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A NUMBER of Swiss colonists have just purchased 75,000 acres in Nebraska.

ROCK OF AGES.

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue,
Sang as little children sing:
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside,
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wings the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"*Let me hide myself in thee.*"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joy and sorrow hid.
Never more, O, storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide!
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be:
"*Let me hide myself in thee.*"

MORNING-GLORY.

An Old-Fashioned Love Story in Prose.

I wish you might have seen her on that morning long ago. I don't believe Van Dyke himself ever put on canvas a more winsome court beauty in all his life than Morning-Glory. The sturdy Vermont hills were all about her, and the river and the valley were not far away. The day had hardly begun, but the men were carrying in the brimming pails of milk and the cows were sauntering down the lane with that delightful air of reverie which a cow knows so well how to assume. White Face and Starry Eye and Ruby and a dozen others leisurely whisking their tails at the early fly, stopping a moment to snatch an inviting bunch of grass, crunching the appetizing morsel as they went on.

The September morning was as fresh and fair as the young girl walking down the beaten path of the lane. The sunlight only made the gold of her hair more dazzling; not "frizzed" or "banged," but in a single coil like a Greek statue, it rested like a crown above the brown eyes; the carriage was free and graceful, the step elastic; the whole movement would have indicated perfect health if you had not seen the face. Sixteen summers like the present had drifted past her in her mountain home. No, not like the present, for Morning-Glory had suddenly come into her birthright—she was a woman. A child last night, enjoying with a child's zest her country life; to-day with a woman's hopes and a woman's fears. How subtle the change and how quick it comes! Woe be to him who rudely stirs the sleeping waters. She lifted the bars to their places as in a dream, the fine contour of her shapely figure well expressed in the act, and leaned upon them with bowed head a moment, and then watched the fog lazily climbing the valley.

"A penny for your thoughts, Morning-Glory," came from an adjoining lot, and a young man cleared the wall at a bound as she started at his voice, and joined her in the walk home. A summer morning idyl, you say, of no interest to those who have got beyond such nonsense. But soft, dear sir, I saw a gray head furtively wipe away a tear the other day, *Chambers' Miscellany* in his hand, and only a love story which touched his heart. The young man was spending his vacation at her father's farm. He had just graduated at college, and would enter the seminary in the fall. Meanwhile he held his own with the other hired men in the long day's work. "He'll wilt," they said. "These college-larned chaps can't stand much." But they were glad to cry quarter as he, with a quiet smile, struck out with what he styled the Grecian curve, in the meadow, the first day of mowing.

"If the gods mowed like that they must have been uncommon tough," said one of the men as he stared at Ransom Sayles' bowl away through the tall grass. That settled the men; they respected muscle, and Sayles had not dipped his oar in the river without toughening the arm that handled it. They soon learned to respect the man. Deacon John Raymond had morning "prayers" even in the busiest season, and when, on the second morning after his arrival, Sayles was invited to lead the devotions, Sam, one of the hired men, said "he prayed like Jehosophat." Sam's Bible knowledge was limited, and he doubtless got the names a little mixed, but he told the men when they were grinding the scythe in the shed, "that he talked as if he was acquainted with the Almighty, and it was powerfully well done."

That was three months before. Ransom Sayles had done his day's work. Sometimes walking in the gloaming with Carrie Raymond—Miss Carrie he had called her at first, with stately courtesy, but now he had christened her "Morning-Glory"—they had talked of books, authors, art, morals—a thousand things that hover in the air before the eyes of youth—but never of love. Morning-Glory wanted nothing of it. She was satisfied with her present and Ransom. Well, it was the old story. He knew now what the grand passion was that stirred the old Greeks. This mountain flower, with the dew on its crimson petals, that had never felt the scorching sun, twining about the old homestead, how he had watched it, wishing he might put out his hand and take it. But Sayles had iron in his blood. He was penniless, with an aged mother looking to him for care. And she was only a child—this girl—in years. He had his future yet to make, and she, womanly as she was, might not bear the strain of waiting; and then, too, frank as she was, in all their talks he never could penetrate beyond a certain maidenly reserve. She would never give herself to any man unasked; he doubted what an answer would be, for this country girl in her sweet simplicity was worthy of the best love the world contained.

