Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1865. NUMBER 40.

Business Directory.

DR. C. J. DRINKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office with Dr. Conn, over W. J. & S. H. Mulford's Store, Public Avenue. Residence with Joseph D. Drinker.
Montrose, Sept. 24th, 1865.

DR. E. L. BLAKESLEE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has located at Brooklyn, Susquehanna County, Pa. Will attend promptly to all calls with which he may be favored. Office at L. M. Baldwin's.
Brooklyn, July 10, 1865.—y1.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Office over Wade's Store. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, June 3, 1865.—tf

GROVES & REYNOLDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Shop over Chandler's Store, Public Avenue.
Montrose, June 12, 1865.

DR. CHARLES DECKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having located himself at Harmonyville, Susquehanna County, Pa., will attend to all the business which he may be favored with promptness and attention. He may be found at his residence near Orange Mott's, Esq.
Harmonyville, Susq. Co., Pa., May 29, 1865.—tf.

JOHN BEAUMONT,
WOOL CARDER, Cloth Dresser, and Manufacturer, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made to suit the work when brought.
Jessup, March 20, 1865.

DR. G. Z. DIMOCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MONTROSE, Pa. Office on the east street, opposite the REPUBLICAN Office. Boards at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, February 6th, 1865.—1yrs

C. M. CRANDALL,
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool-wheels, Wheelbarrows, Chairs, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the best manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres Forester Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.—tf

R. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,
MONTROSE, PA.
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State or the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates will be collected before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court.
Montrose, Jan. 3, 1865.—tf.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lee's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot, January 23, 1864.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils, and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kind of Iron, Steel, Steel-Plow Wrought Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's Building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, will see to the business attended to by O. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864—Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prosecuted. Office formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. R. Smith's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—febt'y1 1868.

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,
HAVE constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves, in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, next door to Grocery stand, on Main street, below the Post-office.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17, 63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON FOR PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyon & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 11, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Frames, Pipe, Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Shop in rear of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in the usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,
MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the latest and best manner of workmanship and of the best materials. Shop on the west side of E. H. Fitch's Store, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive a share of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. He will give especial attention to surgical and medical treatment of diseases of the Eye and Ear, and to diseases peculiar to women and children. Office on Main street, two doors west of J. S. Mulford's Store.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Cheese, Butter, East end of Brick Block. In his absence, orders will be attended to and promptly executed by O. L. Brown.
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Great Bend, August 11, 1863.—1y

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Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

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DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Cheese, Butter, East end of Brick Block. In his absence, orders will be attended to and promptly executed by O. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

D. G. W. BEACH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. He may be found at the office of the late Dr. B. Richards, and occupied by Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 6, 1864.—1y

F. B. WEEKS,
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Accordeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, etc. Also carry on the Book Binding Business in all its branches. J. LYONS,
Montrose, January 1, 1864. T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1864.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa., Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

L. H. BURNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., opposite Searle's Hotel. Pension and Bounty Claims carefully prosecuted. Collections promptly made.
Montrose, Nov. 21, 1864. tf

B. R. LYONS & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Rubber Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS, J. D. LYONS
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS & FOSTER,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Notions, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, Montrose.
A. S. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, of the best styles. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main St.
Montrose, Pa., March 8, 1863.—tf

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

SEPTEMBER.

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places;
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning,
And pearly vapors lie
Along the Eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning.

Ah! soon on field and hill
The winds shall whistle chill,
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of balmier weather.

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey lees
That linger in the last flowers of September,
While plaintive mourning doves
Coo sadly to their loves
Of the dead Summer they so well remember.

The cricket chirps all day,
"Oh, fairest Summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild fowls fly afar
Above the foamy bar
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet though a sense of grief
Come with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant;
In all my Autumn dreams
A future Summer gleams
Passing the fairest glories of the present.

HOW TIME WAS KILLED FOR ME.

My greatest trouble is that I have too much money. My greatest virtue, in one view of it, is that I don't want any more. It the latter fact accounts for my being so lazy, let it go at that.

