THE JOURNAL

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½ "	8.00	12	15	20	35	60
¼ "	6.00	8	12	15	25	35
4 inches	5.25	7.50	11	14	15	25
3 "	4.50	6.75	10	12	15	20
1 "	1.50	2.25	4	5	8	10

Business and professional cards ten lines or less space, per annum, ten dollars. Legal advertisements at statute rates. "Editorial local notices" fifteen cents a line each insertion. "Local notices" five cents a line each insertion. Advertisments classified as "Special notices" five cents a line first insertion, three cents a line each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WM. BECKER,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

Grain, Produce, Etc.

Good Goods and Fair Dealing.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS.

Goods delivered Free of Charge, anywhere in the city.

Corner of 13th and Madison Sts. North of Foundry. 397

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Manufacturer and Dealer in

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Collars,

keeps constantly on hand all kinds of whips, Saddlery Hardware,—Currycombs, Brushes, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Cards. Harness made to order. Repairing done on short notice.

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(SUCCESSOR TO DOLAND & SMITH.)

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,

Wall Paper, Toilet Articles.

PAINTS AND OILS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Best Of Goods And Low Prices.

MR. SMITH will still be found at the old stand, and will make prescriptions a specialty, as heretofore. 461-x

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DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS

WINES, LIQUORS.

Fine Soaps, Brushes,

PERFUMERY, Etc., Etc.,

And all articles usually kept on hand by Druggists.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

One door East of Galley's, on Eleventh Street.

COLUMBUS, : NEBRASKA

Wm. SCHILZ,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES!

A complete assortment of Ladies' and Children's Shoes kept on hand.

All Work Warranted!!

Our Motto—Good stock, excellent work and fair prices.

Especial Attention paid to Repairing

Cor. Olive and 12th Sts.

COLUMBUS BRICK YARD,

(One mile west of Columbus.)

THOMAS FLYNN & SON, Propr's.

GOOD, HARD-BURNT BRICK

Always on Hand in

QUANTITIES to suit PURCHASERS 371-tf

BECKER & WELCH,

PROPRIETORS OF

SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE,—COLUMBUS, NEB

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NOTARY PUBLIC.
12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, *Columbus, Neb.* 491-y

WM. BURGESS,
Dealer in REAL ESTATE,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR,
AND INSURANCE AGENT,
GENOA, NANCE CO., - - - NEB.

A. H. SIMPSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in all the courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.
Office:—Up-stairs, one door east of JOURNAL office, Columbus. 479-6m

J. S. MURDOCK & SON,
Carpenters and Contractors.
Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop at the Big Windmill, Columbus, Nebr. 487-y

NELSON MILLETT. BYRON MILLETT, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public.
N. MILLETT & SON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbus, Nebraska. N. B.—They will give close attention to all business entrusted to them. 248.

H. D. CAREW, Notary Public. J. S. CAMP.
CAREW & CAMP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in this and adjoining counties. Collections made. Office on 11th street, opposite Heintz's drug-store, Columbus, Neb. Spricht Deutsch Parle Francias.

Dr. E. L. SIGGINS,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office open at all hours. Bank Building.

NOTICE!!
IF YOU have any real estate for sale, if you wish to buy either in or out of the city, if you wish to trade city property for lands, or lands for city property, give us a call.
WADSWORTH & JOSSELYN.

BRICK!
RIEMER & STOLCE keep constantly on hand and furnish in the wall, the best of brick. Orders solicited. Address, as above, box 95, Columbus. 478.

PICTURES! PICTURES!
NOW IS THE TIME to secure a life-like picture of yourself and children at the New Art Rooms, east 11th street, south side railroad track, Columbus, Nebraska.
478-tf Mrs. S. A. JOSSELYN.

KELLY & SLATTERY,
CONTRACTOR AND CARPENTER.
HOLDS HIMSELF IN READINESS for any work in his line. Before letting your contracts for buildings of any description call on or address him at Columbus, Neb. First-class apparatus for removing buildings.

FOR SALE OR TRADE!
MARES AND COLTS,
—Teams of—
Horses or Oxen,
SADDLE PONIES, wild or broke, at the Corral of
429 GERRARD & ZEIGLER.