And so he went back to his work and made no sign. If the vision of a golden-haired girl, with beseeching brown eyes, mixed itself up with Greek exegesis and Hebrew idioms, he doggedly applied himself to the work in hand and tried to forget. But Morning-Glory had had the chrism laid upon her lips, which must become in women's lives heavenly manna or apples of Sodom. From no fault of Ransom Sayles, remember, for he had observed the strictest honor; he had not allowed himself a word, or touch, or look that might mean love, and she thanked him in her heart for it in the years that followed; but she knew now he had her heart unasked, and henceforth it should be the precious secret of her life. Many a woman has lived and died unwedded, the perfume of her life the only evidence of a hidden sacrifice. Morning-Glory rounded into womanhood, the bloom grew brighter; culture added to simplicity, self-possession to grace; her character shaped itself into womanliness, as she thought what he would admire and honor; expecting nothing, hoping nothing, but having one summer among her choicest memories.

Three years had passed. Sayles had graduated; declining larger fields, he had accepted the charge of a small country church. The mother who had cheered him on saw him a minister of the Gospel, and then the Lord called her home.

But Ransom was in debt for his education, and his sturdy independence would not allow him any luxury of life until that obligation was met. If he grew weary at times, he only interested himself more nearly in his people; but sometimes a September morning on a hill-side farm would rise up in memory before him, and a fair face with a strange witchery in the brown eyes would cause almost a sob to break from his lips.

But all sacrifices have an end. Ransom Sayles would not be hampered by a debt. He had waited until the child had blossomed into the woman. The last payment on his debt had been made, his vacation had come; he would try his fate, for he was not over-confident of his power of inspiring love in the heart of any woman.

The farm-house was in sight as dusk came on at the close of the August day. Sam was carrying in the last pail of milk as Sayles came up. "Ah, Mr. Sayles," said Sam, "I am right glad to see you." "How is Deacon Raymond?" asked Ransom; he had almost said "Morning-Glory," for it seemed but a day since he went away. "The Deacon is well," said Sam, hesitatingly looking askance at Sayles; "but Carrie met with an accident. Old Tom"—and Sam grumbled out something almost profane—"ran away." Ransom Sayles turned and entered the house; nothing was changed; the family were at tea, but Morning-Glory was in a great arm-chair in the front room, before you reach the kitchen at the end of the long hall. Ransom shuddered as he stood on the threshold, he knew not why, for he was not a superstitious man, then opening the door; she was facing the west, and evidently thought it some one of the family. The setting sun lighted up the room and fell upon her hair. There flashed through his mind the figure of the crown which Revelations speaks of, and then he stood by her side; she turned her head the eyes softened by some tender memory, her face flushed in a moment, and she put out her hand.

"I was thinking of you, Ransom."

"What about me?" he asked, as if they had met the day before.

"Why, don't you know you said once," and she laughed softly, "that you would be true to your conviction of duty, even though it cost the sacrifice of a lifetime?"

She had never called him Ransom before, and they had not met for three years. He had become much more of a man, and she, as she half-reclined there, into what a ripe, beautiful woman she had developed! He had done well to wait, and what a tender, trustful air she had.

"But what about the accident?" he asked, anxiously.

They grew a little sober, said the doctor would be in again on to-morrow, and changed the subject.

That evening was one to be remembered long after. He told his love, and she, with shy reserve, revealed her heart; but there were strange pauses on her part all the evening through, and when he bid her good-night, he thought, as he kissed her, there were tears on her face.

