The Eaton Democrat.

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The Eaton Democrat.

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The Eaton Democrat.

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[June 11, 1879-tf]

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SILVER AND PLATED TABLE-WARE,
OF THE BEST QUALITY;
Table and Pocket Cutlery,
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I KEEP A LARGE STOCK OF
FINE GOLD WATCHES AND CHAINS,
Which I will sell lower than ever offered before. Come and examine Goods and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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Eaton, Oct. 25-1y

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CAPITAL, - $100,000.
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ANDREW HIESTAND, WILLIAM B. TIZZARD,
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Deal in Government and County Bonds, Coin and Exchange.
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Persons having good mortgage notes to sell, or wishing to purchase, can be accommodated.
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The Business Management of the Bank is in charge of H. C. HIESTAND, who will attend to all matters pertaining to the interests of the same. Eaton, Feb. 4, 1879-1y

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No. 160—Front View. No. 160—Back View.
BRATTLEBORO, VT.
Our new Organ, expressly designed for Sunday Schools, Chapels, etc., is proving a
GREAT SUCCESS.
Be sure to send for full descriptive Catalogue before purchasing any other.
THE LARGEST WORKS (OF THE KIND) ON THE GLOBE.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

BY C. L. MARION.

Adieu! my love; farewell forever!
God knows when we may meet again;
Our vows of love I now must sever,
Although 'twill rend my heart in twain.

Wouldst thou know why I would leave thee?
Ask it of thine own false heart:
Thou know'st thy guilt, but wouldst deceive me,
Knew I not the shameful part.

We vowed our love—my soul! I love thee still;
But thou wert false and loved me not,
Which doth my heart with vengeful hatred fill
Toward him for whom I am forgot.

I marked thee with him wandering off.
He looked fair, yet a serpent in love's guise,
Whose love, professed, at yours doth scoff;
Yet him you love, but not as love the wise.

Thus we part; I, broken-hearted, betrayed
By one who seemed so pure and sweet;
The fair Elysium where once we strayed
Is now a desert 'neath thy feet.

Oh! thou creature, bold and defiled!
'Tis true thy soul doth bear a stain,
Yet, with the innocence of a child,
Thou say'st thy heart doth pure remain.

Ah! woman, well may thy blushes spread,
For guilt I read in those false eyes,
By whose once-pure beams my own were fed—
No! Mercy I give thee none; arise!

The maid arose from where in grief she'd sunk;
Those cruel words were rashly spoken;
She deserved them not—her soul it shrank,
And thus she wailed in accents broken:

"Nay—nay, love—not so—you wrong me much;
Why wouldst thou seek my love to prove?
My soul's ne'er known the poisoned touch,
To turn my heart from him I love.

"Wherefore, Gerald, this blind endeavor
To blast my life, and thine as well?
I am innocent, now as ever;
Believe me, love, the truth I tell."

He stood; and gazed on the maiden's face,
Then cruelly laughed, and waved his hand;
"Thou once to me wert living grace,
But canst now no more my heart command."

She shrieked, and wildly then her love embraced,
While in her breast fierce passion reigned.
She weeping cried, "My love, I still am chaste—
My love for thee has true remained."

The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
And startled much the dreamer awoke.
A maiden on him kisses poured,
And gently his fair brow did stroke.

"Thank God! Oh, Gerald, art thou waked at last!
Methought thee dead, when I saw thee first;
Oh, love! had you from sweet existence passed,
My heart would sure with anguish burst."

He raised his throbbing head, and wild looked 'round;
"How came I here? Have I been ill?"
He asked. He gazed at Pauline, then the ground,
As wond'ring was he dreaming still.

While gentle hands did smooth his brow,
A loving voice stole to his ear;
"No, not ill; you have but slept—now
Ask no more, but come, the storm is near."

Toward the dottage now they wander,
The strollers view the half-veiled Venus;
"Love, let s ever be true as that orb yonder—
Let never a doubt come between us."

"Pray, dear Gerald, why speak you thus?
Oh, couldst thou ever doubt my love?
Did I ever aught you deemed infamous—
That should be frowned on from above?"