Columbus Meat Market!
WEBER & KNOBEL, Prop's.
KEEP ON HAND all kinds of fresh meats, and smoked pork and beef; also fresh fish. Make sausage a specialty. Remember the place, Eleventh St., one door west of D. Ryan's hotel. 417-tf

Chicago Barber Shop.
Opposite "Hammond House,"
COLUMBUS, NEB.
HAIR CUTTING done in the latest styles, with or without machine. None but first-class workmen employed. Ladies' and children's hair cutting a specialty. Best brands of cigars constantly on hand.
HENRY WOODS, Proprietor. 472 6m

STAGE ROUTE.
JOHN HUBER, the mail-carrier between Columbus and Albion, will leave Columbus everyday except Sunday at 6 o'clock, *sharp*, passing through Monroe, Genoa, Waterville, and to Albion The hack will call at either of the Hotels for passengers if orders are left at the post-office. Rates reasonable, $2 to Albion. 222.1y

GOOD CHEAP BRICK!
AT MY RESIDENCE, on Shell Creek, three miles east of Matthis's bridge, I have
70,000 good, hard-burnt brick for sale,
which will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.
418-tf GEORGE HENGGLER.

DOCTOR BONESTEEL,
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,
COLUMBUS, : NEBRASKA.
OFFICE HOURS, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Office on Nebraska Avenue, three doors north of E. J. Baker's grain office. Residence, corner Wyoming and Walnut streets, north Columbus, Nebr. 433-tf

Dietricks' Meat Market.
Washington Ave., nearly opposite Court House.
OWING TO THE CLOSE TIMES, meat will be sold at this market low, low down for CASH.
Best steak, per lb., 10c.
Rib roast, " 8c.
Boil, " 6c.
Two cents a pound more than the above prices will be charged *on time*, and that good responsible parties only. 495

DR. R. J. REILLY,
Office on Thirteenth Street,
Opposite Engine House, Columbus, Neb.
Er spricht Deutsch. 489-x

KELLEY & SLATTERY,
House Moving
and house building done to order, and in a workman-like manner. Please give us a call. Shop on corner of Olive St. and Pacific Avenue. 485-tf

F. SCHECK,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
ALL KINDS OF
SMOKING ARTICLES.
Store on Olive St., near the old Post-office
Columbus Nebraska. 447-1y

MRS. W. L. COSSEY,
Dress and Shirt Maker,
3 Doors West of Stillman's Drug Store.
Dresses and shirts cut and made to order and satisfaction guaranteed. Will also do plain or fancy sewing of any description.
PRICES VERY REASONABLE.
Give me a call and try my work.
425-1y

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AND GENERAL
COLLECTION OFFICE
—BY—
W. S. GEER.
MONEY TO LOAN in small lots on farm property, time one to three years. Farms with some improvements bought and sold. *Office* for the present at the Clother House, Columbus, Neb. 473-x

GEORGE N. DERRY,

CARRIAGE,
House & Sign Painting,
GRAINING, GLAZING,
Paper Hanging,
KALSOMINING, Etc.
All work warranted. Shop on Olive street, opposite the "Tattersall" Stables. apr16y

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER, KEEPS ON HAND ready-made and Metallic Coffins, Walnut Picture Frames, Mends Cane Seat Chairs. Keeps on hand Black Walnut Lumber.
Washington Ave. opposite Court House, Columbus, Neb

U. P. Time Table.

Eastward Bound.

Emigrant, No. 6, leaves at		6:25 a. m.
Passeng'r, " 4,	" "	11:06 a. m.
Freight, " 8,	" "	2:15 p. m.
Freight, " 10,	" "	4:30 a. m.

Westward Bound.

Freight, No. 5, leaves at		2:00 p. m.
Passeng'r, " 3,	" "	4:27 p. m.
Freight, " 9,	" "	6:00 p. m.
Emigrant, " 7,	" "	1:30 a. m.

Every day except Saturday the three lines leading to Chicago connect with U P. trains at Omaha. On Saturdays there will be but one train a day, as shown by the following schedule:

CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

A. S. PADDOCK, U. S. Senator, Beatrice.
ALVIN SAUNDERS, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
T. J. MAJORS, Rep., Peru.
E. K. VALENTINE, Rep., West Point.

