yesterday, saying, "Here my brother died, and here you die." Suiting the action to this decisive language, he fired two shots in quick succession, both taking effect in Reynolds' head, causing almost instant death.

THE Hartford Press says: "A ragged little fellow was seen skating on one of our ponds lately without shoes or stockings, his skates being strapped upon his bare feet, who said it was jolly good fun, and that his mother was warm [illegible]

Dowdall on the Chicago Times.

During the time our friend Dowdall was conducting the Alton Democrat we labored "mouchly" to convince him that Storey, of the Chicago Times was not only a rebel at heart and an enemy to our free institutions, but was totally unworthy of the confidence or respect of any honest or well-meaning man, but all to no effect. Our friend appeared obdurate, and would not heed our kind warnings and entreaties; but we are now glad to learn from the following, which we clip from the last Peoria National Democrat, that he has at last got his eyes open, and walks into Storey manfully, relying upon his muscle and the justness of his cause. We wish it distinctly understood, that in this family quarrel, we have no personal interest, but that we bet all the time on our handsome and gallant friend Dowdall.

OFFICE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT,
Peoria, Ills., January 28th, '66.
W. F. Storey, Esq., Editor Times:

MY DEAR SIR—For the past few days the Times has failed to reach our sanctum. Explanation me whether it is from fault of the mails or otherwise.

Yours, truly, W. F. DOWDALL.

W. F. Storey, } Proprietors,
H. B. Chandler, }

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO TIMES,
Times Building, No. 74, Randolph Street,
Between State and Dearborn Streets,
Chicago, Jan. 21, 1866.

SIR: If you know anything of an editorial paragraph in your own paper a few days since, you cannot wonder at the disappearance of the Times from among your exchange papers

Yours, respectfully, W. F. STOREY.

Mr. Dowdall, Peoria, Ill.

Knowing of nothing that has appeared in the columns of our paper to "damp the love of one we're known," unless it be the following paragraph, we would ask if it is the one referred to:

PETTY LARCENY.

"We notice the State Register and Chicago Times both publish Hon. W. A. Richardson's letter to the editor of this paper, without giving the slightest credit to the Democrat. We have no objection to papers using what appears in the columns of our paper, but do dislike the principle of petty larceny, let it come from what source it may."

Practice makes perfect, and the habits of the editor of the Times, in regard to these little matters being so near perfection, he need not feel aggrieved at being told of what he, as well as others already know—but will say, had we known him to be of such a sensitive nature, we would not for the world have hurt his feelings, by telling of his stealing from the editorial columns of the National Democrat, and if his paper has been stopped to prevent our telling on him again, when he acts in a similar manner, (as doubtless he will) we will promise in future to permit the Times to substitute articles from the Democrat without credit at pleasure, and we will say nothing about it. Come neighbor, get in a good humor, and send the Times along, not that we consider it of any value to us in the least, for[illegible] is not, but wishing a variety of exchanges, and knowing the Times to be beneath all others in littleness, we want it.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

John M. Botts' "Reasons."

The Richmond Republic says: The document below, in the handwriting of John M. Botts, was sent to us some time since by a gentleman from the country, to whom Mr. Botts had given it:

Reasons, as they passed through my mind on the night of the 27th April, 1862, as I lay, after eight weeks confinement, in a negro jail, as the causes of my confinement:

1st. Because I would not aid in breaking up the Union formed by Washington and his compeers, which from infancy I had been taught to venerate and adore, as the only sheet anchor of national greatness, prosperity and freedom.

2d. Because I would not aid in the destruction of the best Government the world has ever looked upon.

3d. Because I would not aid in bringing civil war, desolation and famine upon my own section of the country.

4th. Because I would not aid in the dismemberment, impoverishment and ruin of my native State, and desolation of the whole South.

5th. Because I would not aid in the slaughter of the hundreds of thousands that have been and will be sacrificed.

