The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS, FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—*Lincoln.* EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Terms of Publication.

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in Sayers' building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at $2 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2 50 if not paid within the year. **All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually.** No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as guaranty against imposition.

All letters pertaining to business of the office must be addressed to the Editor

Terms of Advertising AND JOB WORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at $1 50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square). All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

BUSINESS NOTICES set under the head of local news will be charged invariably 10 cents a line for each insertion.

A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements.

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors; Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPUBLICAN OFFICE has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Poetry.

PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

In place of books, or work, or play,
Some ladies spend the live-long day
In scanning every passer-by.
And many a wonder they descry!
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud;
That some are short and some are tall,
They get their information all
By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the street (at common pace;)
You catch the outlines of a face;
The face seems strange; again you look—
Dear sir! She knows you like a book!
She knows the color of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear;
She knows your business, I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country round,
By peeping through the blinds.

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day;
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain.
She knows, the Browns at Number Four,
Just opposite her very door!
Folks quite as poor as they can be,
For don't they sit and sew while she
Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need.
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street:
Full soon you'll read your neighbors well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T,
Much better than your own, you see,
By peeping through the blinds.

A Story with a Moral.

For the REPUBLICAN.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There was once a man whose only property was a wretched cabin, on the shore of a little river. He gained a livelihood by fishing, but as there were but few fish in the stream, he caught few, and had not much other food than bread and water. At the same time he was content, in his poverty, because he wished for nothing more than he possessed.

One day he took a fancy to see the city, and he resolved to go there, on the morrow. While he was preparing for the voyage, a traveller entered his poor hut, and asked him if he was far from a village where he might find a house to rest in till morning.

"You are twelve miles from the village," answered the fisherman,"and it is late. If you wish to pass the night in my cabin, you are welcome."

The traveller accepted his proposition, and the fisher, who desired to regale him, lit the fire to cook some little fish. While he prepared the repast, he laughed, he sang and appeared to be in a very jolly humor.

"You are happy," said his guest, "in possessing the faculty of diverting yourself! I would give all that I possess in the world, to be as gay as you are."

"Ah! Indeed! What prevents you?" said the fishermen. "My joy costs me nothing, and I have never had any occasion for sadness. Have you any great sorrow that does not permit you to enjoy yourself?"

"Alas!" replied the traveller, "everybody believes me to be the happiest of men. I was a merchant, and succeded in accumulating great riches; but I have not had a moment of repose. I feared always that I would become bankrupt, that my goods would spoil, and that my vessels, which were upon the sea, would be shipwrecked. Therefore I abandoned commerce, to find tranquility, and I have bought a commission near the king. At first I had the good fortune to please the prince; I become his favorite, and I believed that contentment was near at hand; but I soon come to know that I was rather a slave to the prince than his favorite. I had, every moment, to give up my own inclinations, to follow his. He loved the chase, I desired repose. In the meantime I was forced to race through the woods with him, all the day. At night I would return fatigued, and with great desire to sleep. Not at all; some great lady gave a ball, or a festival. She honored me with an invitation, so that she might make her court to the king. I go in a rage, but the friendship of the prince consoled me somewhat. At the end of fifteen days, he gave one of the lords of his court, two commissions, saying that he believed him to be an honest man. I say from that moment that I was lost, and I have passed many nights without sleeping."

"But," said the fisherman, interrupting his guest, "did the king look ill at you, and cease loving you?"

"Pardon me," responded the officer, "the king became more friendly than ever; but I think now, he no longer loved me alone; and everybody said that this lord would become a second favorite. You can imagine how insupportable that was. This had made me want to die, to be rid of my chagrin. I retired in the evening to my chamber, very sad, and when I was alone, I wept. Suddenly there appeared to me a tall man, with a very pleasing countenance, who said to me: 'Azel, I pity thy misery. Dost thou wish to become tranquil? Renounce the love of riches, and the desire of honor!' Alas! sir, said I, to this man, I would wish it with all my heart; but how can I succeed? 'Quit the court, said he to me, and walk for two days on the first road that presents itself to thy sight; the folly of a man prepares for the, a spectacle which will cure thee forever of ambition. When thou hast journeyed two days, retrace thy steps and I firmly believe that nothing will prevent thee from living happily and in tranquility.' I have already journeyed one entire day in obedience to this man, and I will walk to-morrow, but I have little hope of the repose which he promised."

