

THE GRANGE ADVANCE.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Subscribers \$2 per year. Grange clubs of ten or more \$1.50. Subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

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Special notices in editorial columns, 25 cents per line. Cash before insertion for all advertisements for a month or less, and invariably in advance unless special arrangements are made.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A panic and financial crash is eminent in Berlin. The Grangers are to blame (?).

Look out for a new head to this paper soon, if not before.

Chicago is moving for the establishment in that city of a mint.

The great Inter-State Exposition, of Chicago closed on the 8th. The Exposition has been a grand success.

Niagara is bridged. November 3d was the lucky day made memorable by the completion of the enterprise.

Hoyt, Sprague & Co., could not pay their debts last week and succumbed. A few other firms have followed suit. It is all the fault of the Granges (?).

Count de Chamboard issued a manifesto in which he objected to being a king only in name, and it is now manifest that the manifesto has completely busted his being king.

The Aurora (Ill.) Beacon, says that teamsters make it pay to haul freight from that city to Chicago, and bring back loads. Between the two cities "is the best managed railroad in the West." This is rather a joke on the "best managed road."

There is something very encouraging to the weary soul of an editor in such words as the following, coming from one of the best business firms of the State, "Your paper is a spicy one, pleases us, and we consider it a paper that should be adopted by both merchant and mechanic."

The insubordinates of Spain are badly demoralized, and it looks as though the government would come out victorious. If Spain redeems herself from all her difficulties and establishes a free republic, as she bids fair to do at present, it may certainly be said that the days of miracles are not ended yet.

Dr. Decaisne, of Paris, has been going through what are usually known as "biters," and finds that they generally contain, mixed with inferior qualities of alcohol, a substance which dropped in water containing fish will send them to kingdom come quicker than prussic acid. To the too frequent taking of "biters" he ascribes that little by-play, in which humans sometimes indulge, known as "epileptic fits."

The prospects are that we are to have a partial resumption of specie payment. Secretary Richardson has commenced by paying out a quarter of million of silver on government obligations. O won't that be joyful, when greasy shin plasters give place to shiny tin. If we do not get so attached to these silver boys as to hide them away in old stockings and tea pots, the bright yellow boys will soon follow, and then good by to sore eyes.

Burk E. Wilder, in the New York Tribune, denounces secret societies in this fashion: "Let the members of secret societies be looked upon as only partial men; let us deny their eligibility to any position of honor and trust, involving discrimination between individuals; let no woman marry such a man, and let colleges prohibit their becoming students." Wouldn't there be "right smart" of old bachelors in these times though, and "heaps" of ignoramuses? What would friend W— do with the sisters of the P. of H.?

The New York Independent comes out with a long article showing conclusively (?) that the Grangers are responsible for the smash up among the railways, and gives figures showing just how much loss they have caused among these public benefactors. Yet the Independent does not go back on the Grangers for all this, but pats them on the shoulder and says that the co-operative principle is all right, that the principles of the Patrons are all right, but only claims that they waked up the wrong man when they got after the railways.

The annual elections are all over, and about one-half of the candidates are not happy. It's just as every year.

A man at Beaver Falls at the late election, wrote, after the name of the candidate for representatives, the words, "A bitter pill." Now we would suggest on behalf of free and independent American voters that if these "bitter pills" will run for office, that they at least sugar-coat themselves as all decent pills are and should be. We shall observe with much interest the effect of this "pill" on the Legislature. If he is composed of the proper ingredients, a whole dozen such would not be too big a dose for that body, and the quicker they went through it the better.

George Francis Train is reported as having said that he will never return to America, "until it is purified."

Spring time will come again; summer will bloom again; the autumn will come to us with its golden fruits, and the winter with its snows and storms, but what are these things to the average American without his G. F. Train? But seriously, does Mr. Train consider his absence absolutely necessary to the purification of this country? Has he at last concluded that the people can purify themselves without his assistance? O Modesty thy name is G. F. T.!

The Liberals have carried the elections in Great Britain in nearly every instance. People the world over, are breaking loose from the shackles with which superstition and false ideas of government had bound them. That which a few years ago would have been treated by the old monarchist and the old churchman as treason or rank heresy, is admitted as Divine truth, or conceded as an inalienable right. The world moves. Human progress is ever onward and upward. Men may fail; societies may spring up, perform their work and disappear but truth never stops. The way is up a winding, slowly-rising stairs, but the end is the universal rule of eternal truth and justice.

A Word to Certain Legislators.

Many men who will sit in the next Legislature owe their election to what is called the "Farmers' Movement." Some of them have been nominated directly by farmers' conventions, while others who have run on regular party tickets were nevertheless elected by farmers' votes irrespective of party. It is to these gentlemen we would address ourselves at this time.

