

Spirit of Jefferson

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WM. KNABE & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF FIRST PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANO.

THESE instruments having been before the public for the past thirty years, have upon these occasions, obtained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE that pronounces them unequalled.

TOUCH combines great power, richness, sweetness, and singing quality, as well as great purity of intonation, and harmoniousness throughout the entire scale.

WORKMANSHIP they cannot be excelled. Their action is constructed with a care and attention to every part therein that the best seasoned material is used in their manufacture, and they will accept the hardest and most concert-tunes with that of the parlor, upon an equal footing.

NOT FOR A YEAR—BUT FOREVER! All our Square Pianos have our new improved Grand Square and Upright Pianos.

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MANUFACTURER OF First Premium Grand and Square Pianos. Factories 84 and 86 Camden street, and 46 and 47 Perry street, near Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. WARE-ROOMS, No. 7, North Liberty street, above Baltimore, Baltimore, Md.

IN ALL ways hand the largest stock of PIANOS in the city. My new Grand Square and Upright Pianos are now on hand.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS. Always on hand—\$50 to \$200. MELODEONS and PARLOR ORGANS from the best makers.

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Are now offering their Entire Stock at the Lowest Prices since 1860.

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WOULD invite the attention of the citizens of the Valley of Virginia, to his stock of GARDEN SEEDS, FLOWER SEEDS, FRUIT TREES, GRAPE VINES, and all SMALL FRUITS.

GREENHOUSE and Ornamental Plants, Roses and Flowering Shrubs.

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CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE undersigned have entered into a Co-Partnership for the purpose of conducting the Produce Commission and Forwarding Business at the Charlestown Depot.

To the Farmers, Millers and Others in the COUNTIES of JEFFERSON & CLARKE.

HAVING associated ourselves in business for the purpose of manufacturing and forwarding Flour, Wheat, Flour, Corn and all other kinds of Produce.

NEW and excellent brand of Starling Tobacco, just imported and for sale by

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VOL. 20. CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1868. NO. 19.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DANIEL B. LUCAS, Attorney at Law, Practices in the Courts held at Leesburg, Herndon, Winchester, Shepherdstown and Martinsburg.

EDWARD C. FREEL, Attorney at Law, Practices in the Courts of JEFFERSON, CLARKE, and MORGAN Counties.

ANDREW HUNTER, Solicitor in Matters of Bankruptcy, Having specially prepared for the business, and not being confined to any one office.

CHARLES DAVIES, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and in Bankruptcy, Practices in the Courts of Jefferson, Berkeley and Morgan Counties.

ISAAC FOLKE, Attorney at Law, Practices in the Courts of Jefferson, Berkeley and Morgan Counties.

WM. H. TRAYERS, Attorney at Law, Practices in the District Courts of the United States in the District of West Virginia.

JAMES A. L. MCCLURE, Attorney at Law, Practices in the State and United States Courts.

DR. J. V. SIMMONS, Being permanently located in Charlestown, Va., offers his services in every branch of his profession.

DR. CHARLES W. GOLDSBOROUGH, offers his professional services to the citizens in the vicinity of Summit Point, Jefferson County, Va.

DR. H. C. BECKHAM, Professional Services to the public. He may be found at all hours at his office.

Consign Your Goods to BLACK, SHERLOCK & CO. Wholesale Grocers, General Commission Merchants, Shippers, and Dealers in all kinds of Provisions, Western & Southern Produce.

Messrs. Black, Sherlock & Co., on all kinds of Produce, and Merchants, Planters, Farmers generally, throughout the country.

Messrs. Black, Sherlock & Co., 50 Vesey Street, New York.

Having immense orders unfilled, from our correspondents in Liverpool, Havana, St. Thomas, St. Domingo, and several South American ports.

TEAS, FLOUR, BUTTER, COFFEE, SUGARS, MOLASSES, BEANS, PEAS, CORN, &c.

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CHARLESTOWN, VA.

BENJAMIN F. BEALL, Editor.