Then wretched Gerald told what he had dreamed
While Pauline listened pale and still;
"Thank God 'twas not true as it had seemed.
Oh, forgive me, love, you surely will?"

"Forgive you, Gerald? Yes, my love, I do,
And rejoice 'twas but a dream, now o'er;
But endeavor, dear, I beseech of you,
To dream such dreams as this no more."

HOW POTTRIDGE LOST HIS LUCK.

Mr. Thomas Pottridge, of Smallborough, had been renowned in his native town for his constant run of luck so that at the age of 40 he was reckoned the "warmest" man there—an Alderman who had been twice Mayor of his city, a church-warden and a very popular character among the fair sex by reason of his being a bachelor. One or two things more only were wanted to complete his happiness—namely, a good wife, a nice little estate in the country, and the honor of Knighthood. Mr. Pottridge wished to become Sir Thomas Pottridge. Having long cherished this idea, and resolved, indeed, that he would not propose for the hand of pretty Miss Lucy Dott, the banker's daughter, until he could make her a Ladyship, Mr. Pottridge ended by thinking that he could best secure his object by causing himself to be re-elected Mayor, and, arranging, if possible, that H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, should pay a visit to Smallborough during the term of his office. Intent upon this scheme, Mr. Pottridge came up to town to call upon Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield hearkened kindly to the grocer's prayer. Smallborough was about to inaugurate some public baths, the first establishment of the kind ever seen in the town, and nothing could be more suitable than that the heir of the tohrne should preside over the ceremonial. "Truly," said the Premier politely, when he had heard the Alderman speak, "the cleanliness of the people must always be a matter of interesting concern to those who are brought into relations with them. I shall be happy to take her Majesty's commands on the—ahem!—public-spirited proposal which you have laid before me."

"If you can manage it, my Lord, I should be glad if the visit could take place some time after the 9th of November next, for I shall be Mayor then and able to see that the reception given is a proper one."

"Ah, quite so!" answered Lord Beaconsfield, dropping his eyeglass, for he had studied Mr. Pottridge through it and knew the man by heart.

Leaving Whitehall, Mr. Pottridge sauntered toward Regent street, and, as he walked along, life seemed rosy to him because of Miss Dott. He began to stare into the shop windows, admiring pretty things which he was tempted to buy for his love. He was turning over this fancy and fumbling wistfully at the pocket where his check-book lay, when suddenly he beheld through the window a curious sight. An elegantly-dressed lady was seated at the counter examining pieces of Brussels lace. The shopman averted his head for an instant, and she deftly whipped up a yard of the costly texture and transferred it to her pocket. The shopman spread over the counter a number of square, flat boxes containing handkerchiefs, and once more turned away. Again the lady's deft hand went to work, and a couple of handkerchiefs found their way under her cloak. "Now that woman must have capacious pockets," soliloquized the astonished Mr. Pottridge. "She's a cunning thief, anyhow, and I'll just step in and warn the firm."

He hesitated a moment, and while he hovered about the doorway the lady came out, escorted by an obsequious commissionaire with medals on his breast. A footman, one of a row basking on a bench like oysters, rose and signaled to the coachman of a handsomely-appointed brougham, who at once drove forward. Evidently this lady was not an ordinary thief. She was a tall, dark person of about 30, superbly dressed and very handsome. Perceiving Mr. Pottridge and seeing his glance fixed on her as she waited for her carriage, she eyed him with aristocratic superciliousness and thereby settled her fate, for Smallborough's Alderman, who could not brook the disdain of a shoplifter, hurried into the mercer's and explained what had happened, speaking in so excited a voice that a number of customers heard him.

Great commotion was caused by his announcement, and the shopman who had served her was quickly fired by the idea that he had let himself be outwitted. Darting out of the shop he accosted the thief as she was stepping into her carriage: "Will you come back, if you please? There is some mistake."

"What mistake?" asked she, turning round with a flash in her eyes. But she grew ashy pale.

"Come back, please," repeated the shopman, a pushing young man, whose voice broke from emotion.

