Nebraska Herald.

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

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SPEECH OF SENATOR TIPTON.

Hon. T. W. Tipton, Senator from this State, made a speech on Reconstruction in the Senate chamber on the 10th of February, which closes in the following beautiful and forcible style:

Mr. President, the only path of duty for us to travel is that marked out by the light of Christian civilization. We are pledged by the spirit of our institutions by Pilgrim vows and Pilgrim faith, by interposition of Providence, from the hour of the Mayflower's peril to the fall of treason's banner, to do, by our legislation, all and everything demanded by the strictest rules of Heaven's justice. When we attempted to evade a settlement after the American Revolution of 1776, we gradually commenced to illustrate the proposition, "Whom the gods intend to destroy they first make mad." When we denied the criminality of slavery, and turned the Bible's precepts aside, and with the emblems of bread and wine enticed Christ's humble poor to the table of communion in order that the great soul driver might, with greater accuracy, cast the lariat over the head of his property, we were invoking Heavens vengeance and mortgaging the blood of a whole generation. When we decided to try the virtue of extorted tears, and sweat, and blood, as a fertilizer for the virgin soil of the mighty West, and sought to consecrate Kansas and Nebraska to the dominions of blood-hound and lash, in our impotent rage we were only preparing an amphitheater for the greatest moral and physicol contest humanity ever witnessed or civilization ever crowned. Retribution is written all over the latter pages of our national history. And now comes the era of compensation. Liberty proclaimed through all the land, the swarthy sons of Africa pleading from the platform, the forum and rostrum, the cause of universal rights, and quoting in the era of defunct aristocracy the severely true precepts of a long abused, now triumphant democracy.

By all the concentrated rays of history, written in blood, I see only one path of safety for my native land, and that is universal justice. You may sail whatever sea you choose, and shift your sail to whatever point you please, and whether in the calm or storm you reach the goal, there never can be peace or safety only in the haven of universal justice. We may tamper with conscience, and make concession to the wounded spirit of a once domineering people, and lie down to dream of Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; we may shut our eyes and close our ears, steel our hearts and hush our voices, and then look out again upon a carnival of death, hearken to an ocean tone of woe, and die despised, traitors to the country. God and man. But if we seed only justice then our work shall live and grow and swell into more magnificent proportions as future years rise and culminate into the perfection of truth and duty.

—After Mr. Frederick Douglass' lecture at Ann Arbor Michigan, a short time ago, the son of a United States Senator attending college there, stepping upon the platform, advanced to Mr. Douglass, extended his hand, and remarked: "My name is——. I am the Son of a United States Senator." "Are you?" said Mr. Douglass; "I have reason to believe that I am, too."

—The Burlington *Gazette* and *Argus* says:

"The enterprise of Mr. Merry last fall in shipping corn in bulk from Dubuque to New York, by way of New Orleans, has brought the question up prominently. The St. Louis *Democrat* says: 'It is stated upon the best authority that large contracts have already been concluded by certain parties at Keokuk and on the Illinois river, with the Mississippi barge company, for the transportation of corn in bulk to New York city via New Orleans, at low rates of freight, through bills of lading to New York being given by this company. This will definitely settle the feasability of through shipments of grain from this city to New York or to any port in Europe: and its success will assure an early and radical reconstruction of the whole carrying trade of the great Mississipi valley. The enterprise is one which we trust to see eventuate fortunately, for great results, Depend upon it."

Eating an Ink Roller.

The Virginia *Enterprise* of Feb. 18, relates the following incident:

A day or two since a group of Piutes found an old ink roller—composed as most persons know, of glue and molasses—in front of our office, where it had been thrown by one of our pressmen. They examened the thing critically, and always being on the lookout for something eatable, soon concluded that they had made a rich strike. One after another tasted the curious looking concern, grunting approvingly after the experiment. finally a piece of rope was produced and being tied at either end of the roller a boy slung it across his back, the rope resting across his forehead, and the party moved on down the street seeking further devourables. As the boy marched along with his prize, two or three children from ten to fourteen years of age followed him, and walking on either side pulled off chunks of the glutinous mass, which they masticated with much apparent satisfaction. The boy who carried the load of sweetness made good use of opportunity, and kept his grinders well supplied with the delicious stuff.—Doubtless long before night the whole roller was snugly deposited in some fifteen or twenty Piute stomachs.

—Two Democratic editors in one of the Southern States are throwing paper bullets at each other in a manner that brings out the strong points in the Democratic creed. One of them puts the following leading questions to the other:

"When you came out of the penitentiary to join the service, had you served your time out?

"Was the regiment you entered the one out of which you were drummed?

"Did you ever steal a horse?

"How many?

"Are you an expert in slandering a gentleman, when you can't make anything out of him?