The morning brought the family physician while Ransom was out on the hill refreshing his memory with familiar scenes. When he returned the doctor had gone. "What did he say?" "Shall I tell you?" she replied to his question, as she turned her face away. "The accident was severer than you know; there is no hope; it is only a question of time." "But you are so fresh and blooming," he gasped. "I was in perfect health when it occurred. It is internal, but there is no help."

Perhaps this old-fashioned tale might end here, as what we call poetic justice is violated in the sequel, but real life takes little account of poetic justice in her reckoning.

Ransom Sayles had studied *belles letters* and divinity in preparation for his work of saving men; but as he waited in those autumn days, knowing that only the remembrance of the days were dead would soon be his, he learned obedience by the things which he suffered. He saw the rich, rare life fade away, an argosy of priceless wealth sail into the mist; saw how rich it was freighted for years of work, and that it was his very own, and then must needs say farewell! There was no weak sentiment about these two souls as they stood at the parting of a final voyage for one. I have done my work ill in sketching this man, if you think he gave up or only half lived after this. So fast he grew in these few weeks that when Morning-Glory was laid under the daisies, he comforted the people and read the simple service. The stricken parents found in him a son of consolation. And he went forth to rare achievements in helpfulness to men, inspired by his love for the Morning-Glory which bloomed on high.—*Providence Journal.*

THE Buenos Ayres *Standard* recently published a table showing the increase in the number of sheep in that country since 1852, together with the exports of wool and skin during the same period. In 1852-3, in the season from the 1st of November to October 31, there were reported sheep skins in bales of 200 pounds, 1,398, and wool in bales of 800 pounds, 20,514 pounds, and sheep at 7 fleeces per 25 pounds, 4,597,136. In 1877-8 the skins in bales of 200 pounds exported were 65,922, wool in bales of 800 pounds, 216,512, and sheep at 7 fleeces per 25 pounds, 48,498,688. The year 1858-9 was one of great drouth, and in 1876-7 one of great floods. In 1867-8 the price of wool fell to 4½d per pound, and boiling down became general.

THE new-style spellers are dubbed "the great American condensers."

The Czar--Miseries of the Russian Autocrat.

We have received from a source of which the authenticity is beyond question the following curiously interesting information respecting the present personal condition of His Majesty the Czar of Russia. Our information is not second-hand. It comes directly from one thoroughly informed in his own person of the facts which he has communicated to us. The Czar, for some time past, has been a prey not only to constant apprehension for his life, but to feelings of remorse for what he has done, and of fear for the punishment which awaits him after death. He has endeavored in vain, by the study of modern philosphy, to free himself from belief in the immortality of soul and in the punishment which awaits the wicked in the world to come. His mind has refused to accept the negative conclusions of the modern skeptics whose works he had read or with whom he has personally conversed, and he is to-day, even more than he was in his earlier years, a thorough believer in the orthodox doctrines of Christianity held in common by the Greek and Roman Church. He believes that he has led a bad life, an extremely bad life; and he despairs of finding means of atonement of his evil deeds, even had he the moral strength to accept these means, which he does not possess. The thought of abdication often possesses him, and at times he seems to have made up his mind to cut the fatal knots which surround him, and to make his escape to England or to France, leaving Russia to such fate as might befall it after his departure; but the irresolute elements in his character always counteract this impulse, and he remains drifting on from bad to worse.

Within a recent period he has sought relief from his anxieties and fears by excessive indulgence in strong wines and in spirits. Not unfrequently has His Majesty been so intoxicated at an early hour of the day that he was incapable of transacting any business, and could only be taken care of and induced to slumber. Upon awakening from one of these unnatural sleeps the Czar presents a pitiable appearance; his cheeks are sunken and haggard, his eyes are bloodshot; his expression is that of one who anticipates a terrible calamity which may fall upon him at any moment.

