

# BLOOMSBURG DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XXXII. BLOOMSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1868. NUMBER 16.

## OFFICERS OF COLUMBIA CO.

President Judge—Hon. William Knorr.  
 Associate Judge—John D. Herber.  
 Sheriff and Clerk of Court—John H. Herber.  
 Register and Recorder—John H. Herber.  
 Commissioners—John P. Fowler, Montgomery Cole, David Yeager.  
 Sheriff—Mordecai Millard.  
 Treasurer—Jacob Yohr.  
 Auditors—John P. Fowler, David Yeager, Jacob Harris.  
 Commissioner of the Court—Wm. Kriebbaum.  
 Commissioner of the Poor—H. Little.  
 Mercantile Appraiser—W. H. Jacoby.  
 County Surveyor—Isaac A. Demitt.  
 District Attorney—Milton M. Traugh.  
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 Spring term commences April 13th, 1868.  
 Bloomsburg, March 18, 1868.

## WESLEY WIRT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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## E. R. IKELER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

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 All business placed in his hands will be attended to with promptness and care. Collections made with the least possible delay. (Sept. 23, 1867.)

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Will practice in the several Courts of Columbia and adjoining counties.  
 All Collections promptly attended to.  
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## CHAS. G. BARKLEY, Attorney at Law,

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 Office in the Exchange Building, second story, over Shive & Co's. Store, second door above the Exchange Hotel.  
 Bloomsburg, April 17, 1867.

## O. C. KAHLER, Counselor and Attorney at Law,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.  
 Would announce to his friends and the public in general, that he has resumed the Practice of Law again. Conveyancing and all legal business promptly attended to.  
 OFFICE in the Exchange Building, second story, over Shive & Co's. Store, second door above the Exchange Hotel.  
 Bloomsburg, May 1, 1867.

## SAMUEL EVERETT, WITH MATE, HERZEL & GUNN, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

WINE AND LIQUORS.  
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MAIN STREET, (near the Court House,) BLOOMSBURG, PA.  
 Constantly on hand a large assortment of American and Swiss Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, and Gold and Silver Goods.  
 Repairs and Jewels. Watches made to order. All work done with neatness and dispatch.  
 Bloomsburg, April 17, 1867.

## DR. J. R. EVANS, Physician and Surgeon.

HAVING located permanently on Main Street, BLOOMSBURG, Pa., would in form the public generally, that he is prepared to attend to all business pertaining to his profession with the most skill and care, on terms commensurate with the services.  
 He pays special attention to Surgery as well as to all other branches of his profession.  
 Nov. 1, 1867.

## DR. W. H. BRADLEY, Physician and Surgeon.

Office at the Court House, Bloomsburg, Pa. Will attend to all business pertaining to his profession with the most skill and care, on terms commensurate with the services.  
 Nov. 1, 1867.

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RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the dental department with the most skill and care, on terms commensurate with the services.  
 He has a large assortment of gold, silver and rubber teeth, and is prepared to manufacture all kinds of artificial teeth, and to repair and set all kinds of dentures.  
 He also offers a few doors above the Court House, Bloomsburg, June 1, 1868.

## NEW OYSTER SALOON, AMERICAN HOUSE, BARTER LEACOCK, SUPT.

Trade Officers served up in every style and at all hours, with all the other "dainties" found in first class restaurants.  
 Ale constantly on hand, together with choice liquors of every brand.  
 Special attention given to the preparation of oysters, which are served up in every style and at all hours.  
 Bloomsburg, Nov. 13, 1867-8.

## Bloomsburg Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN BLOOMSBURG, PA. BY WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.

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## Honor to the Brave.

These ignorant and savage rioters should know that the whole military force now available in the United Kingdom, in case of emergency, cannot be much, if at all, two hundred thousand men, including soldiers, the armed police, volunteer rifle clubs, and enrolled militia. — *Lon. Ex.*

## Honor the brave, who battle still.

No more slaves in their naked hands! Who wage by day and wage by night, In groups of three and bands of ten, One savage, unsparring fight, Against two hundred thousand men.

## No pomp of war their eyes to blind.

No blare of music as they go, With just such weapons as they find, In destitute onset on the foe. They seize the pike, the torch, the scythe, Unequal contest—but what then? With steadfast eyes, and spirit blithe They face two hundred thousand men.

## The jails are yawning through the land.

The scaffold's fatal click is heard— But still move on the scanty band, By jail and scaffold undeterred, A moment's pause to wait the last, Who fell in freedom's fight—and then, With teeth firm set, and breathing fast, They face two hundred thousand men!