A small crowd had already collected and the lady was obliged to retrace her steps; but as she was about to enter the shop she slapped her hand into her pocket and let a piece of lace fall onto the pavement. "No, ma'am, that won't do," cried Mr. Pottridge, seising the thief's wrist. "You're going to pretend those things fell by accident into the folds of your dress; we know that trick." And, officiously acting as searcher, he plunged his hand into the pocket despite the lady's struggles and drew out a second piece of lace, three cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, one pair of silk stockings and a lady's silk cravat. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the pushing shopman, and there was a murmur among the bystanders, including the lady's own footman, who looked like a powdered figure of consternation.

"How dare you?" screamed the lady, purple with rage and mortification as she glared at Mr. Pottridge; "I'll prosecute you for assault. I told the shopman here that I meant to buy these things. Let the bill be sent to my address; I'm Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane."

"Ah, I dessay," responded the shopman, "but I'm just going to give you into custody;" and, running to the door, he beckoned to a blue-coated member of the force.

One of the partners of the firm, a gray, civil-spoken man, who had been summoned from his study, now came forward; and he was at first disposed to rebuke the haste of his shopman, but it was too late. The policeman had already entered, and all the shopmen and shop-girls, the customers and the desultory people crowding around the door, were instant in chorusing that the thief should be made on example of. Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, seeing public opinion so dead against her, uttered a howl, and fell swooning to the floor.

"Never mind that; we'll soon rouse her," said the policeman, facetiously, for he did not yet know that he had to deal with a lady who kept a brougham. "The magistrate is sitting now at Marlborough street; we'll just go there at once and have her charged."

This arrangement was acceded to, and in a few minutes the lady and policeman (who had got abashed by this time from finding himself seated on the silk cushions of a carriage) were riding to the police court in Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane's own vehicle, while Mr. Pottridge, the shopman and the mercer followed on foot to give evidence.

* * * * *

One would think that in a case where the offense was flagrant and the testimony so clear the magistrate might have sentenced the defendant straight off to six months' imprisonment, and, indeed, had the thief been a person of the lower orders, it would probably have been her fate to be convicted summarily. But it turned out that Pounceforth-Keane was the real name of the elegant shoplifter, whose husband was a person moving, as reporters say, "in the best ranks of society." Mr. Pounceforth-Keane was sent for, and arrived breathless in a hansom from one of the best clubs in Pall Mall. At the sight of him his wife, who had been locked up for an hour in a police cell, wept profusely, and Mr. P. K. was himself much agitated. He asked for a remand, and tendered bail, saying he should produce medical evidence to the effect that his wife had lately suffered severely in health. The magistrate—a timid man, who had grown-up daughters to marry, and was terribly afraid of society—stammered out something like an apology, and readily acceded to the application for bail. So very soon Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane tottered out of court, weeping like a victim, on her husband's arm, and Mr. Pottridge walked away with the shopman and the civil-spoken mercer. All three were crestfallen, as if they had committed a blunder. "This will be a very bad affair for me," grumbled the mercer. "I would have lost a hundred yards of lace sooner than appear in court against a lady like this."

"Well, but she's a thief," cried Mr. Pottridge, rousing himself and speaking with spirit. "What harm can she or her friends do you?"

"Are you quite sure you saw her steal the things?" asked the mercer, gloomily. "Besides, supposing she did put them in her pocket, she says that she told my shopman to send her the bill."

"I'm hanged if she did," ejaculated the shopman, indignantly.

"Silence, sir," answered the mercer, with a stern frown. "If this be really a case of theft, you are self-condemned, for you ought to have kept your eyes about you. For some time past I have noticed that you have been very negligent in business."

The shopman collapsed; as for Mr. Pottridge, he trudged back to his hotel, feeling half inclined to go and ask Lord Beaconsfield what he ought to do. The case had been adjourned for a week, so he traveled back to Smallborough in the evening, and by the time he reached his native town he had worked himself up into a state of contempt for the mercer and the metropolitan stipendiary, who seemed to draw a distinction between well-dressed and ill-dressed plunderers. Meeting Mr. Bangs, the brewer, near the railway station, he gave him an account of what had happened, and was hearkened to with sympathy until he mentioned the name of Pounceforth-Keane; then Mr. Bungs pursed up his lips. "Why, bless me, that's the cousin of Lord Keynsole, brother-in-law of our Lord Lieutenant!"