The fisherman, having heard this story, could not prevent himself from admiring the folly of this ambitious one, who made his happiness depend upon the smiles, and words of a prince.

"I will be charmed to see you return, and to hear of your cure," said he to the traveller. "Finish your journey, and in two days return to my cabin. I too am going to travel; I have never been to the city, and I imagine that I shall be much pleased with the sights, and the bustle that should be there."

"That is a bad thought, said the traveller, since you are happy now, why seek to make yourself miserable? Your cabin, appears to you sufficient to-day, but, when you shall have seen the palaces of the great, it will appear to you very small, and very mean. You are very content with your clothes, which scarcely cover you, but it will make you envious when you shall have examined the superb vestments of the rich."

"Sir said the fisherman to his guest," "you speak like a book. Keep for yourself these beautiful reasons to learn how not to be sorry when others are smiled upon, or spoken to. The world is full of men who counsel others, when they cannot control themselves."

The traveller made no reply to this repartee, because it is not polite to contradict a person in his own house.

On the morrow he resumed his journey, and the fisher commenced his. At the end of two days the traveller, Azel, who had encountered nothing extraordinary, returned to the cabin. He found its owner seated before his door, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Of what do you think?" asked Azel.

"I think that I am very unfortunate,"responded the fisherman. "What have I done that God has made me so poor, when so many men are rich, and content?"

At this moment the man who had commanded Azel to journey two days, and who was an angel, appeared before them.

"Why hast thou not followed the advice given thee by Azel?" said he to the poor fisher. "The sight of the magnificence of the city has developed in thy soul, avarice and ambition; they have chased from thee, joy and peace. Moderate thy desires, and thou shalt recover these precious advantages."

"That is easy for you to say,"replied the fisherman,"but to me it is impossible; and I feel that I shall always be unhappy, unless God changes my situation."

"That would be for thy perdition," said the angel. "Believe me, do not wish for more than thou hast."

"You have spoken well,"said the fisherman, "but you cannot keep me from desiring another situation."

"God grants, sometimes, the wishes of the ambitious," replied the angel, "but it is in his anger, and to punish them. Since thou wish to perish, I consent," said he. "Thou canst wish three things; God will give them to thee."

The fisherman transported with joy, "wished that his cabin be changed to a magnificent palace," and immediately his desire was gratified. He then wished "that the little river, which passed his door should be changed to a great sea;" and instantly his wish was accomplished. There remained to him one more wish. After musing a long time he wished "that his little bateau was changed to a superb vessel, freighted with gold and diamonds."

As soon as he saw the ship, he ran to her, to admire the riches of which he was now master. Scarcely had he entered when there arose a great storm. The fisherman wished "to return to the shore and descend to the land," but he had no means to accomplish it. It was then he cursed his ambition. Useless regrets! The sea swallowed him and his riches. And the angel said to Azel:

"May this example make thee wise. The court where thou goest presently, is a sea famous for shipwrecks, and tempests. Whilst thou canst yet gain the shore, do it. Thou shalt one day wish to do it, but without avail."

Azel, frightened, promised obedience to the spirit. He left the court, and went to the country, where he married a maiden, who had more virtue than beauty, or fortune. Instead of trying to augment his great riches, he applied himself to enjoy them, with moderation, and to help the poor. He lives happy and content, and every day thanks God for having cured him of avarice, and ambition, which had, before, poisoned all the good fortune of his life.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20, 1867.

SUNDRY HUMBUGS.