Tuesday Morning, January 7, 1868.

[From the Anti-Slavery Standard.]

At Sea—Wendell Phillips on General Grant.

One thing is evident—the Republican ship is drifting before the wind. Without compass or pilot, she has given up all hope of reaching any particular harbor.

How much strength the party needs in order to keep hold of office, and whence that strength will easiest be secured, these are the questions.

Grant's reticence was, at first, the silence of a soldier who had no ideas. After a while it became the trick of a clique.

Things may have assumed such shape by that time that instead of Henry Wilson for Vice President, or Yates, the only safe and available ticket will be "universal amnesty," with Grant and Lee for candidates.

We saw a month ago how white Republican lips had become; how thoroughly the election returns had frightened the leaders.

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A Dark Cloud with a Silver Lining.

The New York Herald, referring to the condition of the country North and South, says: "These reckless political fanatics, in all these schemes looking for political negro balance of power for mere party purposes, have been sowing the wind, and they will reap the whirlwind."

General Grant and threatened disorders of violence and blood in the South; general stagnation, depression and distrust in the North; oppressive taxation, resulting in still increasing ruinous frauds and corruptions.

From the deplorable state of the country and from all the signs of the times we expect from the people nothing short of a sweeping political revolution in our national elections of 1868, from Maine to California.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Queen Victoria is growing very corpulent. Seventeen million brick were made in Louisville last year.

The Texas folks have a new term for gamblers. They call them professional artists. Mankato, Minnesota, lately shipped 21,000 muskrat skins for the Eastern market in one lot.

It is said that Charles Francis Adams writes the articles on American politics in the London Standard.

The post who won the French Academy prize for an ode on the death of Lincoln, is going to send \$800 to Mrs. Lincoln.

The Burlington (Kansas) Chronicle declares for Horace Greeley as the Republican nominee for President.

Pest sells in Madison, Wis., at six dollars a cord, and is generally and satisfactorily used in that place as a substitute for coal and wood.

A Danbury, Conn. lawyer went through the painful experience of a caning the other day. There was a young lady in the case.

Lorenzo Michaels, old citizen of Petersburg, died at his residence in that city, on Saturday night last.

Hon. Robert Smith, formerly member of Congress from the Alton district, Illinois, died at his residence, near Alton, last week.

Admiral Semmes' lecture on the "Winds and Waves" is spoken of in a very complimentary manner by the Louisville Journal.

A man in Kankakee county, Illinois, died lately of hydrophobia from a bite received in August. He felt no inconvenience till within a few hours of his death.

The present proprietors of the Atlantic Monthly have made two hundred thousand dollars out of the magazine since they have taken charge of it.

A Frenchman recently hung himself because his grocer denied him for a bill of \$20. Thereupon his son shot the grocer. The account is still unproved.

Two more of those frogs that live in solid rock and hop off so morosely when their pre-Adamite sleep is broken have been blasted into this world in Maine.

POETICAL.

[From the Land We Love] MY SOUTHERN HOME.

AVOUL secure a town, or war victoria. By the rivers of Babylon, then we sat down; ye we wept when we remembered Zion.—Ps. cxxxvii.

If I could capture and send By Babyl's river's side, Her captive and his friend, On Chaldean's distant plain;

If I could capture and send By Babyl's river's side, Her captive and his friend, On Chaldean's distant plain;

Small it not seem Virginia's hills, Her grassy slopes and plains; Her cities and her villages, Her smiling and her fountains;

For there a mated mother sleeps, Beneath the grassy sod; And there my darling brother's form, Beside his young life's God;

It was a little after midnight that I knuck it to the door of the cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little bunk below the main deck.

"That's bad," said my father, "but it would be worse if we could not help it. Listen to me now, Corney; I want you to help me in this business; and here are five guineas in gold if you do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Well, what I want is for ye to come over into the house and get into the bed." "Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and ye're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make a bargain with ye; and then I'll be for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan, the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me—ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye and hear ye voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father. "To be sure it will; but have no fear—Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed, and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen upon the name."

