

Adm. Gen. E. G.

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Select Poetry.

Hymn.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

I.

May the dove of Peace, descending
From celestial spheres above,
Over earth her plumes bend
Fold us in eternal love.

II.

In her shelter, man reposing,
Feels what war can never know,
And each day some good blessing,
Cheers alike the high and low.

III.

Peace her prizes best bestowing,
We possess what none can buy,
From a stream of blessings flowing,
From the fountains of the sky.

IV.

Then may gentle Peace, descending
From celestial spheres above,
Over earth her plumes bend,
Fold us in eternal love.

GREAT SPEECH

Hon. C. L. Vallandigham.

Made at the Democratic State Convention of Ohio, on the 4th day of July, 1862.

Following the reading and adoption of the resolutions, loud and continuous calls were made for Mr. Vallandigham and when he ascended the platform he was greeted with rapturous cheers. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President, and fellow Democrats of the State of Ohio: I am obliged again to regret that the lateness of the hour preclude me from addressing you, either in the manner or the particular subjects which otherwise I should prefer. This is my misfortune again to day as last night; but speaking thus without premeditation, and upon such matters chiefly as may occur to me at the moment, if I should happen to get fairly under headway, it may turn out to be your misfortune.—(Laughter.)

I congratulate the Democracy of Ohio, that in the midst of public trial and calumny, that in the midst of derision and the doctrines of the fathers who laid deep and strong the foundations of the Constitution and the Union under which this country has grown great and been prosperous—the fathers by whose principles one and all, the party to which we are proud to belong has always been guided—to day we have assembled in numbers greater than at any former Convention in Ohio. I congratulate you that despite the threats which have been uttered, and the denunciations which have been poured out upon that time honored and most patriotic organization, peaceably and in quiet, with enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, we are here met, and in harmony which is the secret of strength and harbinger of success, have discharged the duties for which we are called together. There was a time when it was questionable if in free America—in the United States—boasting of their liberties for more than eighty years—a party to which this country is indebted for all that is great and good, and grand and glorious—would have been permitted peacefully to assemble to exercise its political rights, and perform its political functions. There has been made in times more recent, that this most essential of all political rights, secured to us by the precious blood of our fathers in seven years revolutionary war, should no longer be enjoyed. The Democrats of our noble sister State of Indiana, second born daughter of the North West, have been menaced within the last ten days, with a military organization and the bayonet, to put down their party. I hold in my hand a telegraphic dispatch from the capital of that State, boasting of this infamous purpose. I will read it gentleman; because I know that the same dastardly menaces have been proclaimed against the Democrats of Ohio, and because I am here to day to rebuke them as becomes a free born man who is resolved to perish.—(Great applause in the midst of which the rest of the sentence was lost.)

Some months ago, a Democratic State Convention was held in Indiana. It was a Convention of the party founded by Thomas Jefferson, and built up by a Madison and a Monroe, and consolidated by an Andrew Jackson (applause)—a party under whose principles and policy from thirteen States, we have grown to thirty-four. For thirty-four years there were, true and loyal to the Union before the Presidential election of 1860—a party under whose wise and liberal policy the course of the empire westward did take its way, until the symbol of American power—the stars and stripes—waved proudly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over the breadth of the whole continent—a party which, by peace and compromise, and through harmony and wisdom and sound policy brought us up from feeble and impoverished colonies, struggling in the midst of defeat and disaster in the war of the Revolution to a mighty empire, foremost among the powers of the earth, the foundations of whose greatness were laid broad and firm, in that noble Constitution and that grand

old Union which the Democratic party has ever maintained and defended. The Democratic party with such principles and such a history and record of its usage for more than thirty years, and under the right secured by a State and Federal Constitution old still, in the capital of the State of Indiana, And yet referring to this party and its convention, the correspondent of a disloyal and pestilent, but influential newspaper in the chief city of Ohio, dared to send over the telegraphic wires, virus wholly under the military control of the administration, which permits nothing to be transmitted not acceptable to its censor, a dispatch in these words:

"The fellows are frightened, evidently not without cause."

"Well, gentlemen, I know not how far Democrats of Indiana may be frightened—and a noble and more fearless body of men never lived—but I see thousands of Democrats before me to whom fear and reproach are alike unknown. Frightened at what? Frightened by whom? We are made of sterner stuff.

"The militia of the State," he adds, "will probably be put on a war footing very shortly."