I am lazy, surely; and ennuied, most of the time, and blazé, and all that sort of thing. I've been the round of mortal amusements, until nothing in that way gives me any satisfaction. It has been suggested to me that it might be a good idea if I would go to work. I may do that yet out of sheer despair.

I go to theatres and yawn all through the play.—I go to balls and soirees and am disgusted; those girls all know I'm rich. I lolled away a week at Newport in July, and bathed once or twice; but what a bore it is to bathe! There's no taking your ease in the water, the surf knocks a fellow about so.

One day last week I had been taking a drive in the park, and toward evening strolled down Broadway, a little more ennuied than usual, if possible. What should I do to kill time? As I reached Taylor's I glanced in, and remembered with a sigh the delight with which I had looked upon the gandy glories of that big saloon one evening eight or ten years ago, when I was making my first visit to New-York with a party of school-boy friends. That was about a year before I came into my property, you know, and I was as fresh as a daisy.

Stirred by the memory of that happy, impecunious time, I sat down, ordering something to eat, and a bottle of wine. While engaged in poking a piece of chicken with a fork, and trying to pretend I enjoyed the wine, I was very much surprised at beholding a good looking middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, come up to me and sit down opposite at my table.

"This is Mr. Smith, I believe, isn't it?" said she.

"Not at all," said I; "my name is Jones."

It isn't, however, it is St. Clair; but I did not deem it necessary that the woman should know my name.

"Why, I was sure this was Mr. Smith," said she.

"It's all the same," said I; "it's very near it—Jones is. Will you have a glass of wine with me?"

"Sir!" said she, with some asperity.

"I asked you—a glass of wine, you know. It's not the best, but such as it is——"

"Your impertinence will not avail you, Mr. Smith," said the woman; and she gathered up her black silk skirts and left me.

I raised my eyes a trifle, and languidly watched her cross the room as I sipped my wine. She approached a group of two ladies and one gentleman, and exchanged some observations with them, upon which they all bent an earnest gaze me-ward.

Then they went out.

A moment after I went out also, and there they all were in a group upon the side-walk, evidently waiting for me. The gentleman—quite a well appearing chap he was, too—came up to me and said:

"I think this is Mr. Smith, is it not?"

"It is not," said I; "I am familiar with the name of Smith, but I do not own it."

Then I stepped within and lit a cigar. I had just come across a lot of the primest Havanas, up town, and had put a whole bunch of them in my pocket.

My friends remained at the door, and I offered the gentleman a cigar, which he courteously declined. The whole group then approached me more closely.

"Certainly, it is Mr. Smith," said a gushing little creature in blue silk.

"Of course it is," said another gushing little creature in green silk.

"It is useless for you to deny your name, Mr. Smith; you see we all recognize you perfectly."

"And in case my name were Smith, sir, may I ask what Smith could do to serve you and your fair companions?"

"A good deal, sir," said the gentleman; "as much, I believe, Mrs. Jones, as two hundred dollars, is it not?"

The lady in black silk nodded.

"That's not a good deal," said I.

"Then perhaps you will pay it at once, Mr. Smith, and save further trouble."

"Assuredly I will," said I, "when I owe it."

"Do you mean to deny, sir," said the gentleman, very deliberately, "that you owe Mrs. Jones here that sum for board; that you left her house on Thursday night, last, and carried off besides—quite by mistake, I dare say—a valuable ring belonging to this young lady, Miss Julia Jones?"

I raised my hat to Miss Julia Jones.

"Then I judge," said I, "that I must have been an agreeably intimate terms with this young lady at the time my name was Smith?"

"Was there ever such impertinence!" ejaculated Miss Julia Jones.

"Really, about the hardest case of check I ever saw in my life," said the gentleman, staring curiously at me.

"I bid you good-day, ladies," said I, "and you, sir."

I strolled up the street smoking. They followed me, and presently I felt a policeman's hand laid on my shoulder.

