THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 1, 1871. VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 44.

Business Cards.

B. L. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf

LOOMIS & LUSK.
Attorneys at Law. Office No. 224 Lackawanna Avenue Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Lackawanna & Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.
Attorney at Law. Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMON.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

E. McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT.
McKENZIE, & FAUROT.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes. Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose, Pa., sp. 1, '70.

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; this brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store below McKenzies—just step down.
Montrose, June 7, 1871.—tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose May 10, 1871. tf

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Has opened an office, at the foot of Chestnut street, near the Catholic Church, where he can be consulted at all times.
Montrose, April 26, 1871. 1y

J. D. VAIL,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. 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 Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE.
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
S. P. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71.[W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings. Main street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LITTLES & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office the one heretofore occupied by R. R. & G. P. Little, on Main street, Montrose, Pa. [April 20.
R. R. LITTLE. GEO. P. LITTLE. S. L. BLAKESLEE.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 12, 1869.

O. H. HAWLEY,
DEALER in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Paints, Oils, etc., New Milford, Pa. [Sept. 8, '69.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, Gt. Bend village. Sept. 1st, 1869. tf

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bounty, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office 2 doors below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,
aug1 '68 Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer.
aug1 '68 Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,
U. S. Auctioneer.
Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style, cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.

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

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all its branches. He may be found at the Jackson House. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 8 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869

STROUD & BROWN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
CHARLES STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dyes, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, etc., being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co. Established in 1848. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of J. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [aug'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Dean's Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869

BURNS & NICHOLS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Public Avenue, above Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
E. H. BURNS, AMOS NICHOLS
Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS
BUILDER'S HARDWARE,
MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES, RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES, CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS & BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, BOLTS, &c. ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c. CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING, TACKLE BLOCKS, PLANTER PARTS, CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES. FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS, FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 31, 1869 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!
PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!
CHANGEABLE speed and Double Drive Wheel! It holds the Great New York State National Premium! Also the Great Ohio National Premium, held at Mansfield, in 1870.
At the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!
The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.
The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to one a third slower, without stop, thus adapting itself to bad places and light and heavy grass.
The cutting apparatus is perfect. No breaks and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being perfectly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871.—1 SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

Four Hundred Years Ago.

Wild are thy plains Columbia,
Thy plains of evergreen;
And ne'er before upon thy shore
Were foreign foot-prints seen;
But thro' thy groves the savage roy'd,
Where mountain streamlets flow,
When brave Columbus crossed the seas
Four hundred years ago!

With heart of steel that feared no ill,
With followers true and brave,
He bade farewell his native dell,
And tried the treacherous wave;
He dared to roam the ocean foam,
Where stormy breezes blow,
And to thy shores glad tidings bore,
Four hundred years ago!

Faith was the guide—faith true and tried,
That cheered him on his way,
And pointed out the pathless route
To where thine islets lay;
Hope was the star that shone afar,
With bright and dazzling glow,
And steered his bark 'mid dangers dark,
Four hundred years ago!

But change the scene since then I ween
Thy savage chieftains fled;
And where of old the grim wolf strolled,
Proud cities rear their head;
And fertile plains of golden grain,
In rich luxuriance grow,
Where all was drear as autumn sear,
Four hundred years ago!

On many a crag our starry flag
Waves 'oer the brave and free,
And our navies ride in all their pride
On every sounding sea;
And nations gaze in stark amaze,
For well the nations know
Our name and fame was not the same
Four hundred years ago!

And far away, while the wild winds play
Through the forest's dismal night,
An iron steed with lightning speed
Darts like a ray of light;
And steamers glide o'er the sparkling tide,
Where weary and faint and slow,
The red man drew his light canoe,
Four hundred years ago!

Then, hail Columbia, happy land,
Home of the poor oppressed,
May still to thee the exile flee,
And find a place of rest;
And may thy power, increase each hour,
Thy sons in virtue grow,
And die to save what Colon gave
Four hundred years ago!

MY BIRTHDAY.

Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The Winter winds are wailing low
Its dirge in my ear:

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindful of the glowing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life is grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips, that find it hard to praise,
Are slow, at least to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air,
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn! [—*Whittier.*

Brevities and Witticisms.

—The subscriptions for the Chicago Fund now aggregate $5,000,000.

—A doctor's motto is supposed to have "patients and long suffering."

—Why is a woman always making a noise? Because she's generally in a bustle.

—It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

—One of the crats sent to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union to be forwarded to Chicago, was labelled "My wedding coat."

—Josh Billings says: "I am violently opposed to ardent spirits as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes I think that a little of it tastes good."

Miscellaneous.

For the Democrat.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Is the United States of America on the downward road, and are we drifting onward towards a vast consolidated Empire? This is the question that naturally presents itself to the inquiring mind of every American politician. We have no way of judging the future but by the present and past, and judging thus, it would seem as though the course of this nation was tending that way—with long and rapid strides. A long and cloudy civil war; the sacrifice of a million lives; destruction, woe and misery untold mark the past—and what are these marks of the past? The land is filled with widows and orphans; the elective franchise is given to the interior negro; fraud and robbery rule the day, and a huge bonded debt of three thousand millions of dollars is fastened upon the people; and the bloated aristocratic bondholder stands with one hand stained in the poor laborer's heart's blood, and the other upon the throat of his struggling brother.

And now what is the cause of all this? What was the foundation—the starting point of all our troubles? Here is where the difference of opinion is. Some contend that slavery was the cause. Others contend that the secession of the Southern states was the cause. But is either of these the real cause? Every seceded state was long ago compelled to take its place in the Union; and to-day negro slavery does not exist in a single state; but have our troubles ceased? Have they all been swept away like dew before the blazing sun, and do we now behold the good old times we saw in the administration of Washington and Jefferson? No, but on the contrary they have greatly multiplied; and hence it is evident that neither of the above mentioned causes is the real one. What then is the real cause? It is the greedy, avaricious spirit of the rich in its mad attempt to crush down the struggling poor. It is a war between capital and labor.

Now I contend that riches produce a corrupting influence all over the world. The greedy lust of the rich and aristocratic have destroyed all free government from the creation of the world to the present time. To use a common phrase "The big fish will destroy the little ones." This every day phrase is a true saying and will apply the world over. As men commence to accumulate wealth, they seem also to accumulate a greedy, jealous, avaricious, overbearing, tyrannical principle and those that are below them in amount of property are looked upon as inferior being fit only for toiling slaves; and this principle holds good in nineteen cases out of twenty, just in proportion to their property, from the town pauper to the [illegible] commence at home, and take a glance at our own County—at our own township—at our own neighborhood, and see if this is not so.

We are all acquainted with more or less poor men who have to depend upon hard daily labor, wherever they can pick it up, for their daily bread. Now suppose one of these men commits a crime; say for instance he steals a few shillings worth from his more wealthy neighbor; mark the result. That man will be compelled to suffer the furtherest extent of the law. Now this is all perfectly right for crime at all times should be promptly punished, but let one of his wealthy neighbors commit that very crime from the day laborer, and it is scarcely heard of three miles away from home. The poor day laborer may steal a few dollars from the rich aristocrat, or commit some other petty crime and he must languish in the stone prison, under bolts and bars, for weary months or years, but his rich neighbor is perhaps sent to Congress or some other high office in the government. He steals fifty thousand dollars from the struggling poor, making the cruel deed tell in thousands of starving families and he is looked upon as a gentleman, and it is declared by thousands that he is doing a noble work.

