

THE DEMOCRAT
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The Orangeburg Democrat.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF ORANGEBURG COUNTY.

Vol. I. ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879. No. 1.

THE DEMOCRAT
JOB OFFICE

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CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

BETTER TO BE RIGHT AND ALL THAN WRONG AND SUCCESS.

There is such a thing, we are persuaded, despite appearances, to believe, though some may be disposed to smile at our credulity, that there are men who every year go down into the political arena and come up unscathed; men who feel that it is a serious thing to have a hand in the conduct of government for city, state or nation, who walk humbly under the weight of their responsibility, who seek divine guidance and strength, and whose souls loathe anything false, hollow and unjust. In such men, it must be admitted, there is an exceptional. May God multiply their number, for they are the hope of the country.

It is humiliating to have to confess that, as a rule, even Christians seem agreed to leave their consciences at home when they go into political contest. "Everything is for in love, war and politics," is the accepted principle; and the reply to every protest of moral religion is, "You must fight the devil with fire," or, "We are only turning their own weapons against them."

Now, we have nothing to say of the course of one political party more than another, nor of the particular ends sought to be obtained by this side or that. We have no mean to say that there is anything nobler than victory; but we better to fail with clean hands than to succeed by dishonest and ignoble means, because such success will prove in the long run the worst of failures, and will carry a curse with it. How much fraud and injustice was practiced all over this broad land during the late campaign and election it is impossible to say. We have no reason to believe that there was more than is common in times of great political excitement and conflict. It is not of recent events that we write, it is of principles which apply to all times and all parties.

Government is of God, and every man who has anything to do with government, from the most ignorant and obscure laborer whose highest glory is to cast a vote to the greatest and mightiest official from the state fields to the highest official in the land, every one is bound to use his political privileges and powers in the fear of God.

How has it come to pass that Washington City is commonly spoken of by intelligent foreigners, and by honest men among ourselves, as a den of thieves? How is it that State capitals are so often regarded as sinks of corruption, and many city governments as fenshish machines controlled by powerful "rings" for their own vile, selfish ends? What has brought about this state of things, but the almost universal exercise of political rights under the guidance of passion or selfishness. About the highest regard to the suggestions of conscience? Any kind or degree of villany appears to be expected in the conduct of political affairs. And the men who practice it—how are they treated by society, the best society? even the church? (for they are sometimes religious men—by profession.) Are they scorned and scouted? Are they dealt with as you would deal with your neighbor who had told you a lie or practiced some fraud upon you in your social relations? No, truly. They are petted, they are lionized, their names are blazoned everywhere, and their wonderful speeches heard with shouts of applause by admiring thousands. Nothing is too good for them, no glory too great for them. Accordingly, we find the vilest men in places of honor and trust, men who are madly ambitious or meanly greedy of gain. Everybody sees it, everybody laments it, everybody denounces conduct in legislature, Congress—and yet the mass of the people continue to use political privileges without once giving to conscience. Here's my motto—be thou my guide!

Suppose it were otherwise. Suppose every man in the country decided with what political party he would not, and what candidates he would support, upon conscientious grounds, with the fear of God before his eyes. Suppose that every one, when he went to the ballot-box, remembered that he must give account to God, just as surely as he must answer for the deed of his life, and that with a pure conscience? Then we should present a revolution which would purify justice, impurity and knavery up truth, honor and virtue, peace, solid prosperity. We no man supported for of character could not bear with; no more selfish, scheming in legislative and congressional halls. Our representatives would be men in whom all have confidence, and our statesmen above suspicion, blessed eyes that shall day.

Whether one party or another shall be the preponderance is not the first consequence in a republic; ours, however important it sometimes be. Far more momentous is it that each man use his political privileges always unselfishly, religiously, with a conscience void of offense towards God and men.

Those are golden words of Frederick Robertson's: "Better is it to support a wrong cause conscientiously, than a right one insincerely. Better is it to be a true man on the side of wrong, than a false man on the side of right."

There is something above all party to which our loyalty is due, something which shall live when all parties have had their day and vanished from the earth, something which shall survive the grave and meet us at the judgment. God help us to be loyal first of all to conscience. C.

Swindling the Negro.