STATE DIRECTORY:

ALBINUS NANCE, Governor, Lincoln.
S. J. Alexander, Secretary of State.
F. W. Liedtke, Auditor, Lincoln.
G. M. Bartlett, Treasurer, Lincoln.
C. J. Dilworth, Attorney-General.
S. R. Thompson, Supt. Public Instruc.
H. C. Dawson, Warden of Penitentiary.
W. W. Abbey, C. H. Gould, } Prison Inspectors.
Dr. J. G. Davis, Prison Physician.
H. P. Mathewson, Supt. Insane Asylum.

JUDICIARY:

S. Maxwell, Chief Justice.
George B. Lake, Amasa Cobb, } Associate Judges.
FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
G. W. Post, Judge, York.
M. R. Reese, District Attorney, Wahoo.

LAND OFFICERS:

M. B. Hoxie, Register, Grand Island.
Wm. Anyan, Receiver, Grand Island.

COUNTY DIRECTORY:

J. G. Higgins, County Judge.
John Stauffer, County Clerk.
V. Kummer, Treasurer.
Benj. Spielman, Sheriff.
R. L. Rosssiter, Surveyor.
Wm. Bloedorn, John Walker, John Wise, } County Commissioners.
Dr. A. Heintz, Coroner.
S. L. Barrett, Supt. of Schools.
S. S. McAllister, Byron Millett, } Justices of the Peace.
Charles Wake, Constable.

CITY DIRECTORY:

C. A. Speice, Mayor.
John Wermuth, Clerk.
Charles Wake, Marshal.
C. A. Newman, Treasurer.
S. S. McAllister, Police Judge.
J. G. Routson, Engineer.

COUNCILMEN:

1st Ward—J. E. North, G. A. Schroeder.
2d Ward—E. C. Kavanaugh, R. H. Henry.
3d Ward—E. J. Baker, Wm. Burgess.

Columbus Post Office.

Open on Sundays from 11 A. M. to 12 M. and from 4:30 to 6 P. M. Business hours except Sunday 6 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Eastern mails close at 11 A. M.
Western mails close at 4:15 P. M.
Mail leaves Columbus for Madison and Norfolk, daily, except Sunday, at 10 A. M. Arrives at 4:30 P. M.
For Monroe, Genoa, Waterville and Albion, daily except Sunday 6 A. M. Arrive, same, 6 P. M.
For Osceola and York, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 P. M.
For Weil, Farral and Battle Creek, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Shell Creek, Creston and Stanton, on Mondays and Fridays at 6 A. M. Arrives Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 6 P. M.
For Alexis, Patron and David City, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1 P. M. Arrives at 12 M.
For St. Anthony, Prairie Hill and St. Bernard, Saturdays, 7 A. M. Arrives Fridays, 3 P. M.

LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowadays Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partner engaged in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather a forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper which had been placed under the stone which caused my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper folded in letter form lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up and proceeded to examine it. It was written in pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person I wish to inform him that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it after wounding me they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find buried in a ravine at the foot of the "blazed" tree, twenty-five paces due north of this, a bag containing $5,000 in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me is the wish of ANDREW FOREST."

I stood for some moments after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was genuine, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was confirmation as strong as Holy Writ, and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearance a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging, and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again to see if I had not mistaken some of its contents. No; I was in the right place, but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparation for their supper. As an excuse I showed them the letter and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined to commence digging early the following morning.

Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down; for, as we said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine by following it up than by digging down in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig the tunnel. In that way they thought they might "make grub" while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objections to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of the search that I had become utterly regardless of almost everything else. I had dreamed of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked, I digging, and my companions washing; yet strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks and formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was sound asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen, and in a manner buried me alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by human beings' lungs, but like almost every body else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgotten the figures.

How much I would have given then to be able to recall them! The next thought was, how can I proceed to extract myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen it was very likely that all I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall in from above. This was pleasant. I racked my poor brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself down on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water on a small scale, was making its way down on the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could not I direct it so that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave, to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl through? Even if I only succeeded in making an air hole it would enable me at least to exist until my partners could come to my rescue.

Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it by cutting a channel out of the sides of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel.

The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen.

After cutting a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and rejoiced to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I could push it farther, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing the pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed a steady stream in the direction in which I pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance which might be an opening or the effect of an over-excited imagination. I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into a certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself.

Larger and larger the opening grew, lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough to place my head in and call lustily for assistance.

