

**TERMS OF THE GLOBE.**

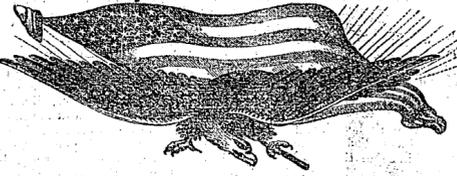
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# The Globe



WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1865. NO. 7.

**THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.**

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as:

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**The Globe.**  
**HUNTINGDON, PA.**  
**LETTER FROM ROBT. DALE OWEN.**  
**Negro Suffrage and Representative Population.**  
**THE THREE-FIFTH PRINCIPLE IN AGGRAVATED FORM.**

To the President:—Sir:—From the recollections, now twenty years old, of the years when we were Congressmen together, I derive an abiding faith in your probity, your patriotism and your stern devotion to democratic principle. Suffer me to address you, and through you to the people over whom you preside, a few considerations touching a great measure of public policy. I know that it is your habit kindly to receive, if even from private and unofficial source, such honest suggestions as are of a character involving sectional harmony and the National safety.

There is an aspect of the negro suffrage question which has, I think, arrested less attention than it merits; not the aspect of right; not the question whether, in restoring to a lowly and humble race, down trodden for ages, their outraged liberty, we ought to give them a ballot to defend it; but a question more selfish, relating to our own race; one not of sentiment, but of calculation; essentially practical and of eminent importance.

Permit me, first, to recall to your notice a few facts which any one, by reference to the census of 1860 and to the Constitution can verify. The actual population of the States composing the Union, and their representative population, have hitherto differed considerably; the actual population, in 1860, being upward of thirty-one millions (31,148,047), and the representative population about twenty nine millions and a half only (29,559,273). The difference between the two is nearly one million six hundred thousand (1,588,774). See Compendium of Census, pages 131, 132.

The reason of this is apparent. In the year 1860 there were, in round numbers, four millions of slaves (3,950,581), in these States. These slaves were not estimated, in the representative population, man for man. Five of them were estimated as three; for by the Constitutional provision regulating the basis of representation, [Article 1, section 2, paragraph 3.] there was to be taken the whole number of free persons and three fifths of all other persons. Two-fifths of the "other persons" were left out. But two-fifths of four millions is one million six hundred thousand.

About two millions four hundred thousand of the slaves are to be regarded as having entered, under the last census, into the basis of representation. In other words, the white slave holding population of the South obtained a political advantage the same as that which they should have reaped by actual addition to their population of two millions four hundred thousand free persons. As under the last census the ratio of representation was fixed at one hundred and twenty-seven thousand [Census, page 22.] the South, in virtue of that legal fiction of two millions four hundred thousand additional freemen, had eighteen members of Congress added to her representation. Her total number of representatives being eighty-four, she owed more than one fifth of that number to her slave property. It follows that if in a republican government the number of free persons be the proper basis of representation, she had upward of one fifth more political influence than her just share. Each one of her voters possessed a power [so far as the election of the President and of the House of Representatives was concerned] greater by one fifth than that of each Northern voter.

No man friendly to equal rights, even if (being a white man) he restricts the principle to persons of his own color, will offer a justification of a partition of political power so unfair as this. It was not defended, on principle, by those who assented to it. It was accepted as a necessity, or supposed necessity, in the construction, out of discordant materials, of the American Union.

We of the North have hitherto acted upon it as men under duress—our hands bound by the Constitution—as it were under protest. We preferred unequal division of power, as regards the two great sections of the Republic, to the chance of anarchy.

That was in the past. Are we, in the future, having got rid, by terrible sacrifice, of the cause of that injustice, still to tolerate the injustice itself, even in aggravated form? Doubtless, now

from suffrage, by law or by Constitutional provision, all persons of color, what would be the political consequences under such a state of things? If, as we may roughly estimate, by destruction through war and by depletion of population through emigration to Mexico, to Europe and elsewhere, the number of whites throughout the late rebel States shall have been reduced until blacks and whites exist there in nearly equal numbers, then, in the case above supposed, each voter in these States, when he approached the ballot box during a Congressional or Presidential election would do so wielding three times as much political influence as a voter in a Northern State. This advantage once gained by southern whites, is it likely they will ever relinquish it?

Nor, if we disfranchise the negro, is there any escape from such summation, except by rooting out from the Constitution the principle that the whole number of free persons shall be the basis of representation. But that principle lies at the base of all free government. We abandon republicanism itself when we discard it.

