

Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1882.

NO. 59

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures dyspepsia with greater certainty and promptness than any known remedy, and is a most genial laxative, appetizer and tonic in general. It is not only a most reliable remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels, but also a most powerful stimulant to the urinary organs. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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1882. NOTICE. 1882.

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Diffidence.

"I am after you, Biddy dear," And then he stopped awhile, To fringe his words the sweetest smile. With something of a smile he said, "A smile that fringed his image In a face of boundless mould, Whose liquid eyes were peeping From a liquidity of gold."

"I've come to you, Biddy dear, If I—then he stopped again, As if his heart had bubbled o'er And overflowed his brain: His lips were twitching nervously O'er what they had to tell, And timed their quavers with the eyes That gazed so true and true."

"I've said"—and then he took her hands And held them in his own, "To ax"—and then he watched the beads That on her cheeks had blown, "Me purly dear"—and then he heard The throbbing of his heart, That told how love had entered in And claimed its every part."

"Och! I don't be tairin' me," she said, With just the faintest sigh, "I'm far from blead; I see you've come, But that's the reason why?"

"To ax"—and once again the tongue Forbade its sweets to tell— "To ax"—Mrs. Mulligan Has axed his pig to sell!"

[Correspondence of the Beacon.]

De hoc multi multa, omnia aliquid, no-mo satis.

Of this many persons have said much—everybody something—no man enough.

To meditate on the present social condition of woman is one of the greatest pleasures of my life. The mind is lost in amazement when we compare the cultivated, refined lady of the nineteenth century with the *serf—the slave*—as she was denominated not many centuries back, when the sword seemed to defy Almighty power and claimed its jurisdiction over heaven and earth, denying allegiance to God and exercising its might by floating the plains of Africa, Asia and Europe in rivers of blood—blood spilt, not in the cause of liberty or God, but to satisfy that insatiable thirst that burned the breast of ambitious warriors and kings, to conquer, to slay, to plunder. Man then believed his vocation was war; ambition was his *opus* and the sword his *king*. But as civilization advanced and the mind of man became enlarged and capable of judging for its welfare, man resorted to calmer, better and more reasonable means of settling their difficulties. The mighty *king—the sword*—who had maintained his dignity so long was *deposed*; then arose the cannon that had kept all Europe in one continuous uproar of thunder and lightning, was silenced only to be heard to hiss in its dying glory. The world began to settle down in quietness and peace and the storms of the universe seemed subdued into calmness for the general weal of mankind. The sun, moon and stars, which had been hid almost from view by the continued cloud of smoke that hovered over the habited parts of the Eastern world, became clearer and clearer, until at last they shone with all the brilliancy designed by an All-Wise Creator. And as the clouds were being dissipated and the heavenly orb began to reveal their true beauty and comfort, so the fetters which had bound woman into servitude and slavery began to be broken, and we see her as each generation passes away gradually withdraw herself from her barbarous and uncivilized state until at last we behold her, like the sun after the expulsion of the clouds, radiating the true glory and greatness of her race, as seen now in the American woman. I will not attempt to eulogize her, for she has only inherited the brightness of her sex as ordained by God. She evoked no real gratification. But the heart of a true, gallant gentleman should be filled with joy when he can now look upon her with pleasure, fulfilling the functions of her creation, stimulating every enlightened nation, adding grace and refinement and virtue to mankind, elevating the thought and purifying the soul. We do not look upon her now as the barbaric slave—something brighter, something nobler. Her benign influence is self-evident, self-acting, self-sustaining. It invites imitation. It is no longer a ghostly shadow, but a living power, repudiating the unworthy, but gathering to its fold and fostering under its protection the good, the noble, the sublime. Rejecting the sisterhood of the past, it acknowledges no criterion save that which purifies and elevates and ennobles. As nations have progressed, custom—mere chance it were—seems to have assigned woman to her proper place, for she would surely lose some of that modesty, that virtue, that grace which now characterize her if she were to reveal to the outside world amid the rising topics of the day. Her life is spent in retirement and not in the race for distinction or power, though the beautiful lessons which she teaches as an audience in effect as the atmosphere in extent and are flying to the furthest ends of the dominion of man, finding joyful repose in the growing intelligence of the age. Her very life is a model for the rising generations. Fancy her calling the little ones of the household about her, teaching them the Lord's Prayer and telling them there is an All-Wise Creator who made them, who made the universe and all things, and that he has prepared for all good little children an abode, the grandeur and magnificence of which the imagination cannot conceive. The world has gloried in the heroic deeds of its Caesar and its Alexander and in the wisdom of its Socrates and its Plato, but a world of worlds could not pay tribute to the ruling beneficence of woman. Her mild and gentle way, indeed, not only reach the little children, but are stamped alike upon the matured man. What would life be without the cheering smiles of woman? What fortune? What honor? Who kindles sweet love and turns a cold and obdurate heart into warmth and affection? Who makes life worth living for? What matter wealth or honor if we have no one to love us and cheer us? Without woman life would be a desolate waste. Let us pity the man who walks in the shades of retirement, unseen, unheard, uncared for, unsmiled on, unloved by woman! How weary his life! How ill-spent his hours! How strange it must be, "no one to care for him, none to caress!" How changed things would be if the ennobling influence of woman had always held its present dominion? How changed man would have been the mind cannot comprehend; life would always have been a river of joy unmolested by storms and tempests, not encumbered by sulphur from the cannon, not leaked out by playing with the sword, not subject to the unscathing sting of conscience, but sailed down calmly and quietly under the smiling beauty of the heavens with "Heaven's best gift, Man's ever new delight."

