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STATE RIGHTS DEMOCRAT.

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Quarrelling Over the Negro.

The Cincinnati Commercial, the leading Abolition organ of that city, thus takes issue with the New York Anti Slavery Standard upon the question of negro suffrage.

The Anti Slavery Standard takes high grounds on the question of universal suffrage. It regards suffrage not only as an inalienable right, but holds it to be treason against God's Government to withhold it from any human being whose hands are formed.

It is an inalienable right, inherent in man, will the Standard please say whether a Government has for a moment withheld it from any human being, male or female, who arrives in the United States, and declares his, or her, intention to become a citizen thereof.

In other words, are not naturalization laws in the nature of high treason against God's Government? Certainly, it would be injustice of the rankiest kind to the foreigner were he deprived of life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, when he landed at New York, unless for crime, and yet, if suffrage is as much an inalienable right as any or all of these, is not the same abstract injustice done him, and the same treason committed by depriving him of it for an hour, as would be done were he incarcerated without cause? Let us be consistent in this matter.

Inalienable rights belong to all men, of all nations. We cannot set up laws discriminating against their enjoyment and exercise, because the individual happens to have been born in Ireland, or Italy, or any other of the United States. But if he is entitled to the one and enjoyment of one, because it is inalienable, he is entitled to the use and enjoyment of all that are inalienable.

Down with naturalization laws then. Give the Irishman, the German, the Swede, the Italian, the Frenchman, the use of the ballot the moment he lands on our soil, and declares himself hereafter a citizen of the United States. If the right is inalienable, it is rank injustice to withhold it from a young man till he is twenty-one. He is capable of exercising it at a much earlier date. No law denies him the enjoyment of all other inalienable rights, and he is free to exercise them the moment he has the capacity and desire to do so.

Why, then, make an arbitrary definition of time at which he is privileged to use this right, and before which it is convenient for him to exercise it. Let the laws be so reformed that the youth of the land may vote the moment he knows enough to deposit the ballot.

Then there are the women, who, if permitted to vote, would arrive at the legal privilege three years earlier than the males. Why are they cruelly, wickedly, and monstrously deprived of the exercise of our inalienable right? They do this in Australia—once the Botany Bay of English criminals. Isn't it high treason against God's Government to withhold the right of suffrage from them? What has the Standard been doing these thirty years, that it has not stipulated the subject? It might have done something for the disfranchised white women of the North, even though it could not accomplish much for the oppressed blacks of the South.

Inalienable rights are universal rights, belonging to all men and all women. If the right of suffrage is an inalienable right, it is equally so for the woman, and she is equally entitled to it, except for crime. It is of opinion that the argument of the Standard proves too much, and involves it in absurdities from which no logic or sophistry can release it.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.—The Philadelphia Ledger has the following from its Washington correspondent:

I had from authoritative sources that the radicals are arming their batteries heavily for the great contest they are determined to carry at the next session of Congress. President Johnson, they assert, is not carrying out the principles upon which he was elected, and it is the determination of these gentlemen that no other principles shall govern, if they can help it. One of the most radical of the old Senators has even gone so far as to declare his intention of bringing a bill of impeachment soon after the meeting of Congress, and advocating it with all his accustomed energy and determination.

The President, it is well known, is not mindful of the fanciful war-cloud that is rising, but he has cast his anchors upon a safe bottom, and no apprehension need be felt for the safety of either ship or pilot.

OILY GAMMON ON THE ABOLITION PARTY.

An able satirist in one of the Eastern papers thus hits off the deception and dishonesty, the inconsistency and unconstitutionality of the policy adged upon by the party in power:

We have accomplished a great work, but much remains to be done, before we can establish firmly the great principles of our party. We have made slaves of six millions of people who have always been our enemies, and we have made four millions of freemen, whom we must make our friends. The first thing to be done is to drop the name of Republican, and take the name of Union. The present popularity of that name may last long enough for us to fix ourselves so firmly in power as to defy opposition. It is true, we have never been able to retain any name long at a time, because some how or another our principles and our measures have always shown themselves to be unpopular and thrust us out of power.