"Are you a good boot-licker, for loaves and fishes?

"Are you ashamed of yourself, generally, when in the presence of gentlemen?

"Don't you feel mean?"

A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

A disease with a horrible name, the "hunger-typhus," is very prevalent in Berlin, and in some localities epidemic. It is no longer possible for the government to deny its existence, for a physician, Dr. Stamm, sent out under the auspicies of the Queen to search into the real merits of the case, has published a report, in which he describes the disease and its symptoms, and says that under favorable conditions its virus is more readily communicated than that of any disease with which he is acquainted. As it is yet comparatively but little spread, he reccommends energetic means for its suppression, and so urgently that one fears he will advocate the only remedy for the *rinderpest*, "stamping out." One of its last victims is the Countess Von Stolbergs-Weringerone, a deaconess of Bethany hospital. She had gone to work for the suffering, but becoming ill, returned to Berlin to die of the fever. Almost the entire Royal family, and most of the members of the Herren-Haus, were present at her funeral on Wednesday.

Democratic Talk.

Richmond papers are earnestly urging all the white voters to register their names. The *Enquirer* is doing its utmost to work up a war of races, in the hope that the colored people will be exterminated. Hear the lunatic, in speaking of the approaching election for the Constitution: "Let the tone and temper of the Conservative party be that of a prosecutor who is dealing with men whose crimes are infamous and notorious. Let the heroic officers of the grand old Army of Northern Virginia handle these demoralized and skulking New England squatters who have attempted to put the negro over the head of our noble Confederate soldiers, as roughly as they did at Bull Run, Chancelorsville, Fredericksburg, Gaine's Mill, and Cold Harbor. Let these conspirators against the white race in Virginia learn that by their monstrous crimes they have at last aroused a people whose courage has ever been equal to the danger which threatened either their honor or their firesides."

PLAIN QUESTIONS FOR HONEST VOTERS.

What party was it, in 1860, that refused honor and submission to the constitutional election of a Republican President, and lent its sympathy to an armed rovolt? The Democratic.

What party was it that when the Southern States voted secession, in their resolutions, newspapers and speeches, denied the right under the constitution, to put down the rebellion by coercing the States in revolt? The Democratic.

What party held the power of the National Government when the forts and arsenals on our Southern coast were allowed to be taken by the rebels without resistance? The Democratic.

What party furnished the men who conspired to murder Abraham Lincoln when on his way to the National Capital to take the office of President? The Democratic.

Who honor the name of the infamous assassin, Booth, and in frequent utterance declare their wish to build a monument to his memory? Democrats.

What party forced the country either to abandon the Union and the great principles of government by the voice of the people, or to endure a gigantic war and sustain the Union by the cost of a half million lives and thousands of millions of national indebtedness? The Democratic.

What party is it which has for the last eight years done all in its power to ruin the country by treasonable acts and influences, and has not repented, and which now demands to be reinstated in its former power by the peoples vote?

What party is it which cursed and defamed the heroes who fought for the Union, and now slander and defame efficient soldiers and leaders in the Union cause? The Democratic.

What party would infinitely prefer Jeff. Davis, traitor, to U. S. Grant, the nation's defender, for President of the United States? The Democratic.

What party in Maine has allied itself with a *Secret-Oath bound* organization? The Democratic.

What party indorses the treason of Andrew Johnson in his efforts to restore the rebels of the south to power, and to defeat the efforts of Congress to reconstruct the rebel States on the principles of impartial liberty and justice? The Democratic.

—China, it is announced, is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer has been successfully made at Shanghae, and a distillery built there.

—Jeff. Davis recently visited Natchez, the citizens of which place, we are told, rejoiced to "again see the great man they love so well; infinitely greater in his private station than all the pigmies at Washington who are hounding on the ruin of the country he has loved and loves so well; infinitely purer in the midst of his persecutions than those who hate him." After this the reader will not be surprised to hear that Jeff. is called "the great upholder of principles, and the pure lover of the Constitution.'

—Grant has settled the question of probable delay in the impeachment trial. Some one told him Johnson was going to ask time to send off to Alaska and other ends of the earth for witnesses "What's the use of that?" said the General. "He can prove anything he wants to by Welles and Randall and McCulloch!"

—The latest theory concerning the authorship of 'Rock me to Sleep Mother," is that is authoress was a young Irish woman named Miss Ann O'Dyne (anodyne), who afterwards married a talented young Irishman named Perry Gorrick (paregoric), and that it was published in the Sleepy Hollow Gazette, of which Mr. C. R. Adel was editor at the time. This important information is perpetrated by the Rochester *Democrd.*

—Stopping at a village inn, there came on a tunder storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached a perfection in these meterlogical manufactures, said to a bystaner, "Why, you have very hard thunder here." "Well, yes, replied the man, "we *do*, considering the number of inhabitants."

