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good Magazine.

Letting Down.

From the Illinois State Journal.]

Either the late rebels of the South
expect to control Mr. Greeley's ad-
ministration and mould him to their
own purposes, in case he is elected, or
their humility and forgiving spirit ex-
ceeds all christian example. Only a few
years ago, just before the war, a gentle-
man of our acquaintance, visiting a city
in Arkansas on business, was called
upon by a friend, a gentleman of great
kindness of heart and moderation of
sentiment, who was himself a slave-
holder. During the call our friend
busied himself in unpacking his trunk.
Unrolling a package, he threw the pa-
per in which it was "done up" upon
the floor.

"Colonel," said the old gentleman,
stooping forward with an anxious look,
"what paper is that?"

"That," said our friend, turning it
over to find the heading, "oh, it is the
New York Tribune."

"Well," said the other in a low,
cautious tone, "there is a great deal
of excitement among our people, and
if it should get out that you had
brought that paper into this State, it
might cause you serious trouble. To
be sure we are your friends, and could
protect you from violence, but it would
embarrass us all very seriously. Won't
you just put it out of sight and destroy
it before it is seen?"

"Certainly, certainly. I did not
notice or care what paper I wrapped
my new coat in," and the Tribune
went into the stove forthwith, and
Horace Greeley would have been
hanged or burned in less than an hour
had he been there himself.

And had Greeley's advice been fol-
lowed, when he wished for a separation
and the perpetuation of slavery, rather
than war to save the Union, he could
not to-day set his foot in a slave State
without being instantly murdered.

This shows how well it was that he was
not President instead of Lincoln, and had
not enough influence to secure the suc-
cess of the Rebellion. For now, in
spite of himself, the Tribune may cir-
culate in Southern States—he may even
travel there in safety—and what is
more strange, the very men who would
murder him to-day, had he had his
way in securing their success, are ready
to vote for him.

It is a blessed thing to know; a
consummation it is difficult to realize,
that the press is untrammelled—that
newspapers may go anywhere and be

openly read—that abolitionists and
Yankees may travel in Southern States;
but is Mr. Greeley to be thanked for
it?

The question recurs—do these peo-
ple expect to use Mr. Greeley, or have
they really become so suddenly lamb-
like? If the last, they have indeed,
"accepted the situation" with a ven-
geance. The colored folks, who know
the temper of their old masters, seem
to understand that it is the candidate
who yields, for they vote against him.

A Thrilling Adventure.

The Nashville Union says: When
continually is sought to be given a per-
son the name of a dog is often used,
and yet this brute, most frequently of
any other, is man's best friend and
faithful protector. Wednesday after-
noon as Mrs. W. G. Woodruff was in
her yard near the race track, she saw a
mad dog making toward her, evidently
desirous of making an attack. Being
some distance from the house—too far,
in fact, to reach the door before the
mad dog could seize her, the affrighted
lady thought of her own faithful dog,
which she called to her assistance.
Hearing the scream and call of her
mistress, the dog, with an alacrity which
seemed to spring from a consciousness
of impending danger, bounded for-
ward in time to attack the mad dog,
just as the infuriated beast was about
to seize Mrs. Woodruff. Now ensued
a conflict between the two dogs which
lasted two or three minutes, enabling
Mrs. Woodruff to get into her house
and shut the door. It was doubtful
which would prove the mastery, when
a colored man came to the scene of con-
flict. No sooner had he neared the
dogs than the rabid one attacked the
colored man, who, having picked up a
fence rail, defended himself as best he
could. It was with difficulty he kept
clear of the dog, which endeavored to
spring upon him, but was finally felled
to the ground and killed by the colored
man. Mrs. Woodruff's faithful animal
was badly bitten and considerably
wounded, though it had saved the life of
his mistress. Subsequently this dog
gave evidence of hydrophobia, and it
was found necessary to kill the animal
which had saved a human being from a
horrible fate.

"Dat Ism Goot."—The following
laughable story we find in the Copy-
Book:

As a gentleman from New York was
taking a glass of wine at the "St. Louis,"
corner of Freeman and Hop-
kins street Cincinnati, about three
weeks ago, he observed at another ta-
ble, with several others, a German who
seemed uneasy and anxious, as if there
might have a Franco-Prussian distur-
bance between the beer and himself.

Presently in ran a little girl, her face
radiant with smiles, exclaiming:

"Oh, father! we've got a little baby
at home!"

"Dat ish goot," said the Dutchman,
as the anxiety disappeared from his
countenance. "Fill up der glasses!"

