

## Political Discussion—Draw it Mild.

## HOW TWO BURLINGTON MEN WENT ABOUT IT.

"There is one thing," said Mr. Leatherby, as he was walking down town yesterday morning, "that disgusts me with politics, and that is the violent and abusive tone in which our daily papers conduct the discussion of every issue and question which they touch upon."

"Indeed you may well be disgusted at it," replied Mr. Bartholomew, who had just joined him. "It is as much as a man can do to lift a newspaper off his door-step with a pair of tongs. Time and again I throw the paper down half read, and I have seriously thought of stopping it altogether, for I consider its presence in my family a contamination."

"It is, in truth," replied Mr. Leatherby. "It is worse than a contamination. It is corrupting; it has a degrading, brutalizing influence that is, I am convinced, undermining the foundations of our moral structure. The daily press of to-day is one great engine of abuse, defamation, bad grammar, worse language, and worse morals."

"I cannot see, for my part," said Mr. Bartholomew, "why men cannot discuss politics as freely, as earnestly, and as entirely free from acrimonious expressions and feeling, as purely free from abusive language of any kind, from any heat and anger, in fact, as they could discuss the grade of a street or the style of a coat."

"And so think I," said Mr. Leatherby, "I cannot for my part conceive of an intellect so warped and narrow, a mind so shallow, that it cannot carry on a discussion upon any question in politics without falling into the asperities, vulgarity, abusive detraction, and shameful slander that is the reproach and disgrace of the newspaper press."

"It is a form of idiocy, I believe," replied old Bartholomew; "it is an indication of a feeble mind that looks upon abuse as an argument and bullying as logic. I am and always have been a Republican, but I can express my disapproval of many Democratic measures in a gentlemanly manner, and if I had not mind enough to keep my temper I would consider that I had no right to talk politics."

"You are perfectly correct," replied Mr. Leatherby, earnestly; "and while we disagree on some points in political controversy, I being a life-long Democrat, yet we can freely and with mutual pleasure, and, I trust, profit, meet and discuss our differences in a friendly way, without giving way to the detestable exhibition of temper, ignorance and prejudice which marks the tone of the morning papers."

"I had not noticed it so much in the *Hawkeye*," replied Mr. Bartholomew, with a show of awakening interest in the conversation, "but when that trashy Democratic sheet that pollutes the evening air is brought me by my neighbor, an ignorant dolt that can neither read nor write but takes the paper as a party duty, to read for him, I am amazed that the gods of truth and decency do not annihilate the infamous, puerile sheet with their thunderbolts."

"You must bear in mind, however," rejoined Mr. Leatherby, speaking a trifle louder than was necessary in addressing a companion whose hand was resting on his arm, "the *Gazette* has such a tide of corruption, such an avalanche of political bigotry and villainy to rebuke, that its voice must be raised in order to be heard, and it must speak boldly, defiantly, and in thunder tones of righteous denunciation to startle the people into into a realizing sense of the peril which threatens the country from Republican misrule and tyranny."

"By George!" shouted Mr. Bartholomew, "the Republican party is the last, the only bulwark between the republic and eternal ruin. I tell you, sir, once let the Democratic party obtain control of this Government, once let that infamous organization of political thieves, knaves, outlaws and castaways take charge of our political machinery, and we will find ourselves in the hands of a horde of the most abandoned profligates, the most utterly unprincipled, the most vicious, demoralized, unconscionable, diabolical set of scoundrels that ever cheated the galleys!"

"By the long horned spoon!" roared Mr. Leatherby, jerking his arm away from Mr. Bartholomew's

hand, "if the satanic and infernal plans of the Republican party were carried out, with all their attendant knavery and debauchery, this government would be a rule of branded malefactors and convicts, a government of felons, a penal colony in which the most hopelessly irreclaimable, graceless villains would administer the law. The bad faith of the Republican party, its ignominious record, its vicious tendencies, have shocked the Christian world, and—"

"You're a liar!" yelled Mr. Bartholomew; "and you are just like the rest of your besotted, low-lived, ignorant class—a low, mean, pitiful, beggarly, unscrupulous, and treacherous set, whose impudence in asking for the votes of honorable men is only equalled by your rapacious and unbridled greed for office, your—"

"You are an old fool!" howled Mr. Leatherby; "a censorious, clamorous, scurrilous, foul-tongued old reprobate, and I disgrace my name when I talk to you in the street. You mistake vituperation and abuse for argument, and you reply to a simple, plain statement of facts with malignant and defamatory slander and calumny because you can't answer."

"Shut up!" shrieked Mr. Bartholomew, "Don't you say another word to me, or I'll slap your ugly mouth! By George, I'll kick your head off."

"You can't do it!" roared Mr. Leatherby, pulling off his coat and dancing around Mr. Bartholomew. "I can lick the whole Republican party, from the big whiskey thief and ringmaster down to the sneak that picks pockets at mass meetings! I can—"

"You're a fighting liar, and you daren't take it up," howled Mr. Bartholomew, pulling off his coat.