6th. Because I would not aid in breaking up the social ties, and life long personal and family intimacies that for generations have existed.

7th. Because I would not aid in making widows and orphans unnumbered and untold.

8th. Because I would not aid in turning the instincts of humanity into that of wolves and other brutes.

9th. Because I would not practice a low deception, and an unworthy trick, as thousands have done, from motives of selfishness, ambition or fear.

10th. Because I would not adopt for myself, or recommend for others, a policy by which the fruits of a country's labor must be thrown away.

11th. Because I had the firmness to adhere with fidelity to the principles I had cherished and labored for thirty years to establish, and which my State had just adopted at the polls, but which she renounced and repudiated at the dictation of a daring and corrupt Democracy.

12th. Because I preferred living under a permanent and enduring Government to one that was constructed on the principles of a bombshell, containing the elements of destruction within itself, that sooner or later must explode and leave a wreck behind.

13th. Because I preferred a Government that would protect its citizens and their property to one that would oppress and rob them.

14th. Because I prefe[illegible] rational civil liberty, under a constitutional form of government, to a hateful military despotism.

15th. Because I would not sacrifice the best interests of the people to perpetuate the power of Democracy under a Southern Confederacy, when they had lost it under the National Government.

16th. Because I cared more for the interests and freedom of the people than I did for their caresses, and tried to take better care of them than they did themselves.

17th. Because I would not become a rebel and a traitor to my country when it had done no harm to me or my State.

18th. Because I was honest, in earnest, and patriotic when I voted for "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws," and will not now stultify myself by repudiating all.

19th. And, lastly, because I was not born either a fool or a knave.

The rights of the African.

During the discussion of the bill before the Legislature of Tennessee, giving persons of African or Indian decent the right to testify in all the Courts of that State, in as full a manner as such persons are, by act of Congress, competent witnesses in all the Courts of the United States, a Union member by the name of Arnell, paid the following just and eloquent tribute to the bravery and heroism of the colored soldiers, during the war to suppress the rebellion. When endeavoring to show that they had fairly won their right of citizenship, he said—

"When the serpent of rebellion lay coiled at Richmond, whose blood ran red as white man's in the ditches around that viper's den? Whose blood fattened the accursed soil? Who lay couched 40 hours in the tigers attitude beneath the iron hail hurled from the walls of Petersburg? Who waited half buried in the murderous mine; waited the slow passage at hours, when minutes were hours; waited for freedom. Waited for the word to advance once more against the enemies of America and man? And in the battle of Nashville, whose corpses were strewn thickest on Overton's Hill? Who charged and recharged with fiery valor—

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Into the valley of death—

and died there, gloriously, triumphantly, to maintain human freedom—died that the nation might live? It was our colored American patriots! Am I not right in saying that the privileges we ask for them have been fairly won?"

Another revival is going on at the Methodist Church in Greenfield, under the charge of the pastor of that church.

News Items.

No less than $90,000 worth of the oil of pepermint was made last year in the little village of Three Rivers, Mich.

A joint resolution has been presented in the Iowa Legislature allowing negroes to vote and disfranchising rebels, rebel sympathizers and draft refugees.

Solomon Godfrey, of Peoria, has had a patent issued to him for improvement in bolting flour. It is said to be a fine thing.

There are colored delegations at Washington, representing eleven States, whose object is to urge equality before the law for all American citizens, without regard to color. These delegations, on the 22d, organized for concerted action,—Geo. F. Downing of New England being chosen President, Lewis H. Douglass of Maryland Secretary, and John Jones of Chicago Treasurer.

Senator Fessenden stated, on Tuesday, that there was not "the slightest indication of a collision of opinion between the President and Congress." The wish is father to the thought of those who invent such rumors.

Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, has introduced a bill in Congress incorporating the "Colorado River and Salt Lake Transportation Company." The scheme contemplated by the company is to establish a line of steamers on the Colorado river connecting with ocean steamers, and an express freight line to Salt Lake.