Thus it appears that the present experiment in reconstruction, if suffered to run its course, and if interpreted as I think we have just cause to fear that it will be, tends, inevitably to be said, to bring about two results:

First. To cause the disfranchisement of the freedman. Whether we effect this directly, as by provision of law, or by a disqualifying clause in a proclamation, or whether we do it by leaving the decision to his former masters and his old enemies, matters nothing except in form and in words; the result is brought about with equal certitude in either way. Passion, prejudice, and self interest concur to produce this result.

Second. It establishes—not the odious three fifth clause, not even merely a five fifth clause—but something much worse than either. It permits the investiture of the Southern white with a preponderance of political power such as no class of men, in a democratic republic, ever enjoyed since the world began.

I do not, believe me in this, Mr. President, overlook or underrate the grave embarrassments that beset your path, turn as you will. I call to mind the overbearing influence to passion and prejudice, and I admit that when these prevail, in exaggerated form throughout a large portion of any nation, a wise ruler recognizes the fact of their existence and regulates his acts accordingly. But the sway of passion and prejudice, despoil for a season, has but a limited term of endurance, and should be treated as an evanescent thing. It is too transient and unstable to furnish basis for a comprehensive system of policy. To pervert it should be treated, but not falsely respected, or weakly obeyed.

Morey, God-like attribute as it is, may run riot. It is very well, by act of grace, to restore to penitent Southern insurgents their legally forfeited rights; let us be friends and fellow citizens once more, as Christianity and civility enjoin. But to suffer each of these returning Rebels, when about to cast his vote for President or for representatives of the people, to be clothed with three times as much power as is possessed by a Northern voter exercising a similar right, is, very surely, a somewhat superfluous stretch of clemency.

And what manner of men, I pray you, are those whom we propose thus to select from among their fellows—granting them political powers unknown to democracy, investing them with privileges of an oligarchical character? It is ungenerous to speak harshly of a vanquished foe, especially of one who has shown courage and constancy worthy of the noblest cause; but the truth is the truth, and is ever fitly spoken. They are men whose terrible misfortune it has been to be torn and brood under a system the most cruel and demoralizing the world ever saw. The wisest of those who have been subjected to such a surrounding have confessed its evil power. "There must, doubtless," said Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia, "be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people, produced by the existence of Slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions—the most unremitting despotism on one part and degrading submission on the other." "The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and his morals under such circumstances." ("Notes," page 270.)

These are the habitual results of the system. To what incredible excesses its occasional outbursts may run we have faithful evidences daily coming before us; schemes of wholesale in-

fantry, involving deaths by the thousand of women and children; schemes to poison, by the malignant virus of the yellow fever, an entire community; deliberate plans to destroy prisoners of war by insufferable hardships and slow suffering; plots, too successful, alas! to shroud a nation in mourning by assassination.

Many honorable exceptions no doubt there are, in whom native virtue resists daily temptation. Such exceptions are to be found in all communities, no matter how pernicious the surroundings. But, in deciding national questions we must be governed by the rule, not by the exceptions.

The Southern whites subdivide into three classes. The slaveholders proper, many of whom are excluded from pardon by the Proclamation of Amnesty; the "poor whites," and what may be called the yeomen of the South, of which last our country feels that her worthy President is a noble type, and of which we may regard stout-hearted Parson Brownlow as a clerical example.

If this last class, whence have come the sturdiest Union men in Secession, constituted, like the mechanic in New England or the farmer of the West, a large proportion of the population, we might hope that it would leaven and redeem the extremes of society around it. But it is found sparse and in inconsiderable numbers, except, perhaps, in Eastern Tennessee and the northern portion of North Carolina. The poor whites, of whom the clay-eating pine-lander of Georgia and other Gulf States is the type, far outnumber them. Of this class Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in that wonderful book of hers, "Journal of a Residence on a Southern Plantation," gives, from personal observation, a graphic description—"They are, I suppose" (she says), "the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth; filthy, dirty, ignorant, brutal, proud, peevish, savages, without one of the nobler attributes that have been found occasionally allied to vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are, almost without exception, abjectly poor: they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes; they squat and steal, and starve on the outskirts of this lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenances bear witness to the squalor of their condition and the utter degradation of their natures."—Journal, p. 146.

