

# Press Extra

## VIVE! VALE!

Live and farewell! Of course, as long as we are on earth, we are compelled to live, but d—d few of us fare well. The Latin maxim, however, I address to those generous people of Columbus who promised to sustain me in the conduct of a Color-Line Democratic organ in their city. Here is the fruit of their promises—an infernal Radical paper. I commit the paper to the hands of these d—d rascally third termers because I have no money to run it any longer. The Press is now on a sound financial basis; can, and will pay its debts; will be a good paper, as far as Grant and Morton are concerned, and will “kick up h—ll” generally.

To S. M. Meek, Jas. T. Harrison, jr. R. F. Hudson, E. T. Sykes, Ed. Richards, Jas. A. Stevens, G. C. Tucker, Chas. R. Tucker, Henry A. Pope, Jno. W. Worrell, (him especially,) Kean & Tracy, (where I got Whiskey), Jno. Templeton, T. W. Johnston, R. R. Spiers, W. H. Newlon, J. L. Moss & Co., Geo. Motch, and others, I am under all sorts of obligations; but I'll be d—d if I'm under obligations to any body else, except Col. Cady, and I owe him \$50, which I'd be glad for some color liner to pay.

Columbus is a fraud—a d—d rascally cheat, and ought to be suppressed. I am going to run for Congress; but I expect, like all Congressmen, the race will end in hell. Because, Columbus is a place of unfulfilled promises, and that is the reason the Press is a Radical paper to-day. I do not feel vindictive, but I am naturally disgusted.

I have not deceived any women; I have not stolen anything; I have defrauded no man; I have tried honestly to pay my debts; but, from present appearance, I must certainly have “played h—ll.” I have lied, it is true, but it was necessary to blind the infernal rascals of the “Columbus Clique.” I have destroyed barrels of whiskey, but I have edited a good paper.

If you won't support a Democratic paper, I herewith present you with a Radical journal which for eight years you sustained, and if you have any complaints to make, I feel fully justified in saying, (very unpoetically however,) but in the language of antiquity, “go to h—ll.”

These d—d rascals who take charge of the Press to-day, have been my friends, and I recommend them to the patronage of that community which has shown by its own acts that it will not support its own people.

Adieu, gentlemen! Bye-bye! Farewell, as I said in the beginning; but if you do fare well, you will not get your deserts. Most of you are rascals and I send you a paper printed, published and edited by your compatriots in villainy and lies.

Yours, very muchly,

A. P. JORDAN, [Deceased.]

**P. S.**—If any man who has paid his subscription in advance, is disposed to make a row about this early death of the Press, allow me to suggest that he cannot possibly have the audacity to say that the above item is not worth \$2, and I send it to him without any extra charge. If he does not think it is worth \$2, then he may go to thunder, the devil, or any other of his intimate friends.

A. P. J.