"Beg y'pardon, sir," said the protector of innocence, "this gentleman directs your arrest."

"Arrest!" said I. "Well, this is interesting. On what charge, pray?"

"Grand larceny," said the gentleman, nodding to the officer

I bit my cigar nervously. At first I had a notion to pay these people what they demanded, but on second thought I concluded that would be a little too ridiculous.

"These people," said I, "are mistaken in the man. My name is not Smith. It is St. Clair. You may have heard it."

"Yes, I've heard it often," said the policeman; "it's a very nice sort o' a name, too, an' quite a favorite with some—not the sharpest sort, though. It's gettin' wore out."

"He told me his name was Jones," said the lady in the black silk

"Oh, he did?" remarked the policeman. "Well, Jones is a nice name, too. Do you want him shut right up, sir? It's too late to take him afore the judge, now, you know."

"No," said the gentleman; "give him every chance. It is about dinner-time now. We will go to the house and confront him with the other boarders. It's not too far."

"Since you will have it so, sir, and ladies," said I, "I suppose I may as well go with you. Especially as I have plenty of leisure. But I prefer to take a carriage, if you do not object—at my expense, of course."

So the policeman, the gentleman, and myself rode to Mrs. Jones' boarding-house in Blanque street.

"We shall take no unfair advantage of you, Mr. Smith," said the gentleman. "You shall enter the dining-room alone. The officer will remain in the hall and listen. If the boarders receive you as a stranger, very well; but otherwise——"

I obeyed orders; entered the dining-room and took a seat at the table.

"Why, you're back soon, Mr. Smith?" said a gentleman in spectacles at my left.

And then the boarders all about the table looked up and nodded their salutions to me.

"It's all right," said the policeman, entering.—"Nothing could be snugger. Come on, my man."

"One moment," said I, rising to my feet. "I appeal to the ladies and gentlemen here present to scrutinize me with careful eyes. I am not Mr. Smith. There is some strange mistake. My name is Edward L. St. Clair. Here is my card. I reside at No. — Fifth avenue, and can prove my identity to the most stubborn appreciation."

The male boarders shook their heads. The ladies simpered, and exchanged glances that said, "Did you ever?" as plainly as you ever did.

"Come along, my gentleman," said the policeman, "we're up to all that sort of thing, you know. It won't work. I want you now."

He took me. Nothing easier.

In vain I asked that I be taken to my residence—that one or any of my friends be sent for—Judge Carmel, the Reverend Percy Fitzspont, the Honorable Samson Montgomery, any one.

"Don't you want to see Barnum, or Fernandy Wood?" queried the officer, sarcastically. "You must think I'm a flat. It's played out, I tell you."

In the shadow of the falling night he led me away to the Tombs.

I felt quite a chill run over me as I was ushered into the long corridor of that cheerful abode of murderers and cut throats. The first thing I found there was a man's hand in my pantaloons pocket.—He was an officer. He "went through me" with great celerity, took away my pocket book and watch, scrutinized keenly a ring of keys he found in one pocket, and demanded sharply, "What's this?" concerning an ingenious silver watch-box that I brought from Paris, and which he clearly thought was some burglarous utensil. They put my name and offense down in a big book, and then a man tapped me on the shoulder, with a gesture to follow him.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked, as I followed.

"Lock you up," said he, in the most cold blooded manner, "till morning."

"But I've done nothing," said I, weakly.

"Them never has as come in here," said he, cheerfully.

He put me into a cell and turned a big bolt on me; and there I was, behind an iron door, with no light save that which came through a grated opening in the door, there being lamps burning in the corridor.

I soon became accustomed to the light and survey my cell. The dirt there was astounding.—There were two bunks, looking like nests of vermin, in the apartment, and the soles of their bare feet were crusted with the dirt from the stone floor. There was a narrow bed, with a most disgusting mattress and a hideous flannel blanket, for us three to sleep on.

Us three! *Ohe jam satis!*

One of us was a sailor. He was, he said, on charge of robbing a mess mate.