The toiling laborer dies and his family is left in a destitute condition, the rich have received the benefit of all the labor and toil of his lifetime, merely giving him as a compensation just enough to keep him in working order. They have had him through all his lifetime, where he was compelled to labor for them or starve; and they having things pretty much all their own way, gave him just what they chose, and he was forced to accept. But now his life is worn out and he is dead; what will become of his suffering family? Perhaps some of them become paupers, and some eke out a miserable existence, and a scanty living by doing the lowest kind of drudgery for the rich. The dog is dead and some of his family, perhaps, old and feeble, have become paupers and the rich grumble terribly because they have to pay a small portion back to help maintain them. The rich man dies and his family live on in ease and luxury and surrounded with princely splendor. They are declared to be in a state of destitution. A paper is fixed up and circulated, and money is freely subscribed in abundance. Perhaps the matter is mentioned in Congress, a bill is gotten up and thousands of dollars are appropriated from the people's money, to help that rich man's family, as in the case of the Lincoln family, and many others who receive as their salaries from the government sums that any laboring man would deem sufficient to make him many times independent, rich. But what care the rich bondholders in Congress how much they appropriate? The laboring men have the greater part of the bill to foot in the shape of taxes, tariff, revenue and stamps. It will give the laborer one more kick towards keeping him down; it will also help increase the public debt, and give monied man a chance to obtain more lands and thus strengthen his hold on the government.

Let us have one more illustration. Take for example any new county just being settled like Susquehanna county was fifty or sixty years ago. The people are all poor. They have left their homes in distant lands, and gone forth to commence the battle of life anew. They have gone into a wilderness world. They not only have the giant forest to subdue; but the howling wolves, the prowling bear, and the screaming panther make the night hideous; and these they have to contend with. No roads, or stores, or shops exist in the wilderness, and they have to endure hardship, privation and suffering almost without limit. In some instances they are obliged to take the little grain that they can save from the destroying animals, upon their own backs and travel through the wilderness twenty or thirty miles, in order to get to the nearest mill, as did the nine partners of Harford township. What aristocrat is there in the land that would think he could stoop so low as this? The fearless frontiersmen when left to themselves generally have stout hearts and they go on from struggle to struggle with unfaltering courage, and at length the sturdy forest gives way beneath their steady toil, and in its place are green pastures and waving fields of grain. They live like a band of brothers suffering and sharing each others burdens alike; and being willing to live according to the golden rule, there is scarcely any need of further law.

At length the rich aristocrat in the distance, hears that the hardy settlers are prospering—that they are rising in the world. The rich man starts for the little settlement, where all is peace and contentment—he sees—he comprehends at a single glance and with a triumphant glee he inwardly exclaims, "Ah! here is my harvest." He goes about like a prowling wolf, prying into their little business affairs, and he learns that the greater part of them are somewhat in debt. Some of them have doctors bills, that they have not yet been able to square up; others owe some merchant, and perhaps scarcely any of them have yet paid up for their land. But they are prospering now and if let alone, perhaps a short time longer their debts would all be paid. "Ah!" the rich aristocrat exclaims, "I have come in the right time." And he goes on and buys up all the different little debts against the settlers, that he can find. The Sheriff is sent on, and the warfare commenced. The peace of the community is destroyed, their homes are broken up, and three fourths of the sturdy settlers are sent away penniless, to buffet and struggle anew. And so it goes the world over, and I suppose this is why the Bible tells us that "the love of money is the root of all evil," and again, "that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than it is for a rich man to enter the kindom of Heaven."