Not many minutes elapsed before in
rushed the little girl again with the
announcement:

"Oh, Father! we've got two little
boys at home!"

The Dutchman looked a great deal
astonished, and not at all satisfied at
this little family redundancy; but ris-
ing at length to the magnitude of the
occasion, he said:

"Vell, den, dat is also goot. Fill
up der glasses!"

In a few minutes again appeared the
radiant messenger with the astounding
proclamation:

"Oh, Father! we've got three little
boys at home!"

This was too much even for Teutonic
impossibilities. There was no further
call for glasses.

"Vell, den," says he, "I goes up
dere and STOP DER WHOLE PIZNESS!"

At a recent spiritual sitting there was
present a woman who mourned the loss
of her consort; and as the manifesta-
tion began to respond, the spirit of the
departed Benedict appeared upon the
scene. Of course the Widow was now
anxious to engage in conversation with
the absent one, and the following dia-
logue ensued:

Widow—"Are you in the spirit
world?"

The Lamented—"I am."

Widow—"How long have you been
there?"

The Lamented—"Oh, some time."

Widow—"Don't you want to come
back and live with your lonely wife?"

The Lamented—"Not if I know my-
self! I'm hot enough here."

We furnish the Republican and
Demorest's Monthly for \$4 a year.

An Historical Parallel.

[From the Oregonian.]

Prior to the year 1812 the old Fed-
eral party had been successively de-
feated in three Presidential elections.
For twelve years they had been exclud-
ed from power. For the same period
the Democratic party has been out of
power. In the year 1812 opposition
arose in the dominant party to the re-
election of President Madison. That
opposition was led by De Witt Clinton,
of New York, a man with large ability
and experience, a statesman of wide
celebrity, whose talent and character
commanded universal respect. A large
section of the party was opposed to the
re-election of Madison. They claimed
that it would be disastrous to force him
on the party a second time. The De-
mocracy contained a peace party and a
war party. There was an anti-admin-
istration split-off. Prominent men,
Senators and Representatives in Con-
gress, leading politicians in various
parts of the country, deserted Madison.
Foremost among them was Senator
Giles, of Madison's own State (Virginia)
a man of great power. These anti ad-
ministration elements tried to prevent
the re-nomination of General Grant,
and failed. They then bolted and
nominated a candidate of their own.
This candidate was De Witt Clinton.
The old Federal party then occupied
precisely the position that the Demo-
cratic party occupy now. Long out of
power, they thought they really saw
their opportunity. They gathered in
New York to nominate candidates.
Clinton was urged upon them. It was
a bitter pill, for Clinton had always
been a Democrat of the Jefferson school.
The question was whether it would be
possible to swallow Clinton for the sake
of victory. Finally the old traditions
of the party were laid upon the altar.
"Anything to beat Madison" proved
the successful war cry, and Clinton was
endorsed for President, with Jared In-
gersoll for Vice President. Thus the
canvass of 1812 presents a complete
analogue of the canvass of 1872, only
then the split off was from the Demo-
cracy and the "Feds" furnished the "big
end" of the transaction.

The campaign was an unusually
exciting one, but the outcome was a tri-
umph for the "straights." Madison
received of the electoral vote 128,
Clinton 89, while Gerry as Vice Presi-
dent received 131 and Ingersoll 86.

The "Liberal" Democratic move-
ment of 1812 was precisely analogous to
the "Liberal Republican" movement
of to-day. The Federals "endorsed"
the bolt and accepted its candidate, pre-
cisely as the Democrats have done now.
Nothing is wanting to complete the
parallel but the defeat of the combina-
tion now, as it was defeated then.
This final act will be consummated in
November. A party which abandons
its principles for the sake of expediency,
invariably comes to grief. It was so
with the Federal party in 1812; it was
so with the Whig party in 1852; and
will be so with the Democratic party in
1872.

Stokes.

The New York papers are full of par-
ticulars of the killing of Fisk. The
jury is a model, being composed of men
who cannot read the papers, who hear
no news, who see nothing, who have
no opinions, and without sufficient
sense or independence to have opinion
—stupid, ignorant and senseless. That
is the only kind of men that are fit for
juries, according to the notions of the
New York criminal courts.

Then the counsel who defends crim-
inals in New York are often as ruffianly
as their clients. McKoon is coarse,
brutal and vindictive. Snapping at
opposing counsel with a bull-dog's
ferocity, covertly insulting the court,
and badgering and abusing witnesses as
if they were the criminals. Who does
not remember the long continued feroc-
ity and swaggering with which Graham
defended McFarland? The fact is,
New York has the most hardened vil-
lains in the world—in the prisoners
dock, at the bar, and on the bench—
and quite too many at large. Stokes
killed one of the number. Now let the
rest hang Stokes.—Ex.