Robert S. Warring, of Charlootte, N. C., editor of a newspaper published there, has been tried by court martial and convicted, on a charge of publishing and circulating disloyal and seditious writings within a district under martial law. The Court sentenced him to pay a fine of three hundred dollars, and if payment was not made within five days, he to be imprisoned for six months. General Auger has approved the sentence.

It is reported that a vigilance committee of one hundred men has been formed at Springfield, Ill., to rid the city of gamblers and thieves.

The New Jersey Senate yesterday passed the joint resolutions ratifying the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, by a vote of 13 to 8. The resolutions had already passed the House, only ten members voting in the negative.

The President of the United States having approved the sentence of the military commission, which condemned to death James S. Roberts, of Yazoo county, Miss., for the killing of a colored soldier, on or about the 18th of October last; he will be hung to-day, Jan. 26th. General Osterhause is charged with the execution of the order.

The Lynchburg, Va., News, says the negroes in that section appear to be generally desirous of engaging in regular business for the year, and large numbers of them are daily entering into contracts with the farmers. The wages paid, range from $60 to $80 a year, with which the negroes are perfectly satisfied.

The population of Boston is 192,324, of whom 66,200 are of foreign birth, and 2,037 are colored.

A census taken by the Freedmen's Bureau shows that there are over 23,000 colored persons in the city of Washington.

The Treasury Department is now paying the interest due Jan. 15, on the 7-30 bonds—the total amount of such interest being $7,000,000.

An Anti-Registration Law Convention was held at Baltimore on the 24th. Montgomery Blair presided, and made a speech condemning the efforts to elevate the negro.

Gen. Pope's order dishonorably discharging, with loss of pay, 93 men of the 17th Illinois cavalry, on charge of mutiny at Fort Leavenworth, has been revoked by the War Department, and the men will be furnished with honorable discharges, and full pay.

A revival of religion of much interest is in progress in Henry, Marshall county. A number of persons have made a profession of religion.

In Paxton, Ford, county, forty-two new business houses and professional offices were opened within nine months previous to the first day of January, A. D. 1866, and all are in successful operation.

A decided movement is being made in Bloomington for the establishment in that city of a large woolen factory. The Pantagraph says: "There is enough wool raised in McLean county annually, to keep running a large establishment. We were told a short time ago, that twenty thousand dollars have been offered for a start, and that as much more capital can readily be found.

The freight train of the Chicago, Jacksonville and St. Louis Railroad, ran off the track about six miles south of Carrollton, on Thursday evening, smashing up two cars loaded with hogs for the St. Louis market, and delayed the passenger train until nearly midnight.

Crawford, the filibuster, has been arrested by order of Gen. Sheridan, and sent to Fort Jackson.

The Warren Independent says that a son of M. M. Yeakle, of that place, fell on the ice last week, breaking both bones of one arm, about two inches above the wrist joint.

Ex-United States Senator and ex-rebel, Robert Toombs, of Georgia, has removed to Havana, is rich and enjoys himself hugely, notwithstanding his disappointment in not being able to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument.

A woman entered a sleeping car a few days since at Dunleith, having in her arms a child three or four days old. Arriving at Freeport she stepped out and disappeared, leaving the infant in the car. A Freeport watchman took the infant into custody.

Gen. King, commanding the District of Augusta, Ga., while driving out of the city, last week, in company with his wife and another lady and gentleman, was met by highway robbers, who deliberately unharnessed the horses from his carriage and rode off with them.

The Secretary of the Interior reports that, in cities of the United States having a population of 10,000 and upwards (the number of such places being 102,) the capital employed in manufactures is $417,129,234; number of hands employed 410,920; females 147,000;—value of products $374,934,827. The value of products in Chicago is put at $11,000,000.

The Cotton Crop of Illinois.