We began as Federalists, then National Republicans, then Union men, then Free Soilers, then Native Americans, then Know Nothings, then Republicans—and now we have come back to Union men. All these names we have, by turns, brought into contempt with the masses. Now, while our name is popular, we must manage so to secure our power that the masses shall not have power to turn us out. We have the purse and the sword in our hands; we must manage to keep them.

There are several subjects which must be managed with great care and adroitness to secure our success. The first is the question of negro suffrage. They must have the privilege of voting, or they are entitled to vote if anybody is, because they are the men who have enabled us to crush the rebellion, and secure the great power we now possess. Did not our great, good and lamented Lincoln declare that "to dispense with the services of the negro troops would be to give up the contest?" What our white soldiers could not effect our negro soldiers most gloriously accomplished. They are therefore entitled to vote. But it is not so much what they are entitled to, as what we want and must have, that is to be considered. We want and must have their votes to set off against the votes of the poor white men. We can make a valuable use of it, too, in another way. We can use them as a base to introduce a property qualification for voters, and if we can effect this, we disfranchise the "poor white trash" who always vote against us.

But we must not commit ourselves to this now. It might prevent us from being able to accomplish it. It might drive off many who are now supporting us. We can make nothing by it; all who are in favor of it will vote for us any how, because they know they have nothing to hope from our opponents; they know it is our interest to adopt that measure when we can, and they know we do not hesitate to deceive anybody to secure our interest. Off may we go, then, to help us by their votes now, but when we get the power, we can adopt it, and their votes will make up for what we lose by it.

There is another question which will give us great trouble, and upon which, unless we manage it with great skill, we are in danger of shipwreck. It is fraught with danger and difficulty. I allude to the exemption of Government securities from taxation. It must be saved at all hazards. One of our greatest men said, "let the Government take care of the rich; the rich will take care of the poor." This is the doctrine; we must impress it upon the people. We must especially ring all the changes upon the horrors of reputation, and there is a strong and growing aversion to this exemption, and the people have feelings and opinions that it is very hard to answer. I heard the other day a very plain-looking man talking very strongly against the injustice of it, and as there were several listening very attentively to him, I thought I would put in a word in his defense. So I said to him, "My friend, don't you know that Congress has passed a law that these securities shall not be taxed by the States?" He replied, "Yes, I know it; but I know it is unjust, and it is the first time I ever heard it claimed that the Constitution gives Congress the power to say what property a State shall or shall not tax. It has the right to say that a State shall not tax one sort of property, it has a right to say it shall not tax another. If there is any property it has the right to exempt from taxation, it is the Government lands—yet it has never claimed that right, but has always made a bargain to that effect."

"But if you tax these bonds they will be sold out of the State, and that much capital be driven out."

"Well, I suppose they will get the value of them in money or some other property that will pay taxes, and even if they don't, I see no good that property does the State which pays no taxes."

"But, my friend, you will not have the plighted faith of the country violated, and besides, you know the Government could not have got as much for these bonds if Congress had not promised that they should not be taxed."

"The faith of the country is not plighted to this inquiry. Congress had no right to pass such a law, and nobody is bound by it either in law or morals. I know that all you people that stayed at home and speculated upon and made fortunes out of the misfortunes of the country, make a great fuss about the plighted faith of the country, and talk mighty loud about the disgrace of repudiation, but I never hear any of that sort except where it is to help the rich and privileged classes. There are thousands of men in the army who entered it for the war; the war is over and has been for months, the men want to go home to their families, but they dare not do it at the risk of being shot as deserters. I don't hear any of you complaining of the violation of the

plighted faith of the country. I went into the army four years ago. The Government promised to pay me in money as good as gold. Last year they paid me in forty cents on the dollar. When they paid me off two months ago, it took a dollar and fifty cents to make a dollar. I don't hear any of you complaining of the violation of the plighted faith of the Government in this. You, at such an age, stayed at home and speculated, and got fat Government contracts and got these bonds; some of them you paid for in currency worth thirty-five cents on the dollar, and from that up to ninety. You know as well as I do that the Government has not issued a bond since the war commenced for which it received a hundred cents on the dollar in gold; and besides, many of you got these bonds by selling worthless or inferior articles to the Government for three or four prices, and now you want to tax us, who have done the fighting and the suffering, and pay you your full amount of money, and even more."