TO THE FARMERS OF MARYLAND.

GENTLEMEN:—The day is rapidly coming, when the farmer, to secure a success by farming, must possess a little more intelligence in doing as well as in farming. Science and machinery will avail you nothing if you suffer ignorance to be master of your own detriment. It is a fact that cannot be gainsaid, that ninety per cent. of the voters of the country cannot give an intelligent reason for the vote they deposit in the ballot-box. The Shylocks of the country would be rulers, and shape things accordingly. Acting upon the fact, they have already gobbled up the best property of the country, and laid the balance in the shape of taxes and mortgages under heavy contributions. There is nothing left in this State to the farmers but the land, and that heavily taxed and mortgaged. I propose to show you in this paper that there is a screw loose somewhere.

The following crop reports published by the Government will show a fault to be deplored. We sold in 1865,

Corn, 14,308,730 bu.	70,	\$10,888,950
Wheat, 5,419,825 "	80,	11,315,446
Rye, 468,770 "	55,	469,323
Oats, 6,135,779 "	45,	2,644,520
Barley, 26,501 "	97,	25,926
Buckwheat, 164,648 "	97,	159,127
Potatoes, 1,274,283 "	84,	1,079,490
Tobacco, 29,963,672 lbs.	118,	3,445,922
Hay, 181,341 tons.	16.50,	2,978,525
		\$32,937,941

We may now skip the period of time from 1865 to 1870, because there was not much change of price either way. We come then (1870), to a time when the Government had openly determined, and had practically begun to contract the currency and resume specie payments. Hugh McCulloch, in fact prior to this, without authority of law, had already taken up millions of the currency, changed it into non-taxable bonds and burnt it.

We sold the above nine enumerated crops in 1870 for \$22,203,632, being a loss to the farmers in comparison with the sales of 1865 of \$10,781,309.

1871,	\$23,716,158	loss,	\$ 3,231,783
1872,	20,209,284	"	11,728,547
1873,	22,382,300	"	10,835,931
1874,	20,464,119	"	12,478,622
1875,	22,069,625	"	10,928,316
1876,	22,162,250	"	11,291,231
1877,	21,648,550	"	10,771,591
1878,	17,162,084	"	15,775,857
1879,	23,944,524	"	6,968,427
1880,	20,391,502	"	6,968,427
			\$120,029,943

The above table shows plainly, like the thermometer, the effect of just a little more money in circulation. Some of the bonds in the last few years had been paid off and the money put in circulation.