The remarkable increase within four years in the shipments of cotton from points in Southern Illinois, is shown from the fact that the shipments from nine of the stations on the Illinois Central Railroad amounted in 1862 to 6,770 pounds, and in 1865 to 1,581,460 pounds. The following figures show the constant and rapid increase:

Year.	Pounds.
1862	6,770
1863	91,597
1864	384,480
1865	1,581,460

The yield for 1865 is equal to three thousand bales, worth over half a million dollars.

Written for the Alton Telegraph.

HOPE RAYNOR.

BY EDNA BELL.

"Hope I cannot stay here; I am going away, but could not without seeing and bidding you good-bye, my darling sister."

"What do you mean, Spencer; why are you going, and where?" and the fair sweet face of Hope Raynor was raised inquiringly to the clouded one bending lovingly above—a face shadowed with sorrow not unmingled with anger.

They two were standing within the shadows of the beautiful maples forming an avenue up to the old farm house, contrasting strongly the dark hair and the bright golden curls shading deep black eyes, lucid windows to a sinful soul, and blue ones, emblems of the possessor's pure guileless spirit. His reply, bitterly spoken, banished the boyish look upon his face, and the demon passion usurped the throne where a moment before love reigned in his heart, that love for his sister, the only holy gleam in Spencer Raynor's character.

"And you ask me why I go, when you see daily and hourly my father's injustice. He deprives me of every pleasure, compels me work as though I were a beggar's boy instead of Judge Raynor's only son. I will no longer bear it. The why, you are answered; the where, I know not; but the morning will find me a wanderer toward the distant city. My arrangements are all made, Black Knight is saddled, and this evening we leave together, never to return unless I am recalled by terms that will suit my profligate mind, as father is pleased to call my character."

"Oh, Spencer, Spencer, how can you speak of him in that manner? Father is very kind, and if stern, is also just;" and Hope threw her arms around him as with an impatient gesture he turned away. "Remember," she continued, "how he has given you every advantage, that you might become a worthy member of society—purchasing with gold the lenity of the College Faculty, when you, by acts of insubordination, would have been expelled; and when graduating without honor, gave you a position in his office, hoping you would, at home, free from the temptation then surrounding you, become true to your God and yourself; and how did it prove? You gave no attention to business—impatient under the least restraint, you won from the kindest and most indulgent of parents the first angry words he ever addressed to a child. I have plead with you hour after hour, my brother, but all in vain; and this is the end—yet not the end. I tremble for your future far away amid the associations you will form. Do not go; oh, do not leave us;" and tear-drops fell upon the clasped hands as Hope, in her earnestness, knelt before the brother who stood unmoved by her passionate grief.

"I cannot, will not stay; it is useless to urge me. The Judge will wait long and vainly, I fear, for the books he commissioned me to bring from the office. Tell him it will be useless to search for me, as I will not return; and now, sister 'Good-bye.'"

The last gleam of light rested upon them for a moment, as they were clasped in a long and lasting embrace—the next, Hope, pale and tearful, heard the ringing steps of Black Knight, her brother's favorite horse, upon the paved walk leading down the avenue to the street, as they went out into the darkness, and as he passed the opening through the trees, she saw him wave a last adieu to the home of his boyhood and youth. Fainter and fainter grew the hoof strokes, then died away leaving in the silence, a weary pain in her heart and shadow on her brow. Thoughts of her father alone and wasting his return, aroused her, and walking up to the house and through the hall, paused at the open door of the library, where they had spent so many happy hours, allayed by the thought of the erring son and brother. The firelight gleaming brightly through the grate, rendered visible every object upon which her glance rested. Her father sat with his head bowed forward, in his accustomed seat, and she knew his thoughts were far away in the past; that memory was busy with the sorrows of his life, shadowing every later year; again the fair young bride of his early manhood was beside him in that very room, humble then in its finish and furnishing, for his manhood came bringing to him years of toil, before he won his present position. Very happy were those years. The love light grew strong again in his eyes, the lines of care softened, as he lived in imagination those days; together they toiled, each year crowned with success and with wealth, their home became luxurious; then came another blessing to their home and hearts; the little Spencer, innocent and pure, another bond between them, and in grateful humility they prayed for wisdom to guide him aright amid the sin and temptation of life. All too swiftly, scene after scene passed before his spirit's vision, and he is kneeling within a shadowed room beside his dying wife. "My husband," and a caressing arm drew his head down upon her bosom, beside the tiny one nestling there, "all unconcious that in the book of life, her name just traced, would so soon be written Motherless." "It is hard to part now, but God wills and I am willing to go; be very kind to my motherless boy; and our babe, call her Hope for my sake; may God bless you my husband, meet me in Heaven.