"What difference does that make?" stammered Mr. Pottridge, like a man who feels less sure of his ground.

"Oh, nothing, except that I don't see why a lady of that sort should commit robberies," responded Mr. Bungs.

Further down the street, Mr. Pottridge, who was rubbing his pate in rather violent perplexity, encountered Mr. Dott, the banker, whose daughter Lucy he loved. "Pounceforth-Keane!" exclaimed Mr. Dott, as soon as he had heard the grocer's story. "Why, Lord Keynsole, his cousin, banks with us."

"Well, but come, Dott," retorted Mr. Pottridge, impatiently, "is that a reason why Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane shouldn't be a dishonest jade?"

"No, but I think the whole thing improbable," answered the banker, "and I confess I should be sorry if anything unpleasant happened to Lord Keynsole's family."

Mr. Pottridge was not in very good humor when he went to bed that night. A magistrate himself, he knew that shifts are often made to withdraw well-connected offenders from justice, and, so far as he was concerned, he would have cared little had an appeal been made to him, *ad misericordiam*, to acknowledge that he had, perhaps, been mistaken in fancying that he saw Mrs. P.-K. pocket some lace and handkerchiefs. But Mr. Pottridge could not bear to be pooh-poohed at or threatened with unpleasant consequences if he did his duty. He was an Alderman, a grocer with a blameless conscience, and he feared no man. Feeling that his character, for veracity and common sense was at stake, he resolved to give his evidence against the wife of Lord Keynsole's cousin with no more hesitation than if she were the commonest jail-bird.

From that date, however, things began to go wrong somehow with Mr. Pottridge. It seemed as though his long luck had forsaken him. On the morrow of his adventure in London, Mr. Chuckleworth, the principal solicitor of the town, who was Lord Keynsole's legal adviser, passed him in the street without nodding, and later in the day Mrs. C. sent a stiff note, begging that Mr. Pottridge would send in his bill, and intimating that she would henceforth purchase her groceries at another house. Now, the Chuckleworths had always been excellent customers of Mr. Pottridge.

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Next day some inspectors of weights and measures arrived at the Alderman's shop and found a piece of lard sticking under his scales. They declared they should make a report of the fact. Scarcely had they gone, leaving the grocer speechless with confusion, than two well-dressed strangers entered and bought some tea, brown sugar, cocoa, pepper and a pot of mustard; after which they stated that they were public analysts, who were going to examine the quality of these goods. They examined them, in truth, so fast, that two days later Mr. Pottridge received a summons to answer a charge of putting birch twigs in his tea, sand in his sugar, turmeric in his mustard, clay in his cocoa, etc. Mr. Pottridge shrugged his shoulders at first, taking it for granted that the charge would be dismissed by his brother magistrates, Messrs. Dott, Bungs & Co., but before the case came on for hearing it fortuitously transpired that Mr. Pottridge had been up to London interviewing Lord Beaconsfield for the purposes we know, and this made the other Aldermen furious. Mr. Bungs, the brewer, was particularly angry, and declared that Pottridge was a traitor, insomuch as the poor grocer, instead of having a friendly bench to judge him, found a very stern one.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Pottridge," said Mr. Dott, who sat as Chairman, "but men in your position should set an example. You are fined £20 on each count, with costs. Total, £120."

Ill-starred Pottridge! He left the court politically done for, for he could no longer hope to be re-elected Mayor, nor to marry Miss Dott. He should have, moreover, to resign his Aldermanship, and his personal character, as well as that of his tea, sugar and mustard, was ruined.

So ruined was Mr. Pottridge that when he went to London to give evidence against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, the first question asked him by the council for the defense—a blustering Old Bailey barrister—was, "I believe you have just been convicted of selling adulterated goods and at false weight?"

"Let me explain," stammered poor Pottridge.

"No explanations, sir. Give me a plain answer, yes or no!"

"Yes, then."

"Well, then, if you are liable to make mistakes about your weights, you may err in other things."

"Perhaps," replied the grocer, desperately, "I may have been mistaken in thinking this lady was a thief. I have had enough bother about the business."