Now having endeavored to show up the greedy, avaricious spirit of the rich; let us view their acts in the bold and daring attempt to wrest the United States government from the hands of the people. In a word, to subvert and change it from a free republic, to an arristocracy. When this government was formed, not yet quite one hundred years ago, the people were nearly all poor, and no rich millionaries [illegible] ed by poor men, and for poor men, and it gave ample protection to the rights and liberties of all. The people accepted it as the rule and law of the nation and for many years the chosen officers of the republic followed its precepts with unbroken faith, and we prospered as no nation on Earth ever prospered before. At length the rich and aristocratic began to spring up on every side, and the oppression of the laboring class commenced; and for many long and weary years the struggle continued. But in time the aristocrats became impatient. They did not rob the laborer fast enough. They received, as yet, only a part of his earnings; and like the Lion when he has once tasted blood, they were raving for all they had at once. Many more had now joined their ranks, and they banded themselves together, and formed the bold and daring conspiracy to seize the government, and thus the gates to the wealth of the country would be open to them. But how could they successfully accomplish this? They would rake up some pretext for a war—draw the laboring class into it—cause thousands of them to be slain—create a great national debt, and saddle it upon their backs while *they* themselves stood back and took the spoils—and thus the victory would be theirs. The great question was what would produce a war? They knew the masses were imbrued with the spirit of liberty; and that they guarded their state rights with watchful and ever vigilant eye. They would meddle with slavery, for their first pretext, and they felt sure the southern states would resent it. They subscribed money and they went to work. They scattered books, papers and publications, broadcast all over the land, depicting the sin and woes of slavery. Many of the laboring class had been educated but little in political affairs, and not dreaming of the deceptive spirit that ever dwells in the rich man's bosom, they gulped down all the reports sent them and believed them true. They were honest men but they were woefully deceived; and they went over and joined the secret conclave of the rich, then known as the Know Nothing party. They had now agitated the slavery question for nearly thirty years, and yet they had not gained possession of the government. The territory of Kansas was likely to become a state soon and if left to itself it might become a slave state. Here was a grand chance to start a row—to commence their long cherished crusade. Old John Brown volunteered to do the work, and with sharps' rifles, plenty of ammunition, and a few followers he started for the field of operation; where after robbing a few settlers, and committing a few cold blooded midnight murders, he failed in the enterprise. Nothing daunted, he collected a larger band of followers and went to Virginia, where he endeavoured to get up an insurrection among the negroes and incite them to murder the whites. The plot, however, was discovered and he was taken and tried; and he met his doom on the gallows.

Again had their attempted crusade proved a failure, and now what? They would split the old Democratic party, and at the next presidential election they would elect their man. If they could do this, they could walk into power unmolested, and they did not hesitate. Suddenly many of them put on their hypocritical robes, and boldly declared the democratic doctrine. In this way they worked themselves along, until the national Democratic Convention was represented by many traitors, who worked their card well and the great Democratic party was divided. By deception the first great barrier to the rich man's success had been met and overcome. The election of 1860 came off; but as might have been foreseen, the result was lost to the Democratic party.

Mr. Lincoln was elected by a sectional vote, and remembering the threats the party had made, the southern masses became alarmed. Still the leading abolitionists were afraid the south would not secede—they were afraid the matter would be settled some other way, and some of the leading organs of their own party pretended to uphold the secession of the southern states. The New York *Tribune* only three days before South Carolinia seceded, said, "that the Declaration of Independence justified her in doing so." Feb. 23d, 1861, the editor of the same paper, acknowledged to be the exponent of the black Republican party, said: "If the cotton states desire to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so."

The abolition of slavery, and the overthrow of state rights, had been preached for thirty years by a sectional party, and now that very party was upon the eve of stepping into power. Blinded by deception, and half crazed by the mad excitement of the hour, they rashly took just the course the abolition leaders would have them take. They seceded from the Union.

On the fourth of March 1861, Abraham Lincoln, at the capitol building in Washington took the solemn oath to maintain and defend the constitution of the United States; and surrounded by rows of glistening bayonets, he issued his orders and commenced preparing for war on the grandest scale the world had ever witnessed. Suddenly the cry was raised "This is a war for the Union. The southern States have basely seceded from the best government the sun ever shone upon—they have fired the first gun—they have fired on the national flag—laboring men leave your farms and your workshops and rush to the rescue." The country was all ablaze with excitement and the poor, ignorant, deluded masses really believing it was a war for the Union blindly rushed into the inhuman massacre, by thousands. The powers of hell were let loose, and a reign of blood and terror, existed. It was declared by the clergy to be a Holy war, and they engaged in the crusade and worked with might and main, and to their everlasting shame and disgrace—Aye to the disgrace of the very pulpit's where they stood, they set aside the teachings of Jesus Christ, who taught us to pray for our enemies, and presumed to call down the wrath of the Almighty upon the heads of the rebels. Is such christianity? Upon the plea of necessity the constitution was virtually set aside—trampled under foot and ignored, and men of note who dared to say the war was [illegible] bastiles and dungeons for weary months, for fear the real truth might yet leak out, and the people compel them to return to the constitution. To carry on this infernal crusade it cost millions every day, and to meet the demand the rich men came forward and turned their money into government bonds. Now they inwardly exclaimed; we have the laboring class just where we want them. Come on all of you that have a few thousand or even a few hundred to spare; convert it into government bonds and we will make it a nice thing for you. Invest it in government bonds, and you shall become a shareholder in the government, and the whole property of the United States shall be mortgaged to secure you. We have emancipated four million negro slaves—we will make them voters. We can deceive them better than we can the whites. They will vote for us and retain us in power and by that means we can enslave twenty million whites. Thus firmly seated in power, we shall have free access to the treasury and to the people's money. We will start a national bank and issue paper money for the laborer, but the interest on our bonds must at all times be paid in gold. In this way, all the gold and silver will eventually work into our hands, while the laboring man shall be compelled to stand back, and to accept the paper we offer him or have nothing.