## Obscure, unmarked, with none to praise.

Their fealty to a tyrant land— Yet never knight in Arthur's days— For desperate cause made firm stand, They wage no public war, 'tis true! They strike and fly, and strike what then? 'Tis only thus this faithful few Can front two hundred thousand men!

## You call them 'ignorant,' rash and wild—

But who can tell how patriots feel With centuries of torment piled Above the land to which they kneel? And who has made them what we find— Like tigers lurking in their den, And breaking forth in fury blind, To bear two hundred thousand men!

## Who made their lives so hard to bear.

Their rank no how they may be lost! A wreck on ruin's ocean tossed! We, happier here, may carry an sneer, And judge them harshly—but what then? No glories for those who have a foe To face to hundred thousand men!

## Honor the brave! Let England rave.

Against them as a savage band— We know their foes, we know their woes, And hail them as a hero band. With iron will they battle still, In groups of three and files of ten— Nor care we by what savage skill They fight two hundred thousand men! — *MILES O'REILLY.*

## What's the Cause?

What is the cause of nine-tenths of the wickedness, pauperism and crime, which are from day to day disturbing the quiet of the people? It is the use of whisky and lager beer. These enemies of mankind are at work throughout the land, and wherever located troubles of every grade ensue. Public and private interests, and public and private morals are greatly endangered, and in many instances totally destroyed. It is then that brawls, quarrels, riots, assaults, and every species of rowdyism commence. And this sort of crime continues to grow until public safety demands the outlay of large sums of money to build jails and organize courts of justice. Whisky is an expense from its beginning to the end of its miserable victims. It brings good to none, but whenever and wherever it is used as a beverage it spreads evil among all. It impoverishes the inebriate and makes him unfit for any purpose. It destroys the social relations of life, and makes miserable those who were once happy. It taxes the sober man and compels him to pay out of his hard-earned money the expense necessarily incurred in taking care of drunkards and drunkard's families. The money thus extorted out of the pockets of sober people every year would more than pay the interest on the public debt, yet the people quietly submit— *Advocate.*

## Our homes are like instruments of music.

The strings that give music or discord are the members: If each is rightly tuned, they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument, and destroys its sweetness.

## A very pertinent question it was which

a wise elder put to a certain young man who, in spite of many apparently providential indications to the contrary, that he had a call to preach. "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

## They that spend their days in faith and prayer,

shall advert their days in peace and comfort.

## The Platform—Lead!

Not a word for your laboring men! Not a word for any but bondholders, and Southern negroes!

Read it again—See that Mongrelism in its platform upon which it has placed the big-brother Grant and the wench-worshipers COLGAR, has not a word of sympathy for your sobbing limbs and blistered hands—has not a word of condemnation for the infamous thieves who have robbed the government you are taxed to support of more dollars than they have hairs upon their heads—has not a word of promise that the recklessness, oppression and profligacy that has marked every moment of the administration of Mongrelism shall be stopped—has words of hope for no one but negroes and bondholders.

## HAVE YOU READ IT?

Did you see anything that pledged that party to stop the terrible burdens of taxation that are bearing you to the ground by making the bondholders bear a portion of the expenses of the government? Could you find anything in it that pledges that party to stop taxing you to feed, clothe and educate the millions of doleful, worthless, negroes of the South? Did you see a word favoring the abolishment of the military governments throughout the South, kept up for the benefit of lazy idlers and lazier negroes at an expense of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars yearly? Did you in fact find a sentence or syllable that will allow you to believe that that party will ever attempt to better your own condition by stopping these enormous expenditures of money, that you are taxed to provide?

## No sir!

You may have studied it from beginning to end, and if you are honest you must admit that is nothing but a cunning way of covering up their infamous acts, and of plastering over with plausible words the festering sores that stick out from every side of their rotten organization.

## If Mongrelism is in favor of no administering the government that we, the toiling, taxed masses may be benefited as well as others, why has it failed to say so? If it is in favor of lessening our taxes by lessening the public expenses why does it not say so? The simple fact is, it is in favor of nothing that will benefit the laboring white men: its record and its noncommittal platform both prove that it favors only

Negro Suffrage!  
 High Taxes!  
 Military Governments!  
 Thieving Officials!  
 Freedman's Bureaus!  
 Perpetual Disunion!  
 Enormous Public Debts!  
 Treasury Plunders!

## and the whole catalogue of crimes, and outrageous acts that have robbed you and yours, for the benefit of the pimps a few politicians see proper to ponder to.