"You ought to be ashamed of your flippant conduct, sir," cried the counsel harshly, and the wretched grocer hobbled out of the witness-box feeling very mean indeed. After this confession of possible error on the part of the chief witness, the case against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane was, of course, dismissed, and Mr. Pottridge slunk out of court with a magisterial reprimand ringing in his ears. To conclude this little story, one has only to add that when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales graciously went to open the baths at Smallborough it was Mr. Bungs who was Mayor and eventually got Knighted, while Mr. Pottridge was not even invited to the dinner at the Town Hall, whereof he paid his share like the other ratepayers.

He is no longer regarded as a lucky man.

The Compass.

The secret of the steadiness of a large compass is the longness of its vibrational period, and a small card would have the same steadiness as a large one if its vibrational period were the same. How little this is known is illustrated by the methods of procuring steadiness in common use. In some (as in the Admiralty "J" card, provided for use in stormy weather) there is a swelling in the middle of each of the steel needles to make them heavier; in others heavy brass weights are attached to the compass cards as near the center as may be, being sometimes, for instance, in the form of a small brass ring of about an inch and a half in diameter. Another method, scarcely less scientific, is to blunt the bearing-point by grinding it, or striking it with a hammer, as has not infrequently been done, to render the compass "less lively," or to fill the cup with brick dust, as is reported by the Liverpool Compass Committee to have been done at sea by a Captain who was surprised to find afterward that his compass could not be trusted within a couple of points. All these methods are founded on the idea that friction on the bearing-point is the cure for unsteadiness. In reality friction introduces a peculiar unsteadiness of a very serious kind, and is very ineffective in remedying the proper unsteadiness of which something is essential and inevitable in a compass on board a ship rolling in a heavy sea and steering on any other course than due east or due west. —*Sir W. Thompson, in Good Words.*

THE pleuro-pneumonia, which has retarded the foreign trade in American cattle, has helped Canada, where the disease does not exist. She has shipped 51,000 animals to England in the past three months, which is three times as many as the shipments in the same time last year.

THE DIFFERENCE.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The Cleveland Leader says: "The difference between the Democratic and Republican parties in their respective appeals to the constitution is that the former knows only the constitution as it was; while the latter appeals to the constitution as it is. The three amendments adopted after the war and embodying the results of the war are just as much parts of the constitution as those ratified in 1789. It is true that the more outspoken of the Democratic party in the South renounce those amendments and threaten to tear them and all legislation made under them from the statute books, and that the less frank members of the party North and South preserve a discreet silence as to them, but the Republicans and the great mass of citizens at the North, if not elsewhere, hold the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments as much entitled to obedience and respect as the Tenth."

The real difference between the Democratic and Republican parties is that the Democrats fully and patriotically accept the constitution as it is, and the Republicans do not regard the constitution either as it was or is. Mr. Hayes, the head of the Republican party, is at this moment traveling about with great pomp through the country under the care of the General of the Army, who declares constantly in his speeches that the President is an "absolute" ruler. This of itself is sufficient proof that the Republican party does not accept the constitution as it is, for that instrument confers no shadow of absolute authority on the President. "Absolute" is an ugly word to be so proclaimed in a republic by a servant of the people. It marks, however, very distinctly the chasm between the constitutional Democratic party and the centralizing anti-constitutional Republican party.

The three amendments, which are fully accepted by the Democratic party, do not by any means destroy the constitution *as it was*. The tenth section remains in full force, and the relation between the State and Federal Governments is unaltered save in the one particular indicated by Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, who, in the case of the United States vs. Cruikshank, said: "In Minor vs. Happersett, 21 Wallace, 178, we decided that the constitution of the United States has not conferred the right of suffrage upon any one, and that the United States have no voters of their own creation in the States. In United States vs. Reese *et al.*, we hold that the Fifteenth amendment has invested the citizens of the United States with a new constitutional right, which is exemption from discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. From this it appears that the right of suffrage is not a necessary attribute of national citizenship, but that exemption from discrimination in the exercise of that right on account of race, etc., is. *The right to vote in the States comes from the States*, but the right of exemption from the prohibited discrimination comes from the United States. The first has not been granted or secured by the constitution of the United States, but the last has been."

