

# The Cairo Evening Bulletin.

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JOHN H. OBERLY & CO

## THE STATE JOURNAL VS. HON. W. J. ALLEN.

The State Journal, which has become accustomed to an indulgence in the fat things continually dropping from the hands of the legislature into its hungry maw, is in a deplorable state of mind. The presence of Hon. W. J. Allen in the Constitutional Convention, has made it miserable; and, morning, noon and night, that gentleman is the burden of its song of lamentation, in comparison with which the fearful outgivings of Niobe or Jeremiah, would have been decidedly musical. If a vote is in the negative, which the Journal believes should have been in the affirmative, or vice versa, Mr. Allen is denounced as the author of its disappointment; and when, occasionally, he throws his vote with the minority, the Journal instantly raps him with its editorial ferule over his official fingers. Macbeth had not half the trouble with Banquo's persistent ghost that the Journal has with Allen. He is to that paper what good liquor is to its editor; and if the Journal were to lose him it would be as inconceivable as the fellow who sold his shadow for filthy lucre. Allen votes to adjourn, and the Journal instantly points to this fact, and declares that nothing better could be expected of a traitor! He votes to not adjourn, and the Journal declares that any other "rebel" would have voted in the same way! It calls into requisition the powers of its imagination, and pictures bloody-handed rebels, with ravenous malice, tearing innocent and defenseless loyal men limb from limb; then, in tragical tones, cries "Ah! ha!" and points its mighty pen at the honorable member from Lower Egypt.

The readers of the Journal, not acquainted with Mr. Allen, no doubt, believe that he has horns, and is a monster of hideous mien; when, in fact, he is hornless, and one of the most courteous of gentlemen, and seldom ever strikes until he has received a blow. If, then, he is as persistent in attack as he was slow to anger, is there reason for surprise, or cause for denunciation? At all times, he has been no backward champion of the Union; has, always, through good and evil report, persistently, but with dignity, advocated political doctrines, the success of which he has regarded, and which all true patriots must ever regard, as necessary to the welfare of the Republic. Often trusted by the people, he has never been found unworthy their confidence. That the Journal, which was born in political iniquity, and fostered in the corruption of Radicalism, should denounce such a man is not a surprising fact; but that a paper, which makes pretensions to ability, should indulge in such purple abuse as it sees proper to heap upon Mr. Allen's head, is a fact which may well surprise those who do not know that the Journal is as brainless as it is malicious.

## THE DEMOCRATIC "BOLTERS OF MEMPHIS"

At the municipal election in Memphis, held last Thursday, the Democratic candidate for Mayor was elected by a very large majority, defeating Mr. Walker, the "bolter candidate," who received the support of the 'Avalanche.' Mr. Walker was, probably, influenced to put himself in opposition to his party by that inordinate desire to hold office, which, occasionally, takes entire possession of the best as well as of the worst of men; and the 'Avalanche' by the belief that the convention which nominated Mr. Johnson had been packed by wire-workers and "ring" men. For Mr. Walker no good apology can be offered; but in defense of the 'Avalanche' a great deal may be said. In the first place, the 'Avalanche,' which, with all its faults, is a paper that leads and never follows, is, of late, cut loose from the Democratic party, and declared its independence of all political organizations. In the next place, it believed that wire-workers had packed a convention and were endeavoring to impose unworthy men upon the people; and, as a matter of course, being a guardian of the public, it was in duty bound to denounce this attempted fraud. But the make made by the 'Avalanche' was insisting Mr. Walker's name, and in claiming him to be the People's Candidate. No one man, or paper, has any right to make a nomination for the people. When the people, alarmed at the per offerings, wish to vindicate their authority, they are abundantly able to do nominations for themselves.

## A CONTRAST.

Two Opinions of E. M. Stanton, Deceased  
Don Platt and the Memphis Avalanche

Letter from Don Platt  
THE FUNERAL

## THE IRON MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

A Cairo Branch a Necessity.