Read their platform, and if you can find anything in it which you really believe that a party, led by such men as Butler, Stevens, Conover, and Cameron, will carry out, that will benefit you, then march up to the polls and vote for the man who murdered more men as a drunken officer, than he can get votes as a Presidential candidate!

## AN INANE MAN KIDNAPS AN INFANT.—

The *Racine (Wis.) Journal*, of the 13th, gives the particulars of a thrilling incident which occurred on Saturday last, wherein an insane man stole an infant child and ran for the woods. It says: Mrs. Schmidt, living near the county line station, laid her baby in the cradle, while she attended to some work which required her attention in the other part of the house. While she was thus engaged, an insane man who had been wandering around the neighborhood for a number of days, went into the house, seized the child, and ran for the woods. The mother, hearing the cries of her infant, rushed to the room, but too late to secure the child. Frantically she pursued the man, imploring him to stop; but of no avail.—The man disappeared in the woods, still holding to the child. Mrs. Schmidt immediately roused the neighbors, who armed themselves and started in pursuit. All night long they searched through the forest but without avail. No trace of the man could be found. The next morning, about day-light, their search was rewarded. Attracted by a fire, they hastened to the spot, and there, warmly covered with leaves and an old coat, lay the infant asleep, while the crazy man was singing a harsh lullaby. As the pursuers approached, he sprang to his feet with a wild yell, and with savage oaths and abuse tried to intimidate them. The mother, all unmindful of the danger, rushed passed him and clasped her infant to her breast. The crazy man sprang toward her with an uplifted club, but before he could strike he was seized by his friends, and after a desperate struggle overpowered. Watching his opportunity he broke away from his captors and fled.

## Mr. Whitworth, the inventor who gave

his name to the famous rifled cannon, is a self-educated English mechanic grown rich by his genius. He has likely given \$500,000 to endow thirty scholarships for the education of needy and deserving young men as engineers.

## A MAN came into a printing office to beg

a paper. "Because," he said, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one!"

## WHAT is growing old at the same time?

Everybody old.

## The Evil of Our Financial System.

It is on the laboring and producing classes of this nation that the evil of the financial system of this country, introduced under Republican rule, is now falling. They, after all, must pay the whole tax raised by the system on the industry of the country. This system grinds the face of the poor, depresses their energies, debilitates their spirits, embitters their life, vitiates their social habits, and injures the important sense of the equal dignity of human nature.

But it is in its moral effect that the injury is deepest and deadliest. The heart of the nation is corrupted, and its best principles, from which alone a sound prosperity and happiness can proceed, are deprived. An effect is produced analogous to that on the character of a gambler. The curse of avarice enters and demoralizes it; and, deadening every good sentiment of justice, virtue, high-mindedness, benevolence, frugality, gives birth to a sordid selfishness, a thirst after wealth as the supreme good, a restless discontent, a recklessness of means, a disregard of the sanctity of promises, and indifference to debt, and a fondness for display and luxury. How far these fearful symptoms of the worst of all possible evils—national demoralization—have been manifested during the last six years, every one can judge for himself. He can read the long catalogue of crimes and beastliness in the daily journals and in the proceedings of our courts.— *Evening Herald.*

## The Stolen Silks.

Some short time ago, a rather extensive robbery was committed at a warehouse in the city. I was sent to examine the premises, and see if I could make anything out of it. I found the proprietors of the warehouse in great excitement. The robbery had been managed so adroitly that no trace of it had been left. A large quantity of costly silks, worth twenty thousand dollars at the lowest figure, had been taken from the premises; but no traces of the thieves had been left behind. The proprietors (four in number) were in close consultation in their private office and were completely bewildered by the audacity as well as nastiness of the affair. In a short time I found that they suspected one of their clerks; and I asked them to summon him to the office, without giving him any cause to suspect the reason of the summons. In a few minutes he came in, and I almost burst out into a laugh as I saw him. The fellow was as innocent of the crime as I was; and I told the merchants so.

I agreed to undertake the case, upon the conditions that I was to manage it entirely in my own way, and have six weeks to try it in. I made the merchants furnish me with sample pieces of the silks they had lost, and told them to announce in a few days that they had abandoned all hope of recovering the goods. These preliminaries being arranged I took my departure. I had not much hope of recovering the goods, for the work had been done so wisely that I had nothing to begin. I went home, and began to run over in my mind all the various cases in which I had ever been engaged. I could not remember any of the professional thieves who had been engaged in such matters, who could boast skill enough to cover up their traces so perfectly. The whole affair seemed involved in a hopeless mystery; and for the first time in my life I was completely baffled.