And who I pray, are the militia of the State? They are not made up of the leaders of the Republican party in Indiana or Ohio I know. I never knew that sort of politicians to go into any such organization in peace or in war. No men have ever been more bitter and unrelenting in their opposition to the ridicule of the militia; and none knows it better than I, as my friend before me by his smile, reminds me that one of my own officers is that I am a militia brigadier in favor of the next foreign war.

But who are the militia? They are the free born, strong armed, stout hearted Democrats of Indiana as they are of Ohio. Let them be put on a war footing. Good! We have hosts of them in the army already and on a war footing, but who are as sound Democrats, and as much devoted to the principles of the party as they were the hour they enlisted. They have been in the South, and I have the authority of hundreds of officers and privates in that gallant army, for saying that not only are original Democrats in it, more devoted to the party to day than ever before, but that hundreds also who went hence Republicans, have returned.—(Laughter and applause.)

Sir, the army is fortunately, most fortunately for the country, turning out to be a sort of political hospital or sanitary institution, and I only regret that there are not more Republican patients in it.

Well, put the militia on a war footing.—Put arms in their hands. They never can be made the butchers or jailors of their fellow citizens, but the guardian of free speech and a free press, and of the ballot box.—Standing armies of the mercenaries, not the militia of a country, are the customary instruments of tyranny and usurpation.

But this correspondent proceeds: "If the sympathizers with treason and traitors."

We sympathize with treason and traitors! We, who have stood by the Constitution and the Union from the organization of the party, in our father's day and in our own day, in every hour of trial, in peace and in war, in victory, and in defeat, amid disaster and when prosperity beamed upon us—we to be branded as enemies to our country, by those whose traitor fathers burned blue lights as signals for a foreign foe, or met in Hartford Convention to plot treason and disunion fifty years ago! We false to the Constitution and to our government, the bones of whose fathers lie buried on every battle-field of the war of 1812, from the massacre at the River Raisin to the splendid victory at New Orleans; we who bore aloft the proud banner of the Republic and planted it in triumph upon the palace of the Montezumas? We by whose wisdom in council and courage in the field for seventy years, the Constitution and the Union and the country which has grown great under them, have been preserved and defended; we to be denounced as sympathizing with treason and traitors, by the men who for twenty years have labored day and night for the success of those principles and that policy and that party which are now destroying the grandest Union, the noblest Constitution and the fairest Country on the globe. Talk to me about sympathizing with disunion, with treason and with traitors! I tell you, men of Ohio, that in three months, in six weeks it may be, these very men and their masters in Washington whose bidding they do, will be the advocates of disunion all who oppose it as enemies to the peace of the country. Foreign intervention and the repeated and most serious disasters which have lately befallen our arms, will speedily force the issue of separation and southern independence—disunion—or of Union by negotiation and compromise.—Between these two I am—and I here publicly proclaim it—for the Union, the whole Union and nothing less, if by any possibility I can have it; if not, then for so much of it as yet can be rescued and preserved; and in any event and under all circumstances, for the Union, which God ordained, of the Mississippi Valley and all which may cling to it, under the old name, the old Constitution and the old flag, with all their precious memories, with the battle fields of the past

and the songs and the proud history of the past—with the birth place and the burial place of Washington the founder and Jackson the preserver of the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. [Great applause.]

But this correspondent again proceeds: "If the sympathizers with treason and traitors mediate to carry out their plans in this quarter."

What plans? Just such as to day have been the business of this Convention; the plans of the old Union party, laying down a platform and nominating Democrats to fill the offices and control the policy of the Government, to the end that the Constitution may be again maintained, and the Union restored, and peace, prosperity and happiness once more drop healing from their wings.

"Plans" the fellow proceeds, "in this quarter they will doubtless find the work quite as hot as they bargained for." And tell the cowardly miscreant who telegraphed the threat that he and those behind him, will find the work fifty fold hotter when they begin it than they had reckoned on, both here and in Indiana.

"Ten thousand stand of arms," he adds, "have been ordered for the State troops."

For what? To put down the democratic party. Sir, that is a work which cannot be done by ten, or twenty, or fifty thousand stand of arms in the hands of any such dastards in office or out of it. If so full of valor, so thirsty for blood, let them enlist under the call just issued for troops in Ohio and Indiana. Let them go down and fight the armies of the "rebels" in the South, and let Democrats fight the unarmed but more insidious and dangerous Abolition rebels of the North and West, through the ballot box. Forty thousand additional troops, I estimate it, are called for in the proclamation of yesterday, from the State of Ohio.

