Nebraska Herald.

"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot."—JOHN A. DIX.

VOL. I. PLATTSMOUTH, N. T., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1865. NO. 14.

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
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BY
H. D. HATHAWAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Office on Main street, opposite Amison, Dovey & Co's.

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Business Directory.

WILLITT POTTENGER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PLATTSMOUTH - - NEBRASKA.

T. M. MARQUETT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
—AND—
Solicitor in Chancery.
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.

D. H. WHEELER.
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Fire and Life Ins, Ag't,
Agent for collection of claims against Government, for Soldiers, their widows and minor heirs. Agent for the purchase and sale of Lands and City property, Leasing of Tenements, Payment of Taxes in all parts of Nebraska and Western Iowa. Attends to all business pertaining to a General Land, Insurance, Tax buying and Collection Agency.
☞ Refers to all business men in Nebraska.
Plattsmouth, N. T., May 15, 1865.

E. C. Lewis,
NOTARY PUBLIC
AND
CONVEYANCER.
Real Estate Agent, Tax Payer for Iowa and Nebraska. Titles of Land investigated, &c.
☞ All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Plattsmouth, N. T., April 20th, tf

National Claim Agency.
WASHINGTON D. C.
F. M. DORRINGTON,
SUB AGENT:
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA,
Is prepared to present and prosecute claims before Congress, Court of Claims and the Departments. Pat'ents, Pensions, Bounties, and Bounty Lands secured. ☞ Charges moderate, and in proportion to the amount of the claim. F. M. DORRINGTON
April 19, '65.

PLATTE VALLEY
HOUSE.
G. W. CROW, - - - PROP.
I am prepared to furnish all who may favor me with their patronage, with lodging, single meals or board by the week. G. W. CROW.
Plattsmouth, April 18,—y1

JOSEPH SCHLATER.
WATCHMAKER and JEWELER,
MAIN STREET,
PLATTSMOUTH, - - NEBRASKA.
A good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Pens, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, Violins and Violin Trimmings always on hand. All work committed to his care will be warranted.
April 10, 1865.

TO FREIGHTERS and FARMERS!
Blacksmith, Outfitting,
—AND—
MACHINE SHOP.
We have opened a Blacksmith, Outfitting and Machine Shop on
Main Street, South Side,
where you can get any kind of work done in our line. We have a
Wagon Shop
in connection, where all kinds of wood-work will be done on short notice. ☞ All work warranted.
W. D. GRIFFIN & CO.
Plattsmouth, April 10, '65.

NOTICE.
Filing Claims against Estate of P. A. Sarpy.
Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Peter A. Sarpy, deceased, late of Cass county, must file them duly authenticated by oath, with the Probate Court of Cass county, N. T., on or before the SECOND DAY OF JANUARY, 1866, at which time there will be a hearing of all claims thus filed, and an allowance made by the Court of all claims proved to be just.
Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of May, 1865. D. H. WHEELER,
May 15, m8 Probate Judge.

TOOTLE, HANNA & CO.
Have for sale
M'CORMICK'S REAPERS,
McCORMICK'S
2 WHEELED MOWERS,
BROWN'S
Illinois Corn Planters,
—AND—
MOLINE PLOWS,
—AT—
Manufacturers' Prices,
Freight Added.
TOOTLE, HANNA & CO.
April 10—m3

ORATION,

—BY—
HON. T. M. MARQUETT,
—AT—
PLATTSMOUTH, JULY 4th, 1865.

PLATTSMOUTH, July 5th, 1865.

Hon. T. M. Marquett.

SIR:—I have been requested by numerous citizens of this place and by the Committee of Arrangements, to ask you for a copy of your speech delivered to that vast audience on the 4th inst. Please answer at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,
WM. D. GAGE,
Ch'n Com. Ar.

PLATTSMOUTH, July 7th, 1865.

Wm. D. Gage, Ch'n Com. Arrangements,

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will please find copy of my oration delivered on the 4th.

Yours truly,
T. M. MARQUETT.

We have come with all the pride of conscious joy to celebrate the Anniversary of our Independence. We have come with banners, with music, with hearts overflowing with joy and with thanksgiving to the God of Nations, that our country is saved—that wars ravages are over. The Liberty-loving of all earth look fondly, reverently forward to this day; tyrants with envy and hate; for it was upon this day that—

"A Patriot Band was assembled,
The Tyrants of earth to defy;
And Tyrants have ever since trembled,
To hear of the Fourth of July."