This "new constitutional right" the Democratic party fully indorses. Nobody in that party wants "to tear them and all legislation made under them from the statute books," but if the Democratic party gets into power some of the laws which have been pronounced unconstitutional by the highest tribunal and which are based not on the three amendments, but on the suppuration of a diseased partisanship, will undoubtedly be taken off the statute books. The amendments will stand and be enforced. The Republican State of Rhode Island has been for a long time the most persistent advocate of the right of a State to legislate voters from the polls. Among the legal voters thus excluded are many Union soldiers who fought faithfully through the war. It is needless to say that no Republican organ is addicted to trotting out Rhode Island as a State devoted to the "national-supremacy" doctrine, especially as one of her Republican Senators has declared that the State was free and sovereign, and could not be interfered with by the Federal Government in the matter of suffrage.

We need scarcely remark that the Democrats hold the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments as much entitled to respect and obedience as the Tenth. The Tenth will stand a bulwark against the unconstitutional centralism which has, by the Republican party, been falsely based on the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

The tenth section embodies the Democratic and constitutional doctrine of State rights, without which we would no longer have a republic. The Republicans in 1860 made extreme State rights a plank in their platform. To-day they would give a good deal to have the tenth section of the constitution wiped out.

THE REPUBLICANS AND STATES' RIGHTS.

In 1860 the Republican party was in the buoyancy of youth, in the hope and pride of a sanguine ambition, and in the meekness of a good behavior, like that of a stranger seeking to make friends. Like most boys, it was full of good resolutions. Without patronage, it was compelled to make an appeal to conscience, to the sense of justice, to the judgment and reason, and it was forced to base this appeal upon the constitution, the fundamental law of the land. It dared not then openly and flagrantly defy the constitution, for it was humbly knocking at the gates of power. The constitution, even so short a time ago, was held in some respect and reverence. There was something fine in the spectacle of a young and lusty party, in a melancholy minority, without money to disburse or offices to dispense, pleading with millions of men to vote for it because it claimed to represent an idea within the constitution that hovered about freedom. The Republican party never before and never after occupied a position so eminent. It was not yet corrupted by power, and was, in some sense, made lofty with hope. It seemed to try to stand upon the constitution, and plead for liberty for all men. In that convention of 1860 were some of the men who have lent luster to the Republican party, and have been identified with its only glories. John A. Andrew was there from Massachusetts, brave, eloquent, lofty, tender, with convictions made beautiful by courage and flavored with sentiment. George S. Boutwell, from the same State, was there, tame but tenacious; somewhat dull but firm; not showy but tireless. Eben F. Stone, who was Temporary Chairman of the last Massachusetts Republican Convention, was a delegate, and William Claflin and Samuel Hooper, both since then prominent in the politics of Massachusetts, were delegates to this convention. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, was a delegate at large, as were William M. Evarts and Preston King, of New York. George William Curtis was the first delegate from the First district of New York; and it was he, of the melodious voice and scholarly face, the gentle, cultured dreamer, then so much the hope of our literature, who asked the convention if it was prepared to go upon the record as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence. William Curtis Noyes and James W. Nye were delegates from New York. David Wilmot was a delegate at large from Pennsylvania. Thad Stevens the indomitable, the heroic, was also a delegate at large. Wm. D. Kelley was there. Francis P. Blair and Montgomery Blair were delegates. Tom Corwin, the wit, the man of sunshine, was a delegate from Ohio. Joshua R. Giddings, fearless, devoted, conspicuous, was a delegate from Jefferson. Fred Hassaurek was there, an eloquent speaker. David Davis and O. H. Browning were delegates from Illinois. Carl Schurz, of course, was there, a delegate at large from Wisconsin. From what convention has this mercenary destructionist and place-seeker been absent since Europe spewed him into this country? Kasson and Allison, of Iowa, were delegates. Frank Blair, Jr., and Gratz Brown were delegates at large from Missouri. And Horace Greeley, that strange combination of guilelessness and intrigue, of ambition and modesty, of loving kindness and bitterness, of breadth and narrowness, of philosophy and fickleness, of humaneness broad as the sea and spites as little as the pebbles it washes on the whitened shore, a monument of tireless toil till he filled a grave of despair—Horace Greeley, the hater of Seward, the erratic man of unsurpassed sincerity, the weak man of power, was there as a delegate from Oregon. Such was the composition of the convention. George S. Boutwell, F. P. Blair, Joseph H. Barrett, of Ohio, Carl Schurz, J. A. Kasson and Horace Greeley were among the members of the Committee on Resolutions. The Republican party, let us believe, was then honest and earnest. What did this convention, in that hour, say about the rights of the States?