The love-light faded in the closing eye, the hand ceased its caressing touch, and the wife and mother, falling asleep beneath the tears of man's bitter, unavailing grief, awoke with the angels.

Up through child and girlhood, the fair browed, blue-eyed babe grew to womanhood, daily and hourly more like his dead wife—the one great joy and blessing of his life—his Hope. Was the mother's eyes unveiled that, looking far out into futurity, she bestowed upon the infant a name prophetic of its life-work? And the wayward, spirited boy, upon whom the father looked with feelings of pride and ambition, changed to the wilful, passionate youth, and the words "be very kind to my motherless boy," lingered as the father, under their influence, endeavored to fulfil the dying mother's wish, and becoming over indulgent, the son entered upon life aimless, careless of the opportunities bestowed, disobedient and ungrateful, receiving all the favors love could suggest or wealth purchase. The lines of sorrow around the quivering lips grew stern, and with a sigh the prematurely aged man bowed his head upon the thin fingers clasped upon the table before him. The furrows of care upon his brow; the silvery hair gleaming in the fire-light, testified of a score of years more than Time had traced upon its tablet. The lips parted, and he murmured slowly, "God bless you, my Hope, my darling Hope; and my boy! oh, God protect and bless——;" the voice breathing the petition was sad and low, and ceased ere it was finished. The angel that mortals call Death had borne with the earth-weary spirit to Heaven the soul's last prayer, a blessing for him who had gone out from his home to trace a downward pathway, unrestrained by parental authority or sisterly love. Well was it for the dead that the summons came quickly, ere he should learn how depraved his first born might be.

Hope Raynor saw all this, and with a low cry sprang forward, knelt, clasping the hand chilling her own, with its damp seal of death. The shadows deepened around the living and the dead; the fire, unnoticed, flickered and went out in darkness, and still tearless in her great grief, Hope lingered, as though reluctant to be parted from all that remained to her of kindred. Then arousing, summoned the attendants to robe the clay in the habiliments of the grave.

At midnight she stole noiselessly in, and pressing kiss after kiss upon the cold lips and pallid brow, seated herself to pen a few lines to her brother, pleading all that love and grief could dictate, begging him to return to her, now doubly bereaved. Folding, she directed it to the city, trusting to Providence that it would be received. Days passed, then down through the avenue a long funeral cortege wound its way to the cemetery. A large procession followed Judge Raynor to his last home. Just to all, generous to those who needed friends, universal mourning testified to the worth of the departed.

A week flitted by, and no tidings of the absent one, until one evening a stranger was announced, desiring a conference with Miss Raynor. She assented, and, entering, he introduced himself as Charles Harwood, from New York, Spencer Raynor's attorney. And this was her brother's only acknowledgement of their terrible affliction! With a vain attempt at composure, she presented a card, informing him that it was the address of her father's late partner, who held all the papers relating to the estate, and who would attend to the business whenever called upon. It was settled, giving to Hope the homestead, and all contained therein, sacred to her by memory of the dead; Spencer having, through his lawyer, resigned all claim upon it, asking only one-half of the wealth in bank stock left by his father's decease; but no word from him direct, and when, for the last time previous to his return to the city, Charles Harwood passed down the hall, she felt that the last link was severed that bound her to her brother.