Every column of a newspaper con-
tains from twelve to fifteen thousand
distinct pieces of metal, the displace-
ment of any one would cause a typo-
graphical error. And yet some people
lay claim to remarkable smartness if
they can discover an error in a news-
paper. When such people find a word
with a wrong letter in it, they are so
sure they could spell that single word
right that they are happy the whole
day.

Henry Wilson.

The Alta has the following: "If
there is one man prominent as a poli-
tician and a statesman who deserves to
escape the vituperous breath of the po-
litical assassin, that man is Senator Wil-
son of Massachusetts. If there is one
man in Congress more deserving of the
term self-made, it is Henry Wilson.

For so many years holding a seat in
the Senate as one of Massachusetts' re-
presentative men, connected with all
the stirring events of the passing de-
cades, aiding by word and work, by in-
fluence and example, the Government
in its struggles against a gigantic rebel-
lion, passing years of his life in the
very vortex of corruption and debauch-
ery, temptation and crime, without
ever having even suspicion itself point
its finger at him and intimate aught
against his exact integrity; and after
so many years of public service, help-
ing out his limited salary by occasional
public lectures, having through all
those years and opportunities passed
without speculating, through his posi-
tion, to the amount of a dollar—to now,
in the years of venerable age, because
his fellow countrymen have seen fit to
present him as a candidate for the sec-
ond office under the Government, be
abused because some seventeen years
ago he was a member of the Know-
Nothing Party, would appear to any
fair mind an outrage upon common
sense and common honesty.—Alta.

ABOUT WHISKERS.—The Hillsboro
(North Carolina) Review gives us this
bit of information concerning whiskers:

Did you know that in 1816 a pair of
whiskers or such a thing as a mustache
was abominated in this section? We
know a prominent gentleman of this
town who says he never saw a man with
a beard till 1850; that his father, as
other old gentlemen of the town, never
wore a whisker, but shaved every
morning, and taught their children that
"whiskers were an abomination and a
sin." He says that at Chapel Hill, in
1816, a young gentleman came from
Raleigh (and now a prominent citizen
of that city) made a weak attempt to
raise a mustache, and it raised such a
commotion that the Faculty took hold
of it and sent the Rev. Dr. Deems,
now of New York, and then one of the
Board, to the young man to reason with
him, and get him to shave his upper
lip. The Dr. appealed to the young
man, for the sake of his sainted father,
to cut it off, and if not for his sake,
for God's sake to cut it off. And the
hairs disappeared. Only sports and
circus riders wore whiskers in those
days. Our informant now wears a
heavy beard, and is not a little proud
of his mustache. How times do change.

A BIT OF IRONY.—When I was
commanding the Second Brigade, Sec-
ond Division of Cavalry Corps, Mil-
itary Department of the Mississippi,
while Colonel of the Twelve Indiana
Cavalry (writes a friend in Western
New York), there occurred a comical
little incident, which I send you, and
you are welcome to it for the drawer.

I was riding across Canal street, in
New Orleans, not far from the bronze
statue of Henry Clay. My Irish orderly
rode up saying, as he pulled his forelock.
"Does them N'Orleans like a nager
so's t' put a statter of him in the most
fashionable street they've got?"

"That isn't a nigger Tom," said I;

"that's the great Clay statue."

"Might I go look at it?"

Tom galloped off, on my permission,
rode around the statue, dismounted, and
climbed up on the granite pedestal;

and then mounting his horse again, he
soon overtook me.

"Did they tell yer that was clay?"

said he, with every appearance of dis-
gust.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, sir, it is a lie—it's iron!"

A Mother was hugging and kissing
a "four-year-old," when she exclaimed,
"Charley what does make you so
sweet?"

Charley thought a moment, and hav-
ing been taught that he was made out
of dust of the ground, replied with a
rosy smile:—

"I think, mother, God must have
put a little tugar in the dust, don't
you?"

John D. Defrees, of Indianapolis,
Indiana, has published a letter against
the election of Grant. To those who
may read it, it will be sufficient to
say that John D. Defrees was Govern-
ment Printer, and that he is not now
Government Printer. Of course the
administration is corrupt, and things
are out of joint if Defrees is not en-
joying the best office in the country.

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by paying up immediately.

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ASA SHREVE.

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