"And did you?" I asked

"Do I look like er thief?" he asked, with proud scorn.

I certainly thought he did, but I didn't say so.—I offered him a cheer instead

The other of us was in for an attempted burglary.

"And did you?"

"Who? Me? No! It's a damn conspiracy."

He took a cigar also.

Fortune never quite forsakes us. That lucky package of Havanas became my spar in this wide ocean of distress. I kept myself awake with them through all the long night, during which I never once left my feet. The bed was too nasty to even sit on, of course, and the only other seat in the cell was still nastier. So I paced the floor till day broke. I can't say I was especially disturbed in a mental sense. I rather—upon my word—I rather liked the idea of it, viewed as an idea. But I was very tired in a physical sense.

They stuck three tin dishes full of some nauseating mess through the door somewhere about seven o'clock, I judged, (I hadn't my watch, you know,) one mess for each of us. My companions ate their messes with greedy relish. Then they ate mine, and relished me very much by doing so, as I was not entirely certain but that they would, if they could, compel me to eat it, and I fear it was a little too rich for my stomach, and should have certainly thrown it up if I had ever got it down

Of course, when I was taken before the magistrate, it was a simple matter to establish my identity.

There was great indignation in our set for a few days about it, and an sorts of violent threats were made, principally by young fellows like Perkins Porter, jr., who would run from a caterpillar with its back up.

One was going to have Acton discharge that policeman off the force.

"Let him alone," said I; "he did his duty. It was no fault of his."

Another was going to cowhide that young gentleman—Harris his name was. He was engaged to Miss Maria Jones; apologized in the handsomest manner about it.

"Pooh!" said I, "let him alone, too. It was not his fault either."

"Then, whose fault was it, St. Clair?" demanded Perkins Porter, jr.

"Why, Smith's," said I.

And this is to warn Smith, in a friendly manner, to keep away, unless he is prepared to settle with Mrs. Jones, and bring back Miss Julia Jones's ring. I wouldn't mind lending him the money for the board bill if he stands ready to do the entirely fair thing by Miss Julia, and will settle down.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN OESSNA,

ON THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR!

[Delivered at the Great Mass Meeting in Philadelphia on Saturday Night, Sept. 15th.]

CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA: We are about to organize the first mass meeting of the political campaign of 1865 in the Keystone State. It is fitting and proper that this work should commence in the greatest republic of our common wealth. The city whose sons are among the first to respond to the call of their country, whose means have contributed so largely for the last four years to the cause of the Union, whose fires of patriotism have constantly burned brightly through the whole night of gloom and darkness, and whose patriotic daughters have been never wearied in the field of battle, before the smoke of battle had passed away, to care for the wounded and alleviate the pangs of the dying, may well be among the first to declare her position on the great issues raised by the war and now presented for adjustment by the American people.

One year ago and the representatives of a great political organization, in national Convention assembled, pronounced the war for the preservation of the Union a failure; and the papers, speakers, and leaders of that organization, during the entire campaign of 1864, proclaimed that war could not restore the Union, that the question of our late lamented President, Abraham Lincoln, would prevent the success of the struggle, fill the land with untold horrors, and finally overthrow and destroy the republic of our fathers and rear a great military despotism on its ruins. The friends of the Government boldly and fearlessly met the issues thus presented. The people, by their verdict at the polls, by a majority unprecedented in the history of the republic, recorded their will. The enemies of liberty in for a time locks stood appalled at the result. The friends of the Union everywhere took new courage. Rebels trembled, and the heart of the rebellion grew sick and sank in the bosom of treason, and the friends of traitors in our own midst hid themselves away, and many of them deny now that they ever advocated the doctrines, or made the prophecies which compassed the entire burden of their songs in 1864.

The war is now over. The promises and pledges of our friends, made in 1864, have all been kept and fulfilled. Those of our political adversaries have all been dissipated, and proved hollow, delusive and false. Thanks to the heroism, courage and skill of American soldiers, sailors and officers, and to the God of battles, our nation is saved and the good old republic of our fathers still lives. Sweet peace has again spread her gentle wings over our once happy and still beloved land.