Where are the forty thousand Wide-Awakes of 1860, armed with their portable lamp posts and drilled to the music of the Chicago polka? Sir, I propose that 35,000 of them be conscripted forthwith. They will never enlist; they will not do. They are "Home Guards." They "don't go," but stay vigorously at home to slander and abuse and threaten Democrats whose fathers or brothers or sons are in the Union armies, or have fallen in battle. I speak generally—certainly there are exceptions. But I will engage that if the records of the old Wide-Awake clubs in the several cities and towns of Ohio shall be produced, and the Republicans will detail or draft 35,000 from the list, I will find 5,000 strong-armed stout-hearted, brave and loyal Democrats to go down and see that they don't run away at the first fire. [Great Laughter.]

Sympathizers with treason and traitors! "Accessions" Sir, it is about time that we should hear the last of the Democracy of Ohio and of the United States, are resolved that an end shall be put to this sort of slander and abuse. But I do not propose to discuss this particular subject just now. [Go on, go on.]

Well, then, from that which concerns the Democratic party to a word, a single word, a single word, about what relates to myself; and I beg pardon for the digression. I am rejoiced that it has been permitted me to be here present to day in person before you.—Had you believed the reports of the Republican press, you would no doubt have expected to see the most extraordinary compound of leprosy and unsightly flesh and blood ever exhibited. [Laughter.] Well, my friends, you see that I am not quite monstrous; at least, and bear no special resemblance to the beast of the Apocalypse either in the heads or horns; but am a man of like flesh with yourselves.

To the Republican party alone, and its press, and its orators, I am indebted, no doubt, for a large part of the "curiosity" which I am sorry to say, I seem to have excited; and which has brought out even some of them as if to "see the elephant."

I am never meant to be friendly to wards me, I know, but as I see some of them now within my vision, let me whisper in their ears, that I never had better friends and no man ever had since the world began. They have advertised me free of cost, for the last fifteen months;—yes, I may say for some five years past, all over the United States. Why, sir, a Republican editor without the "undersigned" for a text, would be the most unhappy mortal in the world. Every little "printer's devil" in the office would be hollering for copy, and no copy to be had. I know that they are friends, by the usual sign, "the remarks they make." Gentlemen I have had my share of what Jefferson called the union, the holy oil with which the Democratic priesthood has always been anointed; slander, detraction and calumny without stint, really I am not sure that with me it has not reached "extreme unction," though I am not ready and do not mean, to depart yet. Well, I will not complain. It has cost me not a single night's loss of sleep from the beginning. My appetite, if you will pardon the reference to it, you will allow me, as Lincoln would say, to "blat" upon so delicate a subject—has been in no degree impaired by it. Others before me and with me, have endured the same. Here is my excellent friend near me, [Mr. Medary.] Oh blessed Martyr! For one and sixty years, the storms of partisan persecution and malignity

in every form have beaten upon his head, but though time and toil have made it gray, the heart beneath beats still to day as sound and true to its instincts of Democracy and patriotism, and of humanity too, as when he laid his first offerings upon the altar of his country just forty years ago. What others have heroically suffered in ages past, we, too, can endure. We are all, indeed, still in the midst of trials.

Here before me, is the gentleman of whom I have just spoken, whom you have honored with the Presidency of this noble Convention, for forty years a Democratic devotee and the firmness of a martyr, to the principles and policy of that grand old party, of the Union; and now that the frosts of three score years have descended and whitened his head—he, I say, he lived to see the paper to which he gave the labor and the wisdom of his declining years, prohibited from circulation through a part of the mails, as "disloyal to the Government!"