We derive no satisfaction from the assurance we receive that as a through route for freights the Iron Mountain road is a failure, and that if St. Louis is the only reliance for means to better it, it must remain a failure. The road is new, the embankments unsettled, the grades heavy, the curves sharp, the rolling stock insufficient and the means for handling freight inadequate. To transfer freight from steamer to cars or vice versa at Belmont, with present facilities, involves a cost, we are informed, of more than one dollar per ton. The inclined plain at Belmont is not built, and those who have observed the hauling, rolling and tumbling involved in the loading of trains there, are of the opinion that, at the present cheap rate of freights, when the cost of such a rehandling is paid, there is no margin left to cover cost of transportation. The supply of rolling stock is insufficient. To establish the last through freight line demanded by the emergencies of the times, Col. Allen asks of St. Louis \$230,000! If \$1,000 would answer that end, St. Louis would refuse to furnish the money. Hence, if Col. Allen depends upon St. Louis to supply the needed rolling stock, he would be disappointed if his wants extended no further than a truck and a pair of hand cars.

For all these defects there is a cure which Col. Allen may, at any time, employ. It is to be found in the extension of his road to Bird's Point, where the deep water and abrupt banks render the interposition of mostly inclined plains unnecessary. By doing this he could command new influences and through them the means necessary to stock the entire road. The problem of a successful and unobstructed southern outlet would then be solved; and in the transportation of ores from the Iron Mountain for smelting at Cairo and Bird's Point and for shipment to Pittsburg, a business would soon arise which, added to the through trade and travel, would make the road one of the best paying ones in the Mississippi Valley. Through shipments over it would meet the great steamers that at all times of the year navigate the southern waters, or find transit by the Junction railroad, which, by that time, will bring its trains to the Kentucky bank opposite. With its present connections and terminus the road is probably all it ever will be; and that it is failing to fulfill the expectations of its originators and builders, is a fact which even its president feels no disposition to deny or disguise.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The Centralia 'Sentinel' proposes a convention of the editors and newspaper publishers of Southern Illinois, to be held at Du Quoin on the 15th of February, next. The suggestion is a good one; and we hope it may be acted upon without any unnecessary delay. Arrangements should be perfected, and the programme of the convention made out, during the present month.

One Mr. Casebolt, publisher of the radical paper in the neighboring town of Cape Girardeau entered into a contract with the authorities to print the council proceedings for one hundred dollars per year. Being a little "hard up" he put in a bill for \$99.50 for their first month; promising to perform the printing of the remaining eleven months for fifty cents. The council refusing to make such an unreasonable allowance, Casebolt sued his cotemporary, of the 'Argus,' expecting to make the money out of him!—at least so says the 'Argus.'

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suggestion; so, we suppose, the State will be "fleeced," simply to reward partizan journals. We are appalled!

The day was dull, being overcast with clouds, and raining, as if nature sympathized with the grief of the great crowd. I saw the long cortege move off toward the cemetery, containing the leading men of our Government, and I tried to select some one from among them to whom I might transfer the admiration I felt for the departed. I could not remember one and wondered if there was a single man among them all whose death would command such earnest demonstration of sorrow and respect, or whose memory another generation would care to cherish.

It is a small thing, after all, this hugging to ourselves the hope of memory after death. What is it to the dead Stanton that we go splashing through the rain and mud, to bury him? What recompense is this for the days of toil, and nights of sleepless care, and the heavy despondency that weighed him down, at times, almost to suicide? What return is it for the loss of sweet domestic life.

In what is he better off than the epu-lleted Sphinx, or the swashbuckler Sherman, or the crowd of dignified Senators, and solemn Solons, and all the official greatness that swelled the throng?