Nearly a twelvemonth had elapsed, and no tidings of the absent one. Morning and evening had prayers arose to the Throne of Grace for blessings to rest upon him—deep, earnest prayer from a sister's heart. Addressing his lawyer, the replies had been unsatisfactory: and this evening, seated in the room hallowed by sacred associations, she was living in retrospect the days and months of the past year. Mechanically she opened at random a volume in her hand—one that had been her daily companion—and read words of peace and comfort: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, he will give it you." Faith in her soul accepted the promise, and with eyes raised to Heaven, with clasped hands, she breathed the prayer,—"Oh, my Father, pleading the promise of Thy Son, I crave Thy blessing to rest upon my brother; in Thine infinite love and mercy, grant him grace to resist temptation, deliver him from evil, and, oh, God, wherever he may be to-night, send Thy Holy Spirit to turn his footsteps into the paths of virtue. I ask it for the blessed Redeemer's sake. Amen." Her heart grew calm. Trusting her Savior, she felt the petition was heard and granted.

Far away in the great city, in a brilliantly lighted hall, silent as the tomb, except the monotonous click of Fate's unerring finger, and, as each game ended, the slow, measured tones of the banker, repeating the regularly recurring words, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game," pallid faces, and faces flushed with wine or exultation, looked down upon the carved marble figures, marking what seemed to them fortunate numbers, gleaming purely white in their jet black surroundings. Amid that dissolute group, as sinful and degraded as the lowest, stood Spencer Raynor. The twelve months might have been years, so changed was he since his self exile. Staking largely and recklessly, he had lost. Detaching from his guard a jeweled locket, toying carelessly with it, unconsciously opened and looked down into the blue eyes raised sorrowfully to his. Never before had that look dwelt upon the pictured face of his sister. It was her last gift to him when entering college, then guiltless of what the world calls crime. Better thoughts were stirring in his soul as he saw his watch swept aside, with thousands already lost. "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game." Spencer Raynor hesitated. The good angel seemed about to gain the victory; a sneer from his opponent maddened him; the demon still reigned, and with an oath, he flung the locket upon the mystic surface, seemingly leagued against him. Striking a hitherto unknown spring, a slip of paper fell in distinct relief, outside the magic circle. He raised it eagerly, and read: "May God bless and protect you, my darling brother; and wherever you go, remember Hope is praying for you. Pray for me," he murmured, "fallen and depraved as I am?—God pity me!" and the Holy Spirit entered his heart, and ere the wheel of fortune had decided the venture, he snatched the locket and passed into the street, closing behind him a door over whose threshold his foot would never pass again. Remorse and repentance were busy in his heart. His life rose vividly before him, up to the evening nearly a year before when his sister knelt before him, and he spurned her love, her earnest pleadings; his bitter hatred of his father, who was mercifully spared the agony his wrong doing would have brought, his death hastened by his base conduct. His entrance into the city, participating in every amusement, nearing gradually the invisible line between that and crime, crossing it, made rapid strides in the downward course, grasping the bubbles of pleasure, they burst, leaving nothing but disappointment, clasping the fruit along his path, like Dead Sea apples, fair to the sight, but ashes within, he had sipped the dregs of iniquity, and saved at last by words written years before.

The anniversary of his departure came, and unobserved by the fair occupant, Spencer Raynor entered the library, and pausing before his sister, aroused her from her reverie, saying—"Hope, the prodigal has returned; will you, can you forgive him?" Looking up with surprise and pleasure, as she recognized the familiar tones, and seeing tears dimming the no longer flashing eye, Hope Raynor knew her prayer was answered.

BROOKLYN, IOWA.