The second resolution in the platform of this convention declared:

> That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal constitution * * is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions; and that the Federal constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

The Republican party in 1860 was not content with this enunciation of the rights of the States. The fourth resolution of this platform was follows:

> That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

We appeal "from Philip drunk to Philip sober." It has become the Republican theory that, inasmuch as the late civil war destroyed all vestige of the alleged right of secession, no rights of a State remain; that all the rights of the States perished when the Union of the States was restored. We appeal from the Republican party in 1879 to the Republican party in 1860.

THE SUBJUGATION OF THE NORTH.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Republican party has lost its hold and its hope in the South. With the removal of the Federal bayonets from the control of the State Governments in that sunny, unhappy section, the Governments of the people rebounded in a day, like compressed, elastic things. Senator Blaine could easily show that three years ago there were only a very, very few Federal muskets in Louisiana, not enough to hurt much; but, few as they were, they were the State Government, for they were the symbols of the entire Federal authority, and, when they were taken away, the Nicholls Government—helpless before—instantly and noiselessly moved into power. It is not yet forgotten that the withdrawal of the Federal troops was so eminently just a thing that it was at the bidding of a Republican President that the last of the Federal forces were removed from their places of tyranny over the State Governments in the South. It was after more than ten years of peace that the last of the subjugated Southern States emerged from beneath the authority of the Washington bayonet—a bayonet that had turned out and installed Governors and Legislatures at the imperial pleasure, the historic will of the sword.

Power in the South gone, the leaders of the Republican party, the few in possession of the political spoils—the masses have nothing to do in the matter—have seen the necessity of desperate measures to retain power in the North. The people of the Northern States are really not aware of the nature and extent of the plans for power which the few men in control of the machine at Washington have made and to which they cling with the energy of despair. Since the South can no longer be subjugated the North must be overcome by processes from Washington—that is, the North must be subjugated.

The Federal Election laws, known as the Deputy Marshal laws, authorize the Federal Government to move into cities of 20,000 inhabitants and over, and take charge of elections. In cities of as many as 20,000 people an unlimited number of United States Deputy Marshals may be appointed, all Republicans, each to receive $5 a day for as many as ten days, all clothed with power of arrest without warrant, all given authority to suppress all State authority, each one a political tyrant, paid from the Federal treasury, and rendering no service save to the Republican party. What does this power mean?

This is not a power to be exercised in the South, though it is doubtful if the law could have been passed had it been announced that its purpose was to control elections in Northern cities. When the last census was taken, there were but eight cities in the South that had a population of 20,000. In 1876, when the money paid for Deputy Marshals and Supervisors was $275,296.60, only $44,774.60 were expended in the South. In 1878, out of an expenditure of $202,091.09, only $24,639 were expended in the South. The Deputy Marshal laws are not now meant for the South, and the money hitherto expended in the execution of these laws is but a fragment of what will be expended if those laws remain on the statute books and money can be had to execute the laws.

What does this power mean in the North? It means that this hideous Deputy Marshal power may cover, and doubtless is at once to cover sixty-seven Northern cities. There are seventy-five cities in the United States which have a population of 20,000—all liable to be slaves of this law. There are more than that now, as the next census will show. Sixty-seven of the seventy-five are in the North. These sixty-seven cities had, years ago, a population of 5,661,749, more than one-eighth of the population of the country. The ability to control them is an enormous power. The cities that fall under the operation of these statutes elect, or control the election of, ninety-five members of the House of Representatives. This number is almost one-third of the entire body. Is it a little thing to place the control of the suffrages of 6,000,000 of people in the centers of our civilization, and of ninety-five—now more than ninety-five—Congressional districts, in the hands of a political machine engineered from Washington, and in the interest of one party, no matter which party? Wherever the law has been applied the control of the election has been placed in the hands of the most abandoned classes. To men of lowest lives the purity of elections has been intrusted. The power has been corruptly used. It has been used for none but partisan purposes.