The precautions taken for his safety, not only when he goes outside the walls of one of his palaces, but even while in the supposed sanctity of his one apartments, are curiously minute and counter checking. There appears to be no absolute trust reposed in any one. Every one about His Majesty's person is watched by some one else, and even his most confidential attendants feel that they are under the most vigilant, unceasing and suspicious espionage. When the Czar chooses to drive through the streets of his Capital, when he makes a railway journey, and even when, as now, he is supposed to be enjoying himself at Livadia, he knows that he is surrounded by acorps of persons specially detailed to watch over his safety; and yet he fears that in any one of these he may find an assassin thirsting for his blood.

When the Czar visited London immediately after the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of Edinburg, it was remarked by those who came closely in contact with him that a more sorrowful and anxious person had rarely been seen. In the midst of all the festivities which were arranged for his delight and honor, he sat like a ghost at the banquet, or appeared as a criminal who was awaiting the moment when the executioner would appear to lead him to the scaffold. Every subsequent month has deepened the anxieties, griefs and remorse which produce upon His Majesty's countenance these signs of a restless and fearful soul. There are some reasons for believing that his mind has given away under the terrible pressure which it has been compelled to undergo and that at times he is scarcely responsible for his actions.

He takes the most extraordinary likes and dislikes for persons and for animals. His favorite for the time being, be it man, woman, dog, or bird, is petted to an extent that is at once ludicrous and melancholy to observe. When he was last in Paris he heard a young pianist whose execution delighted him. He at once took measures to have this young man return with him to his Capital, and there, for a long time nothing charmed the Czar so much as to listen to the playing of this youth to converse with him, to caress him, and to load him with every imaginable mark of favor and distinction.

Again, he concentrated his affections upon a spaniel dog, for which he conceived a violent and uncontrollable passion. The Czar and his pet dog were for awhile inseparable, and His Majesty, at the most inconvenient moments, would demand that the animal should be brought to him. It was at this time that a dispatch was received announcing that a son of the Czar was on his death-bed, and that if the father wished to see him, the greatest haste was necessary. A special train for the Emperor was immediately ordered; everything was arranged; but as His Majesty was about to enter the cars, he discovered that the dog was absent. The animal had taken an exceptional freak; he had escaped from the grounds of the palace, and had gone off to amuse himself elsewhere. The Czar, notwithstanding that he knew his favorite son was at the point of death, and that every moment of delay might prevent him seeing him before he expired, refused to stir from the palace until the dog was found. The palace was in an uproar; servants, soldiers, civil officers and volunteers were sent in hot haste for the missing beast; but four hours elapsed ere he was found, captured and returned to the embrace of his Imperial master.

The relations between the Czar and his wife have long been of an extreme melancholy character. They live as far apart as possible. When they meet it is only as foes between whom exists an armed neutrality.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Facts About the Utes.

They are the best dressed and the best looking of all the Indians. They will not work; they will fight to avoid work. They want a good deal from the Government and not much talk. And that suggests why a stave was driven into poor Meeker's mouth. It is a significant thing. In all their mutilations the mouth is generally not touched. When it is, it means too much talk—in other words, too many promises and no fulfillments. I believe, says Captain Merrell, that Meeker fulfilled every promise the Government gave him means to fulfill, but he had probably made promises that he couldn't carry out. Captain Jack is a great fat, lazy, cowardly gluttonous Indian. Governor Evans' family were much annoyed by him last year. He made himself perfectly at home there, going into Mrs. Evans' room and using her comb and brush. Finally the Government hit upon a plan to get rid of him by asking him to work. Mr. Meeker was as complete a representative of the Christian religion as I ever met. He blamed me continually for what he termed my harshness, and asserted that prayers, and Christian influence, and kindness would eventually bring the Indians to a civilized life. He met them with an olive branch in one hand and a Bible in the other, and prayers on his lips. He carried out his policy and you see the result. I told him if he did so he would be a dead man. He was the embodiment of the Quaker policy. He accepted the position of agent not for its emoluments, but from a sense of duty. He was a noble man, and I never met a purer or more upright and devoted friend of the Indian than he. He would get on his knees and pray, trusting in God for his safety. He often exceeded his instructions in his kindness of heart. I often told him to be careful in one thing—in making promises to be sure and promise less than he was able to give—in the fulfillment to give a little more than he had promised, and to do it in as few words as possible. The Indians don't like talk.—*Captain Merrell, in Chicago Tribune.*

Dying in the Alkali Desert.

