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Political.

SPEECH OF SENATOR DOUGLASS, OF ILLINOIS.

On the Army Appropriation Bill.

Delivered in the Senate, August 27th, 1866.

Mr. Douglas. Mr. President, the Senator from New York, [Mr. Sewall], who has just taken his seat, has made himself merry over the prospect of the defeat of the Appropriation bill for the Army. I have never seen him so

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common and universal consent in Kansas, these laws remain unexecuted, and the President has ever made complaint to a court of justice, so far as I can learn, for a writ or process for a violation of any one of these obnoxious laws.

Mr. Douglas—We passed a bill to amend the laws in relation to the House of Representatives, and your majority will not take it up and pass it. We then sent the bill a second time, and your majority in the House of Representatives will not take it up.

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From the Washington Union. THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN TRUTH AND FALSHOOD.

The fundamental issue between democracy and republicanism is a contest between truth and falsehood. Republicanism was the offspring of a falsehood, and its whole power consisted in the success with which in the vigor of its youth and early manhood it maintained the combat with truth.

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From the Washington Union. The People Will Not Forgive the Treason, Nor Trust the Traitors!

The hue and cry of an indignant people will follow the retreat of the conspirators from the Capitol. The alarm caused by the final development of their plot to bring on civil war had spread throughout the land before the adjournment of the extra session, and the spirit of the country was stirred up to the most determined resistance against the usurpation of all the legislative powers by the House, and against the wicked purpose for which it was designed.

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Poetical.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

By Mrs. M. A. DENISON.

Her bright young face was like the May, When bloom and bloom are best together; And by the mow of fresh heaped hay, Her quick tread brushed the scented heather.

The fresh winds blow her curls from place, Till round her neck like amber dribs, They glittering hang—and her sweet face, Shone like the heaven to which 'twas lifted.

No silks laid in the old home chest, No gawgaw clasped her wrist or finger; She deemed a modest garb the best, And by the home hearth loved to linger.

Her rust no gaudy theatre, Nor lustrous ball-room filled with beauty, No flashing men had charms for her, Whose round of life was love of duty.

But from the eyes in the wind, Of bright faced bluffs and hands in fluster, She often paused to hear what "Lind," With all his skill yet failed to utter.

The silvery-pling of the bird— The flute tones of the sun-rise singer, These richest notes are ever heard, Could the sweet voice of angels bring her.

And in the moon, at sultry noon, At eve and night her soft voice chanted; So true was her love and her faith, And every note seemed beauty-haunted.

And blessings followed her whose grace And every gift lent her glad pleasure; Yet 'tho' her charms made rare her face, The heart that loved them was the treasure.

GOD SAVE THE UNION.

God save the Union of the States! And brighter make those stars which crown the dome.

Around the hallowed glory-day, Of Freedom's birth at Lexington, For all the blood which has been shed, For all the patriot dead,

God save the Union of the States! For the great wrongs which are being done, O, save the Union of the States!

God save the Union. By it stand, O true men who reverse its laws, And oh, remember Washington, Who crushed oppression's blighting claws.

Be faithful to those men who gave To Freedom life—who wove a grave To Freedom's life, if you would save The sacred Union of the States.

God save the Union! By it stand, Ye men whose love is Union's might, Ye men whose hearts are true and bold, Be faithful to one cause—the just— The Constitution is your trust!

God save the Union! When it breaks, The Nation's life is lost; Meet death and doom's rights, Let no Democrat bring his fight, By suicide excrete your might, And save the Union of the States!

Miscellaneous.

The Governor and the Scarecrow. Governor D., of no matter what State, was a plain, farmer-like person—in fact, aside from his political office, his profession was that of a farmer.

Mr. D., if you will come in and take a walk, I do not doubt he will be along soon. The visitor accepted the invitation, and seating himself in the plain sitting room, entered into conversation with the Governor's lady.

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