While the stalwart organs of the North are pretending to believe that the colored man does not under any circumstances, vote the Democratic ticket, they seem to forget the sad lesson the negro has learned from his experience with the carpet-bagger and with the freedman's bank swindle. In order to make him turn thoroughly a Republican, the negro was told that his loyalty, so called, if carried out persistently and certainly, would entitle him to forty acres and a mule. This promise inflamed the simple mind of the freedman, and he was loyal for a year or two to an extent that surprised even the carpet-bagger and led the stalwarts to believe that his devotion would be eternal.

But the negro was swindled. He was cheated on every hand. Agents of the freedman's bureau walked off with his small earnings, and loyal peddlers of patent pills came around for the purpose of scooping up his money. Not content with this, the loyalists of the North invented a trap for catching the small change of the colored man, and right well it succeeded. The freedman fell an easy prey to loyal rapacity. They flocked to the branch offices of the bank and deposited their sums with a confidence that was child-like and blind, considering the fact that it was the deliberate purpose of the managers at the start to swindle the negroes. And they did swindle them. They swindled them from the beginning to the end, and when the rotten concern got ready to fail, the funds of the Southern negroes were gobbled up as remorselessly as if no such people existed. Then, when the commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the concern, and to wind up its affairs, had been appointed, the cheat still continued. One inefficient clerk did all the work, and the more than inefficient commissioners drew their salaries with an emphasis and an unctious truly refreshing. To be brief nearly every honest and thrifty negro in the South was swindled and robbed by these dishonest Republican conspirators; and yet the most of them, even the thieves themselves, pretended to the last to be the friends of the colored people.

With all these plain facts in sight, the Republicans pretend that the negro would vote the Republican ticket. Do they take the Southern negro for a fool? Do they think he is entirely without intelligence? Are they reckoning with the voice of the Lord? The negro is not only shrewd, and he knows what is his own, and there was plenty of the next man when he was robbed.—*Atlanta Constitution*

The Tissue Ballot.

A scolding contemporary of the News and Courier discovered that the tissue ballots were invented for the use of Democratic negroes and that they did not amount to anything any more. He will disclose next week that these tissue ballots "were stuffed in by wicked Radicals, who wished to damage the character of the Democratic party." Quite likely. We discovered yesterday that E. W. M. Mackey, who is accepted as authority on the subject, had 10,000 tissue tickets printed in Charleston on election day, or the day before. We leave it to our practical contemporary to decide what use was made of them.—*News and Courier*.

A Washington special says: "The attention of the Blaine outrage committee will be called in due time to the fact that E. W. M. Mackey, the defeated Radical candidate for Congress in South Carolina, had ten thousand tissue tickets printed in Charleston just before the election. All the information as to the tissue ballot-stuffing in South Carolina over which Mr. Blaine and his congeners have been making such a fuss came from Mackey. While investigating this subject it will be in order for the committee to call Mr. Mackey and inquire what use he made of his tickets. A Republican member of the committee intimates that it will not be the policy of the majority of the committee to summon many witnesses, and among them he thinks there will be very few colored persons. What they think will be the best plan is to call a number of the Radical white politicians in the South, and such Federal officials who can be relied upon, to give such testimony as is wanted."

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

THE UNIVERSAL CHRISTMAS. PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

For nearly nineteen centuries Christmas day has been held up to mankind as the one especial time when good will should prevail, and peace brood over the earth. The martyrs chanted it. The monks preached it. The pulpit of the press filled this day with those who talk of it and write of it. And with reason. Religion apart, no nobler life than that of Him of Nazareth, in its power, its sorrow and its unselfishness, has been given to mankind as a warning and an example. A warning that there is oftentimes most strength in seeming weakness, and an example that infinite might itself can oftentimes best accomplish its wise purpose by submission to inferior forces.

There was in Him of Nazareth no eagerness to exercise the omnipotence with which He was endowed. Man in appearance, a perfect man, his methods were human. His were the annoyances and vexations of ordinary childhood. His were the hardships of the poor in early manhood. The divinity that was His sharpened the keen edge of the winter's blast, and quickened the pangs of hunger. Throughout His precious life it was His part to teach what no man had taught, and to suffer as no man had suffered.