The *American Agriculturist*, for this month "shows up" sundry humbugs as follows: The list of humbugs for the last month is quite long. Follow our advice, and do business, as far as possible, with those only who are well known and reliable dealers. Wright Bros. & Co. are filling the country with their circulars, offering rare chances to obtain fine watches valued at from $45 to $100 for only a $10 greenback, and a trifle for a case and postage. Among other styles is a Silver Hunting Chronometer, valued at $100 recommended as a splendid article. With a pocketful of tickets we "dropped in" to their place, or rather, we climbed up, and found their very small rooms on the *top floor*, and examined some of their stock. It is the kind known among dealers in *bogus*, and that word *means* the same all over the country, though it may not be in the dictionaries—that is, not what it is represented to be. We purchased the Hunting Chronometer, valued at $100, as a curiosity. It has a little silver in the case, perhaps two dollars worth; the movement is very showy, and it will tick a few times if shaken very hard, and kept bottom upwards; turn it over, and it is dead as a hammer, and as a timekeeper it is utterly useless. The "American Watch," described as retailing at $35 to $45, with 2 oz. solid, silver, hunting cases, we saw, and "the man" told us that both case and movement were made in this city, it was stamped "Union Watch Company, New York." There is no such institution in the city, and no such watches were ever made here. An importer in Maiden Lane examined our $100 Duplex, and offered to sell the same article, which he had in stock and showed us, for $6,75 gold, or $9,50 greenbacks. The Union Watch Company's Watch in Hunting Case, precisely like the one of W. B. & Co's. and which we were informed was *white metal*, and not silver, was offered for $8,25 greenbacks. We warn our readers again that those parties who are induced by private circulars and tickets to buy watches or other articles, represented as worth several times the price asked, will find their money gone and themselves sold. C. L. Van Allen, who told us a while ago that his name was A. D. Bowman, now assures us that their is *no such person*. He is advertising, however, in the name of A. D. Bowman & Co. Mr. Van Allen advertises also to sell rights to make "Eureka Oil," which is represented as very cheap, not explosive, can be made by everybody, etc. We received a letter from a chemist stating that this article is very dangerous, so we obtained a sample bottle of the "Eureka Oil." It is simply benzine with perhaps, slight additions, and *explodes as readily as gunpowder*. Any man who recommends the manufacture of such stuff by unskilled hands, deserves the gallows or the penitentiary for life. Don't touch it, or the advertiser of it, in any way. Kelley & Co's Grand Gift Concert is *again postponed*. Keep the tickets as a warning to make no more such investments, which not only reduce capital, but generally good nature too. We have numerous inquiries about concerts for soldiers' Widows and Orphans, Libraries, etc., where tickets are sold and prizes drawn by some means "strictly honest," and "entirely legal," etc. We class them all together, without any exceptions as *lotteries*, and all *lotteries* as *humbugs*. Beware of parties who take *great pains* to assure the public that they are "licensed by United States authority." All respectable business men pay for U. S. license, and who are not respectable, and *such license gives no authority to disregard State laws*, as has been decided over and over again. The medical humbugs are still extant; though we have not given them much attention of late. The most recent demonstration that we have seen is that of Dr. H. B. Burner, whose four page circular is a curiosity in its way. It informs us that the [illegible] Combination Medical Association of [illegible] has invested $275,000 "in the United States, to aid and assist suffering humanity," which is a very handsome thing of them to do. They publish a certificate from "the Executive department, Washington, D. C." signed G. F. Attendon, General Surgeon." Now we would like to know what the "Executive department" does with a surgeon though if it must have one, "Attendon" is a good name for him. "Remember," says the circular, "he (Dr. Burner,) is not to be classed with the Traveling Imposters of the land." Very likely not, but as he "guarantees a cure in every case undertaken," we class him with those belonging abroad. This Dr. B. is endorsed by the "President" of the Union Combination Medical Association," "branch office No. 209 Broadway." The seeker after this office on Broadway would appropriately bring up in St. Paul's Church-yard which is where 209 would be, if there were such a number. The superstitious might think this indicative of the fate of those who take the "French Remedies," or try to prove the statement of the circular that "the Dr. has a balm for every wound."

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Cousin Kate was a sweet wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down to Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out.

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable he again broke the silence by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A Connecticut exchange tells the following story of a boy, who was sent from Croton, Connecticut, to New London one day last Summer with a bag of green corn. The boy was gone all day, and returned with the bag unopened which he dumped on the floor saying:

"There is your corn; go and sell it. I can't."

"Sold any?"

"No; I've been all over London with it, and nobody said anything concerning green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business what it was!"

The boy is not unlike hundreds of merchants who will promptly call him a fool for not telling what he had to sell. They are actually doing the same thing on a much larger scale than did the boy, by not advertising their business.

CAUTION TO VETERANS.—Our exchanges are cautioning soldiers all through the country, against parties representing themselves to be sent from Washington, with instruction to soldiers and claim agents for the collection of additional bounties, and also stating that the soldiers of 1861 are entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land. The object of these parties is to obtain the dates, numbers of regiments and officer's signatures as they appear. With these dates, forged application for pay would probably be made out. Several of these parties have been discovered in Ohio and Indiana.