It is well that Stanton died when his work was done. It would have been painful to have seen him, after his great life, that was a busy life, directing great armies, making and unmaking captains, and molding a revolution out of a civil war, to have seen him, I say, buried alive in the supreme Court. It were well if all men died with their usefulness. How pitiful it is to see some master mind surviving his task, and living to administer upon his own estate of fame. If this were the law, however, some of our lives would be brief indeed. How the procession that followed the dead Secretary to his narrow home would have thinned out and left vacancies in official life. But, fortunately for us all, the Lord is kind, and useful or useless, we are permitted to live on. And we have, so saying, our little comforts, our little vanities, and our friends. Every creature, however small, has some creation yet smaller for a parasite. This is a blessed dispensation. Why, I believe, recognizing this law, that even Chandler (old Puttyface) has friends and Pig-iron Kelly supporters. If we would possess ourselves of a microscope and look carefully, I believe we could find people who believe in Mungen and Ben. Butler.

The last two great acts, done by Stanton were in dying when his work was done, and dying poor. What a stern rebuke there was in this to some of the Senatorial inmates of carriages that splashed mud on honest men as they rolled on slowly in vehicular grief after the departed. Let the people lift up their voices and lament, not in remembrance of his great deeds, when he gave brains to Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and swung our eagles triumphantly through the sulphury smoke of battle over a fallen confederacy, but, recollecting how untrusting and earnestly he fought thieves—great crowds of thieves, robbers, hungry, cruel thieves, and rebuked them all at last in the stainless purity of his public and private life.

And so we buried Stanton. I thought, as we moved slowly along, of the many putting on the semblance of grief who won the world's praise bravely in official life, and owed all they had to the dead Secretary. And here they were alive and well, getting the honors that were denied to him until after death.

A bad man has gone to his long account. A villain has shuffled off this mortal coil. A despot has kicked the bucket. There was great rejoicing in pandemonium yesterday. Since that eventful day when Adam and Eve manufactured clothes out of fig-leaves, there has been many large gatherings in hell and on earth. But the cavalcade that turned out in the infernal regions to greet Edwin M. Stanton, who died yesterday, was, in all probability, the largest that ever paid tribute to a congenial spirit. Stevens had been awarded the premium for being the biggest sinner in all purgatory, and he is no doubt now jealous of Stanton, who he knows will put in for the medal, with a good prospect of winning it. That mawkish sentimentality which would throw the mantle of oblivion over the misdeeds of the dead, reason cannot be observed in chronicling the death of Edwin M. Stanton. The most exquisite tortures served Stanton enjoyment. The tyranny of Tyberius was forgotten in his enormities. He revealed several years in tormenting all over whom he had power, but when he offended heaven and earth by hanging an innocent woman like a dog, God visited him with righteous anger, and since the consummation of this atrocious deed Stanton's physical system commenced decaying and breaking up, and without a single tie on earth, destitute of Christian religion, he died, and a little soul, steeped in sin, went to the devil.

In nature he was revengeful and malignant, and so stubborn in opinion that he rarely changed his views or relinquished a purpose. He was as remorseless and cruel in disposition as a Cumanche Indian, and joyously and without a shudder would have turned the Southern people over to massacre and their homes to desolation. He was serene, not from philosophy, but from temperament and torpor. He belonged eminently to the animals known as cold-bloods. No impulses ever stirred the feeble and sluggish currents of his moral or mental nature. To call him a brute would be a libel upon the dog. Of humanity he was destitute. He was servile, he was cowardly. The manner of his death shows the finger of retribution. He hungered for blood, for a position that would enable him to bedevil a defenseless people. A President, as man and malignant as himself, appointed him United States Supreme Court Judge. This power caused the fiend to burst into wild, de-

monic laughs. But that God who would not permit the builders to occupy the impious tower on the plains of Shinar smote the unctious scoundrel so that he died. Nearly all the conspirators against the life of Mrs. Surratt have been blotted from the world they disgraced. Conyer was sent to the penitentiary and Andrew Johnson was consigned to private life. Holt still lives, but still prays for death. Stanton has gone and Holt will soon follow, for not more certainly is he burnt who puts his hand in the flames than is he punished who commits a moral wrong. The wicked man's "sins will find him out." It is not an agreeable duty to inscribe the true character of an infamous public man on his tomb; but it is an imperative duty. Speak nothing but the truth of the dead. Stanton, the infamous, is drinking molten iron, trading in pyrotechnics and broiling in a heated furnace, and the people rejoice.

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