The dangers incident to travel across the trackless alkali plains of the West, unless the traveler is familiar with the route and well prepared for a journey, are well understood, yet people are found who undertake the hazardous experiment, and many leave their bones to whiten on the sands of the desert as a consequence of their rashness. As Deo Malcom, who arrived in town Thursday from Tulare County, was crossing the San Joaquin Plains he found a man lying in the sand nearly dead from thirst. He was unable to stand or articulate. His tongue was so swollen as to protrude from his mouth several inches; his eyes were wild and glassy and his mind wandering. Deo moistened the man's lips and poured water on his face, but failed to restore him to consciousness. He then placed him in his wagon, administering the water from time to time until he reached an alkali pool some eighteen miles distant. The water being unfit to drink, Deo took out his man and gave him a thorough soaking, which seemed to revive him a little. He then proceeded with him about eight miles to Shaws, on the Panoche, where there is an abundance of fresh water. Here, after a time of careful nursing, the man recovered sufficiently to be able to talk and walk, though still very weak and debilitated. He informed Mr. Malcom that he had spent a few days in Hollister, and had started for Waite's Ferry to look for a job of sheep shearing. He had a small canteen of water, which he consumed the first half day out, and up to the time when found had not tasted water for forty-eight hours. It was the merest accident that the man was discovered, as Malcom was traveling an almost unused track. The spot where he lay was not far from where the remains of the poor old man Jost was found a few years ago—another victim of thirst and exposure.—*Hollister (Cal.) Enterprise.*

A Human Hog.

Down in Tennessee they have a curiosity that bids fair to eclipse the five-legged calf. It is a negro who has lived in a mud hole twenty-three years.

He is now going the rounds of the agricultural fairs in the South, exhibited along with the mammoth pumpkins and prize pigs. He is under a canvass cover, and a hand-organ plays the music of the spheres, while the curious visitor peeps behind the curtain at ten cents a sight.

Edmund French is this "greatest living curiosity's" name, and he is a monument to the healing virtues of pure and unadulterated mud. In the palmy days "before the wah" Edmund French was a slave. He ran away from his master. Being chased by bloodhounds, he took refuge in the Mississippi jungles. Two or three years afterward he was found by some hunters, buried up to his neck in mud. He wallows in it, glories in it, and waxes fat in it like a genuine Cincinnati mud-lark. All efforts to induce him to forsake this strange abode are unavailing. He only leaves it long enough to obtain something to eat. Other negroes in the neighborhood humor him to the top of his bent and carry him food, and white visitors, attracted to him by curiosity, generally leave a little money with him. This is the latest way to earn a living without working for it.

When his mud dries off the fellow carries water and pours on, and stirs it up to the proper stage of the batter again. He then sinks into his luxurious bed, and buries himself, leaving his arms out. Counting the free soil which sticks to him he weighs some 200 pounds. During all the extreme cold of last winter he remained in his mud bed, with the water frozen on top all about him.

The account he gives of himself is curious enough. He says when he took to the swamps to escape the bloodhounds he was compelled to remain there over winter. He suffered so from the cold that his extremities were frosted, and his toes were entirely frozen off. After thawing out he seemed consumed by a burning heat, to relieve which he thrust his legs into cold, wet earth. From that he took to plastering himself over with mud, and then to sinking himself wholly in mudholes, where he has lived ever since. The hunters who found him dragged him out of his adored resting place, but as soon as he could escape them he returned to his wallow.