And with the foolish, deluded people to back them, they went on carrying out to the letter, the base plans of their great conspiracy. The weary months and years of blood and carnage rolled on, and at length, the people began to tire of the sickening struggle. But the aristocratic class, had become more bold now and they got up a conscription act, and compelled to enter the army. The bondholders had all the gold and silver now, and the laborer had nothing but their worthless paper, and should he desire to leave his country to escape death, he must pass through a numerous army of well paid spies, pimps and provost marshals; and after all, should he be so fortunate as to pass all these and arrive in Canada or some other foreign land, he would find they would not take his paper money, and it was not one laboring man in twenty, that had gold or silver enough to pay for his breakfast. Thus was the laboring class fast in the trap, and they were forced to submit. At length, after years of slaughter and barbarions, wickedness, the bond-holding party became alarmed. They saw that they had destroyed a million lives of the laboring class already, and they knew that they were the bone and sinew of the land. They could manage the rest now, and if the sacrifice continued much longer, there might not be enough left to supply them with their daily bread, and this would never do. The war was now brought to a close, the southern states laid down their arms—acknowledged themselves defeated—accepted the terms, and stood ready to resume their places in the Union. But an elections was about to come off, and the votes of the southern laborers must never tell against the bondholders. They were therefore, declared out of the Union—provisional governors were appointed, and a standing army sent among them, to overawe the people and keep them from the polls.

The result was as might have been foreseen, the full and complete triumph of the bondholder's party, who now entered anew upon their reign of robbery and ruin. A bonded debt of nearly Three Thousand Millions of dollars was at once fastened upon the people, being nearly one hundred dollars to every man, woman and child in the country; and to pay the interest, the tariff and duty on the laboring man's goods were frightfully increased.

Let us now pass by a few years of the rich man's career of fraud and robbery, and take a glimpse of the present. As we look about us on every hand we see hugh monopolies arising and consolidating, and under the fostering care of a bondholding Congress, we naturally ask ourselves where will be the laboring man's rights, in twenty years to come? Nearly all of our leading manufacturing establishments are huge monopolies; the railroad systems of the present day are huge monopolies, and the Governmetnt, as carried on at present, is nothing more or less than a giant enterprise of this kind—a monster combination of conspiring bondholders. They already have their hands upon the laboring mans' throat, and having already robbed him of a good share of his honest earnings, they mean to keep on until the last cent of the country's wealth, above the actual necessity of the toiling millions, has passed into their pockets.