The sound of trumpets, the roar of cannon, the noise of mus-ketry, the tread of armies, the victorious cheers of our brave soldiers, and the sad and sickening groans of the wounded are no longer heard throughout our borders. To-day our nation shines forth more bright than ever before as a beacon of hope to those trodden and oppressed throughout the world, as a terror to the tyrants of the earth, as an asylum to the oppressed of all nations, and as the wonder and admiration of the lovers of liberty everywhere. The issues of the coming political struggle in Pennsylvania are already made up. The importance of a proper settlement and determination of these issues cannot be over estimated. The past history as well as the present position of our State entitle and will secure for her great weight in the settlement of all questions of national policy. The representatives of the political organization with which you are supposed to sympathize declared as follows: "The Union party of Pennsylvania, in State Convention assembled, declare: That as representatives of the loyal people of the Commonwealth we reverently desire to offer our gratitude to Almighty God, whose favor has vouchsafed victory to the national arms, enabled us to eradicate the crime of slavery from our land, and to render treason against the republic impossible forevermore; and next to Him our thanks are due and are hereby tendered to our brave soldiers and sailors, who, by their endurance, sacrifices, and illustrious heroism, have secured to their country peace, and to the downtrodden everywhere an asylum of liberty; who have shown that the war for the restoration of the Union is not a failure, and whose valor has proven, for all time, the fact that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, is as invincible in its strength as it is beneficent in its operation."

In contrast with the doctrine here stated, the representatives of our political opponents, in convention recently assembled, have also presented a platform of their principles. In substance and effect they have declared that "war existed as a fact upon the advent of the successful party, in 1860, to the seat of power;" that "slaughter, debt, and disgrace are the results of our late civil war;" that the assassins of our late President were murdered by military commissions, and no more murders of the kind will be permitted, whether it be the Andersonville butcher, the importer of loathsome diseases, or the great second Lucifer who now chides and foams in his cells at Fortress Monroe and who for so long a time has been their beau ideal of a stern statesman and a Christian gentleman. They add, in express terms, that "the men and the party administering the Federal Government since 1861 have betrayed their trust, violated their sacred obligations, disregarded the commands of the fundamental law, corruptly squandered the public money, perverted the whole government from its original purpose, and thereby have brought on untold calamities upon the country." The measures of the administration of Abraham Lincoln were submitted to his countrymen at the election of 1864, for ratification or condemnation. It would seem as if a decent respect for the opinions of their fellow men might have prevented the folly and malignity of the so-called Democratic convention at Harrisburg, as exhibited in the adoption of their platform. It is perfectly manifest that they have not accepted the result of the war, nor are they prepared to bow to its decrees. Again, fellow citizens, they have forced upon you these issues. It will be for you to decide by your action in this campaign, whether the war just closed shall produce substantial results, or whether all the blood and treasure of the nation have been expended and shed in vain. We intend to be merciful, but our mercy must be tempered with justice. We ask not, we wish not vengeance. But indiscriminate mercy to the enemy is danger and injustice to ourselves.

Whenever and wherever our late adversaries come in a true spirit of sorrow and repentance, sheathe the sword, and promise to obey the law in future, we will extend to them the right hand of fellowship and forgive them for the past. After they shall have given us sufficient security for the future time, by a satisfactory probation, we will then—but not till then—restore them to the enjoyment of all the inestimable rights and high privileges which they so recently, so recklessly, and so causelessly trampled under their feet. For the defiant and unyielding rebel; for him who keeps his sword still drawn, reeking with the blood of our brothers; for him who refuses to accept and submit in good faith, to the results of the war; for all those who glory in the part they took in the rebellion; who still insist that they were right and the nation wrong, we have confiscation and loss of citizenship; and if, in the end, nothing else will cure, we must have banishment or the halter