I have often encountered this class. I saw many of them last year while visiting, as a member of a Government commission, some of the Southern States. Labor degraded before their eyes has extinguished within them all respect for industry, all ambition, all honorable exertion, to improve their condition. When last I had the pleasure of seeing you at Nashville, I met there, in the office of a gentleman charged with the duty of issuing transportation and rations to indigent persons, black and white, a notable example of this strange class. He was a Rebel deserter; a rough, dirty, uncouth specimen of humanity, tall, stout and wiry-looking, rude and abrupt in speech and bearing, and clothed in tattered homespun. In no civil tone he demanded rations. When informed that all rations applicable to such a purpose were exhausted, he broke forth:—"What am I to do then? How am I to get home?"

"You can have no difficulty," was the reply. "It is but fifteen or eighteen hours down the river" (the Cumberland) "by steamboat to where you live. I furnished you transportation; you can work your way."

"Work my way?" (with a scowl of angry contempt.) "I never did a stroke of work since I was born, and I never expect to, till my dying day."

The agent replied quietly:—"They will give you all you want to eat on board, if you help them to wood."

"Carry wood?" he retorted with an oath. "Whenever they ask me to carry wood, I'll tell them they may get me on shore; I'd rather starve for a week than work for an hour. I don't want to live in a world that I can't make a living out of without work."

Is it for men like that, ignorant, illiterate, vicious, fit for no decent employment on earth except manual labor, and spinning off labor as degradation; is it in favor of such insolent swaggers that we are to disfranchise the humble, quiet, hard-working negro? Are the votes of three such men as Stanton and Seward, Sumner and Garrison, Grant and Sherman, to be neutralized by the ballot of one such worthless barbarian?

Are there not breakers ahead? To such an issue as that may not the late tentative at reconstruction, how faithfully so ever conceived and intended for good, practically tend?

The duty of the United States to guaranty to every State in the Union a republican form of government is as sacred as the duty to protect each of them from invasion. Is that duty duly fulfilled when, with the power of prevention in our hands, we suffer the white voter in the least loyal, the least intelligent and the least industrious section of our country to usurp a measure of political power three fold greater than in the rest of the nation a voter enjoys?

Will it be denied that we have the legal power in our own hands? Unsuccessful Rebels cannot, by bits of paper called secession ordinances, take a State out of the Union; but, by levying civil war, they can convert all the inhabitants of a State into public enemies, deprived, as such, by law, of their political rights. The United States can restore these rights; can pardon these public enemies. And we have the right to pardon on conditions; as, for example, on the condition that slavery shall cease to exist on the condition that none of these persons, who form the basis of representation, shall, because of color, be deprived of the right of suffrage.

If we neglect to impose the first condition, the cause of the late rebellion will continue, and will, some day, produce another. If we neglect to impose the second condition, an oligarchy, on an extended scale, will grow up in one large section of the country, working grave injustice toward the voters of another section. The third abuse will reappear in a giant form.

But if we suffer this, it cannot fail to produce, as slavery produced, alienations and heart-burnings. Under any plan of reconstruction involving so flagrant an injustice, it is in vain to expect harmony or permanent peace between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union.

It is not here denied, nor is it deniable, that under ordinary circumstances, a State may, by a general law applicable to all, restrict the right of suffrage; as for example, to those who pay tax, or to those who can read and write. And it is quite true that the effect of such a law would be to give additional political power to those who still enjoyed the elective franchise. But a State can only do this after she has a State Government in operation, not when she is about to frame one. North Carolina is in the Union, as she has always been; but her people, having lost by war against the Government, their political rights, are not allowed to go on under their old Constitution and laws. They have to begin again. As Idaho, if desiring to be a State, would have to do, the people of North Carolina have to elect members of a convention, which convention has to frame a State Constitution, to be presented, for acceptance or rejection, to Congress. Now, just as Idaho, taking her first step toward State sovereignty, could not, on her own authority, begin by denying a vote in the election of members of her convention to half her free population, or if she did, would find her Constitution rejected, for that cause, by Congress, as not emanating from the whole people, so, in my judgment, ought not North Carolina, having forfeited her State rights and beginning anew as a Territory does, to be permitted, in advance, to reject more than a third of her free population. 301,522 out of 992,922. I hope she will not so construe her rights as to venture on such a rejection. If she does, Congress ought to reject her Constitution as authorized by a part of her people only.

But, beyond all this, we cannot safely allow the negro exemption clause to take its chance along with other possible restrictions to suffrage which a State, fully organized, may see fit to enact. First, because of its magnitude. It is an act of ostracism by one half the free inhabitants of an entire section of country against the other half, equally free. Secondly, because of its character and results. It is an act of injustice by those who have assaulted the life of the nation against those who have defended the national life; an act by which we abandon to the tender mercies of the doubtfully loyal and the disguised traitor those whose loyalty has stood every test, unstained, unshaken; men ignorant and simple indeed, but whose rudo fidelity never failed either the Union fugitive beset in the forest, or the Union cause imperilled on the battle field.