"My father quailed with him last week about the Easter dues; and Father Tom said he'd not give him the rites; and that's lucky now. Come along, now, quick, for we've no time to lose; it must all be finished before day-break."

"I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes as I sat on a little window, with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoons and tapers; a little further off was another table at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting weaker; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah! Peter, Peter, ye watered the drink." "No, indeed, father, but it's the taste is leavin' you," says Peter, and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

Arctic Out-door Life.

The Toledo Commercial publishes a letter written by one of the late telegraphic expedition to Siberia. The writer says: "You say that you cannot imagine how we live in such a climate. I couldn't imagine it either; I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to lay out in the snow without shelter in a temperature of even twenty below zero, but I have done it once in fifty below, and repeatedly in forty-five. One of Bush's parties in February of this year, passed the night on an open barren steppe, with their spirits thermometer standing thirty-eight below zero, or a hundred degrees below the freezing point. Quicker they would get into solid balls with four minutes' exposure to the air. It is true they didn't dare to go to sleep that night, but I believe that had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs and wolf-skin sleeping bags to the up tightly over their heads, they might have done it with perfect safety. It is afraid that you would think that I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very tough yarn; if I told you how comfortably I have slept on snow in temperatures of thirty-five, forty, and forty-five degrees below, you are obliged to sleep in fur bags of course, with your faces barely covered, and to take the utmost care to have your feet stockinged perfectly dry, but I have slept in that way through a long Arctic night as comfortable as ever I did in a bed at home. From September, 1865, until I came aboard the Ouarda, a few weeks ago, I never slept in a bed or on anything softer than the snow or a board. So you can imagine that the sensation was a curious one."

A general chorus of muttered: "O! no, no, no!" was now heard through the room; but whether from the sad fate of the dying man, or the unwilling severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind." Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these characteristic expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son Peter—and never was there a better son, or a decenter—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killimundoneery and Knockshebora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lantry Cassara's acre, and the Lantry field with the red killy, and that remains with that my mouth is just as dry. Let me state what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very heavy pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "Oh, I remember; at the time kiln. I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant crops grow there."

"Ain't you getting weak, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of his father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting weaker; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah! Peter, Peter, ye watered the drink." "No, indeed, father, but it's the taste is leavin' you," says Peter, and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done, now," says my father; "there's only one plot of ground remaining, and I put it on ye, Peter, as ye wish to live a good man and die with the same easy heart as I do now, that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? are the neighbors listening? is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir, ye, father, we're all minding," chorused the audience. "Well, then, let's my last will and testament, and may—give me the jug," here he took a long drink—and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of the will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross roads to poor Con Cregan, for he has a heavy charge, and is an honest and as hard-working man as I ever knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, don't never let him want while ye have it yourself—think of me on my death bed whenever he asks ye for any trifles. It is down, Billy Scanlan—the two acres at the cross roads to Con Cregan, and his heirs in secula seculorum. Ah! blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he—"I feel my heart makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns to ye."

"What he was going to add there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone of the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people into another room to let his father die in peace.

"When they were all gone Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner. "Con," says he, "Ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross-roads."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he, "sure it was all a joke, for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it?" "Con would it be mean enough to betray me," says Peter, trembling with fright. "Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke, and here he gave a low, wicked laugh, that made myself shiver with fear."

"Very well, Con," said Peter, holding out his hand, "I bargain in a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all." And at it ended, and my father slipped over the bog, mightily well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as "Con's Acre."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, Three Insertions, 50 Cts. Each Continuation, 25 Cts. One Square, One Month, 1.50 One Square, Three Months, 4.00 One Square, Six Months, 7.00 One Square, One Year, 12.00

For Lines of Ads, constants a Square, Yearly Advertisements by Special Contract.

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MORE CHANGES.