SPEAKER COLFAX AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

On Wednesday night last, long before seven o'clock, the large hall at Cooper Institute was crowded to repletion with an intelligent assemblage, who had collected to hear the address of Speaker Colfax. Mr. Colfax said: When the bullet of the assassin crashed through the noble and generous brain of Abraham Lincoln, there was no one who clapped his hands for joy at the unnatural murderer, that does not now clap his hands with joy over the policy of the man whom Wilkes Booth's act elevated from the Vice Presidency to the position of the President of the United States. Nor is that all. The last wish of that miserable assassin, who sleeps in his dishonored grave, show that when he murdered your President, was to have a man in the Presidential chair over whose every act rebels should rejoice with exceeding joy. He has passed away; but if he could come back from the cerements of the grave, and look upon this country, he would send up his peons of joy that his dying wish had been fulfilled. I told you I intended to speak to you in regard to the usurpations of the President of the United States. When he became President, after the surrender of the armies of Rebellion, he immediately commenced his work of reconstruction without consultation with Congress. They could not meet except by his call. He refused to issue it, concluding to go on with the work without the authority of the law. We looked on, anxiously waiting for the fruits of the work. It was called at the time "an experiment." He was going to see what would be the result of it; and it was finally to be submitted to Congress for ratification. His Secretary of State declared this explicitly to Gov. Martin, of Florida, and Gov. Sharkey, of Mississippi; and when Congress assembled, Mr. Johnson presented us with the results of his policy. And what were they? In every State that had been reconstructed under his policy, a Governor had been elected, who had either been in the armies of treason or in the councils of treason—not one solitary exception. In every State reconstructed by Mr. Johnson, in the Legislative department the Rebels had supreme and unlimited power. In the Judicial department it was the same. They were triumphant in every branch of every department of every one of the Rebel States reconstructed by Mr. Johnson. The Union men were ruled by a rod of iron, and the freed men were governed by laws merciless in their character, and intended to restore those emancipated slaves to a condition that that would be worse than that from which they had by the will of the nation just escaped. Mr. Johnson showed us his policy, and said to the American Congress, "These are my jewels." We looked at them. We did not dare, before the country and before the onlooking world, to say, "Yea and amen" to it. How could we? And because we did not, he has warred on us ever since, and the highest ambition of his heart now is to destroy the party which elevated him from the Military Governorship of Tennessee to the Vice-Presidency of the Union; and to-day, if he could, he would surrender the party which elected him Vice-President into the power of the men who elected Jefferson Davis their President. He talks about our usurpation! Usurpation! He said we put those States under military rule! So did the President. He said we required Conventions to be called. So did the President. He said we required them to submit their Constitutions to the people for ratification. So did not the President. He said we established a test vote for suffrage. So did the President. He said we demanded the ratification of a Constitutional amendment. So did the President—he doing it without law; we doing it by law—he having no power to make a law; we having by the Constitution the power to make laws. Yet he call us usurpers! That is not all. When he came to appoint officers in the Southern States, whom did he select? Did he take the faithful Union men, who dared to stand fast against enormous odds by the banner of their country? Oh, no! When he came to appoint officers—revenue officers, custom-house officers, surveyors, &c.—nearly every one of them was taken from the traitors of the South, and not from the Union men. And those men, thus clothed with power by your President, turned round to these Uunion men in the South, and said to them, "You thought, when the old flag came back in triumph, you were going to hold positions of trust over us. The Government at Washington know better than that. They know you havn't any influence. They want the men who dared to defy the Nation, and to wage war that cost the blood of hundreds of thousands of you Yankee soldiers. You take back seats; and if we allow you to remain here, you may thank us for the permission." That was the result of his policy. But these officers could not take the test oath. We passed a law in 1862 that no man could hold an appointed or elective office under the Government unless he could take an oath that he had not voluntarily participated in Rebellion; and we put in, furthermore this section: That no officer should draw money out of the Treasury until he filed this oath. So, when these men had served, they came to the door of the Treasury and said, "We want our pay, but we won't take the oath." They went to Johnson, and through his Cabinet official he said, "These men held office, but they can't draw their pay," and we said to him, "Not one farthing of the people's money ever shall go into the pockets of these men." ["Good!" Applause.] And because we said that, he has been warring upon us ever since, denouncing us. ["Turn him out!"] Sometimes those who defend him say he is carrying out Mr. Lincoln's policy. Look at the States Mr. Lincoln attempted to reconstruct during the Rebellion—Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, and West Virginia, carved out of old Virginia. He placed them all in the hands of loyal men. Look at the States "reconstructed" by Mr. Johnson—every one of them into the hands of Rebels—the difference between the brilliant light of the sun at noonday and the darkness of midnight. Mr. Lincoln never made Johnson Governor of Tennessee until he first made him a brigadier in the army of the United States, confirmed by the Senate. As Commander-in-chief of the army he had a right to detail him for this duty. Johnson could have detailed any soldier to that duty, from a private to a General, under military law; but he had no more power to appoint to civil office than any man or woman before me to-night. They undertook to pay these men. Do you know how they got their pay? They got it from the War Department. They could not get it out of the treasury; they were civillians, but drawing pay from the Military Department. Yet he talks about usupation! That is not all. On the 2d day of April, 1866, when Johnson issued his proclamation declaring peace established. He has a number of *whereases:* he put them all in this—six or eight of them. I will not read them; he recites the various proclamations by which these States were declared in rebellion, and then goes on and says:

"And whereas, the laws can be sustained and enforced therein by proper civil authority, State or Federal, and the people of said States are well and loyally disposed."

No doubt they were well and loyally disposed. You saw it when 500 negroes in the South were wantonly killed since we made them free. You have seen it in the outrages upon white men because they were Union men! You see his policy and its results, which culminated at Memphis and New-Orleans in the murder of white men, whose crime was that they sought to reconstruct on a loyal basis. He then adds, "Whereas standing armies, military occupation, martial law, military tribunals, &c., are in time of peace dangerous," &c. Every one knows that in time past but for the army no Union man in the South was safe. He then goes on and says that peace is established. The Constitution says Congress shall have power to declare war, &c. The power to declare war carries with it the power to make peace. Your fathers knew if there was to be war the people who were to lay down their lives had the right to say when it should be declared, and when it should be stopped, as well as to secure the nation against its inconvenience. His proclamation was not worth the paper on which it was written. In July, 1862, the Congress of the United States passed a law authorizing the President to issue an Amnesty Proclamation, on such terms as he might see fit, for the purpose of ending the war. Mr. Lincoln issued it, basing it on this law, and it was spurned by the Rebels. In January, 1867, not having as much faith in Mr. Johnson as we had had in Mr. Lincoln, knowing that he was pardoning Rebels with the very same hand he was striking down Republicans, we repealed the act we had passed. Then, as if to defy the law, he issued this "Amnesty" proclamation for the pardon of Rebels. A pardon which the President has the constitutional power to grant is no more like an amnesty than a marriage license is like a statute. A license affects only the parties procuring it, and they use it if they please, as a person accepts or reflects a proffered pardon. A statute affects the whole community. He knew he had no power to issue it; even Jerry Black, who is so constantly at his ear, is reported to have told him he had no power to issue it. I suppose he found out last year that we didn't want him for President, so perhaps he thought we would have him for king. [Laughter.] Therefore, he issued this amnesty proclamation, with a number of "whereases," that the laws are now enforced in the States lately in insurrection, and the people of the said States are well and loyally disposed; that large standing armies and military governments are incompatible with the rights guaranteed by the Constitution; that a retaliatory and vindictive policy inflicting pains and penalties, confiscation and disfranchisement, now as always, can only tend to hinder reconciliation, therefore he declared a general amnesty, excepting only some two or three hundred persons, with restoration of all their privileges, immunities, and rights of property, except as to property with regard to slaves. I say that that amnesty proclamation was thrown intentionally by him into the very teeth of the people and Congress by this would be autocrat to show us how he defied us, and how little he remembers or regards his official oath. The preamble of the original Military bill—and the same doctrine is embodied in the two supplemental bills—states that whereas no legal State governments or adequate protection of life or property now exist in the Rebel States of Virginia, &c., and whereas it is necessary that peace and good order should be enforced in said States, and loyal and Republican State governments be legally established, therefore it is provided that there shall be five military districts, and that those persons who have been perjured as officers of the State or the General Government, as well as traitors, should not be voters, but should occupy back seats. This bill declares that no legal governments exist there, and this declaration is subsequently repeated in the supplemental bills. But Mr. Johnson's amnesty proclamation declares expressly that they have civil governments there. Although in that bill we demand the disfranchisement for the present of certain classes of Rebels, yet in the very teeth of that law he hurls defiance at that provision. I want to call your attention to his oath. After Congress has passed a law, no President has a right to any "policy" except to carry out that law. I say it is a usurpation for him to have a policy in defiance of that law. His oath is prescribed in the fifth section of the second article of the Constitution. It gives to Congress the power to make all laws necessary and proper to carry into execution all the powers vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States, or any department or officer thereof. There cannot be a department or officer of the Government with any power except by authority of the Congress of the United States, and they only.