(Cries of no, no, shame.) Samuel Medary disloyal! and Wendell Phillips a patriot! Sir, it is not many months since, that in the city of Washington, in that magnificent building erected by the charity of an Englishman who loved America, I wish there were more like him, that the art and science might the more widely flourish in this country—the Smithsonian Institute—Wendell Phillips addressed an assemblage of men as false to the Union and the Constitution as himself. Upon the platform was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the third officer in the Government; by his side the Vice President of the United States, and between these two, in proportions long drawn out, the form of "Honest Old Abram Lincoln." Am I mistaken, and was it another and earlier abolition lecture by that other disunionist, Horace Greeley, in the same place, there have been many of them—and Lincoln attend! The Speaker and Vice President I know were there; and with these two or three witnesses before him, and in presence of the priesthood of Abolitionism, the Sumners and Wilsons, the Lovejoys and the Wades of the House and Senate, (great laughter and cheers) surrounded by these, the very architects of disunion, he proclaimed that "for nineteen years he had labored to take nineteen States out of the Union." And yet this most spotted traitor was pleading for disunion in the city of Washington, where women are arrested for wearing of red, white and red, upon their bonnets, and babies of eighteen months are taken out of the willow wagons drawn by their nurses, because certain colored soldiers added to their own found upon their swaddling clothes! The next day, or soon after, this same Wendell Phillips did dine with me; and he afterwards entertained by his Excellency the President of the United States, who related to him one of his choice anecdotes. Yet Democratic editors, Democratic Senators and Representatives, and those holding other official positions by the grace of the States or of the people, are "traitors" forthwith, because they would adhere to their principles and organization of their noble and old party!

Such are some of the exhibitions which Washington has witnessed during the past winter. Congress, too, has been in session.—Sir, I saw it announced in one of the disloyal papers of this city yesterday, that Jeff Davis and Toombs, and Yancy, and Rhet, and other secessionists of the South, would derive much comfort from this day's meeting.

Well, sir, I have just come from a body of men which I would not for a moment pretend to compare for sisterhood, respectability or patriotism with this Convention. That body has devoted its time and attention to doing more in six months for the cause of secessionism, than Beauregard, and Lee, and Johnston, and all the Southern Generals combined have been able to accomplish in one year. Said a Senator from the South the other day, a Union man, "Jeff Davis is running two Congresses now and is making a 4-4 sight more out of the Washington Congress than the one at Richmond."

(Laughter, and many remarks of approval.)

The legislation of that body has been almost wholly for the "Almighty African." From the prayer in the morning (for gentlemen, we are a pious body—we are—making long faces and sometimes very faces, too, [laughter] we open with prayer but there is not much of the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth in it) from the prayer, to the motion to adjourn, it is negro in every shape and form in which he can by any possibility be served up. But it is not only the negro inside of the House and Senate, but outside also. The city of Washington has been, within the past three weeks, converted into one universal hospital; every church, except one for each denomination, has been seized for hospital purposes; and while the sanctuaries of the ever living God—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—not the new God of the Burlingames and Sumners and other Abolitionists, not that God whose gospel written in the new Bible of Abolition—but the Everlasting Jehovah God, have been confiscated for hospitals; every theatre, every concert saloon, every other place of amusement from the highest to the lowest—from the spacious theatre in which a Forest exhibits to an enraptured audience his graphic rendering of the immortal creations of Shakespeare's drunkenness, are open still; as in the Inferno of the great Italian poet—

"The gates of hell stand open night and day." Sir, if these places of amusement—innocent some of them, but not holy, certainly—had first been seized as hospitals, for the comfort and cure of the thousands of brave and honest men who went forth believing in their hearts that they were to battle for the Constitution and the Union, but who now lie wasting away upon their lonely pallets, with no wife or sister, or another there to soothe, groaning in agony with every description of wound which the devilish ingenuity of man can inflict by weapons, whose inventor was inspired by the very author of all human woe and suffering—wounds, too, ranging and festering for the want of surgical aid—if those places, I say, had first been seized, and then if it had become necessary for the comfort or life of the thousands of other sick and wounded who are borne into the city every day, to occupy the churches of Washington, I know of no better or holier purpose to which they could have been devoted. And now, sir, not far from the city capitol, within whose marble walls abolition treason now must riot, is a building, "Green's Row"—by name, in which 1100 fugitive slaves—"contrabands" in the precious slang of infamous Butler—daily receive the rations of the soldiers, which are paid for out of the taxes levied upon the people. One hundred thousand dollars a day are taken from the public treasuries for the support of these fugitive slaves while the army of Shields, and other Union armies in the field even so lately as six weeks ago, marched bare footed, bare headed, and in their drawers, for many weary miles without so much as a cracker or a crust of bread to allay their hunger. Aye, sir, while many a gallant young soldier of Ohio, just blooming into manhood, who heard the cry that went up fifteen months ago, "rally to defend the flag, and for the rescue of the capitol," and went forth to battle with honesty in his heart, his life in his hand, with courage in every fiber, patriotism in every vein, his was and sad on his pallet in the hospital, your surgeons are forced to divide their time and care between the wounded soldiers and these vagabond fugitive slaves, who have been reduced or forced from the service of their masters. These things and much more—I have told you no trifle of—more are done in Washington. We know it there, though it is withheld from the people; and while every falsehood that the ingenuity of man can invent to delude and deceive, is transmitted or allowed by the telegraphic censor of the Administration—themselves users unknown to the Constitution and laws—these facts are not permitted to reach the people of the United States. You newspapers, the natural watch dogs of liberty, are threatened with suppression if but the half or the hundredth part of the truth be told. And now, too, when but one other means remained for the redress of this and the hundred other political grievances, unknown to the land's groan—a party organization and public assemblages of the people—even these, too, are now threatened with suppression by armed force. Aye, sir, that very party, which not many years ago, bore upon every banner, the motto "Free Speech and Free Press," now day by day forbids the transmission through your mails of the papers from which you derive your knowledge of public events, and which advocate the principles you cherish.