Then Mr. Leatherby ran up and kicked him twice while he was struggling in the arms of his coat, but the old gentleman got loose in a flash, and hit Mr. Leatherby a resounding thwack on the nose with his cane, and when Mr. Leatherby stopped to hold a handkerchief over his bleeding proboscis, Mr. Bartholomew got in a couple more good ones with his cane; then Mr. Leatherby went for the rocks in the macadamized street. He broke two windows in a grocery before he hit Mr. Bartholomew, when he caught the old gentleman on the side of the head and dropped him. Then Mr. Bartholomew took to the stone pile and hit a young lady on the other side of the street, and Mr. Leatherby hurled a tremendous big rock, which missed the old gentleman and blackened the eye of a policeman who was coming to separate them, but was so incensed that he arrested them, and they were each fined \$10 and costs for fighting in the street. And they both firmly believe that the unbridled hatred and unreasonable recriminations and abuse of the daily papers is iniquitous in its influence and should be suppressed for the good of society.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

**STRANGE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM.**—Mr. Frank Barnum, of Barnum's Hotel, Kansas City, who was murdered for the valuables on his person at Sulphur Springs, near Brownsville, Mo., on the 6th or 7th ult., had a singularly vivid presentment of his end some time before it came. He dreamed of being attacked by two men, who struck him savagely on the head. Then the phantom of a young Spanish lady whom he had known in South America appeared at his bedside. In one hand she held a cross and in the other a photograph with drops of blood on it. She addressed him in Spanish, saying, "Francis, your life is in danger; may God help you!" She then dropped the photograph on the floor and disappeared. He arose, he thought, and attempted to pick up the blood-stained picture, but as he approached it also vanished. This strange dream so impressed him that he wrote about it to his wife. The letter was dated the 6th of October, and between that day and the next he was killed. The murder was effected by repeated blows on the head—a strange fulfillment of his dream. Mr. Barnum was born in Syracuse, N.Y., and when a young man was secretary of legation in Chili. At the time of his death he was general agent of the Chattanooga Railroad.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair." Snooks says: "That's true; none but the brave could live with some of them."

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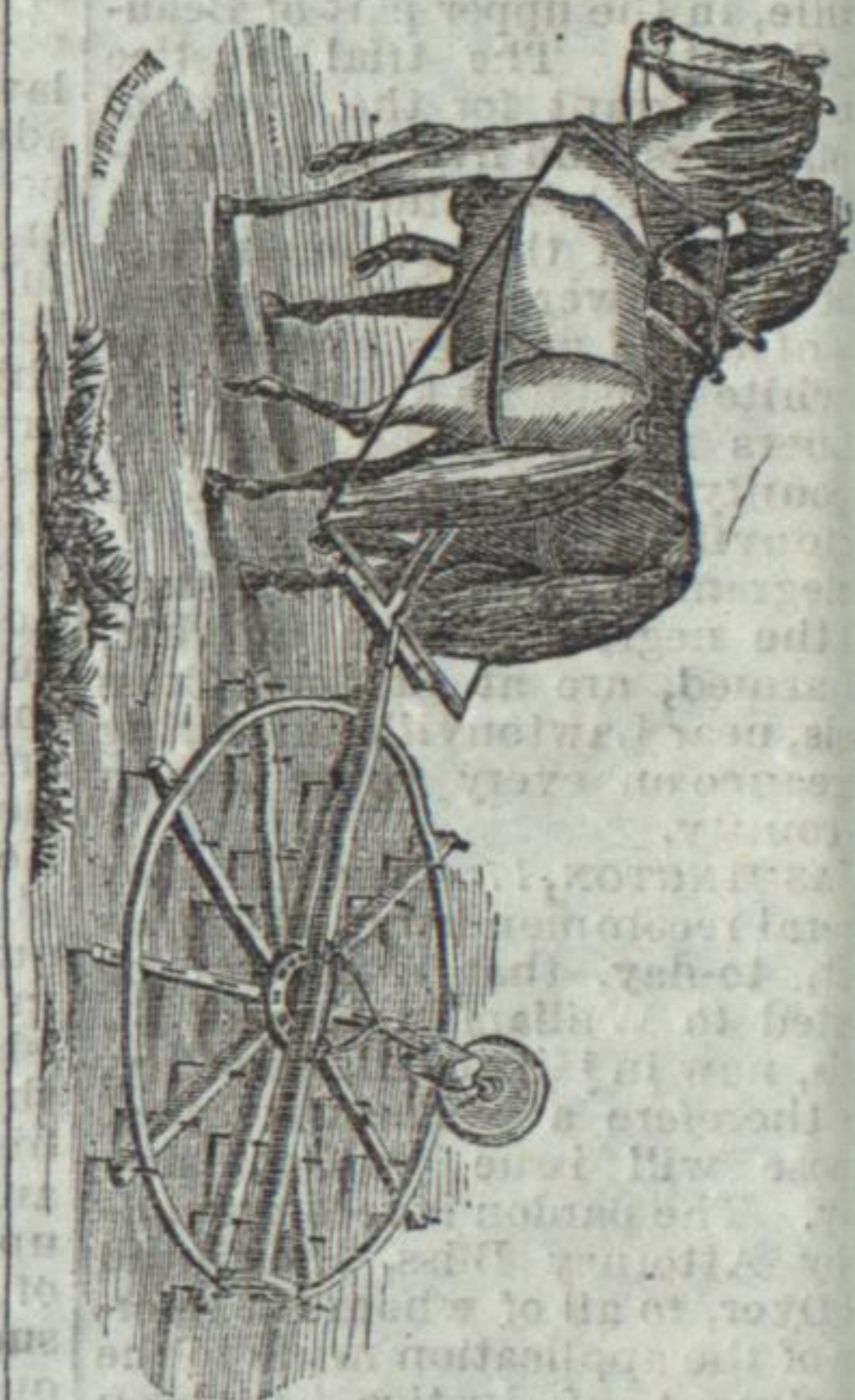
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