Had He said but the word, His Father, who is in Heaven, would have given him ten legions of angels. It was His mission to show that holy living and holy dying are more potent than the irresistible influence which compels an acquiescence which is far from being consent. A wish of the Father or the Son would have changed the whole world; but the world then would have been saved in spite of itself. The angels were made perfect, and Lucifer and his hosts are lost. For them there is no uprising. Man was created in the Lord's own image, and he fell. For him there is a higher life than that of Eden, but a life that he must work out for himself, in the sweat of his brow, and the bitterness of his heart.

One majestic lesson of the New Testament is, that they who would be helped "must help themselves, and that they who help themselves shall be helped. But the paramount lesson is conveyed in the sweet sad knowledge that the miracles wrought by the Son of David were always for others, and never for Himself. During the fasting in the desert, during the bloody sweat in the garden, while bound and buffeted, when pierced with the cruel thorns, while tottering under the burden of the tree of Cavalry, when racked with thirst and agonized with pain, there was no manifestation of strength divine. It was otherwise at Gethsemane and when the widow's son was sleeping, when the multitude were hungry and when the fishermen despaired, when the storm raged and when the centurion cried and when the voice of the Lord was heard, and there was plenty of Himself, for others He was

His sister an hundred years ago as yesterday, and all days are alike. To those who acknowledge Him to be the Lord, the anniversary of the day when the angels sang their glorios song to the shepherds of Bethlehem is the first of days, but it is not His day, in very truth, unless are made like unto it each day in the existence of every one. And, when on this blessed day, something more is done for others than we ever attempt to do for ourselves, and sacrifices are made for others in act or in feeling, that we would not consent to for ourselves, then do we begin to understand the mission of Christ, and enter into the fullness of the spirit of this most gracious time.

It is something to give a day or an hour to beholding one's own joy in the bliss of others. Such is Christmas. But it serves little, at last, if the kindness of to-day be followed by harshness to-morrow, if grudging come swiftly after giving, if uncharitableness go fast after tenderness and mercy, if the whiteness of these few hours make more distinct the blackness of daily life! To be a true Christmas, this day, whatever its course in former years, must be the precursor of a round twelve months of bearing and forbearing. Resting amid the leaves, unnoticed if not forgotten, such a Christmas will give fragrance and benediction to the book of our life. So let us think of Christmas this time, if never before, and if the day when Christ was born come only once a year, the lessons He taught will be with us each and every day, and, in our hearts and lives, there will be peace and good will, renewing and renewed forever.—*News and Courier*.

The private hearing of Edison's electric light patent case was resumed yesterday. The solicitor general decided that Edison should be allowed to proceed with his application. It is expected that the Edison patent will be sealed in a few days, unless further opposition is offered.

The Change in Grant's Plans.

General Grant, it is now announced, has concluded to go to Asia, and to remain abroad for the present.

This is as was to be expected. When it was given out that he was about to come home, and that a succession of entertainments had been prepared to be given him after his arrival, there were marked indications of popular dissent.

The construction put by the managers upon these signs of disapprobation was that they related merely to the time of General Grant's return, and they drew the conclusion that it would be more prudent for him to postpone his coming.

Herein they err. There is no unfriendliness to General Grant, and no one objects to his return. What difference does it make to anybody whether he be in Asia or America—whether he be tanning leather or hauling wood?

The hostility rests upon something more substantial. It is upon having all the usages and traditions which have controlled the elections of President set aside.

This objection will remain permanently, and will apply to General Grant as a candidate at all times. Whether he come home now or go to Asia first will not make the slightest difference.—*New York Sun*.

The Distress in England.

The distress in England and Scotland, says the *News and Courier*, is alarming. Through the illness and unprofitableness of trade tens of thousands of persons, in every branch of business, have been thrown out of work, and this unavoidable injury has been aggravated by strikes undertaken in the hope that employers would be willing to make goods to sell at a loss. Relief funds are in contemplation, but this will be a hard winter in Great Britain as well as in the United States.

In Great Britain there has been no contraction of the currency, and the gold-bug is as unknown as the silver-lunatic. Yet the distress, the failures, and the paralysis of manufactures are fully as severe as in this country. If the Great West party were in the habit of looking beyond the end of their noses, they would lead them to doubt the truth of their doctrine that the preparatives for resumption are the causes of all our troubles. The whole world has been advancing too rapidly, and expansion would, at best, have only postponed the evil day. The country has seen the worst, and will soon begin to mend.