The decision of a matter so grave as this should be taken out of the category of those rights which a State, at her option, may grant or may withhold; because, being national in its consequences, it is national character. This is a matter for Federal inter-

ference, because, like emancipation, it is a matter involving the Federal safety.

It is because I know the frankness of your own character, Mr. President, that, at possible risk of conflicting opinions, I write to you thus frankly. It is because I am deeply impressed by the vast importance of the issues at stake that I write to you at all.

I think of our Union soldiers, the survivors of a thousand fields. I recall the last days, not of conflict, but of triumph, when Confederate arms were stacked, and Confederate paroles were given, and the Stars and Bars fell before the old flag. I remember with what fierce fury those who surrendered at last, fought throughout a four years' desperate effort to shatter into fragments that benignant Government under which, for three quarters of a century, they had enjoyed prosperity and protection. I remember all that was done and suffered and sacrificed, before, through countless discouragements and reverses, treason's plot was trampled down and the glorious ending was reached. And as, in spirit, I follow victors and vanquished from the scene of conflict, I think that never was nation more gratuitously or more fully assailed, and that never did nation owe to her deliverers from anarchy and dismemberment a deeper debt of gratitude and good will.

Then I ask myself a great question. Shall these soldiers of liberty, returning from fields of death to Northern fields of labor and of peaceful contest—of contest in which the ballot is the only weapon, and the bulletin of defeat or of victory is contained in the election returns—shall these veterans, who never flinched before military force, be overborne, with their laurels still green, by political strategem? Their weapons of war laid aside, is the reward of these conquerors to be this, that, man to man, they shall be entitled to one-third as much influence in administering their country's Government as the opponents they conquered? Are the victors on fields of death to become the vanquished in Halls of Legislation?

It is a question which the nation cannot fail ere long to ask itself; and who can doubt what the ultimate answer will be?

May God, who, throughout the great crisis of our nation's history, overruling evil for good, has caused the wrath of man to work out His own gracious ends—directing us, without our will or agency, in paths of justice and of victory which our human wisdom was too feeble to discover—direct you also, throughout the arduous task before you, to the Just and the Right.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.  
 New York, June 21, 1865.

**COURT AFFAIRS.**

**TRIAL LIST.—AUGUST TERM.**  
 Commencing second Monday, 14th of August, 1865.

Roger C. McMill vs Benjamin Cross.  
 Samuel Beverly vs John S. Beverly.  
 S. L. Glasgow for use vs Mary Gibbons's ex John Black & Co vs Catharine Tricker.  
 John H. Stonebraker vs D. Stewart et al.  
 Dr. P. Shoemaker vs Wilson & Lorenz.  
 Jacob Greenwell vs R. H. Lane et al.  
 Eliza Young et al vs A. Wise et al.  
 James Scott vs Bruce X. Blair.  
 Mary DeArmit vs Nicholas Crosswell.  
 M. M. Jones & Co vs James O. Clark.  
 W. C. WAGONER, Pro'y.