Adding up the losses for these ten years upon the nine crops as reported by the United States Statistician, and not upon the financial law, that "the amount of money in circulation rules prices," we have the above sum—a clear loss to the farmers upon nine crops alone; besides we have other industries which, in the aggregate, must add half as much more to the losses of the tillers of the soil; therefore the losses to the State for the decade between 1870 and 1880, cannot be much short of \$180,000,000, or about \$18,000,000 annually. Is it any wonder then that the farmers cry out upon every turn of the wheel "hard times" and in many cases are not able to pay their taxes, nor their private debts, nor indulge like annuitants in a little extra luxury—a trip from home, &c. Allowing the State an average of 900,000 people for these ten years, we have an annual loss of over \$20 per capita, or \$100 for a family of five. Refine this down and divide the sum among the tillers of the soil, and it will be seen at a glance that our losses per capita must be at least \$40, or for a family of five \$200. As proof of this assertion, I adduce the fact that fully one-half of our population live in towns and cities. Baltimore alone contains more than one-third of the population of the State. The Tenth Census Report will contain, I have good authority for saying, a paragraph showing an indebtedness of \$158 per family of five—that shows the situation in another direction. Having shown the losses of Maryland farmers, the same parallel holds good for the farmers of every other State. I propose now to give the reason in a few words as possible for the present condition of affairs. Some one will object to my taking the price of 1865 as a standpoint to judge from, because they say we got our prices in that year. My answer to the supposed objector would be, that the four succeeding years brought us for our crops upon an average more than 1865. In 1867, the above specified crops sold for \$30,874,460. So that I consider my standpoint well taken. Again, in 1865, the currency had not been disturbed, except indirectly by increase of population. In 1865, we had in full circulation \$58 per capita; to-day no man can tell how much we have in actual circulation. Then every farm, factory and mill was driven to their utmost capacity, to supply the demands of the nation. To-day the busy hum of industry is comparatively silent.

Since the panic of 1873 we have not had at any time over \$25 per capita in circulation and that only for a

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A traveler writes from Brussels as follows: "about twelve miles directly south of this place is the famous battlefield of Waterloo. I took the cars Sunday morning to visit the ground where the greatest warrior the world ever knew met his defeat, his overthrow, and utter ruin: where in the space of a few hours Napoleon was hurled from the pinnacle of fame, became a refugee, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and started on the lonesome journey to the desolate, barren, and rocky island of St. Helena, where in the solitude Napoleon ended his days. That battle decided the destinies of Europe. I arrived on the field at 9 o'clock. It was a bright sunny morning and I thought long, on Sunday morning of June 18th, 1815, Napoleon at the head of his army, marched on to the fatal ground, and less than eight hours he was a fleeing fugitive, and 40,000 men lay weltering in their gore. Had I the pen of Victor Hugo I could paint the scene, but as I have not, I must be content with simply relating how the grounds now appear.

The field is a rolling piece of land, crossed by three roads with shade trees along the roads. On the west side of the road where Napoleon and Wellington met, and about thirty rods south of the cross roads a monument is erected to the memory of Alexander Gordon, who fell in this battle. Directly opposite on the east side of the road stands one erected by the officers of the King's German Legion, to the memory of their companions at arms who fell here. These monuments stand where the fight was the thickest. The mound of earth 141 feet high stands in the centre of the field; on top of this is a base built of blocks of stone twenty-five feet high; on top of all is a cast iron lion weighing 2,800 pounds, and measures twenty-one feet long and ten feet high. This mound of earth is built in the shape of a cone, being 1,680 feet in circumference at its base, and forty feet at its apex, and cost 8,000,000 francs. The monument was built by the Prince of Orange, in 1822-5. There are 225 stone steps leading from its base to the top. The King of Belgium ought to receive, as I have no doubt he does, the public condemnation of the world for desecrating and destroying the general appearance of this memorable battlefield in order to erect a monument for himself.