While in this frame of mind, I was called on by my superintendent to examine into a case connected with a theft in one of the fashionable houses of a certain character in a certain street in Findlow. While there I went into the room of one of the lodgers, and there found a young woman making a handsome silk dress. The appearance of silk seemed familiar to me; and I very quietly drew out the samples I had been given by the merchants, and compared them with the dress. To my astonishment and delight I found that the dress was the same material. I made up my mind quietly as to my course, and rising from my seat walked to the door locked it, and put the key in my pocket.—The young woman looked up in astonishment and alarm.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked excitedly.

"I mean," I replied, coolly, "that I arrest you upon the charge of stealing that silk dress."

Her face grew as white as death, and she sprang to her feet in alarm. She protested her innocence, and then told me how the young woman had come to possess the silk. She opened her wardrobe, and showed me three other dresses she had made up, each of which corresponded with the samples I had with me. The story she told me made me open my eyes, much as I had seen of the nastiness of the world; but it also convinced me that the woman was perfectly innocent of any dishonest intention or act. She had been victimized. I explained her position to her, and told her that to save herself she must identify the thief.—This she consented to, and we bundled up the silk dresses, and set off for the warehouse. I was in high spirits for I had succeeded far beyond my expectations.

When we reached the warehouse we were shown into the private office of the senior partner. I made him call to two of his partners, and then took the door. Then I laid out the dress on a chair before them, amidst their exclamations of wonder.

"By the way," I exclaimed, "where's the junior partner? I have not seen him."

He was called; and as he came in I mo-

## tioned to the young woman to lower her

veil. This she did. I then called the junior partner to the silks, and I never saw a man struggle so hard to maintain his composure. He said he didn't think I had found the right goods—that he didn't recognize them.

"Then," said I, "perhaps you will recognize your friend here." And I raised the woman's veil.

The man never said a word. He tottered and fell fainting to the floor.

"What's the meaning of all this?" the head of the house asked, anxiously.

"It means," I replied, "that I must arrest your junior partner upon the charge of stealing the silks."

It was true. The junior had stolen the goods, and that was why the work had been done so neatly. The young woman with whom I had found them was his mistress, and he had given her a part of them without saying how he got them. She had received them, believing that he had come by them fairly. He confessed the whole thing, and the greater part of the goods were recovered, and I received every handsome reward for my services.— *Detective.*

## What Pluck Will Do.

Good news for the oppressed come flashing across old ocean's bed, bidding the wretched children of tyranny take heart for the day of deliverance cometh.

Liberty has achieved an undying triumph in the sea-girt Isle. Disraeli's Tory administration has been driven to the wall, and the Irish Church Establishment, (an institution only equaled in infamy by the Yankee Freedmen's Bureau,) has received its death blow.

To the aggressive policy of the Fenians, more than to any other cause, may be attributed the overturning of the Irish Church.

Agitation, repeal, and compromise, were long the weapons of the Irish Reformers, but they availed not against the giant system of wrong that was crushing the life out of the Green Isle, and exiling her children. Never were truer words uttered, than those so often repeated by one of her gifted sons:—

"Hereditary bondsmen know ye not. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

When the Irish people throughout the world, banded themselves together in Fenian circles, drilled, armed, and equipped, countless thousands of their brave youth flung the Emerald standard to the breeze and vowed that come what would, through weal or woe, they would not down until the sunburst gleamed on Tara's hill, and the emancipated Celt knelt in peace before the altar of his father.

The echoing tread of the Fenian Legions on the shores of Lake Michigan, and on the banks of the Hudson, caught the ear of England's proud autocrats, and filled them with such a dread as their ancestors felt when Napoleon's cohorts held them in spell-bound terror and mocked at their fears from the heights of Boulogne.

Liberty is a jewel in every clime. The voice of praise and thankfulness ascends to Jehovah's throne from millions of shires when the glad news goes from that freedom has gained another victory—that despotism has sustained another defeat.

The Fenians have accomplished more by the magic of their name, and the morals of their organization. What may you not accomplish by the disciplined strength of your three millions of voters?

White men of America, there is in this triumph of the Irish Nationalist a lesson for you—a lesson of the deepest significance.

The ever-faithful, heroic sons of Erin, though exiled, and scattered over the broad earth's surface, by their unity of purpose, their undying love of the land of their fathers, their determination never to abandon the home of the efforts to restore her nationality, never to allow peace or security to her despoilers and oppressors, are slowly but surely working out the deliverance of their country.