When out of his puddle he declares he is full of pain, and feels as if he was burning up. His skin is very hot to the touch. This kind of mud-bath is worth while. How his exhibiters show him off, whether by plunging him into a portable tank filled with dirt, or by digging a hole in the ground and filling it with mud kneaded to the proper consistency, is not stated. At any rate, as a sanitary retreat, a mudhole is by no means to be sneered at. If colored light will cure, wherefore not also a good article of healthy, colored mud? In cases of nervous irritability, arising from too much intellect, we are sure it would be sublime.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

SOUTHERN poets are writing poetry about the yellow fever plague. Now that yellow fever has got into poetry, editors cannot be too careful, and this office will maintain a quarantine against poetry until the weather gets colder. The cases are only sporadic thus far, but we can't tell how soon such poetry may become epidemic.—*Norristown Herald.*

Extracts From Senator Chandler's Last Speech.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: It is becoming the custom of late to restrict the lines of citizenship. In the Senate of the United States and in the halls of Congress you will hear citizenship described as confined to States, and it is denied that there is such a thing as National citizenship. I to-night address you, my fellow citizens of Chicago, in a broad sense as fellow citizens of the United States of America. A great crime has been committed, my fellow citizens—a crime against this Nation; a crime against republican institutions throughout the world; a crime against civil liberty, and the criminal is yet unpunished—that is to say, he is not punished according to his deserts. And I shall to-night devote myself chiefly to the history of a crime, and shall endeavor to hold up the criminal to your execration.

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But, my fellow citizens, we have a matter under consideration to-night of vastly more importance than all the financial questions that can be presented to us, and that is: Are we or are we not a Nation? We have supposed for generations that we were a Nation. Our fathers met in convention to frame a Constitution, and they found some difficulty in agreeing upon the details of that Constitution, and for a time it was a matter of extreme doubt whether any agreement could be reached. Acrimonious debates took place in that convention, but finally a spirit of compromise prevailed, and the Constitution was adopted by the convention and submitted to the people of these United States. Not to the States, but to the people of the United States, and the people of the United States adopted the Constitution that was framed by the fathers, and for many long years the whole people of the United States believed that we had a Government. The whisky rebellion broke out in Pennsylvania, and was put down by the strong arm of the Government, and we still believed that we had a Government. We continued in that belief until the days of General Jackson, when South Carolina raised the flag against the Government. Armed men trod the soil of South Carolina and threatened that unless the tariff was modified to suit their views they would overthrow the Government. This was under the leadership of John C. Calhoun, carrying out his doctrine. Old General Jackson took his pipe out of his mouth when he was told that Calhoun was in rebellion against the Government, and said: "Let South Carolina commit the first act of treason against this Government, and by the Eternal, I will hang John C. Calhoun," and every man, woman, and child in America, including Calhoun, knew that he would do it, and the first act of treason was not committed against the Government; for even the State of South Carolina, under the leadership of John C. Calhoun, had bowed to the power of this Government. We remained under that impression until I first took my seat in the Senate on the 4th day of March, 1857. Then again treason raised its head upon the floors of Congress. Treason was threatened on the floors of the Senate and on the floors of the House, and John Wentworth was there to hear it. They said then: "Do this or we will destroy your Government; fail to do that and we will destroy your Government." One of them, in talking to brave old Ben Wade one day, repeated this threat, and the old man straightened himself up and said: "Don't delay on my account." Careful preparations were made to carry out these threats. Jefferson Davis stepped out of the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, as Secretary of War, into the Senate of the United States, and became chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Your arms were shipped to the Southern States, where they could be used to overthrow your Government. Your ammunition followed your arms. There was an innocent-looking clause in the general appropriation bill which read that the Secretary of War may sell such arms as he deems it for the interest of the Government to dispose of, and under that apparently innocent clause your arsenals, all over the United States, were opened and your arms were sold for a song and shipped in the very boxes belonging to your Government to the South to be used to overthrow your Government. Your navy was scattered wherever the winds blew and sufficient water was found to float your ships—where they could not be used to defend your Government. Your credit, which stood in 1857 at 122 cents on the dollar for your six per cent. bonds, was so utterly prostrated, debased and degraded that in February, 1861—four years after—your bonds, principal and interest payable in gold coin, were selling for eighty-eight cents on the dollar, and no buyers for the whole amount. Careful preparations were made for the overthrow of your Government, and when Abraham Lincoln took the oath of office as President of the United States you had no army, no navy, no money, no credit, no ammunition, no nothing to protect the National life. And yet, with all those discouragements staring them in the face, the Republican party undertook to save your Government. We raised your credit, we created navies, raised armies, fought battles, carried on the war to a successful issue, and, finally, when the rebels surrendered at Appomattox, they surrendered to a Government. They admitted that they had submitted their heresy to the arbitrament of arms, had been defeated, and they surrendered to the Government of the United States of America. They made no claims against the Government because they had no claim against the Government, but they asked, and asked as a boon from the Government of the United States, that their miserable lives might be spared to them.