The long low ridge of land behind which Wellington's men poured the terrible tempest of lead into the breast of Napoleon's Imperial Guards, is one of the most interesting portions of the field. The guide showed me where Napoleon's renowned battalions marched unflinchingly up to Wellington's batteries, which were loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister. He showed me where Ney had four horses shot from under him, and his clothes were pierced with bullets. It was shown the old farm residence surrounded by the brick wall behind which 2,000 Frenchmen in less than an hour. In this brick wall, and in the building the scars made by the cannon and musket balls are plain to be seen. I walked over the ground where Wellington and Napoleon struggled for the mastery. I took a long stroll up the road where Napoleon marched his forces from Quatre Bras. This road was paved by Napoleon, and is in a good state of preservation. I walked the whole length of the ravine, about one and a half miles long, where the battle was the hottest, and down to the old farm house and over the ridge of land where Wellington kept his men under cover. I examined the ground where Napoleon's artillery stuck fast in soft soil of the newly plowed field. I went up on top of the mound where the Belgian lion stands, and saw the distant woods where Blucher with his fresh troops came like an avalanche upon Napoleon. I saw the road Napoleon took when he retreated back to Quatre Bras. This rapid retreat did not end until he reached St. Helena. Nearly the whole of the battlefield is now covered with fields of growing grain, and one and a half miles from the railroad, I crossed and recrossed the newly sown fields, looking for relics; I found four, that I shall bring home with me. I cut some little limbs from a black thorn large enough for pen-holders, growing on top of the earth mound. I spent six hours on this battlefield.

The battle-ground is owned by persons residing in Brussels and is occupied by tenants who pay 200 francs annual rent per acre; it is too high. The tenement buildings are built of brick and thatched with straw. One looked so neat I thought I would go in and get lunch to see how they lived. By signs I made my wants known. They set out bread, cheese, and home-made beer. It was good. They were as neat as wax. The floors were covered with white sand; the children looked clean and neat. I could not tell how so many could occupy such a small house. I took out a handful of small change, motioned for the lady to pick out her pay, she took five centimes, (one cent.) This was simplicity that I have never seen even in America. I gave the children twenty centimes, and motioned a good-bye.

A Story of Russian Discipline.

One need not be surprised at anything that happens in Russia. To other evening while smoking a cigar with one of my old friends, who had seen, read and traveled a great deal, I was told of an incident that occurred some forty years ago at Novgorod, quite as sinister as that which recently occurred at Smaragor.

The colonel of a certain Russian regiment, ferociously tyrannical and I may say merciless towards his soldiers, was in the habit of treating this human flock like a pack of brutes. He disciplined with the knout; sentencing men to whippings for having one button insufficiently polished; whipping a non-commissioned officer for remaining on his slops; striking sergeants of Borodino in the face for saluting too slowly; sending poor wretches to Siberia for giving too free an answer. In short, during the lapse of years this colonel made himself so detested by his men that he reaped a frightful vengeance from seeds of hatred he had sown.

One morning during parade he suddenly saw a file of the regiment a company of soldiers bearing, instead of muskets, those rods which cut deeply into the flesh at every blow.

Nevertheless, he had given no orders. There was no soldier to chastise.

"Who is that for?" he demanded. A grenadier advanced from the ranks, and replied, with terrible coolness:

"For thee!"

The entire regiment, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, were in the plot. The whole regiment was present at this terrible spectacle. The colonel was seized, his uniform torn off, he was tied down in a wheelbarrow and wheeled up and down before the ranks of the grenadiers, armed with rods, all of whom struck and insulted him.

The officers who attempted to aid their colonel were immediately seized and bayonets pointed at their throats. Some were taken away; others paroled. Only one soldier attempted to take part with them. Then a sergeant, still pallid from the effects of his last whipping with the knout, put his musket to the soldier's temple and blew his brains out.

And all the regiment saw its colonel pass under the rods.

When it was all over they opened a kiln-oven. The colonel was swung into it, all bleeding, together with the officers who had obeyed him. And when the furnace was well filled, the soldiers heated it slowly, slowly—until at last that hideous, heavy and revolting smell of burning flesh arose in the air, which the savages of the Russian frontier inhaled some days ago at a Jewish cemetery at Smaragor.