If Irishmen can do this, against every discouragement, and after a struggle of seven hundred years, shall not we, three millions of white men, in our own land, save our liberties and our institutions, protect our honor and our rights, maintain the purity and supremacy of our race, against a combination of the puritan and the African for their destruction?

Shame be to him who would counsel otherwise, or hold back from any service or danger in a cause so sacred.— *La Croix Democrat.*

## NOT SIGNIFICANT.—

The apparent unanimity of the nomination of General Grant, says the *New York World*, is of no political significance. Grant was nominated by acclamation and with the same unanimity by the Whig convention in 1844, while the Democratic convention of the same year came together with as much doubt as to a candidate as may mark the opening proceedings of the convention this year. Yet when Polk was nominated the party was thoroughly and enthusiastically in accord, and the candidate was triumphantly elected.

For a later instance, it was hardly possible for any convention to assemble with "must" candidates before it than the Democratic convention of 1862. But when Fremont was nominated against Scott the conqueror of Mexico there was "unanimity" enough to enable him to carry every State in the Union, excepting four.

MEEK men abroad are not always meek at home.

## The Bondholders' Convention and Candidate.

It is evident from the proceeding of the Chicago Convention that that body was entirely controlled by the bondholders and National bankers, a large number of whom were in the Convention; everything was shaped to suit them. They already hail the candidate, General Grant, who it will be remembered, received his nomination at a meeting of wealthy and powerful bondholders and National Bankers in New York. These bondholders and bankers, in order to recompense General Grant for any pecuniary sacrifice which he would make by giving up his twenty thousand dollars a year life office which he now holds for a four year Presidency at \$25,000 a year, have agreed to raise him a purse of half a million of dollars. If Grant, therefore should be elected, he will be under pecuniary obligations to the bondholders and National Bankers to aid them to rob the people. Having thus secured Grant the next move of these privileged classes was to take possession of the Chicago Convention, and fix up the platform to suit their interest. This they have done. Read the following resolution:

"The National debt, contracted as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can honestly be done."

The above is remarkable for what it leaves out, as we shall proceed to show, as for what it contains. In the first place, the policy of delay in the payment of the debt is in violation. The delay is cloaked under the specious words that its "payment shall be extended over a fair period for redemption," and we may be sure that the authors of that resolution mean to make the "fair" a very long period.

In the meantime the people are to be burdened with the annual drain of \$120,000,000 in gold each year, by way of interest—a sum which in fifteen years would amount to the principal itself. The bondholders and bankers would be largely profited by this delay of payment, in the same ratio that the people would be injured by it. There is no promise to the people that the debt, whenever it is paid, shall be paid in the currency in which it was created—making no such promise—the inference is clear that if the Chicago ideas prevail, these bonds are to be paid in gold. The difference between gold and greenbacks, in which bonds are legitimately payable, now amounts on the bonds to \$800,000,000. This is the magnificent gratuity which is to be given to this privileged class. Not a word is said in the platform against the present system of two currencies—greenbacks for the people and gold for the bondholders and bankers. The Convention could see nothing wrong in this discrimination, whereby certain favored classes are to receive thirty cents more on each dollar of the debt due them than they pay to the farmer, mechanics and laborers whom they owe. Under the policy of delay in the payment of the debt, this outrageous discrimination against the people will also be perpetuated.

The Chicago Convention, having thus neglected to speak out for the people on this question, the greater will be the responsibility upon the New York Convention to meet this issue fairly and squarely, and to denounce, in proper terms, this proposal to rob the people of nearly a thousand millions to enrich a favored class.— *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## The Cause of Hard Times.

At the last session of the Rump Congress one million and a half of dollars were appropriated to carry out the misnamed reconstruction acts. This vast sum was entirely expended in subsidizing the negroes to Radicalism. The present deficiency bill passed by the Rump appropriates the additional sum of \$67,000, as follows: 1st district \$50,000; 2d district, \$110,000; 3d district, \$97,000; 4th district, \$150,000; 5th district, \$250,000. The total thus far expended to merely "convert the negroes and pay the election officers, registers, &c., has been \$2,157,000—two million one hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars! This is entirely exclusive of the cost of the Freedmen's Bureau and the soldierly. This aggregated, for the past year, eighty-nine million dollars—the sum formerly appropriated—\$3,855,800 now asked for the Quartermaster's Department, as deficiencies—making a total cost of \$104,936,000. Fully one hundred millions of this vast sum were expended to carry out the Rump "policy" of negro reconstruction.

It is not any