The Constitution gives the President power, after Congress has passed bills, to veto them; and then if Congress re-passes them by a two-thirds vote, then his oath as President operates as the Constitution prescribes. What is that oath? He "shall take care that the laws be faithfuly executed." Our fathers made that instrument for war as well as for peace, for the hurricane as well as the calm—so made that instrument that I have never thought it necessary to go outside the Constitution for authority for all that we have done, but believe that the power to declare war carries with it all the power of the laws of nations in war. This is all I want. [Applause.] Our fathers, with wise sagacity, thought there might be a President some time who would not like the laws which Congress had passed, and might wish to set up a policy of his own against them, and they required that every President should swear that he would execute the laws. They did not stop there. They said, "You shall swear that you will faithfully execute these laws, though they may be contrary to your policy. Your oath as Executive requires you not only to *execute* them, but to *faithfully* execute them." That means with zeal and fidelity, and honestly. They do not stop there. They insert words which are found nowhere else, peculiar words, quaint words that do not occur anywhere else in your National Constitution. They said, he shall swear that he will "*take care* that the laws be faithfully executed." It shall be the object of his heart's zeal to do it with the whole vigor of his nature, with the whole power of the Government, enlisted in the work of "taking care that the laws be faithfully executed." Who will say that Andrew Johnson has faithfully kept that oath ["No."] No. He would not say so himself. [Applause.] There has been a good deal of misrepresentation of what I said in Ohio. I will say again exactly what I said there. I don't intend, like Mr. Johnson, to take back my words. I said that when Congress assembled again, if they find that the laws cannot be executed, that the President will not execute them, but on the contrary use his Executive power to resist the laws of Congress, and to keep this country in turmoil, then I say there is only one resort, and our fathers put upon us the responsibility of that resort. [Great cheering. A voice—"Impeach him."] What I have said has been taken down. I am not responsible for what others see fit to put into my mouth; but am responsible for what I say and will not take back one word. [Applause.] But this is not all. I wish we could close this political record here; but it is blacker even than this. Let me take you down to Fort Fisher. When the attack upon it had been repulsed; when distinguished engineers had reported that its successful assault was almost impracticable, and that it could not be reduced, Mr Lincoln felt the necessity of its capture to close up the rebel-running port of Wilmington, the port which by its supplies from abroad, kept alive the spirit of the Rebellion, and he sent for a brave officer from Connecticut, Gen. Terry. He said to him: "I have a forlorn hope for you to lead; I want you to go down to that fort, hurl your men on it; capture that fort and plant the stars and stripes over it, or leave your men there." Gen. Terry felt that was exactly the duty of a soldier. He desired no greater glory. He infused his men with heroism like his own; told them how much depended on the effort; in broad daylight they poured upon it over rifle pits, and batteries and bastions. They fought man to man, and foot to foot tore down that banner, black with rebellion and red with blood, and uplifted the banner of beauty and glory in its stead. [Great cheering,] After they came back receiving the greatful plaudits of the country, and the deserving thanks of Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Terry was sent by him to command the department of Virginia, where he performed his duty faithfully. The Legislature of Virginia, reconstructed under the President's Policy, passed a vagrant law, with which you are familliar, and which I don't intend to read to you. Gen. Terry, on the 4th of February, 1866, issued a proclamation, as military commander, recapitulating this law which had been enacted by this Legislature, into whose hands Andrew Johnson had demanded the surrender of the government of the State. Gen. Terry in his proclamation stated that this law derpressed the wages of the freedmen even below the prices previously paid by the masters for the work of slaves. This law enacted that these men's former slaves should work for the masters at whatever wages the masters agreed upon; and if they did not they were to be taken up and sold. Gen. Terry says in his order that the ultimate result would be the reducing of the freedmen to a condition of servitude that was Slavery in all but the name.