Gov. Hampton's Kind Heart.

Governor Hampton's feelings for the colored race is illustrated by a writer in the *Springfield Republican*, who declares that the Governor is "all soul." This writer says that Hampton, when riding, during the campaign of 1876, among the rice fields, had his carriage stopped by a furious colored woman who held a pine knot in her hand, and swore she would kill him. "The Governor took a five dollar note and handed it to the wretch. She gazed at him and then at his money. 'Auntie,' he said, 'that is not to buy your vote.' 'What is it for?' asked the stupefied woman, 'I, as a child, slept many an hour in my old colored nurse's arms, and I feel kind for your race. I am your friend, but you do not know it.' Tears ran down that swarthy face; she ran to the field near by with all her speed, and led her husband back by the hand. 'Man,' she said, 'Gov. Hampton gib me dis five dollars. 'Dis de first money I had gib to me since freedom. Rebel or no rebel, God bless him. If you don't vote for him, I'll quit you.' Such is the man. He is all soul."

Senator Butler's Maiden Speech.

The Record brings us also the full report of Senator Butler's maiden speech in the Senate on Monday. As an instrument for the confusion of Mr. Blaine the speech was admirably prepared, but it was something more than that. It was not only a manly and clear defence of Mr. Butler's own State, but a cool and courteous one also; and a Senator from South Carolina is entitled to unusual credit who could retain his coolness and his courtesy in defending his State from charges so monstrous as have been brought against her for the purpose of subjecting her again to the odious and scandalous despotism to which she was for ten years subjected. Governor Hampton will have a worthy colleague, as South Carolina a real representative, in Mr. Butler.—*New York World*.

Wert thou never in straits before, and didst He deliver thee? Go to the river of thine experience, and pull up a few bulrushes and plant them into an ark, wherein thine infant faith may float safely on the stream. Forget not what God has done for thee; consider the days of old. Go back then a little way to the choice mercies of yesterday, and though all may be dark, light up the camps of the past; they shall glitter through the darkness, and thou shalt trust in the Lord until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.—*Spurgeon*.

Speak the truth always.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER. WHAT THE UNITED STATES OWES SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following clipping we take from the Richmond Dispatch. It will doubtless be gratifying to South Carolina to know that the United States Government owes her \$200,000 in cash, whether she ever receives a cent of it or not. This matter shows how true South Carolina was to the Government in the past and how true she may be in the future. If Democratic controls she will doubtless repay the full amount:

"Last session General Huntton, of Virginia, introduced a bill for a recomputation of the amounts due by the Federal Government to the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and New York, and money advanced to carry on the war of 1812. The bill was referred to the Military Committee, and by it turned over to a sub-committee, of which Mr. Ewins, of South Carolina is chairman. Mr. Ewins has, after an exhaustive investigation, prepared a report, which having met the approval of the committee, he will lay before the House for its action whenever the Military Committee shall be called. In this he shows that a most arbitrary and unjust mode of computation was adopted by the officers of the United States in settling with the States. For instance, instead of letting any payment they doled out going towards keeping down the interest, they actually credited the principal by it, and when they made the next payment they calculated the interest on the last payment in order to offset the interest due a State. In 1857 the State of Maryland rebelled against this and obtained a re-settlement of her case on legal principals, and the result was that she secured \$270,000. In 1858 Congress directed Secretary Howell Cobb to report what amounts would be due the remainder States upon a similar recomputation, and he showed that Virginia was entitled to \$1,076,600, South Carolina to \$202,000, Pennsylvania to \$218,000, and the other States already named to much smaller sums. Nothing was done, however, towards paying them. In 1870 Maine and Massachusetts were paid nearly \$800,000 for their advances on the precedent set in the case of Maryland, and now the committee say it is just and proper that Virginia and the other States should be treated in the same way.

The committee only made one amendment to General Huntton's bill, and that was that scrip of the denomination of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, running ten years and bearing interest at the rate of 3.65 per annum, shall be issued in payment of these war claims. It is claimed that the Government has an offset, but not to a very large amount, against Virginia's claim. Our delegation is very earnestly interested in the bill, and will do their best to secure its passage.