"I came home two months ago, after having been absent four years. My youngest child, nearly four years old, I saw for the first time. I found my wife looking ten years older than when I left her, from anxiety and her hard work to support herself and the children, with the help I could give her from my pay; and even with this, she had to sell most of our stock. Before I went into the army we had the comforts of life around us; now, however, but a very little left us—but one have four years of hard work, exposure and fighting have left me less able to work than I would have been had I stayed at home. You all say we have served the country, and talk and speak a great deal of the gratitude of the country to us. But what have we saved? And where is the gratitude? All of us have lost property—many have lost life, and of those who have returned, many have lost health and limbs. What do we find? We cannot get work to do that will support our families. If we go into any business, we must first pay a license to the Government. If we should, by good luck, happen to make in a year more than six hundred dollars in any way, we must pay to the Government a tax of five dollars on the hundred for all over six hundred dollars, and even that make may not be enough to support our families. We cannot cut, drink, or wear anything but what is heavily taxed, and when we die, our wives and children cannot divide the little property we leave without first paying to the Government one dollar on every hundred of its value; and then we have heavy State and County taxes to pay besides. I do not see how we are to live. All this we are to suffer, that speculators and thieves may be made rich off our labor. You all blow a great deal about the glory and the benefits of the war. I cannot see it. I don't see what we, who have done the fighting and the suffering, have made, or are likely to make by it. There is not one of the rank and file who is not worse off. I have suffered and lost enough—and for one, I am not willing that I and my children, and their children after them, shall be ground into the dust and made slaves to man's insatiable greed, and their children who did not strike a blow in the war."

I did not think I was making anything by this discussion, and I left. I did not know how to answer him; and, besides, he was getting a little excited. But we must manage somehow to answer these things, or to keep them out of the discussion.

I wrote these things to you to let you know how the thing is going. This must be shown only to the intelligent heads of our party, and to those who are not overly squeamish, for these things will have their effect with the ignorant, and even with some of the intelligent, who are squeamish about what they call justice. Perhaps I may write again.

Yours, as ever, OILY GAMMON.

AN ABOLITION VIEW.—The New York Evening Post, one of the ablest Abolition organs in the whole country, after discussing the policy of President Johnson on reconstruction, adds:

Should the policy of the President then fail, the determination of matters will be left to the Congress, which will be in a mood. Many of the members of that body already hold to the theory that the insurgent States have destroyed their State organizations, and reduced themselves to the condition of Territories. Many others insist that the whole body of the people who took part in the war, became thereby, as our courts have decided, alien enemies, forfeiting their rights, and putting themselves out of the pale of citizenship, which can only be restored by an act of pardon or an act of naturalization. These theories are, perhaps, not popular now; but they can be made so before November next. Let the fair and kindly disposition of the North meet with no corresponding response; let it be turned back with insolence, indifference, or hostility, and it is easy to see the result. Disappointment will provoke exasperation, and exasperation lead to acts. The generous policy will cease to find favor; doctrines of Federal supremacy and of the need of Federal interposition will get into vogue; the strong arm of military force will be exerted; and for years to come, the Southern States, which have now an opportunity of embarking on a career of freedom and prosperity, will sink into mere territorial dependencies, if not subjected to an ignominious military vassalage.

A Greek maid being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied: "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase; a heart unspiced with virtue without stain, which is all I inherit from my parents."

CHAMBERLAIN.—The noted guerrilla chief has been assailed. He proved to be nearly as bad and brutal a man as Stanton. The latter is not hung yet however.

CONCERNING SPONGES.—A FIVE-DOLLAR ARTICLE.

Most persons who have their birth in a Christian land, who are at all observing in their habits, and who do not belong to that political party known as the "great unwashed," have some idea, more or less distinct, of the appearance and qualities of the sponge. The distinguishing characteristic of the sponge is its capacity for absorbing water. It has great imbibing power. In this it is second only to the habits of a city rat scum or a village tavern. The learned tell us that it is an animal, and, if so, it must be like the Irishman's alligator—a haste that was all mouth except his tail, and that was mouth too."