The Deputy Marshal government has moved into only one city in Ohio. A recent Congressional investigation has shown how corrupt and infamous, as well as insolent, were its workings in this city. The Republicans holding office, or eager for office, will presently move the obnoxious statute into Cleveland, and Toledo, and Columbus, and Dayton, and soon Sandusky, and Hamilton, and Portsmouth, and Zanesville, and Akron, under this statute, will be helpless in the hands of the Washington mill. From the worst classes in these cities men will be selected by the office-holders in control of affairs at Washington to take charge of the ballot boxes and of the personal liberty of the citizens. Deputy Marshals in each of the cities where they have been appointed for election purposes have been men fit for, or just from, the workhouse or the penitentiary. Even if Deputy Marshals were all saints, would it be safe to give the control of the election of ninety-five members of Congress, with the growing power of cities, to machinery selected by the machine at Washington?

We have spoken of one element in the plan of subjugating the free, thinking, liberty-loving men of the North. Another is found in the following circular:

> THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION,
> No. 241 BROADWAY, ROOM No. 4,
> NEW YORK, Aug. 9, 1879.
>
> To the Banks and Bankers of Ohio:
>
> As members of the Executive Council of the American Bankers' Association, we desire to state that *special measures will be taken to forward our interests in Ohio.* It is desirable that all banks and bankers become members of the association *for this year at least.* Yours truly,
> WM. J. DESSLER,
> President National Exchange Bank, Columbus, Ohio.
> A. H. MOSS,
> President First National Bank, Sandusky, Ohio.
> [A 204.]

The Shetlanders.

In no part of the world will a stranger expect less from the appearance of the country and find it more made up by the civilities of the inhabitants. Among all ranks this prevails in a high degree, according to their ability. The gentry are famous for hospitality, which even reigns among the poorest sort. Whenever I came (says a recent traveler) I found all willing to do me every service in their power, either by information or otherwise. Their horses and servants were always ready to attend me, and many gentlemen, as well as clergy, were so obliging as to attend me in different places, and to point out everything worthy the knowledge of the traveler. In a word, a sense of Shetland humanity is so firmly planted in my mind that it is with the greatest pleasure I thus pay them my acknowledgments in the most public manner.

On holidays the people of all ranks appear neat and clean, but plainly dressed, without the ornaments of which they were some years ago so extravagantly fond.

All ranks live much on animal food, such as fish, flesh, butter and milk, with little bread, which is supplied in some measure by potatoes. Some are a good deal addicted to dram-drinking, as must be the case in fishing countries. The common drink at table, instead of small beer, is grog, a liquor composed of brandy and water, made to the taste of the drinker, but very disagreeable to a stranger.

The diseases most prevalent here are coughs, pains of the breast, the heve—an inveterate kind of itch—fluxes, rheumatisms, scurvy and bald leprosy, obstruction of the menses, and a dreadful disease to be found in Unst and Fetlar.

The natives of Shetland marry young and are very prolific; yet it is a question whether they increase or not, owing to their way of life. Many accidents at sea they meet with, and which shorten many of their days. The small-pox of late was peculiarly fatal.

As to their make, the Shetlanders are generally robust and healthy, are adventurous in fishing, abstemious while at sea, but lazy when they have an opportunity of being so, as I have had occasion to observe.

A LITTLE girl about 4 years old and a little boy about 6 had been cautioned not to take away the nest egg, but one morning when they went for the eggs, the little girl took it and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying: "Mother, mother, Susie's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

SINCE the passage of the act providing for promotion from the ranks in the army, six privates have been raised to the rank of Second Lieutenant.

CIPHER is the very appropriate name of a New Hampshire balloonist who has invented a new air-ship. We suppose he is, in all that the term implies, an airy naught.