

The Lafayette Courier.

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THE COURIER,

ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY,

AT

LAFAYETTE,

YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON.

BY

J. H. UPTON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Lafayette, July 31, 1866.

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[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

Sufferings of Prisoners—Who is Responsible?

The following is one of the few things written from a northern stand-point, that pretends to do justice to the truth of history touching the late war. It refers to the sufferings of the late prisoners of war, and only puts the blame where it justly belongs, and where history will blazon it.—We overlook the epithet "rebels," and even "hardened rebels," in deference to the justice which sees and acknowledges and proclaims the indisputable fact that the Federal prisoners in the South were sacrificed by their own government, on a cold calculation, and a military stratagem. They refused to exchange, because the barter of man for man would help the less numerous party, by diminishing the disproportion of numbers. They refused to take away their sick, because to leave them in the South, would help to consume our scanty stores of medicine and food. It was a very sound, but very satanic, policy.—When the inevitable consequences befall their prisoners they sought to divert attention from their own atrocious deed, by charging the consequences as our deliberate act. Aided by the prejudices of their people, they have imposed the fraud upon them; so that many of the purest and best men at the North, are still under the impression there was actually a systematic attempt to starve the Federal prisoners.—Southern people may treat this opinion with contempt; but it is nevertheless widely prevalent, and, very naturally, excites the indignation of those who cherish it. It constitutes, indeed, a great obstacle in the way of reconciliation. It is important, therefore, in the interest of peace, that the truth on this point be exhibited to the world, in connection with the extraordinary fact that, notwithstanding the excess of northern prisoners at the South over southern prisoners at the North, yet, according to statistics by the Federal authorities, a greater number of Confederate soldiers died in northern prisons than of Federal soldiers in southern prisons!

Honest people, whether North or South, must endeavor to get at the truth, and circulate it, though it may criminate some whom they would like to consider innocent, and exculpate others who have been thought most guilty.

The Boys in Blue Who Died in Prison.

Some lines on the above subject in a Philadelphia paper sometime ago, attracted my attention. I have quoted from them in the annexed verses, which, with the notes, may assist in throwing light on a subject of vast importance, and greatly misunderstood:

Full fifteen thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
As captives died in prison pen,
"They died for me and you!"
And shall not truth's indignant tongue
Declare who did this grievous wrong?

On many a bloody field,
They stood 'gainst leaden hail;
And though at last constrained to yield,
Their spirits did not quail;
They safely passed their battles through,
And yet "they died for me and you."

They pined for home, sweet home,
And for their daily bread;
Alas! assistance did not come,
And now—they're with the dead!
Even hardened rebels felt their grief,
And yet could furnish no relief!

The rebel leaders darst
Not do what we have done;
Though many hearts with anguish burst
At tales from "Anderson."
For still they let our brave men share
Their own coarse food and scanty fare.

The sad tale must be told;
The brave, the true, the good,
While we were busy coining gold,
They died for want of food!
Those fifteen thousand boys in blue
As victims died—"for me and you!"

The rebels in their need,
Once, twice, and yet again,
Did all that they could do to plead
For justice to these men;
But deaf, alas! the Nation's ear,
The people's servants would not hear.

Even Davis felt their grief,
And sent his message forth,
By prompt exchange to grant relief
To prisoners South and North,
And why, alas! was this not done?
There was no heart in Washington!

The rebels gave us leave
To send down loyal men,
Men good and true, who might receive
Aid for that prison pen;
And tend the suffering inmates there
With a whole nation's love and care.

But know! these gallant men
Were left to starve and die,
That Northern banners might again
Mid Southern breezes fly;
And bold recruits might rush to save
Their comrades from a prison-grave.

A wise sagacious move!
A stroke of policy!
So called by those who know not love,
Or human sympathy.

But ah! those noble boys in blue—
Their blood now festers on "me and you."

The rebels, pinched and pressed,
Offered to send them home!
Without exchange—you know the rest,
For home they did not come!

Our ships could not be spared to save
Our soldiers from a southern grave!

Who did such grievous wrong,
In that sad, gloomy hour?
Men who were anxious to prolong
Their influence and power.

Who cares for fifteen thousand men
If we the helm of State retain?