Just as I was drawing my head back I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, I never would have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, I concealed it and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook my hand; "I'm glad to see you safe, old fellow. The more so as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know Bill and I have been trying all the summer to get you into a tunneling operation, but you have only laughed at us."

"Yes," I said.

"Well, when you got that letter we made up our minds that we wo'd go into the job with you, not in the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy, we have not made less than three hundred dollars any day since we begun."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?" I asked.

"Of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and intend going on looking for it," said I.

"Now what's the use of being foolish?" quoth Bill Jennings. "We have got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may, I intend to follow it up," I said.

"Well Ned, I may as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunneling."

"And the blazed tree," said I; "how about that? The blaze is certainly two years old."

"Why, you see," said he, we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this," I asked, showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was non-plussed. On opening the bag we found about three thousand dollars worth of gold. Jack would never confess, but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that there was no connection between the two. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion anything about Mr. Forest, so we divided the money among us.

The Good Husband.

"Nothing," said a sweet, smiling, joyful woman in a domestic circle, "adds so much to my happiness as a kind word, a kind look, or a kind act from my husband. Oh, how charming, after hard day's toil at the wash tub, or in cooking over a hot fire for the harvest hands, or in the discharge of any other domestic duty, or after a sleepless night with a sick babe, is a kind word, or a smile even, from the husband and father."

Husbands, if you see defects, or things which you wish were not so, in your wives, try kindness and see if that don't do them more good than all the unkind words and cross looks you ever gave them.

"I often think," continued this happy wife, "I have the best husband in the world. He is good and kind to me in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow. We are happier than when we were married, nearly twenty years ago. He never scolds me, nor brings a long catalogue of complaints against me, but comes in from his daily labor in a good humor, with a smile on his lips, and says, 'Now, Susanna, you have done enough to-day; put up your work.' Then he seizes little Nancy; and we sit down side by side, and chat in the cool evening breeze." What woman in the world would not make such a husband a good wife?

A man having fallen into a slough, his friend called loudly to another man for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a bog, and wishing to procrastinate, inquired. "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," was the answer. "Then there is plenty of time," rejoined the other. "No there's not," rejoined the first, "for he's in head first."

It is the confession of a widower who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher.

Every day is worse than the former. One's gain is another loss. Nothing is agreeable that wants variety.—*Publius Syrus.*

The Old and New Democracy.

BY REV. A. H. FILLMORE.

My health failing, and being about to depart and my prospect for the eternal future being bright as sunbeams, I feel it my duty to say a few words in relation to the welfare of my country.

Difference between the Democracy of Andrew Jackson and the Democracy of John C. Calhoun.

Most of the modern politicians have forgotten some of the events of the past. I saw John C. Calhoun in the United States Senate several years after he should have been executed for treason. The nullifiers of South Carolina had assumed a state of antagonism against the government of the country, and determined to secede from the Union, and establish an independent government. Calhoun had resigned his office of Vice President, and had entered the United States Senate in order to successfully accomplish this work. General Jackson, as President of the United States, amid great excitement, issued a sharp and spicy message, and summed up his objections to nullification in unambiguous terms. He says:

"I consider, then, the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one State, *incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the letter of the constitution, unauthorized by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed.*" See Presidents' messages, Vol. 1, page 447. He also says, "Our constitution does not contain the absurdity of giving power to make laws, and another power to resist them." See Presidents' Messages, page 448. And again, "But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power on the subject. My duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution. Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled. Their object is disunion: but be not deceived by names: disunion by armed force is *treason.*" See Presidents' messages, page 456. If disunion were treason then, what is it now? Also he says, "The loss of liberty, of all good government, of peace, plenty and happiness, must inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union." See Presidents' messages, page 478.