They tell us that the tariff is mostly on articles of luxury, such as only the rich use, and therefore they have the greater part to pay, while articles of necessity, such as the laboring man must have is taxed but little, in order to protect labor. Laboring men, can you believe such nonsense? Is salt a luxury? The tax upon it, is 140 per cent. Is soap a luxury?—The tax upon it is 70 per cent. Are candles a luxury? The tax upon them is 40 per cent. Are the sheets that cover the poor mans' bed, luxuries? The tax upon them is 55 per cent. Are the blankets that cover him, luxuries? The tax upon them is 240 per cent. Is his window glass a luxury? The tax upon it is 55 per ct. Are his knives and forks, luxuries? The tax upon them is 35 per cent. Is a dress of woolen for his wife a luxury? It is taxed 100 per cent. Is a shawl for her also a luxury? It is taxed 200 per cent. And now, how is it with the farmer? Are his hoe and spade luxuries? they are taxed 40 per cent. each; his horse shoes, 67 per cent; his plow 45, his chains 100, harness, 35, and saw 76. Are all these luxuries? And now, are the rich man's bonds luxuries, or what are they? They are taxed not a single cent! though they represent millions of wealth, they are free and entirely exempt from all taxes! Is this right? Draw your own conclusions. Now, shall we place all the blame on the shoulders of the *so-called* Republican party? by no means! They played a cunning card, at the commencement, in making it the interest of every monied man to join their ranks, for any man who had a few hundred dollars to spare could invest it in government bonds and draw his interest therefor, in [illegible] were entirely free from taxation; whereas, [illegible] was invested in any other way, it was liable to be taxed, and the interest, of course would be paid in paper currency. The purchase of government bonds was therefore the best the rich man could possibly make for his own personal benefit; and having once invested thus and become a bondholder, does not common sense teach us that it would be for his interest to sustain the party that would endorse and favor his bonds the most. What party would favor his bonds more than the party that first created it? Surely none. And they flew to its support with alacrity.

Thousands of the Democratic party became bondholders, and from that moment they became black Republicans, heart and soul, simply because it was for their own personal interest. The Democratic party was demoralized, and well nigh destroyed. Its noble old ranks that always protected the laboring class, from the days of Washington, down, was polluted with the foul presence of thousands of wolves in sheeps clothing. Traitors of the deepest dye, and of the most dangerous kind. And now this band of marked traitors set about plotting for the overthrow of the Democratic party—for its utter destruction. And this brings us down to the present time, and to the NEW DEPARTURE. This multitude of conspirators were monied men—they were bondholders. Common sense teaches us that their personal interest was where their property was; and that it would be for their gain to sustain the ruling power; composed as it was of a mighty conclave of bondholders. The question now was, how could they serve that party to the greatest advantage? But they were adequate to the undertaking. They remembered full well the work of the Republicans, in splitting the Democratic party in 1860 and they would play the same card. They were men of money, and many of them could wield more influence than a thousand laboring men. They would not be suspected, and they could work their way into the conventions of the Democrats—build their platform, accepting the situation as it then was, for their foundation, sustaining all the baseness and fraud of their huge monied oligarchy—deceive and disgust the laboring masses and finally split, and demoralize the Democratic party, more thoroughly, and more effectually than did the Republicans in 1860.

With the Democratic party thus deceived, and divided; and with bayonet force, and fraud in the south; together with the negro votes, the bondholders could behold an easy, and a complete victory. And they set about the work, carrying it outas they had planned, and money has well nigh done the deed. But the people are beginning to be aroused. They remember the cry of the "War for the Union." They know the rich and aristocratic are mighty on deception; and this time they will not swallow the deceiving dose. The "new departure" dodge of these political cormorants is no go with the masses. If everything the bondholders have ever done in wiping out the constitution, and in destroying the peace and happiness of this Union, must be accepted, they do not want the old Democratic party to commit the crime themselves, and thus be stained with the demonion deed; and they wont vote. They can see no good in a change of men, without a change in the administration, and they wont support the men nominated on the acceptance platform of the new departurists, for they had much rather the Republican party would continue in power, than stain their own party with such an everlasting disgrace. The Democratic masses will therefore stay at home, and the fall elections will result, as the New Departurists intended they should—in the defeat of the Democracy. And now the year for holding the Presidential election is fast rolling round; and with such a powerful ally as New Departurists, the bondholders expect to walk into a new lease of power almost without an effort. If they do, free government and American liberty will be burried beyond the hope of a resurrection. If they do by fraud and deception carry the next Presidential election, where will the rights of the people be? We have seen their despotic acts in the past, and the people have humbly submitted until nearly all their liberties have been shorn from them. With these facts before us, we naturally inquire, what may they not do in the future, and will the people submit? These are grave questions to think of, and upon them are probably hinged a ponderous responsibility. The laboring class are naturally a peaceable body, and they will undoubtedly submit until submission no longer ceases to be a virtue, and then what? I shudder to contemplate the awful result. They will rise in their power and might, as did the French, commune, and the whole of this broad dominion will be drenched in blood. And then let the latter go whichever way it may, it would be an end of the American Union. We would probably emerge from the bloody conflict in several seperate, petty kingdoms, nations and dependences, each jealous of its neighbor, wrangling, and quarrelling for the ascendancy, until finally amid war, and carnage, we would destroy ourselves more effectually than did Greece or Rome, and the United States of America, would be blotted out from among the nations of the world. How shall we avert this appalling catastrophe and save ourselves from the impending ruin? In my mind there is just one chance left us, and that is the ballot box.