An imperial courier bore to the Czar the news of the mutiny. Nicholas listened, became white, but said nothing except to order four batteries of artillery to Novgorod. Ten days after a white-haired and gray-moustached major-general, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, knocked at the door of the barracks which the soldiers never left since the murder of their chiefs.

The general gazed coldly upon those pale men; all neatly and faultlessly uniformed, who gave him the military salute.

Not one reproach—not one useless word. He only said to them:

"At 6 o'clock to-morrow morning the regiment will assemble in undress uniform and without arms at the Tartar camp, upon the little square, Order of the Czar."

Not one voice replied. But the next day upon the narrow square, all in ranks, without arms, in their legg gait coats, their sergeants at their usual posts, all the mutinous soldiers were there in lines regular as if adjusted to a string, with a double line of lance-bearing Cossacks before and behind. Then all at once from every far spire, all the great bells began to toll. The Cossack horsemen withdrew. Only the unarmed infantry remained upon the square waiting. Then there came a low roll of drums, and with it from all alleys leading into the square came volleys of grape like iron hail.

Then nothing was heard awhile but the thunder of the cannon in that city, otherwise silent as a cemetery when men, women and children, kneeling before their holy images, were praying for the soldiers they were shooting down in the square. And during an interval in the cannonade a hymn rolled up from the square; for the soldiers were dying with the prayers of their childhood upon their lips. The cannon thundered for hours. Then all was silent. Powder and iron rested awhile. The cannoners entered the square and recoiled at the sight of those ranks of men mown down like wheat. From under the dead they pulled out a few still breathing victims able to live awhile.

What shall be done with them? General—shall we put them in the hospital?"

"Put them under the knout!"

Figaro.

Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting, so often connected with over-worked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

BETRAYED THEMSELVES.

A detective declares that men will talk and give themselves away. If they could only hold their tongues they would be safe. An American vessel was mysteriously set on fire at sea and abandoned; but the fire was smothered, and it was afterwards found that her cargo, which had been insured for large sums, was fraudulent all the way through, the wine casks being filled with water, etc. The sailors swore that the hatches had been closed, and there being no other way of getting into the hold the cause of the fire baffled everybody. But the captain and mate, who were both arrested, soon began to talk. The mate was given to understand that the captain had made a confession, so he was in a hurry to tell all he knew to get out of the scrape himself; and with the mate's confession to show the captain there was no difficulty in bringing him out. The thing was so well contrived, if these men had not given it away, it could never have been found out. In the cook's galley, under each of the four feet of the stove, they put a round block of wood, as if to raise the stove. Under one of these blocks was a hole opening directly in the hold. Under the hole was a lot of inflammable stuff, well-soaked with turpentine. One day, while the cook was out of his galley, the captain and mate raised the stove, took away the block, dropped a lighted match through the hole, and the fire was started. These two men, not only talked themselves into prison, but put their employers in a pretty scrape.

HOW TO AVOID BEING PERSONAL.

Sheridan Knowles being advised by Sir E. Byles Lytton to read Gibbon's Decline and Fall, in order to get a good plot for a new play he had engaged to write, went in his usual impulsive manner, and immediately subscribed to Saunders & Otley's public library. Paying down his subscription for three months, he walked away.

Being on the eve of going into the country, he did not take any books then, but on his return to London, nearly three months afterwards, he called and asked for the work in question. The clerk looked over the names, and said, "Your subscription has expired, sir; I cannot let you have any books until you have paid for another quarter in advance."

The wrath of the Irish dramatist was roused, so he roundly rated the clerk, declaring that "Saunders & Otley were a couple of swindlers!" One of the partners hearing this came forward, and reproached Mr. Knowles for his personal insult.

"Personal, my dear sir," said the wit, "not a bit of it—if you are Mr. Saunders, damn Mr. Otley; if you are Mr. Otley, damn Mr. Saunders; I would not be personal for the world!" The partner smiled at the delicious retort and put Mr. Knowles on the free list.

Pat borrowed some money of a friend, and was unable to pay it back when he came for it; and the friend became very angry, and said:

"Now, Pat, if you don't pay me that money by next Monday, I shall give you a thrashing."