And when we see the old General on his death bed and hear him say the great failure of his life was in his neglect to hang Calhoun for treason, we then see the difference between Jackson Democracy and Calhoun Democracy; and had Jeff. Davis lived in those days, he would not have commanded a rebel army, but would have been hung for treason before he started; and when that rebel Congressman announced himself a Jackson Democrat, if the old hero could have been permitted to rise from the dead how soon would he have hissed the traitor into nonentity. Let us see what would be the final results of the triumph of Calhoun Democracy. See some eleven weak states, each in the form of an aristocracy, too feeble for self defense, and too jealous and contentious to help each other, with their new Post Office laws and their new revenue laws; see them with gangs of slaves handcuffed, and with slave markets, and blood hounds to mangle the flesh of the fleeing colored man; see their sorry little flags upheld by mobs, proudly asserting their mighty independence over the rest of mankind; see the flag of our own country once honored on every sea, and admired and cheered in every port; it was greeted by every nation as an emblem of strength, and purity, and peace; but see that dear old flag under which our fathers and brothers fought and bled and died. It is the same flag under which my venerable ancestors fought to gain our independence and then to sustain it, and the thought of its being disgraced strikes dismay and sorrow to the bottom of my heart. But see it with its once beautiful stars and stripes trailing in the dust, its adversaries prosper, its enemies triumph, its beauty is departed. Now when one of our countrymen is interrogated in Europe as to his nationality, he loudly answers, "From the United States of America!" Then when the question is asked, see him hang his head and blush, and answer,—"I came from where the United States were. We are not united now, but divided and distracted by the winds and waves of contending factions." Then will the princes of Europe rejoice and say, "We told you so. We knew that men were not capable of self-government, and that the statement of Jefferson, 'All men were created equal, was a mere fable." And then will the Papacy rejoice and boast that the league that was formed in Vienna in 1828 to destroy the liberties of the United States, has succeeded. And what would bring about all this desolation and wreck of human liberty? It is the wretched Calhoun Democracy, all under the false pretence of helping the poor man. Let us inquire what they have already done towards bringing about this final national wreck, this revolution, anarchy and ruin. It is obviously bringing us back toward feudal despotism; and should a Calhoun democrat be elected in 1880 and one hundred thousand federal offices be filled by rebels and their adherents, it would inaugurate our certain national ruin. How then can the present democracy be otherwise than Calhoun democracy, because it needs the help of the secessionists with their terror, fraud and violence, with their shot guns and tissue paper so as to render it a solid South. Also they must be Calhoun democrats in order to help the communists and mobs of the Northern cities; and also in order to receive the votes of the Romanists who are seeking to undermine the government and to reduce it to a Roman province. They will also need and receive the votes of the liquor party, and of the Mollie Maguires of the mines and the hoodlums of the sand lots. How can honest men vote a democratic ticket when they know that many officers in the United States government violated their solemn oaths of office by going into the great American rebellion against the American flag which they had solemnly sworn to protect, and after they failed they meekly "accept the situation" and desired office again under the United States government; and when elected by their sham elections they abused their privilege, though paid out of the National Treasury, and again turned against the government and made a deadly effort, by withholding supplies, to put the time honored power of United States protection out of the hands of the President—which provides for an honest election—into the hands of State sovereignties under the protection of Southern secessionists and Northern mobs. This was done by Democratic caucuses in secret conclave, and controlled by the most violent conspirators of the solid South, they having a majority, and being backed by a majority in both houses of Congress, would bring this great Republic of some fifty millions down to the feet of the Rebel Brigadiers. And how can men look without alarm upon the doings of the last Congress, composed of a majority of Calhoun Democrats with twenty rebel soldiers in the Senate and sixty-five in the House of Representatives, inaugurating two among the most wretched and wasteful sessions that ever disgraced the American nation? How many times must men falsify their oaths before they become unfitted to hold civil office in the estimation of the South? Before men cast their ballots they should inquire which party—Republican or Democratic—alarmed the poor colored people, driving them into exile, and who burned their school houses and churches, and whom do they consider their persecutors and enemies and whom their friends. Who is responsible for the long list of white and colored—murdered at midnight in cold blood, and subjected to all forms of outrage short of death—all for political purposes? And which party killed or maimed one teacher and twenty ministers of the gospel of one denomination—which ministers' names are already published—and who was ever punished for it? Which party struck down a United States senator nearly unto death, in the senate chamber, and which party protected the assassin; and which party it was that murdered a President, one of the noblest that ever graced the American continent. All these great facts should be faithfully considered, and men as patriots and not partisans should deposit their ballots where they would best secure the safety of the nation, and permit the good old stars and stripes to wave in triumph over a united and happy people, till time shall be no longer.

A lazy fellow standing by his brother's bench, while the latter was sharpening his chisel, said, "John why do you work for a living? A fellow with your talents should not degrade himself with manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits."

"Well, Frank, you can work with duller tools than I can."