We gave them their lives, told them to take their horses, go home, keep their parole of honor, obey the laws and raise crops. They had forfeited all their property. Every dollar was pledged by their own sign manual. We gave them back their property. We found them naked and we clothed them. We found them without the right of citizenship, having forfeited these rights, and we restored to them the rights of citizenship. We took them to our bosoms as brethren, believing that they had repented of their sins. We killed for them the fatted calf and invited them to the feast, and they gravely informed us that they had always owned that animal, and were not thankful for the invitation. They were bound by the laws of war and of nations to pay every dollar of the debt contracted for their subjugation, and we forgave them that debt, and to-day you are being taxed heavily to pay the interest on the debt that they ought to have paid. Such magnanimity as was extended by this Nation to those rebels have never been witnessed on earth since God made the earth, and in my humble judgment will never be witnessed again.

The greatest mistake and the gravest error that we committed was in not hanging enough of those rebels to make treason forever odious. Somebody committed a crime. Either those men who rose in rebellion committed the greatest crime known to human law, or our own brave soldiers who went out to fight to save this Government, were murderers.

And now, after twenty years—after an absence of four years from the Senate—I go back and take my seat, and what do I find? The self-same pretensions are rung in my ears from day to day. The men have changed—the measures not at all. I find those paroled rebels—who have never been relieved from their parole of honor to obey the laws—saying: "Do this; obey our will, or we will starve your Government to death." Now, if I am to die, I would rather be shot dead with musketry than be starved to death.

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My fellow citizens you may take the biggest ship that sails the ocean, put on board of her the flags of all the States that were lately in rebellion against this Government; raise to her peak the stars and bars of the rebellion start her with all her bunting to the breeze, sail her around the world and you would not get a salute of one popgun from any fort on earth.

Take the smallest ship that sails the ocean, mark her "U. S. A."—United States of America—raise to her peak the stars and stripes, and sail her around the world, and there is not a fort or ship of war of any Nation on God's foot-stool that would not receive her with a National salute. And yet the Republican party has done all this. We took your Government when it was despised among the Nations, and we have raised it to this high point of honor—and yet you tell us we ought to die.

The Appeal.

When the Rebel Congress adjourned last June, after a fruitless effort to "wipe out the legislation caused by the war" and force the President to sign bills which he believed repugnant to the best interests of the Nation—under threats of destroying the Government if he refused, those disappointed and humiliated Confederate Brigadiers made a virtue of necessity and boastingly said they would swallow for a time their demands and menaces and appeal to the people of the United States for their vindication. The appeal has been made, and the answer given. Never since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise have the loyal people of the North so quickly shown their disapproval and disgust at the action of Congress as in the present instance. Maine, California, Colorado, Ohio, Iowa, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota and Michigan have spoken, and spoken so loudly and clearly that nobody can mistake their meaning. The people of the North have voted to sustain the President in the brave and patriotic course he assumed in his dealings with Congress. They have said he was right, and that all his acts in vetoing vicious and partisan legislation meet their cordial and hearty approval. These great States have declared in favor of Republican rule, and against Democratic supremacy. They do not approve of a Solid South, nor the shotgun policy by which it is secured. They are opposed to the Ku-Klux and Sons of Liberty organizations. They are opposed to destroying the freedom of elections and the rights of the citizens. They approve the wholesome laws for the appointment of Supervisors and the maintenance of peace at the polls by the whole military force of the Government. They believe that the Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof should be the supreme authority in the land. They believe that the United States compose one great and powerful Nation, and that the doctrine of State Sovereignty was settled finally at the cost of a bloody war. They believe that patriots and loyal men should rule, and not rebels and traitors; that certain principles were settled by the war, and that all attempts on the part of those formerly in rebellion to secure in peace what they failed to gain by force of arms are not to be tolerated or countenanced. And in the plainest language they say that the Democratic party is the foe of the country, ought not to be trusted with its control, and the sooner it is buried out of sight the better for the advancement of every moral, business, and loyal interest in the land.