A Characteristic Anecdote of A. J.

Judge Gentry relates the following. It sounds very like truth:

The scene opens with A. J. as a member of the petit juror in the insignificant town of Greenville. The case before the court was simply a neighborhood row, in which Bill Shelby had an eye gouged out and one ear ground off by one Dave McCann, a noted bruiser of the rough and tumble sort, common in those days. The case was free from anything like obscurity.—The unprovoked assault and the previous bad character of the defendant were so clearly proven that all supposed the jury would find a verdict without leaving the court room, which would rid the community of a public pest for some time. Eleven members of that body so determined. That the twelfth failed to see it in that light, it is only necessary to add that "A. J." was he upon whom all the eloquence of the Prosecuting Attorney, the striaghtforward testimony of the witnesses, the charge of the Court and the magnanimous findings of the eleven jurors went for naught.

Upon return of the jury, after two days without a decision; the Judge made the customary inquiry as to whether it was a question of law or of fact upon which they failed to agree, remarking at the same time that the case appeared remarkably clear, etc. "That's just so, your Honor," says the refractory Andy (pointing his finger scornfully at his fellow jurors,) "but, Judge, there stands 11 of the stubbornest men in all Tennessee; and I for one give up trying to convince them of anything."

So much of Mr. Gentrys story. If the reader, to-day, fails to recognize progressive development in the man who regards Congress the Supreme Court, and other authorities, with the same feeling of comtempt as were evinced toward the "stubborn 11," the charge of inconsistency is at all events, unfounded.

NEATLY PUT.

The Buffalo *Courier*, copperhead organ, vindicates A. Johnson, thus:

Andrew Johnson's daring to expose himself to certain impeachment and probable conviction by a senate which partisan motives and feelings of personal hatred will control, is sublime. For principle he dares all things. Whatever politicians may think, or profess to think, there is every indication that his motives are pure.*

To this the Buffalo *Express* wittily responds:

John Doe (who set fire to the Union Elevator) daring to expose himself to certain trial and prabable conviction by a jury of property holders which partisan motives and feelings of personal hatred will control, *is sublime.* For principle he dares all things. What ever gentlemen of the jury may think, or profess to think, there is every indication that his motives (in firing the elevator) were pure.

The *Courier* puts the same idea in a different shape, thus:

He (Johnson) has deliberately, with his eyes open to the consequences, taken the very steps for which Congress had predetermined to impeach him. This is, in itself, proof positive of the honesty of his character.

To which the *Express* again pointedly rejoins:

Suppose we read the above, with merely a change of the name, thus: "He (John Smith, who stole a watch) has deliberately with his eyes open to the consequences, taken the very step for which the law had predetermined to punish him. This is in itself proof positive of the honesty of his character."

—The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* thus pertinently chronicles an item of news: "Daniel Pratt, self-styled the great American Traveller, really the great American nuisance, always of course excepting Andrew Johnson, is in town."

—"What a beautiful place is heaven!" said a little boy not four years old.

"Why do you think so?" said his mother.

"Because, said he pointing to the stars the nails of the floor are so beautiful."

A BLOODY REVENGE.

From the Dubuque Times, March 4th.

A young man is now stopping at the Key City House, by the name of George W. Porter, whose parents, brothers, sisters and relatives, were all murdered at Red wood Minisota, in the great Indian massacre of 1861. He is the sole survivor and the only one left to communicate the muurnful intelligence to the nearest settlement. Bereft in one brief hour of all that he held dear on earth, and with the victims of savage ferocity extended in death before him, he took a solemn vow of vengeance. How well he has performed that vow the reader may judge when we state that in six years young Porter has, alone, and with the assistance of nothing but his trusty rifle, sent to the happy hunting grounds the souls of one hundred and eight Indian braves. He carries with him a piece of cane brake, about twelve inches in length, and whenever he would kill an Indian, he would make a notch in this. One hundred and eight notches are to be counted on the piece of cane alluded to, the last one being cut on Christmas, 1866. Surely young Porter has been an avenging Nemesis on the footsteps of those who slaughtered his kindred. The Indians killed embrace representatives from nearly every tribe on the plains. By night and by day he has followed them, through the trackless forests, over desert wastes, by the mountain side, and in the lonely glen has he pursued his victims, until the crack of his rifle and death yell proclaimed that another red-skin had been sent to his final account, and sated with blood the vengeance of his pursuer. Porter has not passed through all these perilous scenes unscathed. His body has been riddled by seven bullets, and slashed in thirty-three places by the knife. But he has withstood all, come out victorious, and now exhibits with pride, the trophies of his prowess. Truly, his parents and relatives have been deeply, terribly revenged.

The Sergeant' Bates Bubble Pricked.