The Presidential term of Mr. Johnson is waning, but he seems determined to make himself known and felt in the time that is left him. Influenced by a sense of justice to the suffering people of the South, and animated by a desire to afford them relief from the worst forms of despotism, he has removed Generals Pope and Ord from their positions as District Commanders, under the reconstruction measures adopted by the Reconstruction Congress last spring. We hail this action of the President as a stiffening of the Executive backbone, and regard it as one more step in the direction of restoring constitutional government. It is true the system is not changed, which binds the States to a military despotism, but the brutal excretors of an unconstitutional measure, and the upholders of the radical policy of reconstruction, are given to understand that the era of tyranny is past, and that henceforth the voice of the people is to have its influence in shaping the destinies of the country.

In the original selection of District Commanders, Mr. Johnson was exceedingly unfortunate, and in the brief space of six months he has found it necessary to remove four out of five of his appointees, and it is rumored that the head of the fifth is trembling in the balance. The pompous Sheridan, Sticks, Pope and Ord, has been well rebuked, and their arrogant pretensions snuffed out. For these removals the President is entitled to the hearty thanks, not only of the people of the South, but also of those of the North who entertain the opinion that the South still constitutes a portion of the United States.

The Great Harper's Ferry Suit.

Some months ago, Mr. Faulkner the counsel of Jacob B. Brown, of Jefferson county, instituted an action of ejectment in the Circuit Court of Jefferson county, before Judge Hall, against Daniel J. Young, to recover some twenty odd acres of land, embracing all the valuable water-power at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Brown claims under a patent from the Commonwealth of Virginia, and denies that the title of the United States extends to the land in controversy. The property in dispute is estimated to be worth at least a million of dollars. Daniel J. Young the defendant and the ordinance officer in charge of the interests of the United States at Harper's Ferry, has twice moved the Court to dismiss the case as to him, upon the ground, that he had not such an interest and possession of the property as would authorize an action of ejectment against him. But Judge Hall has twice overruled that motion. A few days ago a writ of certiorari awarded by Chief Justice Chase, was served upon Judge Hall, restraining him from further proceedings in his court and ordering that all the original papers in the case be removed to the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia, held at Parkersburg. The right of Chief Justice Chase to enforce obedience to the writ of certiorari is not understood, conceded, and some interesting points for discussion may arise before the next Jefferson County Court upon the question of the jurisdiction of the State and Federal Courts over the subject in controversy.—Berkeley Union.

[The above is but another sad illustration of the evil and ominous times upon which we have fallen.] The idea of a Chief Justice of the United States arbitrarily assuming the prerogative of rendering the jurisdiction of our courts, in a State acknowledged to be loyal, in a case already docketed upon its roll and between its own citizens, nugatory, is unprecedented in our jurisprudence. It is not our province to speak as to the merits of the subject matter at issue, but this bold assumption of Federal authority, authorized or not, evidences a weakness of his cause, and a pre-determined purpose to accomplish by force, if possible, what cannot be accomplished by legal, legitimate and lawful investigation. The article above quoted, pertinently says, it remains to be seen whether Judge Hall will respond to the demand which has been made, and we have faith enough to believe that he has too much regard for the rights of his State, and the immunities and sanctities of its courts, so to do.]

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "A report is current that Gen. Schofield will directly remove the State officers of Virginia and appoint others in their places, and that he has been in correspondence with the President and General Grant on the subject. The latter of this report is incorrect. No such correspondence has probably taken place. Under the law the President has no authority in the matter, and Gen. Grant's power is revocatory." Gov. Pierpont's term of office expired on the 1st of January, and he now holds over—on sufferance.

The following resolutions of inquiry were referred in the black and tan convention, now in session in Richmond, on Saturday last:—Of limiting the time of hired labor to eight hours; of scaling all debts previous to 1865, at twenty-five cents on a dollar; of levying no poll tax; of requiring foreigners to reside ten years in the State before voting; of legalizing the births of children born of parents in slavery, so they may inherit property; of admitting colored persons to colleges; of selling the Military Institute and devoting the proceeds to the educational fund.