We rejoice to-day over the result of two rebellions—one a success, the other a failure. To some minds it seems strange, how our Fathers could be right in rebelling against an established Government; while Jeff Davis and his minions are so palpably wrong.—To my mind it is plain. It is *right* to rebel whenever rebellion is *right*.—Whenever a people rebel against tyranny and to uphold liberty, they are *right* in so doing. Or in the language of our Fathers, "Resistance to Tyrants, is obedience to God." Any other position is erroneous. You take the position that in no case we have a right to overthrow the powers that be, and you strike down the ruling spirit of the age, which is reform—progress; bind irrevocably the manacles of the down-trodden tyranny cursed of earth; you read to them the doleful tale that oppression's chains are *theirs, theirs forever*, and their children's only legacy. Men are true to the past, though not always to the present. History records the truth. She immortalizes a Wallace, not because he rebelled against England's Government, but because he unsheathed his sword in defence of Scotland's *Liberty*. A Tell will live forever—not because he was a rebel against the Governor of Uri, but because he drew his bow for freedom, and sent his arrow to a tyrant's heart. Washington we honor, not solely because he rebelled against England, but because he refused the proffered crown, disdaining the glittering diadem, and rising to manhood's loftiest eminence, stamped the impress of *freedom* upon a Continent. In all this I but see that old, cardinal rule "That those who do not reign in righteousness shall be banished from the earth."—Ninety years ago our Fathers, in the Declaration of Independence, so well read in your hearing, laid the foundation for a free Government, which since has grown to a powerful Nation—spanning a Continent, and taking her stand among the proudest Nations of the earth.

The question of what sort of Government will best enhance the welfare of its subjects, can best maintain itself-the most durable—remain no longer unanswered. In the eyes even of envious Monarchs and aristocrats, our Government is no longer a *mere* experiment. The great problem is solved. The bloody struggle just past must satisfy the world that a free Government can never be overthrown, no matter how formidable the powers that attempt it. The enquiring mind asks, from whence comes this national strength and vitality? Why is it that we have crushed a rebellion such as no other nation ever crushed? It is simply because our Nation rests upon and draws her strength and vitality from the eternal principles of TRUTH, LIBERTY and JUSTICE. Upon this day our fathers laid her foundation deeply imbeded in ever-enduring Truth, in these words: "All men are created equal; they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." That to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, drawing their just powers from the consent of the *governed*." It is true our Fathers, in rearing the superstructure, were forced, under existing circumstances, to put in, along with other material, the *rotten, decaying* and decomposing, one of human *Slavery*. Right here was our weakness. To us it proved to be the forbidden fruit—

"Whose mortal taste brought Death into our World,
With loss of Eden."

Yet still, in the old superstructure there was so much of truth, of liberty and of humanity, that she enervates her sons with that which makes true hearts and strong arms. She aimed to wrong no one, and the lovers of right everywhere became her friends. Imperfect in some things, she still rested upon the correct theory. Unlike monarchies or aristocracies, her blessings visited not only the stately mansion, but, descending to the lowly cot, there diffused joy. She fostered intelligence and morality. The friend of science and of arts, prosperity sprang forth at her bidding, "and a long blaze of glory lingers in her train." The solution, then, of that problem which ages have been solving, is this: That Government is the most prosperous, the most stable and the greatest, whose principles are Truth, Liberty and Justice. Let us ever remember that these truths are what constitute our strength and *durability*. It is truth that makes nations live, it is falsehood and error that makes them die. It is ordained of old that falsehood should be short lived, whilst truth endures *forever*. Wicked as this world is, men still love the truth: it may be hard to find; but when there, who is it that does not love to linger amid her bowers and drink at her perennial fountains. Our Nation has more of truth, and less of falsehood, now than ever she had. This struggle has purified her. The rebellion came, not because we were a free government, but because the elements of tyranny were in our midst. Slavery was its cause. It came because men in our land became bold enough to declare our Declaration of Independence a *lie*. They forgot to celebrate this day.—They no longer revered the institutions of our Fathers. They forgot the teachings of the plain old Washington of the Revolution, and they became traitors in order to establish a *landed* aristocracy, whose foundation was human slavery, and rebellion came. A little over four years ago our Temple of Liberty stood supported by thirty-four columns (the States). Nineteen of these were composed of Liberty's *firmest*, purest *marble*. The other fifteen were made up of composite material; intermixed with freedom, was that dark falsehood—the crimson-dyed wrong from which the crime of treason sprang. Many of these columns were even then crumbling from the edifice—refusing longer to support it. For nearly two long years did our noble Lincoln, amid the crash of falling columns, aided by our Grants and our Shermans in the field and our Sewards and Stantons in the Cabinet, endeavor to gather up and bind the tailing fragments to our building; but in vain.—The antagonistic elements of freedom and slavery refused longer to adhere together. They must be separated, and the decaying and crumbling columns refitted, or the proud Temple of *Freedom* must forever crumble to dust. Lincoln saw that it was thus, and determined that the edifice of our Fathers *should be saved*, let what else perish that might. *Slavery* was eradicated—*all else was saved*. We have come to-day to proclaim to the world that those columns, which envious monarchs thought would no longer give support to the American edifice, are being refitted—or I might say rebuilt—rising in majestic proportions, gilded by universal liberty. They are destined to stand, giving support to the world's noblest Temple, while man loves Liberty or Truth endures.—Henceforth the American Union will be a Union of hands and a Union of hearts.