The next day, as Pat was strolling along the street, he jostled a man, who cried out:

"Look out what you are doing, or I will knock you into the middle of next week."

"Be jabers an', I wish ye wud sorr, for thin I wud be over Monday."

A truly good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious, and rather forego his right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing.

short time. All told, to-day, in circulation and out of it, we have only about \$30 per capita—much of that is kept intentionally and for a purpose locked up in banks and misers pockets.

No man can tell, even approximately, what farm products will be worth in the next thirty days. The reason for this state of affairs arises from the fact that the national bankers have the power to contract or inflate the currency at will. That privilege in the hands of the Shylocks and Snyders of the land, with the natural law of supply and demand operating against us, must ever keep the thoughtful farmer in an excited condition as to his income. It is had enough that we have to contend with meteorological vicissitudes, yet constant and against with winds, hail storms and frosts, with insects, blight, mildew, weeds, hog cholera and all that, but worst of all are the victims of class legislation. We are also preyed upon by political "bummers," and fertilizer cheats, all of which when taken together are enough to craze the soundest brain among us. The situation I honestly consider intolerable, and I for one am willing to give even physical resistance to the state of affairs. This is strong language, but it is true; there is more reason to-day why we should resist by force the power of the money-kings of Wall street, than there was in 1776 when our fathers resisted England because of a contemptible twopenny tax upon tea.

Again, another, cogent reason for resisting in some way the present financial condition, is the fact, if I rightly remember, our people were taxed (1867) when wheat was worth \$2.43 bushel, corn \$1.09, rye \$1.45, oats 68, barley \$1.27, buckwheat \$1.20, potatoes \$1.10, tobacco 12 cts. per lb., hay \$17.54 ton average in this State; all these products are down now on an average of one-half, and there is no prospect of a rise save as the national bankers choose to elect.

The laws enforcing the contraction of the currency was tantamount to doubling our taxes and debts upon us. It takes now two bushels of wheat to do the duty of one, and so on through all other farm and garden products. The trouble again, from another standpoint is that while the Government has depreciated the price of all farm products, the land as well, and all its betterments, it has increased the purchasing power of money; so that they who have money in advance, or an annuity, have now under the present regime, double the advantage over those who are dependent upon the soil, and are at the same time subject to the deprivations of wind and weather, bugs, hog cholera and all that.

And now brother farmers, in view of the above stubborn facts laid out plainly before you, will you any longer submit to the present class legislation which has been going on for the last fifteen years. Alas! I beseech you, in the majesty of your power, and hurl the vandals from their high places over you, who are preying upon your substance, in every conceivable manner possible under laws made by themselves and for themselves. The farming community of the Union with their allies, stand seven million strong in a voting population of ten million of men. Let us then combine as friends, throwing to the winds for once old party predilections, and then the day will be ours. Then we can establish what is called the American System of Finance, advocated by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and other notables, in contradistinction to the English system, which is, in short, paper redeemable in coin, to the detriment of the producing classes. The American system of finance, as understood and promulgated by the founders of the constitution, is simply this, all money—gold, silver, paper or anything else to be issued by Government and make a full legal tender for all debts both public and private.

In conclusion, I must say that I can see no reason why the farmers should not have about an average as much as a government clerk. Under an honest administration of the finance question in all departments of Government, I am constrained to say from my knowledge of finance, that that can be done; and the day is not far in the future when coming generations will demand at the point of the bayonet that it shall be done.

It is but just to remark at this point, that the land and labor of the country is the only source of all wealth. Why then should we not claim our just share of all our products instead of allowing monopolists to tax all the clear profits out of our hands for their own personal benefit.

Again I beseech the farmers to unite together for their own benefit. Every trade and art have its unions or clubs, except the farmers—consequently we are preyed upon by every craft in the land. Both branches of Congress are run in the interest of ring monopoly, to the entire detriment of the farming community. Why then, I ask, should we not form rings in self-defense against the oppression that now exists in Congress and out of it? There is no reason why we should not. Every sense of justice to ourselves, and posterity demand it at our hands.

OLIVER N. BRYAN, Marshall Hall, Md.