The Southern Boy's and Girl's Monthly, is a handsome little magazine published by the Messrs. Baird, in Richmond, with forty pages of matter suited to southern children, and engravings, it is well worth its price of \$1.50 a year.

DANGER AHEAD!

It is apparent to the reflecting portion of the radical party, that their smooth sailing over the political sea is at an end, and that there are breakers ahead. They are deeply exercised in regard to the Presidential contest, and even the great Ulysses seems to be losing the charm which the mention of his name has heretofore inspired. They begin to realize that the contest is to involve more than the mere retention of power by the party, and that it is to be fought on Constitutional grounds—upon principles, and not upon the mere lust for aggrandizement. On this important subject, we have seen no more sensible article than the following from the Post, an able radical paper published in Philadelphia:

"The second number of the Morning Post, October 8, predicted the defeat of the Republican party, in Pennsylvania. The third number unfortunately confirmed it. We recall this fact to show that we are not idle alarmists when we now say that the danger comes from the Republican party will be the Presidential election. It has made no progress since the war, and its purpose has been shaken, its spirit cowed, its leaders demoralized by the Democratic victories in the fall. It is to-day without leadership, not from the want of men capable of directing it, but from the dissensions of those who wish to be subordinates, assume the rights of generalship. These false leaders have turned an army into a crowd of foragers; they have made the success of a candidate the highest good, blind to the truth that the mission of the Republican party is not to elevate men, but to overthrow established principles."

The Democratic party on the other hand, like the ragged and hungry troops of the rebellion, have been starved into courage and whipped into discipline. Defeat has taught them how victory may be gained. They have no candidate; there is not one man in the Democratic party of whom it can be said, "by his nomination our success depends." They trust to their principles, and they have principles. They stand upon a platform which declares that punishment for rebellion is unconstitutional, and that the head of the negro must forever be kept under the white man's heel. On the popularity of those principles they mainly depend for success. Seymour is in the East, Fremont is strong in the West, Hancock has the militia as an advantage on the one hand, and repudiation of the cause in which he won that fame, on the other. But the Democratic party does not depend upon Seymour or Pendleton or Hancock. Even when Grant was supposed to be seeking the nomination, the Democrats refused to vote for any candidate. They are firm in their convictions, so earnestly united, so enthusiastic in their devotion to what they consider the right cause, that they can afford to choose even an unknown man as their leader. This was precisely the position of the Republican party when it took Abraham Lincoln for its candidate. They are confident that we can make that boast that it is not upon the popularity of our candidate that we appeal to the people, but upon the grandeur and justice of our platform?

Yet we have principles strong enough to save us if we dared to trust them. When 24,000 men voted for negro suffrage in Ohio, when five years ago there could hardly have been found fifty thousand, none but the blind should find it to be Republicanism, the destiny of the nation. To this it must come in the end, but unfortunately the party is filled with men who never were Republicans, when the greatest evil they could have done of the war, who supported emancipation, not as an act of justice, but as a military measure. If, when peace came, these men had left our ranks and had gone back to our permanent enemy, we should make no complaint. But they remain with us to betray us. They hold the positions in our ranks only to lead our men out of the battle. They are now teaching Republican voters the suicidal creed that the election of General Grant is all that the country needs, and that instead of taking a man to suit our principles, we must modify our principles to suit the candidate. The Grant movement is it to-day nothing less than the greatest political backsliding in the history of the Republic. If Grant proves to be a radical the result will be glorious—but it will be the glory of an accident. The Republicans who have nominated him without knowing what he is, cannot then claim credit for their triumph. They are now twisting in the dark, and if Radicalism wins, it is not the gambler we are to thank.