**PROTHONOTARY'S OFFICE.**  
 Huntingdon, July 17.

**TRAVERSE JURORS.**  
 David Buck, farmer, Warriorsmark.  
 Daniel Book, farmer, Cromwell.  
 John Briggs, farmer, Tell.  
 William Buckley, farmer, Shirley.  
 Samuel Barr, farmer, Jackson.  
 Jacob S. Goveat, mason, Shirley.  
 John D. Carberry, farmer, Carbon.  
 Peter Doll, farmer, Cass.  
 William S. Entzlein, farmer, Hopewell.  
 John Bynart, farmer, Cromwell.  
 Aaron W. Evans, millwright, Casewille.  
 Oliver Blunier, farmer, Cromwell.  
 James Entzlein, farmer, Hopewell.  
 Alex. G. Ewing, teacher, Franklin.  
 Benjamin Fouse, merchant, Shirley.  
 David N. Garner, soldier, Penn.  
 Samuel B. Garner, gentleman, Penn.  
 Isaac Grove, farmer, Penn.  
 John Griffith, farmer, Tod.  
 Benjamin F. Glasgow, farmer, Union.  
 James Gillam, watchman, Brady.  
 William S. Entzlein, farmer, Hopewell.  
 Jacob Heavens, farmer, Shirley.  
 George Heaton, merchant, Carbon.  
 John Hewitt, farmer, Porter.  
 Henry S. Isenberg, farmer, Carbon.  
 Thomas Kelley, farmer, Cromwell.  
 Jacob Kado, farmer, West.  
 John Kiser, farmer, Union.  
 Jacob Lane, farmer, Springfield.  
 Abner Lamp, bricklayer, Huntingdon.  
 George McCrum, farmer, Barree.  
 Geo. A. Miller, merchant, Huntingdon.  
 John B. Myton, farmer, West.  
 Samuel McVity, farmer, Clay.  
 William B. McMillon, farmer, Tell.  
 James McGill, farmer, Jackson.  
 David Neff, farmer, Porter.  
 John Palmer, boss minor, Carbon.  
 Jacob Prough, sr., laborer, Penn.  
 Mahlon Stryker, farmer, West.  
 John Smiley, farmer, Barree.  
 Samuel Silknitter, farmer, Barree.  
 E. Summers, confectioner, Huntingdon.  
 David Shaffer, farmer, Shirley.  
 James Thompson, blacksmith, West.  
 John Weston, farmer, Warriorsmark.  
 James Ward, farmer, Walker.

Good.—"Shall I tell you a bit of a story, having no connection with politics, this hot, dry weather? By permission—"

"Old Colonel D—, of Mobile District, was one of the most singular characters known in Alabama. He was wasty and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities which were fully appreciated by the people of his district. Many of his freaks are fresh in the memory of the 'old ins' of Mobile—and all of them will tell you, that the Colonel, though hard to beat, was once terribly taken in by a couple of tyros. It is 'George Woodward,' I believe tells the story, but however that may be, it is in the keeping with others related of the old gentleman.

"It seems that Col. D— had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to, and was not on speaking terms with them, although all of the three were professionally riding the circuit pretty much together. The young ones, being well aware of the Colonel's irascible nature, determined, as they left one of the courts for another, to have some sport at his expense by the way. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving, and presently they arrived at a dark, broad stream, that looked as it might be a dozen feet deep, but which in reality was hardly more than six inches. Crossing it they alighted, pulling off their coats and boots, and sat down quietly to watch for the old 'Tartar.'

"Jogging along, at length, up came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats, as if they just had a swim and then he looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like a fluent, translucent stream. The Col. was awfully puzzled.

"Is this—creek swimming?" he growled after a pause of a few moments.

"No reply was made—the youngsters simply mounted their horses, and rode off some little distance, and stopped to watch our hero.

"The Colonel slowly divested himself of boots, coats, pantaloons and drawers. These he neatly tied up in his handkerchiefs, and hung them on the horn of the saddle. Then he remounted, and as was a fat, short man, with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt that he made an interesting picture as he bestrode his steed, with the 'breeze holding gentle gallance' with the extremities of his old garment.

"Slowly and cautiously did the old man and his horse take the creek. Half at length—and the water was not fetlock deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and a half the stream no deeper. Thirty feet farther, and a decided shoaling.

"Here Col. D— reigned up. 'There must,' said he, 'be an—of a swift channel between this and the bank—see how the water rips! We will dash through!'

"A sharp lash made the horse spring over the 'watery waste' and another carried the horse and rider safely to the opposite bank. The creek nowhere was more than a foot deep.

"A wild yell from the young'uns' announced their appreciation of the sport as they galloped away.

"'I'll catch you, you rascals,' was ground out between Col. D—'s teeth—and away he galloped in pursuit, muttering dreadful vengeance on his foes.

"On—on—they sped! pursuer and pursued. The youngsters laughed, yelled and screamed—the Colonel dammed with mighty emphasis, while his shirt floated and crackled in the air, like a loggia flying jib!

"On—on—and the pursued reached a farm house on the road side. Their passing started a flock of geese from a fence corner, which as the Colonel dashed up, met him with outspread wings, elongated neck, and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly, and in a moment the colonel was upon the ground, in a most unromantic heap, with his brown wig by his side, and his bundle of clothes scattered around.

"The white headed children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster—as it seemed to them—and then returned to report progress. After a little the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, assisted the Colonel in making his toilette; the Colonel swearing and the countryman laughing all the while.

"Dressed and remounted, the old hero started off with a woful phiz, and was soon out of sight."

"Most people are a little shy of religion. They give it a day to itself, and make it a stranger to the other six."