[From the Madison (Wis.) Journal, March, 25.]

Sergeant Bates, for some time before the beginning of his "march," lived at Edgerton, a small village on the railroad, about twenty-five miles east of this city. A citizen of Edgerton, who was in our office a few days ago, says the story that he laid a wager with another citizen of that place, that he could carry a United States flag through the Southern States, has no foundation. Bates is a young and worthless sort of a fellow, and a violent Democrat. During the war he was a member of an artillery company stationed at Washington, but was never engaged in any battle, and saw no service more serious than drawing his rations and spending his pay about the capital. Last fall he went into Milwaukee, and after an absence of some days there appeared on the Democratic side of the *Evening Wisconsin* a long sensational account of the tremendous march which Sergeant Bates, in accordance with a wager, was about to undertake through the Southern States. From time to time the *Wisconsin* gave a column in the best sensational style of one of its Democratic editors, and other Democratic papers, and some Republican papers began to have paragraphs and longer articles about Sergeant Bates. When he left Edgerton it was understood that he would be provided with a suit of black velvet and a flag by his patrons on reaching Louisville, Ky., the dress being devised to impart a romantic look to the flag bearer. Meantime word was passed through the South, and the progress of Sergeant Bates has been made the occasion for demonstrations by the secesh element of simulated enthusiasn over the national flag. The whole affair is a very cheap trick.

—Thomas Jefferson believed in negro voting, and voted with negroes. Negro votes helped to elect him to office. Thomas Jefferson was the founder of Democracy.

—The New York *World* will print for distribution a million copies of Govevnor Seymour's Albany speech on Finances, and in opposition to Pendletoniim.

PROGRESS OF RESTRUCTION.

We make the following notes of the situation of the South:

Virginia—The Convention has attained its 72d day and is drawing to a close. The registry has undergone one revision (with another promised) before the election.

North Carolina—Election for and under the new Constitution begins April 21. Candidates for Governor: William W. Holden, Republican; Thomas S. Ashe, Democrat.

South Carolina—Election for and under the new Constitution begins April 14. Gen. Robert K. Scott is the Radical (and thus far only) candidate for Governor.

Georgia—Election for and under the new Constitution begins April 20. Candidates for Governor: Rufus B. Bullock, Republican; Augustus Reese, Democrat, reported withdrawn for noneligibility. David Erwin, Conservative

Florida—Election for and under the new Constitution begins May 4th. Harrison Reed is the Republican (and thus far the only) candidate for Governor.

Alabama—An application before Congress with doubtful prospect of admission.

Mississippi—Convention in its 66th day, and will probably conclude its labors next week. Gen B. B. Eggleston, President of the Convention, is the nomineer for Governor.

Lousiana—Election for and under the new Constitution, begins April 17th Candidates for Governor; Henry C. Warmoth; Republican; James G. Tallaferro, Independent. Mr. Tallaferro was President of the Convention and a native of Louisiana. The question at issue is between the "natives" and (so called) "carpet baggers," and the Democrats favor Tallaferro while declining to interfere.

Texas—Convention just elected, but not yet convened.

Arkanas—Election held last week with what result is not known. Gen. Powell Clayton was the Republican (and only) candidate for Governor.

Of the Republican candidates for Governor, above named, Holden is a native of North Carolina; Scott is a native of Pennsylvania, entered the service from Ohio, and is in charge of Freedmen's affairs; Bullock is a native of New York, resident in Georgia before and during the war; Reed was recently a Wisconsin editor; Eggleston is a native of New York, who entered the service from Ohio; Warmoth is a native of Illinois, and entered the service from Missouri, Clayton, a native of Pennsylvania, entered the service from Kansas.

☞George Francis Train, in a communication to the editor of the London Standard, says: "Ignorance is power with you. I honored your letter of introduction, and on remarking to your friend, at the Bunker Hill Monument, 'There is where the great Warren fell,' with eye-glass balanced, he said, 'Hurt him?' A profane bystander, disgusted said 'Hell! it killed him.' Your junior editor, at the Reform Club, said to me one day, 'You may know a brother of mine in America?' As he gave me no locality I said, 'I was acquainted at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston; in what part of America is your brother?' 'In Rio Janeiro.' I told him I didn't remember him, and that he must have removed."

GOING BACK TO TENNESSEE.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Chronicle* relates the following:

A few days ago a lady teacher in the city here, who has among her pupils two little daughters of Mrs Stover, who, it will be remenbered, is a daughter of President Johnson, requested each of her pupils to ascertain at home whether they would continue in her school the next quarter, which commences within a couple of weeks.—The little Misses Stover returned the next day, and promptly told the lady that they were not coming to school any more. When questioned as to the reason, they; with child-like simplicity, said:

"Grandpa says we are going back to Tennessee in April."