Is there then no reason for fear that the Republican party next November may repeat the lesson of the last? In what respect is the party stronger now than it was three months ago? The attempt to compromise with the nomination of a man who has never committed himself to its principles is demoralizing our voters. No one deplores more than we do the dissensions that have attended the Grant movement from the first, but no one can honestly make the Radicals responsible for the errors of the party. Grant, we did not insist that Chase, and nobody else, should be chosen; we did not try to read out of the party the Coffey men; we did not throw our principles like old clothes; but we did and do affirm that the Republican party should stand fast to absolute Republicanism, and should not take as its candidate no one but an absolute, self-proclaimed Republican. Beyond this we conceded to all the undoubted right to differ about men, upon the honest understanding that all should heartily support the candidate of the Convention.

Gossip About the New District Commanders.

The following special telegram to the Philadelphia Ledger is of interest:—It is not expected that General Meade will give himself over to the interests of any party, and certainly no understanding of any kind has been entered into between that officer and the President as to the course that shall be pursued in the conduct of affairs in the Third District. I have it from unquestionable authority that the General Meade is selected to succeed Gen. Pope simply upon the belief that the former will execute the reconstruction laws to the letter, and at the same time in such a manner as to give to none just cause for complaint of tyrannical or partial exercise of the almost unlimited powers conferred upon district commanders. Gen. Ord will not long since be relieved from command of the Fourth District, and on that account and in the hope that a new officer in charge of that district might possibly avoid some of the errors committed by the late commander and govern the district in a more consistent and symmetrical manner than it has hitherto been managed, Ord was relieved. It was shown satisfactorily to the President that General Weger Swaine has been making use of his official position in Alabama for his (Swaine's) own political advancement, and therefore the order that he be relieved from duty in that State and join his regiment in Nashville.

POLITICAL BRIEFINGS.

A Radical newspaper boasts that the negroes of the South have deposited considerable sums in savings banks during the last year. That may be so; but, says the St. Louis Republican, poor laboring white men in the North might deposit considerable sums in savings banks, too, if the Federal Government would furnish them houses to live in, food to eat, clothes to wear, and schools for their children, as it does for the negroes.—But, instead of such favors, the white men of the North are compelled to furnish all these things for themselves and then pay taxes to support negroes and enable them to lay by money in the savings bank besides.—It used to be said that this was a white man's government; but through radical bureaus and such like agencies, it is practically a government in which white men have to labor and pay taxes for the benefit of negroes, and yet, in the face of these practical facts, the Radical demagogues talk about "equality before the law."

A case is now pending before the United States Supreme Court, which, it is thought, will elicit a decision of the question of the constitutionality of the United States legal tender act. The case comes up from Oregon, whose statutes require payment of taxes collected by the sheriffs to be made in coin to the several counties, by whom, in turn, they are paid into the State treasury. The sheriff in this case having paid the amount collected by him in currency to the county, alleges that he has thereby made a valid tender.—Mr. Revere Johnson represents the State of Oregon; Senator Williams appears in the case as a representative of the county.

It seems to be settled that Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks will be nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention of Indiana, which meets on the 8th of January. William H. Holman, who has been prominently spoken of in connection with the second place on the ticket, is understood to have declined the honor, his people in the Fourth District thinking he is the very person to beat George W. Julian for Congress.—The New York Herald recommends, perhaps seriously, as the proper mode of dealing with the Mormon problem, that Uncle Sam shall buy some of the Sandwich Islands and turn them over to Brigham Young; or if that project fails, send the Mormons to Alaska, where among the native Esquimaux, polygamy would be nothing new.

A letter from New York says that Mr. A. T. Stewart and his friends are energetically at work getting out their "commercial" circulars in favor of the Grant movement. These circulars will be sent to every city and town in the United States, and the first fruits of them, it is expected, will be the holding of public meetings, in every direction, to respond to the Cooper Institute nomination. The World of that city throws cold water on the whole proceeding. A New York telegram in the New Haven Reporter says that Mr. A. T. Stewart has received a long private letter from General Grant in regard to his recent nomination by the late Cooper Institute mass meeting. He accepts the resolutions, authorizing the committee to proceed and push forward his claims for the Presidency. It is said that there is not one word of politics in the Grant letter from beginning to end.