And Democratic editors too, are seized—"kidnapped" in the midnight hour—torn from their families—gagged—their wives with officers over their menacing violence if they but ask one farewell grasp of the hand or parting kiss—thrust into a close carriage in the felon's hour of midnight, and with violence dragged to this Capitol and here forced upon an express train and hurried off to a military fortress of the United States. Yes, men of Ohio, to a fortress which bears the honored name of that first martyr to American liberty—the Warren of Bunker Hill; or it may be to that other battle desecrating that other name sacred in American history, and honored throughout the earth—the name of that man who forsook home and gave up rank and title, and in the first flush of manhood came to our shores and linked his fortunes with the American cause—the prisoner of Olmutz, the brave and gallant Lafayette. Aye, freemen of the West, fortresses bearing these honored names, and meant for the defense of the country against foreign foes, and out of whose casemates British cannon planted to hurl death and destruction at armed invaders, echo now with the groans and are warred by the tears—not of men only from States seceded and in rebellion, or captured in war, but from the loyal States of the North and the West, and from that party which has contributed nearly three fourths of the soldiers in the field to day.

Are these things to be borne? (Never, no, never.) If you have the spirit of freemen in you, bear them not! (Great applause, and cries of that's it, that's it, that's it.) What is life worth? What is property and personal liberty and political liberty worth? Of what value are all these things, if we born of an ancestry of freemen, boasting in the very first hours of our boyhood, of a more extended liberty than was ever vouchsafed to any other people, are to fall now in this hour of our sore trial, to demand and to demand them at every hazard? Freedom of the press? Is the man who sits in the White House at Washington, and who owes all his power to the press and the

ballot is he now to play the tyrant over us! (No! never, never.) Shall the man who sits at one end of a telegraphic wire in the War Department or the Department of State, a mere clerk it may be, a servant of servants; sit down and by one single click of the instrument, order some minion of his a thousand miles off to arrest Samuel Medary Judge Ranney, or Judge Thurman and hurry them to a bedside? (No! it can't be done; we will never allow it.) The Constitution says "no man shall be held to answer for crime except on due process of law. Our fathers, six hundred years ago, assembled upon the plains of Bunney Mele old England, and rescued from tyrant hands, not by arms but by firm resolve, the God given right to be free.

