

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23.

Democratic Denominations of Buchanan.

"For 'D.—'—that Democracy which elected 'M.—' to the Presidency—is now handing him roughly. We shun two 'scimes brutes.'

The Real Republicans.
DEATH CONVENTION OF GRANDFATHER BUCHANAN.—The late PATRICK STONE IS DEAD.—From the time he almost universally attached to the dying cause of his party, we are naturally inclined to look for some token of repentance—some softening of the stern executioner—some expression of regret, hope of salvation or the like. However deep or damning may be the sins of the convicted criminal, the human heart will always shrink from the infliction of wrongs upon its own kind.

To the present President of the United States, who has violated his most sacred pledges, and profaned the most sacred power entrusted to him, living death is the only valve for the fine lips of self-pride.

His last speech was a confession that may well displease the last hope of his countrymen.

He was still great,

and still greater in the breasts of his countrymen.

But he was still greater in voluntary attempt at self-exoneration than in any unadmitted, without the assurance that a single tear will damp the turf that covers him.

The New York Leader "dops up" the President's speech in poetry. We take an extract from that:

ADAM'S GRIEF TO BUCHANAN.

Just now I see thee, gray and old,
With a sad face, and a heavy load
On thy heart, and a burdened soul,
I see the man of great master—
Patron of the South, and the North,
Who would be the statesman!
I see the man of great master—
Adam's grief to Buchanan.

He is gone, my gray water,
A lifeless brook, a dead stream;
Our brook's life is dead;

There's no life left in it.

And when we look at the water,
Then we see the world.

There's no life left in it.

And when we look at the water,
Then we see the world.

There's no life left in it.

There's no life left in it.</p