It would be unjust, perhaps, if we were to pass over in silence the great actors of this mighty contest just past. Foremost among them is our Martyred President. Of lowly parentage—springing from the *masses*—he relied upon them with a confidence vouchsaved to few. Well he knew when the dark clouds of rebellion first rose in our political horizon, that the people alone could save the country. In his own prairie home he received calmly the approaching storm, whose blackness threw a lurid glare over the entire land. It was when that storm had gathered, and all knew that sooner or later it must break with all its dread consequences upon us; that he started for the Capitol. Everywhere the people crowded around him. In his plain, yet eloquent manner, he spoke to them as if he came to council them; asking them questions of momentous import—questions which for a while became the intellectual thought of the Nation, and which after the fall of Sumpter broke forth in that mighty tide of patriotism, giving, as if by magic, seventy-five thousand soldiers for the defence of our Flag and Capitol. The surging events around him nerved him to his mighty task. Like some deeply imbeded rock that stands amid old ocean, he seemed to court the fiery waves of rebellion only to dash them from him. On every side stern war confronted him. For two long years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed.—The time had come for a decisive step to be taken. The *Crisis of a Nation was at hand.* Down in the land of rebellion—there manacled—were four millions of *God's* people, silent spectators of the mighty contest. Lincoln had long pondered whether if to give that people freedom would not place them on the side of the Union. At length the die is cast. He seizes a pen "AND WRITES THEM FREE."—Next to our Declaration of Independence, humanity's greatest victory—the *world's noblest deed*. Making our cause doubly dear; henceforth our brave men in the field fought not only to preserve the nation, to restore the Union, but also for liberty in its *purest sense*. And one hundred thousand dusky forms, as if in gratitude for the act, seized the musket. The tide of battle turns in our favor. Victory hesitates but little longer until she perches upon our banner. This act alone would have immortalized him. He finished the work assigned him. It was nobly done; and then he was cowardly assassinated—*murdered*—because he loved *Liberty* and "revered the institutions of our *Fathers*." He has gone—gone to join the Martyrs of our own revolution, and all that "illustrious band" who, in the world's history, have fought and died in freedom's cause. Angels will welcome him for—

"Oh, if there be in this mundane sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear;
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws,
Pour the heart that bleeds and dies in her cause."

His death was the saddest hour of our Nation. Near his home in the broad prairies of his adopted State, he sleeps. His "Tomb—the Mecca of our land." In Fame's Temple he takes his place by the side of Washington. The savior of our Country and the liberator of four millions of people. No marble column can add to his fame. A RESTORED UNION IS HIS MONUMENT. UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION IS HIS EPITAPH. Yet he belongs not to us alone. All mankind claim him. The world will catch the glowing theme of his praise, as upon this day it wells up from the "pride and love of our own race, and from the deep gratitude of another," and will echo it back.

"Nor yet the Hero of one Land alone,
For thine's a *name* all Nations claim their own;
In every clime where breathes the good and brave,
Echo's the *praise* thy own Country gave."