What a Woman's Glove Holds.

A woman's glove is to her what his vest pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred it is much better regulated. A man will carry two dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half a dozen tooth-picks, a short pencil and a pack of business cards in his vest pocket and yet never be able to find a nickel or a match or a tooth pick or a pencil or a card, when he wants it. Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest little hand and a wad of bills and memoranda for her intended purchases and dress goods samples and ear tickets and maybe a diminutive powder rag. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand and one things into that wee space. But she does it every time, and the glove never looks the least bit discomposed or plethoric or ruffled. And when the woman wants any article concealed about that glove she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the momentary disappearance of two fairy fingers and the desired article is brought to light. It is a wonder that no savant can explain!—*St. Louis Journal*.

A Thirty-Six Pounder.

The Wilmington Star says: "Talking about big potatoes, Mr. W. T. Moore, of Marion County, S. C., writes to a friend in this city, as said friend informed us, that he has a potato, raised on his farm, which turns the scales at the enormous weight of thirty-six pounds, and it was not a good day for 'diggin' taters' either, when that was brought to the surface. That is what may be called a combination of a whole patch in one huge potato." The man who started the above tale is certainly entitled to the championship.

"Brave men, wise men, true men!" shouts the Newark Journal, "to the front!" Thank you, thank you kindly. Now if the usher will please show us right up to the orchestra chairs.

This is the cheapest paper ever published in Orangeburg.

A Romance of the War.

A gentleman well acquainted with Colonel Realf (who recently committed suicide in California), and an ardent admirer of his poetry, relates a story told by himself when the two spent a night in conversation, criticism and recollections, so dear to his kind, over a cosy fire and warm deceptions. He spoke of the night before the battle at which General W. S. Lytle fell. The two (Realf and Lytle) lay together in the general's tent. They were both given to writing poetry at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand, and they read and criticised each others efforts humbly for some time, when said Lytle:

"Realf, I shall never live to finish that poem."

"Nonsense," said I, "you will live to write a volume of such stuff."

"A feeling has suddenly come over me," continued the general, solemnly, "which is more startling than a prophesy, that I shall be killed in to-morrow's fight. As I spoke to you I saw the green hills of the Ohio as if I stood among them. They began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I would never see them again."

"I rallied him for his superstition, but the belief had become strangely impressed upon his mind, and he succeeded in so far thrilling me with his own unnatural fear that I begged him to finish his poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world."

"In the small hours the general awakened me from a slumber into which I had fallen to read to me that beautiful poem, which must live as long as literature survives, beginning:

"I am dying, Egypt, Myling; I Ebb the crimson life blood fast."

"My eyes filled with tears as he read. He said not a word as he concluded, but placed the manuscript in his pocket and lay down to sleep."

"Before dawn came the call to arms. When I next saw poor Lytle he was cold in death among the heaps of slain. I thought of the poem, and searching the pocket where I had seen him put it, drew it forth, and it was forwarded among other things to his friends."

Can't be Done.

The latest sentimental ballad is entitled "Give me the home of my childhood." Bless your soul, we'd do it in a minute, but—why, haven't you heard? Old Tadgers closed out three mortgages on it in 1867 and '8, and the next year it was seized for debt in the summer following, then your oldest brother claimed that it belonged to his wife and brought suit in her name to recover, and before that was through they found an old flaw in the title and in trying to straighten that out, it transpired that your grandfather had no government patent on it all, but had stolen it bodily from the Indians; and now two half-breeds have brought suit to recover the property as the heirs. The house was burned down about two years ago and the neighbors have used the fences for kindling wood; your wife's cousin is trying to get hold of the lot and your half-brother jumped the property one night, put up a little shanty on the alley corner, and is now in possession. There doesn't seem to be much show for you, but you might file your papers, buy a lawyer and sail in.—*Haukeeye*.