It is because of the wonderful capacity for absorption with which some men are endowed by nature, or acquired by long and successful practice, that they have been denominated sponges. Such persons have the faculty of the skill of imbibing all that is necessary for their maintenance, either in a physical, mental or moral point of view, with a few words, an anecdote, or a sort of air which is wonderful to behold. For instance, in the first year of my ministry I am a Baptist minister, reader—a man drove up to my gate one terribly rainy afternoon, threw the reins over his horse's neck and knocked at my door. I opened it, and he said:

"Yes, sir, the Rev. Mr. Gladus."

"Well, Br. G., my name is Elmer Sponger. I am on my way to the general association and I thought I would stop over night with you. I'm very wet, so please take my horse to your stable, give him eight or ten ears of corn and run my buggy under cover."

Dear reader, I was greener than I am now, and did it. When I came back to the house I found Br. S. comfortably seated, with his muddy boots on the round of one of my parlor chairs, and his dripping umbrella standing upon the pretty rug my wife was at so much pains to make. I went into the kitchen just in time to hear that lady tell our little hired girl to go to the store, a quarter of a mile away, and get some black tea, for Br. S. had told her he couldn't drink tea. We kept that man two days, and when I arrived at the general association, he treated him very shabbily. He carried the boots of every Baptist in Ohio. He said their stock of chickens became so reduced by the visits of the traveling agents of the Spongers, that he had to get a rooster, who became so suspicious that the instant he caught sight of a Br. Sponger coming over the brow of the hill, with wide extended wings and yellow beak, he would scatter the dust in clouds behind him, he would, each, cackling at the top of his voice, "My turn next—my turn next!"

I have already alluded to the air with which the Sponger infused himself upon you. He really seems to think he is doing you a great favor, and that you ought to be thankful to him for the sense of honor done you by his visit. Mrs. Gladus can't stand that. Mrs. G. is a very nice woman, but not long ago she expressed herself to me somewhat forcibly in this wise:

"I didn't care so much about that man (the Br. Sponger) staying here a week, or about his blacking his boots on the window sill, or making me get soft-boiled eggs at least for him every morning. I could stand his detestable sanctimonious snuff when he prayed, but to think of his squeezing my hand when he left, and telling me it must afford me great pleasure to carry out the Apostolic injunction in Hebrews 13:2; and that I would receive my reward; that I can't stand, and won't stand, there now!"

If these sponges were always upon religious or denominational business it would not be quite so bad, but generally they are peddling books, selling reapers or hawking rat-traps about the country. It is astonishing what demands they will make of one. I once received a letter like this:

SPONGEVILLE, Aug. 5.
REV. MR. GLADUS.—DEAR BROTHER: I am a Baptist in good standing, and an engaged in the commission business. Can you inform me what is the price of beans in your village? An early answer will greatly oblige.

Yours in the bonds of Gospel love,
A. SPONGE.

The following was my reply:
MR. A. SPONGE.—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 1st is received. No. Send me a stamp for the postage of this letter.

Yours, &c., GLADUS.

A still more summary dealing is that of my friend, Rev. Muscular Christian. My friend boards at the village hotel, and not long since he was visited by a tall, solemn-looking individual, who announced himself as the general agent of the Aurora Herald aid commission, for supplying the inhabitants of the north pole with palm leafhoppers and ice cream freezers. He also said that he supposed it was convenient for him to stay there until he could present the subject to the churches.

"Certainly, the landlord will be happy to entertain you," blandly responded my friend.

"Ah, yes, but I want to stop with you. I always stop with the minister."

"Well, I will let you occupy one of my rooms for a dollar and a half a day."

"But I don't mean that. I mean for you to entertain me as other ministers do; they don't charge me anything."

"With that my friend turned and looked him square in the face and said:

"What is your salary, sir?"

"Two thousand dollars a year and my expenses paid."

"Well, sir, my salary is just eight hundred dollars a year, and if you don't leave

this room instanter I shall proceed to put you out!" ejaculated the general agent, lifting up his hands in holy horror, "is that the spirit of the Gospel, is this fulfilling the injunction of the apostle, 'As much as lieth within you, live peaceably with all men?'"

"May-be-not," replied my friend. "But I am very sure the apostle never meant all men to live with me, and I interpret the text to mean, 'As much as don't belong to you, put 'em out,' and I shall immediately proceed from the exposition to the application unless you leave."