And hereafter when the historian shall be called on to embody, in one man, all of the elements of a great Statesman, the love of Truth, of Liberty and of Country, with stern unbending integrity and lofty purpose, shall determine his choice. "The fire of patriotism shall mantle his cheek and enkindle his eye" as he writes the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We will be forced to pass in silence our warrior heroes. If we had but the time and ability, we would love to stop and wreathe a chaplet for the brow of our noble Grant—emphatically the hero of earth's greatest, grandest struggle, and the world's greatest warrior. But his eulogy, and that of Sherman, Sheridan, and a host of others, I shall leave for fitter tongues than mine to pronounce. "We all owe them a debt of gratitude which we can never repay." Yet after all, our success probably depends more upon the American people at large—the common *soldiery*—than upon anything else. Codding truly said that "our greatest General was our General greatness." The inventive genius, the general intelligence which, springing from myriads of common schools and colleges all over the loyal North, as if by magic, placing on every navigable stream where rebellion raised her "hydra-head," those terrors of war, our Gun-boats; and who unaided, armed with the deadliest weapons the world ever saw, her greatest army. Imbued with a love of country, they marched steadily to their purpose. We all remember the intense feeling with which we followed the long line of blue formed at Cairo under the brave Grant, as onward it went, planting our banner upon Ft. Henry's fortifications, storming the heights of Donaldson; down through Shiloah's bloody field to that master blow at Vicksburg, that shivered the rebellion in two and opened the Mississippi to commerce. They moved like an avalanche; the mighty West opening up her arteries of trade, and crushing her country's enemies. And again, down further in the sunny south, at Mission Ridge and at Lookout Mountain, formed in solid phalanx, the same dauntless Boys in Blue, *above the clouds*, plant their country's flag in triumph. And in all that historic campaign in which bold Sherman first proved the Confederacy to be but a shell, and then broke it, of never fading green are the laurels interwoven all along the battles line, from Resaca to to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Raleigh. Nor was it in the far south or west alone that our brave boys awoke the admiration of the land. On old Potomac's shores; down where the dark waters of the Rappahannock flow; the world will talk of soldiers there, who, through the treachery or imbecility of officers, whipped and baffled for three years, are seen again to stand on the banks of the Rapidan, undismayed,—Beyond them, a mile to the south-west on their chosen battle field, is rebellion's greatest army, led by her greatest chieftain. Once again the word, which had became a hiss and a by-word to our enemies throughout the world, of 'Onward to Richmond,' is given, and rebellion's death struggle commences. That *battle line of blue*, there formed, never took a backward step; their onward, steady tread, though slippery in the blood of their fallen comrades, wavered not.

"And backward the rebel host are borne."

They paused but to bury their dead, and again seizing the weapons of death, "hurled them at the foe," until that foe, weakened and shattered by the shock, seeks its formidable fortifications at Richmond, as its only safety; and the word comes to our wearied, battle-worn men to rest a while. Yet another blow is to be struck; they wait and abide their time. It comes—at length the hour of victory dawns. The plans of Grant are perfected. That eagle eyed warrior, Sheridan, is placed in the van. The tocsin is sounded.—The hitherto impregnable fortifications are scaled. The hour for which Potomac's brave heroes had so long, so patiently waited and fought, and for which their comrades had died, comes Richmond is ours, and Lee a fugitive. Our brave boys pause but to give one *long*, LOUD *shout* of victory, and then follow the foe,

"As westward the din of battle rolls."

Far to the van, where the battle rage is hottest, is heard at times the tones of Sheridan, shouting, "Men, *advance, press on, and Lee is ours!*" These words were but the prophetic notes of one whose genius taught him how to rule the battle's storm. And true as holy writ, Lee *was* ours. The AMERICAN UNION, FOREVER ONE, and FREEDOM UNIVERSAL. All praise to our brave Boys in Blue.

"Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
Fling your starry banner out;
Shout *Freedom* till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout."