Our fathers in the time of James I., and of Charles I., endured trial and persecution and loss of life and liberty, rather than submit to the oppression and wrong. John Hampden, glorious John Hampden, the first gentleman of England, arrested upon an illegal execution warrant, went calmly and heroically to the cells of prison rather than pay twenty shillings of an illegally assessed tax, laid in defiance of the Constitution and laws of England, and the rights and privileges of Englishmen. And all history is full of like examples. William Tell brooded the tyrant's frown in his day and generation in defence of these same rights, in the noble republic of the Swiss; and that gallant little people, hemmed in among the Alps, though surrounded on every side by the despots whose legions numbered more than the whole population of Switzerland, have by that same indomitable spirit of liberty, maintained their rights, their liberties and their independence to this hour. And are Americans now to offer themselves up a servile sacrifice upon that altar of arbitrary power? Sir, I have misread the signs of the times and the temper of the people, if there is not already a spirit in the land which is about to speak in thunder tones to those who stretch forth still the strong arm of despotism. "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther. We made you; you are our servants." That sir, was the language which I was taught to apply to men in office, when I was a youth, or in first manhood and a private citizen, and afterwards when looking on me as one of the people, to hear applied to me, and I bore the title proudly.—And I asked then, as I ask now, no other better reward than, "Well done, good and faithful servant." (Cries of, "You shall have it, you deserve it.") But to day they who are our servant creatures made out of nothing by the power of the people, whose little brief authority was breathed into their nostrils by the people, would now, forsooth become the masters of the people, while the organs and instruments of the people—the press and public assemblages—are to be suppressed, and the Constitution, with its right of petition, and of due process of law and trial by jury, and the laws and all else which makes life worth possessing—are to be sacrificed now upon the tyrant's pivot to that it is necessary to save the Government the Union. Sir, we did save the Union for years—yes we did. We were the "Union saviors," not eighteen months ago. Then there was not an epithet in the whole vocabulary of political billingsgate so approving in the eyes of a Republican when applied to the Democratic party as "Union shriekers," or the "Union saviors."

I remember in my own city, on the day of the Presidential election, in 1860—I remember it well, for I had traveled several hundred miles to vote for Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency—that in a ward where the judges of election were all Democrats, your patriotic Wide Awakes, strutting in unbecoming uniform, came up hour after hour thrusting their Lincoln tickets twice thumb and finger at the judges, with the taunt and sneer, "Save the Union; save the Union!" And yet now forsooth, we are "traitors" and "secessionists!" And old gray bearded and gray headed men who lived and voted in the times of Jefferson and Madison, and Monroe and Jackson—men who have fought and bled upon the battle field, and who fondly indulged the delusion for forty years that they were patriots, wake up suddenly to day to find themselves "traitors!" sneered at, reviled and insulted by striplings whose fathers they would have disdained to have set with the dogs of their flocks.

"Did you ever get to a military ball?" asked a lispng maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear groomed old soldier," in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think madam, it took my leg off."

"A famous Spanish bull fighter offers to bet that he can kill a bull in six minutes. We have seen an ordinary American cow-catcher do the same thing in two seconds.

"Some 'stupid,' fainting a fat companion, remarked that, if all flesh was grass, he must be a loaf of hay.—"I suspect I am," said he, "from the way you assue nibble at me."

"A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says, 'For the effects of intemperance, see our inside!'"

"The ring-leaders of the world—The young ladies who lead their lovers on by hopes of marriage

shattered columns of McJillan in front of Richmond, sacrificed as he has been by the devilish machinations of Abolitionism, and there mingle their blood with the blood of the thousands who have already perished on these fatal battle fields. But no, the whistle of the bullet and the song of the shell are not the sort of music to fall pleasantly upon the ears of this noble Guard Republican soldier.

With reason, therefore, fellow citizens, I congratulate you to day upon victory which you have achieved. A great post said: "Peace hath her victories as well as War."

To day the cause of a free Government has triumphed; a victory of the Constitution, a victory of the Union, has been one, but is yet to be made complete by the men who go forth from this first political battle-field of the campaign, bearing upon their banners that noble legend that grand inscription—The Constitution as it is and the Union as it was. (Great cheering.) In that sign you shall see us. (Great cheering.) In that sign you shall see us. (Great cheering.) In that sign you shall see us. (Great cheering.) In that sign you shall see us. (Great cheering.)

"Who would be a traitor knave, Who could fill a soldier's grave, Who'd mislead us to a bay, Let him go home and hide his head for ever shame."

"I am a peasant being at confession accused himself of having stole some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack. 'That is of no consequence,' replied the peasant, 'you may see it down a stag's tail, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon.'

"Little Sis—'Oh, Bobby, I'm going to have a hoop'd dress, an oyster shell bonnet, a pair of ear drops and a little baby!'"

"A newspaper, in noticing the precarious situation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: '—He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel.'

"The readers to preserve in getting through their work, by stating that 'an old lady in Holland, whose sole occupation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting room floor until she fell through into the cellar.'

"A famous Spaniard bull fighter offers to bet that he can kill a bull in six minutes. We have seen an ordinary American cow-catcher do the same thing in two seconds.

"Some 'stupid,' fainting a fat companion, remarked that, if all flesh was grass, he must be a loaf of hay.—"I suspect I am," said he, "from the way you assue nibble at me."

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