The rebel Congress came into existence flushed with victory and intoxicated with power. The attempt to silence the entire Republican vote of the South had proved a success. Liberty of action, freedom at the polls, the plainest right of an American citizen had all been trampled under foot. The ballot-box sacred in the eyes of every lover of his country, was made a mere machine to register the wishes and ambitions of men lately in open rebellion. Opposition to the dictates of the minority was met with violence, cruelty, tortures, and murder. There was no secrecy about all their business. Those who refused to submit, and claimed the freedom guaranteed by the laws, were handled without mercy and brought to reason by the shotgun and the lash. A few examples like those of Judge Chisholm and his defenseless family, Dixon, and others were all-sufficient, and the unarmed and unprotected Republicans quietly gave up the contest and submitted to a power that knew neither decency nor humanity. Once in power in Congress the rebels openly declared their intentions, and boldly and defiantly attempted to force their will upon the Nation. They began to bluster, and with brazen audacity and arrogant shamelessness insist that all the wholesome laws passed during the war for the protection of liberty and the rights of the people should be repealed, and with braggart threats insisted if the President did not yield to their clamor they would starve the Government into submission or permit it to die for want of the means upon which only it could exist. Such was the programme openly carried out by the traitors and rebels who by fraud and wickedness had raised themselves to power.

But their triumph has been a brief one, and their future has in it neither hope nor consolation. For a little time they may continue to haunt the halls of the Capitol, and play a few brief hours upon the stage, but they are comparatively harmless, and the people will see that the Government they saved in war shall be carried on quietly in peace. Nobody will now care for the threats of the braggarts or the boasters. At the helm of this Nation is a brave and fearless statesman, and standing by him, holding up his hands, and bidding him God-speed in the discharge of his duties, are a loyal majority of the people of the Union. The appeal of Congress has been answered, and nobody mistakes the verdict.—*Cleveland Herald.*

In Line for 1880.

It is victory throughout. Cornell is Governor-elect of New York. The doubtful States are made securely Republican, Butler is routed, Pennsylvania comes up like a second Iowa.

A Solid North sends greeting to a Solid South. Yesterday answers the last session of Congress, and all the insolent disloyalty which, after growing for years, found expression there. The grand and resistless uprising which followed the shot in Charleston harbor in 1861, finds an echo in the returns of to-day. Once more the North is united. The work which men did with their bullets they have determined not to spoil with their ballots. Here, on the very threshold of a victory which means, if they are wise, twenty years more of power, they serve notice upon the South that there is no vindictiveness in their triumph.

Yes, men of the South, we have done enough for conciliation. We offered you Horace Greeley, and insisted upon amnesty for all. The same Northern element which then failed has since found means to offer you better terms than you ever expected. President Hayes held out the hand of reconciliation. Troops were withdrawn; advice of Southern men was heard in appointments; everything was done that could be done to leave the South without excuse for hostility. What has been the answer! The South has answered by its Ku-Klux clans, its rifle clubs, and its systematic assassination of Republicans. It has answered by the complete suppression of the colored vote. It has answered by the late Confederate Congress, and the swar