The Appropriation Bill as passed appropriates \$150,525 for the January and July, 1879, interest on the Consolidation securities, recognized by the Bond Commission, and those which have been found valid by the Court of Claims, and those which have been issued during the past year in exchange for bonds and stock issued prior to 1866. The interest fund now in the Treasury is to be applied first to the payment of this interest, and to the interest on the Deficiency bonds and stock, amounting to \$27,350. There is, therefore, no reason why the interest on the acknowledged Consolidation debt shall not be promptly and regularly paid. Indeed the failure to acknowledge the bulk of the Consolidation debt enhances the value of the debt which is acknowledged by all parties. [*News and Courier*].

Horses are absurdly cheap in Russia, just now, for, owing to the demobilization of the army, the surplus cavalry horses are being sold off at auction at ridiculous prices. A party from Prussia, recently attended the sales and repossessed the frontier with 1,000 horses, which they had purchased for 25 roubles, of rather less than 25 cents each.

The Russian Invalids put the number of troops engaged in actual fighting during the last war at 282,060 infantry, 37,000 cavalry, or 319,000 men with 1,288 field guns. The artillery used 204,923 charges, and the infantry and cavalry 10,057,764 cartridges. The Turks are reported to have lost altogether nearly 150,000 killed and wounded.

An editor recently attended the funeral of a delinquent subscriber. As the coffin was opened at the grave he solemnly and tearfully advanced and deposited in a straw hat, a linen duster, a palmetto fan and such other articles as may be needed in a warm climate. Do you see the point, delinquent?

A KINGDOM FOR ULYSSES.

GEN. GRANT SAID TO HAVE BEEN PROPOSED FOR THE THRONE OF BULGARIA.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—The Standard's Philippopolis correspondent telegraphs on the highest authority that Gen. Grant has been named as a candidate for the Bulgarian throne. It seems, however, there is some foundation for the report. Under the provisions of the first and third articles of the treaty of Berlin, Bulgaria is constituted an automatic tributary principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, with a Christian government and a national militia. The Prince is to be elected by the population, and their choice is to be approved and confirmed by the Porte, and by England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy. No member of any reigning European dynasty is eligible to the post, and this provision of the treaty has greatly limited the number of eligible candidates. Gen. Grant's reputation as a soldier and a ruler, it is said, has led the Bulgarian nobles, who are debating among themselves the question of a ruler and details of the new constitution, to look upon him as a most desirable Prince. It is urged that he is eminently fitted for the post. Under the provisions of the treaty of Berlin, perfect equality in political and religious rights is to be extended to all the inhabitants of Bulgaria, and it is thought that a wholly impartial foreigner like General Grant can best secure the execution of laws designed to secure this equality.—*Graphic*.

"The Nation's Wards."

The *New York Graphic* says "it is a significant fact that there is not a single negro elected to the next Congress, although there are unalienable Republican majorities in several of the Southern States."

And what of it? Why, nothing but this: The white Republicans do not care to give place to their colored brethren. In the only two Districts in this State where a Republican has any chance of election to Congress, two white men, carpet-baggers at that, were nominated, and one of the two was elected. But there are large Republican majorities and many colored men in the Northern States. In Pennsylvania, there are thousands of "American citizens of African descent," and as a class they are far superior to the Southern negroes, especially those of the Cotton States. If, therefore, the Republicans have so much sympathy for, and desire to see colored men advanced, why do they not elect them to Congress in the Northern States, where they have the power to do it, and lack only the inclination? The fact is not a negro comes from the North, where they have Fred. Douglass, Prof. Langston, and divers others that are a credit to the race; nor is it likely that one ever will be sent from that section to Congress. These fellows remind us very much of the patriot of Artemas Ward, who was willing to sacrifice all of his "wife's relations" to sustain the Union cause. They want the negro to go to Congress; but they see it that he shall represent none but Southern constituencies, since some of "the free and enlightened" citizens of the Northern Republican States are willing to have such Representatives in Congress.—*Essexburg Virginian*.

The Bill to facilitate the collection of taxes, which is now a law, will prevent it, it is believed, the tendering of Consolidation coupons and of bills of the Bank of the State for taxes. Holders of the coupons or bank bills can pay their taxes, in money, under protest and bring action against the County Treasurer for the money so paid. The granting or issuing of any writ of mandamus, compelling the reception for taxes of any funds, currency or bank bills not authorized to be received by law, is prohibited, and the collection of taxes shall not be stayed by any Court.—*News and Courier*.