The general agent left. Reader, don't understand me as endorsing the Rev. Muscular Christian's course. I must say that I think it a little severe. I have in contemplation a milder remedy. I propose buying a six pounder, planting it before my front gate, and loading it with a blank cartridge. When Br. Sponger makes his appearance, I will touch it off. This, I think, in most cases, scare him. But if he should continue to evince, in any way, a willingness to execute a masterly retreat to the barn, where I shall have enough provisions stored to last me until the enemy raises the siege and retires.

The New York Democracy.

We have already shown in these columns the spurious character of the so-called "Democratic" ticket and platform formed in New York. It is well to notice what Abolitionists say of the body who made them. The Albany Evening Journal thus speaks of it:

The Convention which put forward this platform was not enthusiastic. But it was eminently practical. In the language of a leading member, it was intended "to go in and win at any cost." So long as war prevailed these party managers were peace men; now that the strife has ceased, they are for the vigorous presentation of the war; they outvie their opponents in the show of enthusiasm with which they wave the Union banner; they earnestly endorse the measures by which our flag has been carried in triumph over the South. With slavery in existence, they were its earnest defenders—never abandoning the system so long as it had a spark of life in its career; now that slavery is vanishing, they ground, they resolve themselves entirely satisfied with its overthrow. They would have nominated Horace Greeley for Secretary of State, and adopted Wendell Phillips' last speech as a platform, if such measures had been deemed essential to success. Methodist societies come to his new work in the disguise of a saint. We shall look with some curiosity to see how the rank and file will take this abandonment of almost everything they have been accustomed to hurray for and swear by.

They can only know that their platform or ticket is "Democratic" by its label, and by the two or three "ear-marks" which are stamped upon it. The "Democratic" platform and national indebtedness. It is best for the Union party to understand at the outset of the campaign, that our opponents have taken the strongest position possible for them to occupy.

The character and work of the "Democratic" Convention remind us of a little illustration in the form of a fable. A wolf caught a skunk, and was about to slay him when the skunk said, "Don't kill me, I'm a wolf." "You are a wolf! Let me hear you bark." "I can't bark, because I've got a bad cold." "But your clothes don't look like a wolf's." "Oh, mine were stolen; these are my little cousin's." "But you haven't a wolf's ears." "Because my ears were trimmed." The wolf, half convinced, was about to leave, when he suddenly stopped, sniffed the atmosphere a moment, and exclaimed, "You may have had a wolf and wear the clothes of a wolf, and show the ears of a wolf, but no wolf ever had such a d—d bad smell about him as you." And so, the poor skunk died.

Setting the Mines.

The San Francisco Call, an Abolition organ, in a recent leader on the right of the Federal Government to take possession of all the mineral and mining lands in the whole country, gave expression to the following view of that subject:

Suppose the Administration does intend to take such a step—what is there wicked about it? The present Administration has been legally selected by the people to administer the affairs of the country. It is conceded on all hands that about all of the gold and silver lands in the country, belong to the United States. They are its property. The Government, as well as individuals, has a right to do what it pleases with its own property. It may either sell or give it away, or even allow others to work it without charge. Either disposition is purely a question of policy on the part of those intrusted by the people with the duty of managing the affairs of the Government and of disposing and taking care of Government property.

How do the owners and workers in our extensive gold and silver mines like this?

THE END OF THE WORLD.—A British army officer, Captain W. A. Baker, of the Royal Bombay Engineers, has at last selected an often-disputed date—the year in which world will come to an end. In a work just published in England, entitled "The Day of the Hour, or, Notes on Prophecy," a Sketch of the Future, extracted from the Bible, he imparts a considerable amount of information which is certainly "important if true." The day of judgment, he tells us, is fixed for Sept. 29, 1878; the hour, sunset; the translation of the Saints having previously taken place, at 1 o'clock in the morning on the 25th of January 1875.

An honest Hibernian, trundling along a hand-cart containing all his movables, was accosted by "Well, Patrick, you are moving again, is it?" "Faith, I am," he replied; "the times are so hard, it's a d—d cheaper hiring hand-carts than paying rents."

Brutal Treatment of the Negroes by Northern Officers and Civilians.