You occupy a peculiar position. You are expected to represent the people, and not merely a party. You are expected to use your whole influence in aiding to check the black tide of corruption that is sweeping through the land. To you is entrusted to some extent the success of the present grand forward movement of the masses. To accomplish this, honesty and uprightness of purpose and action is not enough. It will require men of action and energy; hard working men, and men of intelligence. Already it is openly alleged that some of those who owe their election to farmers, lack ability and qualification for the positions to which they are elected, while it is said of others, that they are demagogues who have succeeded in foisting themselves upon well meaning but deluded people.

Now, gentlemen, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. We know one Representative of the last Legislature who, in asking a re-election this fall, excused himself for doing nothing last winter by saying it took him all the time last year to learn "the ropes," and if they would send him again he would be ready to work this time. Next fall he will probably tell them that he found new "ropes" to learn, and it took all his time to learn them, but he will be ready for business the next time. The man who proposes to do his whole duty must commence to prepare himself at once. He should begin to study the wants of his constituents without delay and without intermission. If he is not familiar with parliamentary usage he should begin to post himself before to-morrow, and make himself thoroughly conversant therewith, or he will cut a sorry figure in the halls of legislation. Any man who is not willing to thus work, and thus prepare himself for usefulness, had no business to accept the position. We don't want drones.

We are well aware that the per diem you will receive is not a fair compensation for all the labor you will perform, if you do your whole duty, but the man who shall be welcomed back by his constituents with "Well done good and faithful servant," will not be apt to grumble about his pay.

At the time of going to press the election returns show the election of C. K. Davis for Governor, by from five to six thousand majority, E. W. Dike for Treasurer by between one and two thousand majority, while there is a dispute between the papers as to who is the lucky man for Secretary of State. The Press claiming the election of Jennison by about two thousand majority and the Pioneer claiming the election of Stevens by at least five hundred majority. Aside from these chances the Republican State ticket is elected.

The New Press.

The present movement among the farmers and laborers of this country, among other new things and new ideas, is giving rise to an entirely new and independent class of journalism. The older journals, bound to the old ways, the old systems, and the old theories, have been slow to break away from them, and then it has been considered rather dangerous ground and they have been kept back by what has seemed their own best interests. While some journals have treated the movement with a sort of silent, cold respect, others have dealt out abuse without stint, fully showing that they knew nothing of the internal character of the movement. But in the meantime a deep or radical change has been going on. New ideas have been developed and have clamored for a proper channel for their full and intelligent expression. New questions of political and domestic economy have been brought up, and new theories advanced and new channels for their independent discussion have been demanded. New rights have been sought, and journals to set forth, espouse and to fight for these rights have become a necessity. A new class of news of peculiar interest to over half a million people, scattered all over this great nation, has come into existence and demanded newspapers devoted to its publication. These demands and wants have not been unheeded. The mail brings to our table nearly every day a new advocate of the new doctrines. The first to reach us was the Industrial Age, of Chicago, a newspaper full of good reading, wholly devoted to principles of reform.

Next comes the Anti-Monopolist, of Buffalo, New York, showing up monopolists, and giving forth no uncertain sound to the people in their great struggle. Then comes The Scythe, of New York, moving a broad swath through rings and combinations, and scattering to the four winds all the good news of the uprisings of the people throughout the land; giving accounts of National and State Granges, and printing speeches of grange-men, proceedings and resolutions of grange meetings, and cutting to the right and left with editorial quill, clearing the way for the advance columns of reformers. Then comes The Indiana Weekly Granger, with its plow and share, devoted to the interests of Patrons of Husbandry, industrial pursuits and general news, striking out new lands and turning deep furrows. These are but the beginning; every one of these have been started within two months. Of older journals having a general circulation, devoted directly to the interests of Patrons of Husbandry, are the Iowa Homestead, of Muscatine, and the Prairie Farmer, of Chicago. These journals have all hoisted the standard of the laborer and unfurled the colors of the P. of H. The fate of the Order must be their fate. These journals are such as to waken the honest pride of every true Patron, and must at once take position with the best journals of the country. At the present rate it will be but a short time until every state and every county will have its paper devoted to the cause of the husbandman, to advancing the new order.

There can be no more powerful agent for advancement, nor engine of power than a press devoted to the new work, committed so far as to be dependent thereon.

THE GRANGE ADVANCE compliments itself upon being among the very first to start, and is glad to be found in such good company. Let the Patrons, one and all, rally to the support of their papers, that monopolies may be met and vanquished with the same kind of weapons which they have so long used to keep themselves in the good graces of the people, and it will not be long until the people will have all the rights which they can ask.

Crossing a Ferry.