Bow down, my soul, in grief,
Before the God of Heaven;
We failed to grant our men relief
That rebels would have given!

And so those soldiers good and true,
Died of neglect from "me and you."

To late we feel their woes,
Deluded now no more!
But withering blight shall rest on those
Who kept these men in store,

As capital, to aid their schemes,
And realize ambition's dreams.

Adown time's steepest path
Their names with scorn shall go,
The objects of a Nation's wrath—
Those ministers of woe!

They killed the fifteen thousand men,
Who perished in that prison-pen!

*In January, 1864, the Confederates proposed to allow the Federal authorities to send their own surgeons to the South. It was proposed, also, that these surgeons should act as commissaries, and distribute whatever either the United States government or private benevolence should furnish. Of course, the Confederates would have desired a similar opportunity for their surgeons to minister to southern prisoners at the North. The United States authorities, however, never gave any reply to the proposition, though the war continued for more than a year after it was made.

In August, 1864, when the mortality was increasing at Andersonville, the Confederates offered to give up from ten to fifteen thousand men unconditionally, except that the United States authorities were to send for them. After a delay of three fearful months—the most sickly of the year—they did send and took away thirteen thousand, leaving in their place three thousand southerners, who were even more squallid and sickly than the poor fellows they took home.

Is Stealing a Crime?

Horace Greeley admits the stealing from the public Treasury since the Republican faction came into power, has averaged one hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year. And yet the same Greeley, who literally condemns such a wholesale corruption, wields the whole influence of his journal, the Tribune, to keep the robbers in office. During the whole administration of the government by the Democratic party, from 1801 to 1861, there was less than ten millions of dollars stolen from the public Treasury, defalcations included!! Indeed, we are of the opinion, that the amount stolen by the Republicans since their advent into power, exceeds all the expenses of the civil department of our government from 1801 to 1861. Let us compute it by figures. The expenses of government for the 40 years prior to Gen. Jackson's administration, averaged about nine millions a year; being in all \$360,000,000. From the time Jackson became President until 1861, being 27 years, the expenditures averaged, probably, \$35,000,000 a year, or \$945,000,000 in the aggregate; in all. This would count \$1,300,000,000 for 60 years Democratic rule, including defalcations and all speculations.

Now for the Radical side. Aside from the lawful expenses of government, the party friends of Mr. Greeley, according to Mr. Greeley, have stolen, have, indeed, perpetrated larcenies in 1861—2—3—4—5 and 6, being nearly seven years in all, about \$150,000,000 a year. For seven years it amounts to \$1,050,000,000.—Gracious Heavens!! and can this be so, that the Republican nigger worshippers have stolen such an enormous sum within seven years? Indeed it is so. Greeley has from partisan feelings underrated the venality of his party associates; and the old sinner should add at least \$500,000,000 to his table of Republican robberies to state the whole truth. Down with the Jacobins and nigger worshippers,—down with the plunderers of the public treasury.—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette and Argus.

The Radical papers boast, says Prentice, that their party is now a unit. We hope soon to make it a typher.

The Little Outcast.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll work; cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood, one cold day in winter, at the outer door of a cottage on a bleak moor in Scotland.

The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"You may come in at any rate till my husband comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold; and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with this day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, who often traded at the cottage, called, and, after disposing of several of his goods, was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird;" and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks; I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced—Ten months. You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so dreadful in the word "jail!" The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in; and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood, and his lips quivered. "Well," he muttered, his whole frame shaking, "there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold. "Oh! I can't no mother! I had'n't no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed and horsewhipped. I wouldn't have been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole, because I was hungry. Oh! if I'd only a mother."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said from that time he should find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet kind words, words of counsel and tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster-father is dead, his foster-mother aged and sickly; but she knows no want. The "poor outcast" is her support—Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.—The Standard Bearer.

ON Friday night a couple of neighboring women in Lower town got into a melee about a pig which was a troublesome customer and foraged its living away from its owner's door. In the course of the quarrel one of them seized a coffee pot boiling on the stove, and hurled it at her adversary, which failed to hit the mark, but knocked over a little girl, the coffee pot fighter's own offspring, which was badly scalded. This ended the quarrel, and both were assiduous in relieving the poor little sufferer.—*Id.*

Was Eve high or low church? Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

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