The Cincinnati Commercial has a correspondent who is travelling through the South on foot. Among other things he mentions the cruelty of the Northern officers and civilians in the Southern States towards the negroes, and contrasts with it the treatment they received at the hands of their old masters and the Southern people generally. We make the following extracts from his correspondence:

I stopped to drink (oh, how sweet water tastes to a foot-traveler in the sunny and sandy South), at a place temporarily occupied by a gentleman of the name of Tatum. Herbert Tatum (I was particular to inquire his name) is a Southern prodigy, being the only man I have yet met in the South, who, upon my plain testimony of the negroes themselves, (for their master was away) fails to share the universal sudden revulsion by the late slave-lords against their emancipated victims. Strange to say, this planter is educating his negroes himself. Strange to say, though impoverished like the rest, he was at the time absent trying to procure arms and still continues, to share with his people the same he eats himself. Further, he does not now, and never did, show any distinction whatever among his servants—had treated all alike—no favorites.

To be sure he had informed his servants of their perfect freedom, and invited to go where they liked, at the same time telling them that if they preferred to remain he would do the best he could by them; that he took back with him to his and their home in Mississippi, and located them in comfortable independence and freedom on the plantation. What wonder that the faithful creatures still cling to such a man? What wonder that while others complain that their abled-bodied negroes are leaving until they are compelled to drive the rest away—these true servants, grateful for a spirit of sincere kindness which I never knew any of this race to possess, have remained, and to ignore—what wonder that they all, little and big, ask nothing but the privilege of remaining, even if they should have to remain as before with such a master?

Opposed to this is the policy generally pursued. Distrust and dislike beget what is appropriate to a slave. How heartily these tropical African natures reciprocate a feeling, whatever it may be. And then when the military forces the fugitives from injustice back into the clutches of the same injustice, what cruelty! What infamy for an United States soldier, at the bidding of one of these white slave holders, to whom the negro has been recommitted—what disgrace to the uniform he wears. I say for the Union soldier to be called upon; and still deeper disgrace for him to be found committing a crime against the negroes—worse than the condition of the negroes—never treated them so badly while they were slaves."

Stopped to chat with a kind-hearted Alabama mistress, about twelve miles out, who said: "Northern masters are always the worst. Two men kept a store on the road near by. They took their meals at a neighbor's house, and meant while left the store unattended, so that the negroes, in their absence, would get in and steal. I had seen some of my negroes with things that I thought could not belong to them, and sent these upon word not to let them come about the store. I pretty soon one of my servants was missed. I was anxious, and my husband went down the road toward the store. On the way, he met these men returning with the missing negro, holding him up between them. As soon as the slave saw my husband, he fell upon his knees, crying, 'O, my massa! O, my massa!' My husband thought he was shamming, for fear of further punishment, (for evidently he had been caught stealing from the store), and taking a cowardly front one of the traders, struck the negro with it, when the poor creature fell back dead. Those Northern traders had been whipping him all night—first one, then the other."

This correspondent thus speaks of the conduct of a Federal officer towards the negroes:

Major Ross Wilkinson is an individual who merits due consideration in this connection. Major Ross Wilkinson, of the 10th Corps, Provost Marshal, has had the immediate military police of all Upper Alabama. You know I mentioned negroes upon the plantations I passed, from Columbus to this place, have been "regulated," to the out-herding of even Southern severity. All that trying up by the thumbs is, it seems, part of a system whose head and instigator was the Provost Marshal, Major Ross Wilkinson. A few days ago, not far from town, three colored girls were stripped of their clothing, and by Union soldiers (under orders of Major Ross Wilkinson) lashed upon the bare back, with a buggy trace—one fifty, one sixty, and the third ninety-nine times, all to use the phrase of the Alabama attorney, "well laid on." A respectable clergyman of this place, who in obedience to a published circular, requesting that the usual functionaries should administer the marital sacrament to negroes, also going to Major Ross Wilkinson, Provost Marshal of the 10th Corps, for permission, in a particular instance, was answered: "You may marry respectable white people, but I'll not permit you to marry niggers. I mean to make an end of niggers. If I had my way entirely I would stop the breed."

These are but his words, as reported to me, and brutal as they are, they are but consistent with his infamous spirit.