It is reported that should there be a split in the Republican Convention, and Chase be the candidate of the Radicals, that the friends of Grant will not allow the Southern States to be restored to the Union in time to vote for President, as they are all regarded as sure for Chase. Thus are ten sovereign States of the Union to be made shuttle cocks, and to be knocked about by the radicals.—A San Francisco correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes that if it be true that Grant has endorsed Forney's editorials, the Pacific States may be set down for the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. He says the Radical element in California amounts to nothing, and if General Grant has made any such avowal he could not carry California, Oregon or Nevada.

Reports from New Hampshire are encouraging. Discontent prevails in the Republican party there, as in other States where elections have taken place, and large numbers of those who have heretofore been identified with that organization are uniting themselves with the party of the Union and the Constitution.

The Radicals submit with perfect obsequiousness to the removal of Pope, Ord and Swaine. They scarcely murmur at what would have raised a tempest a few months ago. There is a species of dog, called the Spaniel, which never seems to love its master half as well as just after receiving a sound beating.—Thomas R. Townbridge, of New Haven declines to have his name go before the Republican Convention of Connecticut in connection with the gubernatorial nomination. Connecticut is no longer considered to be a desirable place for Radical aspirants.—It is stated that a communication is in course of preparation, under the direction of the President, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives calling for information respecting the removal and appointment of collectors and assessors of internal revenue, and the alleged failure to collect the taxes in certain cases. It will show a remarkable state of facts and figures, and effectually dispose of radical clamor about the loss of millions of dollars to the government through the inefficiency and dishonesty of officers appointed by the present administration.

Gen. Howard, it is stated, proposes to distribute the surplus funds in the Freedmen's Bureau among the destitute people of the South during the coming winter. It is reported that there is an unexpended balance of over \$8,000,000 remaining in the hands of the Bureau officers.

ACCIDENT.—On Christmas day, a little son of Mr. E. C. Jordan, at Jordan Springs, was severely burned by the explosion of powder, with which he was playing. His face and eyes were injured considerably—one of his eyes being entirely closed for several days.

The Radicals and the Southern States.

The Washington correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) Spy, admitting in the full extent the destitution, suffering and chaotic condition of the Southern States, complains bitterly of the apathy of the republicans on the subject. Pressing as are the political necessities of the party in the South, the Spy says it seems almost impossible to carry on the campaign, and it adds:—"The republican party, to insure success, to compel and maintain peace, must have the ten unreconstructed States reconstructed and brought back in time to vote for their candidate next November. Failing in this the country may as well squarely look at the issue which then sternly arises in its path—that of meeting an internecine struggle consequent upon the refusal to count the vote of the Southern Democracy, which will be surely cast for the party's nominee, whoever it may be. Of course the fortieth Congress will count the vote of no State that is not reconstructed."

On this the New York Times (rep.) remarks:—"This programme is not inviting. The radicals are determined, it seems, not to admit the ten Southern States, unless they are so reconstructed as to secure their votes for the radical candidate; and if they are not reconstructed Congress will not count their electoral votes at all, as they will certainly be cast for the Democratic nominee. This struggle has become exclusively one for party success, and it is openly avowed that measures will be resorted to for the sake of victory which may plunge the country afresh into civil war.—There certainly is no room for compromise enough in the people to save the country from such a peril."

A Horrible Fraud.

Could the story be written of the gigantic frauds perpetrated during the war, the people would be amazed beyond measure. The slime of corruption tainted almost every public transaction, and thieves abounded more than honest men. Here is the last horrible revelation. The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says:—"There is no telling the ways that men, greedy for gain, will not avail themselves of to advance their fortunes, especially during a time of war, as men have been found willing and anxious to sell soul and conscience for a little filthy lucre. A few days since an incident occurred which very forcibly illustrates this. An Irishman was employed to dig up and remove some of the bodies of Union soldiers in the Wesleyan Cemetery of this city. In lifting the coffins he thought they seemed unusual in their sound, and on opening some of them found that no bodies had ever been placed in them at all, nothing but planks or square blocks of wood. 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