The money spent, the lives lost, the cripples and widows and orphans made sad by the war, planned, commenced and waged by traitors, as well as the robber, but the farmer and the mechanic, and all but the very rich, were ruined. Trival as were then the expenses of the government, the treasury could not meet them. Such was the state of things that induced General Jackson to ask the question, "Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus produce?" The answer then is applicable to the present time that I give it here as proper to read, daily and weekly, by every farmer and planter throughout the whole range of these United States:

"Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor a home market. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market either at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in agriculture, and that the channels of labor should be multiplied? Common sense at once points out the remedy. Draw from agriculture the superabundant labor, employ it in mechanism and manufactures, thereby creating a home market for your breadstuffs, and diversifying the pursuits of a most profitable account, and benefits to the country will result. Take from agriculture in the United States six hundred thousand men, women, and children, and you at once give a home market for more breadstuffs than all Europe now furnishes us. In short, sir—we have been too long subject to the policy of the British monopolist. It is time we should become a little more Americanized, and, instead of feeding the paupers and laborers of Europe, feed our own, or else in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall become paupers ourselves."

To the state of things here described were we, in 1828 indebted for the first thoroughly national tariff. Almost from the moment of its passage, activity and life took the place of the palsy that previously had existed. Furnaces and mills were built; labor came into demand; the country increased; and so large became the demand for the products of the farm that our markets scarcely felt the effect of changes in that of England; the public revenues so rapidly increased that it became necessary to exempt from duty tea, coffee, and many other articles; and the public debt was finally extinguished.

The history of the world—to that hour presents no case of prosperity to the country so great as that which existed at the date of the repeal of the great national tariff of 1828. Had it been maintained in existence we should now have had no secession war, and at this hour the south would exhibit a state of society in which the land owners had become rich, while their slaves had been gradually becoming free, with profit to themselves, to their owners, and to the nation at large. It was, however, repealed in 1834, and the repeal was followed by a succession of British free trade crises, the whole ending in 1842 in a state of things directly the reverse of that above described. Mills and furnaces were closed; mechanics were starving; money was worth twenty per cent; land had fallen to a ridiculous fraction of previous prices; the sheriff was everywhere at work; banks were in a state of suspension; States repudiated payment of their debts; the Treasury was unable to borrow a dollar except at a high rate of interest, and bankruptcy among merchants and traders was so universal that Congress found itself compelled soon after to pass a bankrupt law.

Again, and for the third time, protection was restored by the passage of the tariff act of 1842. Under it, in less than five years, the production of iron rose from 220,000 to 800,000 tons; and so universal was the prosperity that, large as was the increase, it was wholly insufficient to meet the great demand. Mills were everywhere being built. Labor was in great demand and wages were high, as a consequence of which immigration speedily trebled in its amount. Money was abundant and cheap, and the sheriff found but little work to do. Public and private credit was great beyond all previous precedent, and throughout the land there reigned a prosperity more universal than had, in the whole history of the world, ever before been known.

Once more, in 1846, however, did the Serpent—properly represented on this occasion by British free traders—make his way into Paradise, and, after a dozen years had passed, in the course of which, notwithstanding the discovery of California mines, money commanded a rate of interest, higher, as I believe, than had ever been known in the country for so long a period of time. British iron and cloth came in and gold went out, and with each successive day the dependence of our farmers on foreign markets became more and more apparent. With 1857 came the culmination of the system, merchants and manufacturers being ruined, banks being compelled to suspend payment, and the treasury being reduced to a condition of bankruptcy nearly approaching that which had existed at the close of the free trade periods, commencing in 1817 and 1834. For three years that following disaster was everywhere in excess; wages were low; immigration fell below the point at which it had stood twenty years before; the home market for food diminished, and the foreign one proved so utterly worthless that the annual export to all the manufacturing nations of Europe, as I have already stated, amounted to but little more than $10,000 000.