We take a proud position among the nations of the earth. The Cossack warrior no longer boasts of the greatest army, even in numbers. For he now beholds an army of over half a million, whose every soldier is a ruler, and whose deeds of noble bravery for the last four years towers in solemn grandeur above the military achievements of the past. Proud thought—the mighty Empire of Russia, with her one hundred and thirty millions of subjects, on this day pays her tribute of respect to us, and unfurls in her courts the banner of the Free. By our every attitude, France is told that the time is now forever past when she can again insult Freemen by invading the soil of a sister Republic. We tell her "do not longer trample upon the rights of Mexico. Withdraw your armies, and let Mexicans say whether they want Maximillian as their ruler or not, or the laws of nations and of humanity may demand of us to draw the sword in Mexico's defence. We seek peace with you, although we might rightfully say that—

"Twice have we sought O'an Alpine's Glen in peace;
But when we come again,
It will be with" *Grant and Sheridan.*"

And to England we say, we are no suppliant at your knee. Build and arm again if you dare your Alabama; place your seamen upon her; and instead of the hateful bars add stars, run up your own proud banner. Ask no Pirate Semmes to command her; and prove, if you dare, your title as Conqueror of the Seas. Another Kearsarge will be ready to meet you. But beware and have a Deerhound ready; for, in the fiery conflict that will ensue, your sluggish half-drowned seamen as their ship and banner sink beneath the billow, will perchance again wish to violate the rules of war and flee inglorious from their conquerors. Know, proud Briton, that American *freemen* have wrested the sceptre from your *tars*. Your ships no longer ride Mistress of the Wave. Our own, though now silently moored in ports from which peaceful commerce flow, only await the dread tocsin of war to sweep our Country's enemies from the seas.

Let us not retire from this scene without a deep sense of the obligations devolving upon us. The boom of that cannon that struck the fetters from the Slaves and saved our land, has died away. A sacred duty devolves on us. We must preserve, by the ballot, what our brave soldiers have saved with the bullet and bayonet. No unsteady hand should hereafter hold it. Let us ponder well the lesson taught by the last fifteen years. When Jeff Davis and the Southern fire-eaters first began to preach disunion in the halls of Congress, *unsteady* hands too often held the ballots of the North, and the result was that, that strange compound of human beings, made up of toadyism, fear and love of power, known, I believe, as *Dough-faces*, went to Congress. Southern bullies, working upon their fears and love of power, ruled them, and then *flaunted* their disunion without rebuke. And in this way, oh, shame! in those halls where hangs the image of the Father of his Country, it became popular to threaten to destroy the Union. Treasonable sentiments uttered, and but few were found to rebuke them. The notorious disunionist of 1850; the traitor of 1861 and the condemned felon of 1865 (Jeff Davis), history will have to tell you, was the ruling spirit (made so indirectly by the ballot) in the Cabinet from 1853 to 1857, and then became one of the leaders of our Senate (by virtue of the ballot) from 1857 to 1861, by which time he was a full fledged traitor. Ten long years had he preached disunion. A traitor in theory; do you wonder that he became one in practice? Why, there is no more wonder in it than there is in the flowing of yonder turbid stream, or the waving of your golden harvest, which, springing from industry's hand, deck your cultivated fields. Armed with the ballot, a weapon mightier than the sword, let us strike down disunion, secession, and all other enemies of our Country. Humanity, and the Liberty loving of all earth, demand it of us.—For the world hereafter will come to the American ballot-box to learn her destiny. And when she comes, let her find no traitor there—none but the truly Loyal, who have looked with sorrow upon a land draped in mourning, who have wept over her three hundred thousand new made graves; and who now, with bold hearts and steady hands, declare that, no matter what else may perish, they will at all hazards preserve (by the ballot) those institutions so dearly purchased by the blood of our Fathers, and reconsecrated by the fallen on every battle-field in the great struggle just past. That they will make secession but a fit object for scorn to point her "slow unmoving finger at," Disunion hateful, Treason odious, and *Liberty, Union and Country, Forever dear.*

We are, to-day, the model Government of the World. Peace reigns throughout our land; not the peace that comes from right compromising with error, of liberty giving up a part to tyranny. Thank God, Loyalty made no compromise with Treason, and so peace comes clothed in Liberty, Justice and Humanity, to bless not only us, but our children and our children's children. Who is there now that is not proud of being an American—but thanks his Maker that his home is here?

"Great God we thank thee for this home,
The bounteous Birth Land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of Liberty.
Still may her Flowers unfanned spring,
Her Harvests wave, her Cities rise;
And yet, until Time shall fold her wings,
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise!"

VOCAL.—The following examples are from "exquisites" who call Old Hundred and Hail Columbia "country airs:"

Are you fond of hymn singing?—Take a note of a few. The first is the hymn we heard at the chapel the last time—"Oh, take a pil, oh, take a pil, oh, take a pil, oh, take a pil-grim heme!" The hymn Brown heard—treble and soprano by the fairer portion of creation—"Oh for a man, oh, for a man, oh, for a man-sion in the skies!" The one Plunkins heard was—"Oh, send down Sal, oh, send down Sal, oh, send down Sal-va-tion!"