I wanted to see Mr. Chubbins of county. When I got off the car I was told at the station that he lived about four miles beyond the ferry. Being a man of much more than average weight—say 280, average—my legs do not furnish comfortable means of transportation for that distance, and yet there was no other means of conveyance to be had. Arriving at the ferry I found the ferry boat on the other side. I never knew a ferry boat on this side of the river. It's a peculiarity of those crafts to be always on the other side, and if you are in a hurry, the ferryman is always not around. Where he goes to upon these occasions I never could find out. After you have whooped him up a half an hour or so, he comes from somewhere, but you can't tell just where. I was in a very great hurry upon this occasion, because I saw a team standing on the brow of the opposite hill, headed in the direction I was going, and the teamster, whip in hand, was standing talking to another man, and I feared his conversation might be brief. I shouted for that ferrymen, I yelled frantically, I moved heaven and earth, but I didn't move him, and every move the man with the whip made went to my very heart. However, he proved to be longer winded than I supposed, but as I was not long-winded enough for that wretch of a ferrymen, and in the meantime my wind was rapidly

being exhausted. I was also getting hoarse. At last, in rage and despair, I threw myself on the ground, and while in the act of doing so, the ferrymen appeared, coming leisurely with both hands in his pockets, and a short pipe in his mouth. I jumped up and told him for heaven's sake to hurry. He coolly told me that if I was in a bigger hurry than he was, I could swim or wade. Reaching the ferry boat he stopped to fix up something, and then got over the railing into the small boat, and I began to hope that I should yet reach the wagon. But just see! that lazy vagabond sits down and commences to bail out his boat with an old leaky tin pan. My blood boiled in my veins, and my temper was not sweet, for the man was moving toward the team. At length the boat started, and at the same time the team started.

When I reached the top of the hill where the wagon had stood, I saw it joggling away about 80 rods ahead of me. I then and there determined to devote my life to procuring an article in the Constitution of the United States, regulating the management of ferry boats. Gentlemen ferriers, I propose to see whether a fat man has or has not any rights which you are bound to respect!

GIL OF THE GRANGE ADVANCE.

For the Grange Advance.

What is the Matter?

Jim Fisk stock jobbers and Butler back pay grabbers have amassed colossal fortunes by gambling in railroads, in wheat and various other things, and by stealing the hard earnings of the people, and have sent their illy gotten wealth to fashionable France for diamonds, jewels, silks and costly raiment to lavish upon fast women or to adorn their own worthless bodies: have squandered their money in high living, in costly wines and sweetmeats with which to stimulate depraved appetites, have run into wild speculations and recklessly incurred enormous debts. But all at once their supplies have been cut off and they are busted. Good men have permitted such scamps to run their affairs and have taken a hand in themselves occasionally and they are played out, or laid out. France has become rich and paid her immense war debt without feeling it, and the men on this side of the ocean who have really helped to foot the bill are badly used.

The farmers, in the meantime have gone in rags and patches, ate hog meat, and toiled early and late, through heat and cold, wet and dry. Have done work that no other class of men would have done, and have lived lives from which men, who could not live a day without the products which the honest toil of these same farmers have created, shrink with disgust.

Yet because these farmers have met and organized societies for their mental, moral and social improvement, and material advancement—because they have appealed to the laws of their country for protection, because they have asserted their rights as free men to use the ballot, because they have asked that common sense and honesty be used in government, they are to blame. The Grangers have done it, they smashed the railroads, they brought on the panic. Railroad presidents and secretaries and treasurers for merely nominal services, so large that the salaries of Congressmen and Senators, of Judges and of the President must be raised to keep up with them, for verily if these men had not renounced the world (?) to accept these offices of patriotic trust, they might have all been railroad secretaries, presidents, directors, or at least brakemen. Ticket agents, for doing as as near nothing as it is possible to conceive, must be allowed commissions amounting to millions of dollars. A thousand other men are to be hired at fancy prices, with the tacit understanding that they are to steal a certain per cent. Then if these grand institutions, conducted with so much of business ability (?) and with so great economy, smash, what is the matter? Who is to blame? The Grangers, the miserable Grangers. If the farmer toils hard, and his crops are destroyed, or on account of the extortionate freights required to keep up these miserably handled transportation companies, he is compelled to sell his produce for less than cost, and fails to meet that mortgage on his farm and it is sold out from under him, and he and his family are turned away from their old home, who is to blame then? Oh, the farmer! The improvident farmer. Down with the men who are mean enough to preach such doctrines, and with the miserable fools who are such ninny as to swallow such preaching! But stop, stop! you will make the people discontented with their lot, unhinge society and, and—destroy your miserable occupation. "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights," is the creed which our fathers adopted and to which we have sworn allegiance, however disagreeable it may seem. Under that creed the farmer has fully as much right to do as he pleases with that which is his own, as any other man in God's Universe. If he prefers to hold his own wheat for a high price instead of selling it to somebody else to

speculate on, he has a perfect right to do so, and if he wishes to vote for his neighbor for office, in preference to a candidate put up by somebody else, that is his glorious privilege, notwithstanding the howling of politicians and the cracking of the party whip. INDEPENDENT.

We have received a lively letter from J. S. Denman, State Agent, in reply to an editorial in The Farmers' Union, in which he wakes them up a little. We regret that it was too late for this issue, but it will appear in our next.

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