The rebellion came, finding our people unemployed, public and private revenues declining, the treasury empty, and the public credit greatly impaired. With it, however, came the power once again, and for the fourth time, to obtain protection for the men who had food and labor for which they needed to obtain a market. That protection has now endured for but little more than four years, and yet, so marvellous have been its effects that while it has enabled us to give to the government nearly four thousand million of dollars, it has so largely added to the value of land and labor that, notwithstanding the destruction of property at the south, the nation, as a whole, is this day almost twice as rich as it ever was before.

The history of the half century that I have thus reviewed, may now more briefly thus be stated:

Protection as established in 1813, 1828, and 1842, gave, as that of 1861 is ready to give to its free trade successor:	British free trade, as established in 1817, 1834, 1846, and 1847, bequeathed to its successor:
Great demand for labor:	Labor everywhere seeking to be employed:
Wages high and money cheap:	Wages low and money high:
Public and private revenues large:	Public and private revenues small and steadily decreasing:
Immigration great and steadily increasing:	Immigration declining:
Public and private prosperity great beyond all previous precedent:	Public and private bankruptcy nearly universal:
and growing national independence.	and growing national dependence.

Such is the history of the past. Let our farmers study it, and they will, as I think, understand the causes of the prosperity of the present. That done, let them determine for themselves whether to go forward in the direction of individual and national independence, or in that of growing dependence, both national and individual.

Wishing you much success in your patriotic efforts, I remain, very truly yours,

HENRY C. CAREY.

J. E. Williams, Esq., Secretary of the Cleveland Association for the Protection of Domestic Industry.

PROTECTION.

Letter from Henry C. Carey.

PHILADELPHIA, August 1865.

DEAR SIR:—Being in England shortly before the outbreak of secession, I had a long conversation with an eminent economist, in the course of which he was told that in default of the establishment of a commercial policy looking to the creation of a domestic market for the produce of our farms, we had nothing but utter ruin to look for in the future. "I regret to hear it," was his reply, "for we have now become *so strong* that we cannot again permit you to have protection. It cannot and will not be done." So far he was perfectly right, more than a dozen years of British free trade having then so far enfeebled the nation at large, while strengthening British traders and their Southern allies, as to render it nearly if not quite impossible that any change in the direction of a national system could ever again be obtained. Twice before, in 1828 and 1842, had such changes been effected, bringing with them universal prosperity; and yet, in neither case had they been permitted to be maintained for so much as even half a dozen years. Now, in 1859, we had been for more than a decade in possession of the California mines, and during all that time had been pouring nearly their whole product into the laps of the two great manufacturing nations of Europe, France and England, whose annual sales to us of products in the forms of cloth and iron was counting by hundreds of millions of dollars, while their annual purchases from us of wheat, flour, corn, pork, lard, bacon and timber were then but little more than ten millions. This was but fifteen cents per head of a population that was thus being rapidly enriched, while our laborers and mechanics were so reduced to beggary, and our farmers forced to [illegible] their corn for fuel, because unable to obtain [illegible] for it even as much as a single dime per bushel. Those of your neighbors who may take the trouble to study these facts will have but little trouble in understanding how it was that our southern friends became so greatly strengthened as to induce them so blindly to rush upon secession.

Most fortunate was it for the nation at large that they should have risked the perpetration of that act of folly, followed as it was by the abdication of so many southern Senators as enabled the north to seize the reins and enter once again upon the direction of the machine of government. Forthwith, protection became once again the law of the land, and to the *national* system then established it is due that we have now again approached to something like a real independence. We have paid heavily, both in property and life, for the freedom thus obtained; and yet, great as has been the apparent sacrifice at the north, and the real one at the south, the nation, as a whole, is richer than it had ever been before; while the number of our people, and the general prosperity, are increasing at a rate such as until now has not been known. In the whole range of history there is no example of national freedom having been so cheaply purchased.

To the system then established we have been indebted for the power successfully to make the war that is just now closed—a war of proportions so gigantic as to have astonished the world at large. To it, if it shall continue to be maintained, we shall be indebted for power to take among the nations the place to which the number of our people