Prosperity North, Adversity South.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

The North is prosperous, more prosperous, it is said, than it ever was before. Petroleum, war contracts, the market afforded during the war for its manufactures, and the products of the soil, all conspired to increase its wealth. Its canals, railroads, and all other works of internal improvement are in perfect order. The domestic establishments, the equipages, the dress and appointments of the people are all on a scale of elegance hitherto unknown. The hotels, restaurants, saloons, theatres, as indeed all places of accommodation and amusement, are luxurious and attractive to an extent that is surprising. Many of both sexes are tempted from the plainer pleasures of home to the countless places of amusement, some innocent, some guilty—with which the Northern cities are filled. The report of the Board of Police for New York city shows that the saloons alone of that city muster nearly two regiments of handsome waiter girls, numbering twelve hundred, equipped with all the meretricious charms and blandishments that women of that class know so well how to make effective. The total number of these saloons is 223, the number of visitors per day is set down at 29,950, and receipts per week at $31,502. This is but one item of luxury and extravagance in one of the northern cities. The police report informs us that the number of these "daughters of perdition is rapidly increasing;" that their dupes and victims are counted by thousands, and are men who move in "the best, most cultivated and highest circles of society." These twelve hundred "daughters of perdition" are women who have not quite lost all shame. The numerous dens of iniquity, where all shame and modesty are thrown aside, ambitiously attempt to supply their place by all the glittering attractions of luxury and magnificence.

This luxury and extravagance prevails throughout the whole North. How different the picture presented by the South!

The South is badly off, worse off by far than it ever was, or we trust than it ever will be again. It lost all it owned but its lands and houses—and many persons lost these. Its currency and securities, in which all its people were interested, perished in an hour. Its horses, cattle and poultry even, were destroyed. Its farms were in many localities as effectually desolated as if an army of locusts had devoured them. Its negroes, to the value of two thousand millions of dollars, were set free. Its railroads and other public works were broken up. The elegant equipages that were seen before the war are no longer seen. The few that remain belong to strangers who have come among us, or to fancy men to whom a fine turn out is a sort of sign or advertisement. There is no display of dress, and no attempt to follow the fashions. Dwelling houses look old and dilapidated. The furniture is defaced and broken. The places of amusement are for the most part closed, and the hotels are plain, modest and unpretending. There are fortunately no magnificent saloons, no pretty waiter girls to allure young men to their ruin.—There are drinking shops, and an abundance of them—but they do not resort to such auxiliaries to make them attractive. There is no extravagance, no attempt at display. The people are poor and have the good sense to practice a rigid economy.

Our vices are not the vices generated by an inflated prosperity. They are those developed by privation and poverty. We are now learning those lessons taught in the severe school of affliction, and it will, perhaps, be all the better for us in the end that we had so rough a beginning. Economy, frugality, industry, punctuality and morality are at present forced upon us by the necessities of our situation. We hope that they will become the habits and the governing principles of our lives, so that should we once more be blessed with prosperity—and these are the means by which it is attained—we will know how to enjoy, without abusing it.

Beer in Chicago.

The different breweries in the city of Chicago have just made their reports to the Internal Revenue officer for the year ending December 30, 1865. The number of barrels of beer manufactured amount to 192,338, and on this there is a tax paid of $192,338.

This amount, reduced to gallons, exhibits six million nine hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of ales and beers, made, sold, and consumed in Chicago.

Taking these figures into calculation, it is not surprising that the inhabitants of this precocious and overgrown young city should always appear to be inflated and overflowing with fresh and brandy.

XXXIXth CONGRESS—First Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, January 24.—Mr. Wilson offered a joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting payment for slaves or of any other debt contracted in behalf of the rebellion. Referred to Committee on Judiciary.

Samuel J. Kirkwood was sworn in a Senator from Iowa until March 3d, 1867.

Bill to enlarge powers of Freedman's Bureau was taken up.

Mr. McDougal spoke against the measure.

Mr. Davis moved to strike out that portion of the bill which confirms the titles given by Sherman to the Sea Island land for three years. He also opposed the bill. The Senate refused to strike out—10 against 32.

Mr.