In addition we will give the following, extracted from the statement of a correspondent of the New York Independent

(Becher's), who writes from Richmond: "His name is B. F. Stoops, Captain of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Marshal of Fluvanna county, Virginia. I will state one act of this man's cruelty which should be sufficient to give him pre-eminence in the worst days of the Inquisition. I give you the facts as related and related by a responsible gentleman of that county. 'On Tuesday noon I saw a negro man on a wooden horse. The horse was constructed of two boards, that he would prevent his falling.' This gentleman, touched with the suffering of this victim of torture, went to the Marshal to intercede in his behalf, and to remonstrate against this cruel punishment, when that gentleman informed him that his remonstrances would do no good, that he would not take him down if the Lord Jesus Christ himself should come for him. Our informant has since learned that the negro expired from his torture. 'He looked as if he was dying when I saw him.'"

How the Poor are Robbed.

Some three months ago, gold was down to 125, and we seemed fairly on the way to a sound currency. But it is now up to 144, with the prospect of a still further rise. It is by taking advantage of such fluctuations in the value of money, the sharpers and speculators acquire sudden riches; and every dollar that they make, comes out of the earnings of labor. Let us illustrate the operation of our unstable currency by a simple example, intelligible to every laboring man. If, three months ago, when gold was 125, a frugal laborer had put \$100 in a saving bank, the interest at 5 per cent, the usual rate of such institutions, would be one dollar and twenty-five cents. The principal, when he lent it was worth 80 in gold; and now, when it has been repaid, it is worth 100, the principal and interest together amount to less than \$71 in gold, making a dead loss of \$9 in gold or \$13 in our present currency. It is in this way that the people are robbed of the fruits of their labor.

David Webster, more than thirty years ago, described with his habitual vigor of statement, the operation of an inflated, fluctuating currency. What he understood so clearly from history and philosophy, we unhappily know from observation and bitter experience. We commend his impressive language to the earnest attention of the industrious classes; we ask them to mark, as from their own knowledge they can, the truth of his representations. Mr. Webster said:

"The very man of all others who has the most to suffer from the mischief of legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. A depreciated currency changes the prices, paper money falling between morning and night, and falling still lower between noon and night, these things constitute the very hardest race of speculators, and of the whole race of those who are at once idle and crafty; and of that other race, too, the Catalanes, of all times, marked, so as to be known forever by one stroke of the historian's pen, men greedy of other men's property and prodigal of their own. Capitalists may criticise such times. They may either prey on the earnings of labor by their cent, or per cent, or they may hoard. But the laboring man—what can he do? Preying on nobody, he becomes the prey of all. His property is in his hands. His reliance, his productive force, his all, is his labor. Whether he work on his small capital or another's, his living is still earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated and debased, whether it be adulterated coin, or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for a country whose laws cheat him out of his bread."

MARVELOUS COPY OF THE BIBLE.—A few years since there was exhibited at New York a marvelous specimen of handwriting, it being no less than a complete transcription of the Holy Bible on parchment about the size of an ordinary mantle or pie-plate, the words of the same being so ingeniously arranged and grouped as to form the representation of a beautiful temple, white as the snow, and not one word omitted, no sentence transposed, and the several sentences follow each other in proper order. At first view the spectator perceives only a well arranged architectural drawing, delicate and exact, but on a close examination (some parts requiring the use of a magnifying glass) every part of the elevation—each window and doorway, each apparent line and curve of column cornice and entablature, everything, in short, about the picture, except, perhaps, a slight shading, is resolved into a distinct regular handwriting. This wonderful production was executed by a Polish gentleman, by the name of Davidson, who finished his task after two years and seven months of constant labor and application.

The adjuration of Madame Duruy, the wife of the French Minister of Public Instruction, of the Protestant faith in favor of the Romanism, has been reported. The Paris correspondent of the Post, alluding to the fact, observes that the Jesuits are very active just now amongst the families of high and conspicuous personages in France as well as England. Other ladies of the Protestant religion are spoken of as likely to become Catholics, and it is reported that Mr. Guizot long declares himself a Roman Catholic.

The use of the term "horse-power," is very common, yet few, except good mechanics and engineers, attach a definite meaning to it. It means the power required to lift 33,000 pounds, avoirdupois, one foot high in one minute.

A BAD APPROPRIATION.—Colonel Burbridge, who made himself notorious during the war, has been appointed Treasury Agent in Texas.