As I have said before, the Democratic party is polluted with the traitorous presence of so many bondholders, that it exists only in name among the men who at present take the leading part in it. There is thousand and millions of the masses, who hold fast to the Democratic principles of old, but there is no such organization. They can see no Democracy in the principles laid down by the so called Democratic party of the present. They are disgusted with it, and they stay away. Nine tenths of the people of this country are of the laboring class. Names are nothing. Then why not form a white laboring man's party, and invite into its ranks the sons of toil, from every grade, and from every party, and choose the [illegible] this class, and labor let be protected. Choose men for office, who are not afraid of the dirt of the plow, or the dust of the shop, and they will appreciate the laboring man's rights, which should be respected. Let us then form a new party, and reaffirm the true Democratic principles of old. Let the truth be known as it is, and the people will march to the polls in solid columns, and win such a victory, as has not been seen here since the days of Washington. Such a victory as will cause the greedy, avaricious bondholders to sink away and hide for very shame. Then will a new era have dawned upon American politics. All the darkness will have been swept away, and the full blaze of of truth, will shine upon the future history of the American nation.

JASPER T. JENNINGS.
New Milford, October 10, 1871.

Secretary Stanton's Dying Opinion of Grant.

A distinguished Louisianian was in Boston recently, and had an interview with Senator Sumner, at his rooms, at the Coolidge House. During a lengthy conversation with him Mr. Sumner related an interview, the last he ever had with Edwin M. Stanton, the late Secretary of War. It took place shortly prior to Mr. Stanton's death. Mr. Sumner had made one of his customary calls. Mr. Stanton requested Mr. Sumner to come near his bed-side. The dying man placed his hand in that of Mr. Sumner's and said:

"Sumner, I am going over the river. I shall never recover. I wish to say one word with you before I die."

Sumner—I hope that your are not dying, Mr. Stanton, but go on.

Stanton (emphatically)—General Grant cannot administer this government. He is not equal to the duties.

Sumner—Mr. Stanton, your statement is broad.

Stanton—I mean it as broadly as I state it.

Sumner—Why did you not mention this before the nomination?

Stanton—I was busy in my office, and was not consulted by the politicians who made the nomination. They did not take me into their councils.

Sumner—But, Mr. Stanton, you made speeches during the campaign; why did you not state this important fact then?

Stanton—You examine my speeches, and you will not find one word in favor of General Grant for President. I spoke for the Republican party *only*.

Sumner—But you say Grant cannot administer the government. He succeeded well in the army, and the people gave him credit for our success.

Stanton (stretching forth his right hand)—Senator Sumner, this hand supplied him with men and money, unlimited. I gave him the direction of the affairs. I am dying, Mr. Sumner, and I state this to you. Use it whenever the interests of the country demand it.

At the time Mr. Sumner made this statement about his farewell interview with Mr. Stanton he did not agree with the gentleman from Louisiana as to the merits of General Grant and made this plain to the group of gentlemen who were listeners to the Senator.

—A pretty promenade costume is of vine colored poplin, trimmed near the knee with a narrow upright ruffle of velvet, put on in plaits, beneath which are three bias folds of the same. The corsage is high, and coat sleeves, with velvet the same as on the skirt, to simulate a cuff.