THE NAKED ISSUE.

The negro has been liberated. Government announces to him that he is a freeman. As such, he becomes amenable to laws and subject to obligations which did not affect him in his former condition. He must support himself by labor. He must pay taxes, He must meet various other requisitions. He cannot be expected to do well—to advance in the social scale, to accumulate means, to develop intellectual capacity—without the advantage and encouragement of the political franchise. He must have the ballot to protect himself; to enable him to overcome the effects of prejudices which would else continue him in virtual Slavery; to give him a substantial control over his own position. As a measure of safety, and for the support of Government in the South, he must be allowed to vote.

This is the naked issue. Public sentiment is very generally coming to the conclusion we have indicated.—But the move went cannot and should not be forced. A revolution so overwhelming and complete requires time. The negroes are to be made ready, and the loyal people of the South are to be made willing. This is the present task of the Administration and of the temporary Provisional Governments. Opinion in the Northern States is right—opinion in the South will be made right. President Johnson is traveling as rapidly as the posture of affairs justifies him in doing. Let those who are eager for a completion of the revolution have patience, and in due season all will be well.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

MODEST!—Mrs. R. E. Lee, wife of the late Gen. Lee, has written to the authorities, claiming Arlington Heights as her property. She complains that the grounds have been greatly abused by the Government, and states that she will visit Washington in a few days for the purpose of demanding them from President Johnson.

"PAY AS YOU GO"

This little maxim has been modestly at the service of the world for ages, supported by no particular pretensions to rhetoric, cadence, or pompous period, but brimfull, and running over with practical philosophy, plebeian sense, adapted to the latitude and longitude of every human creature. It contains within its blessed monosylables an analysis of wealth—it is fortune's stepping stone—and a letter of credit none can distrust wherever it goes. It is the right bower of economy, and maid of honor to pleasure; fills the day hours with quiet, and drives the bailiff from the night dream. "Pay as you go," and you will know how fast you are going, how far you have gone, and when it is time to stop—tradesmen will bow when they meet you, and debt, with its hungry wolf tread will starve on your trail. "Pay as you go," tempers luxury and chastens want, adds dignity to the poor man and grace to the rich man, wrongs none and is justice to all. Here is an antidote for much that is the philosopher's stone—here is a motto for manhood—here is a leaven for any sized lump. Young man, "pay as you go," and when you get old you will not depart from it—other virtues will certainly cluster about you; and, when nature hands in her last bill, you will be all the better prepared to "pay as you go."—*Josh Billings, (anglicised.)*

FIGHT YOUR WAY UP.—The Many who have to take the world rough and tumble are prone to envy the Few who roll through it unjolted, in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler as he stumbles through its thorny thicket, and limps over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse the ill luck that placed him on such a hard road, and sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over Fortune's Macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which was the birth-gift of his do-nothing neighbor. The more fool he.—Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse, when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker, who pines for wealth without being willing to labor for it, regards the idleness in which it should enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a great motive power, to be applied in enterprises that give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-bed life—to *loaf* luxuriously. We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire wealth.—They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose, than to receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle, than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining or dissipating the golden store that some thriftier hand had accumulated. Your accidental Croesus knows nothing of the pride of success—of the honest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the pediments he has overcome, and forward into the fair future which he has earned the right to enjoy.

At a large dinner party in a certain city lately the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amid an awful pause, she naively answered, "Yes indeed, I am, very much troubled—but they are not my own."

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS.—We hear this every day; "People don't look at the advertising columns of a paper." It is not true. People do read advertisements. We should have a poor opinion of the intelligence of a man or woman who does not look over the advertisements of a paper, especially if it is published in their own city or neighborhood. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, the largest paper in America, in an article on the subject of advertisements—not soliciting them, because it has as many as it wants—says that thousands of people take that paper for the advertisements alone; they are the first thing looked at, and present a much better idea of business in the city than the mere editorial and news columns can do.

HOW TO GET SLEEP.—A popular authority says if a person is disposed to be wakeful at a certain hour of the night, let him at once get up when he awakes, and stay up. Repeated three times he will be cured, or, let him go to bed as many hours later as he lies awake at night, and he will sleep all night.