

The "Saw Log Man's" Speech.

George W. Julian, of Indiana, in the course of his remarks, on Friday night, reflected quite severely upon "Saw Log Man." He rated that "defunct or dying" individual for numerous shortcomings, and was probably injudicious in devoting so much time to that delicate subject.

When Mr. Julian took his seat, a large, able-bodied, well dressed gentleman with a long nose, and a genuine Yankee countenance, mounted the stand, and an episode followed unparalleled in fun. Our Yankee friend was evidently boiling over with a speech. He was excited. He was bound to make a speech. But his appearance—his gesticulation—was ludicrous and original that the audience was convulsed with laughter. The gentleman was announced as Hon. David Ripley, of New Jersey, with the *soubriquet* of "the Saw Log Man."

When order had been somewhat restored, Mr. Ripley said he did not intend to speak to this convention. He had been called out two or three times, but he wasn't a goin' to speechify, because he hadn't education enough. But when he heard the subject of Know Nothings he was bound to speak out, and he would speak out! [Laughter, long and loud.]

I tell you, Mr. President, if it hadn't a ben for Know Nothingism, you wouldn't a had this 'ere Convention! [Cries of "louder."] As Ripley was speaking at the top of his voice at the time, this call caused a big burst of laughter.

I didn't come here to make a speech, but I profess to have a little gumption (Ha! ha! ha!) Now (Ripley paused to collect his thoughts—the audience splitting their sides all the while)—now, I'll tell you what we want to do. It's all in a nut shell. So that we can get our Republican President elected, everybody, even that gray-headed colored man there, will be willing to take by the hand Know Nothings, Know Somethings or Know Anythings. [Laughter.]

As I said to Horace Greeley once, when we was a talking about these Know Nothings and he abused 'em pretty awful, too; says I—

"Friend Horace, have they done any good."

"Why, yes," says Horace.

"Well, then," says I, "touch 'em light!" [More convulsions.]

"But," says I, "Horace, if they do any thing bad—"

Voice—Stick it to 'em.

Ripley—Yes, that's it! Gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be born in old Connecticut. [Laughter. Aint she a state! But I want to say something about the Dutchman (Reemelin: that talked down on the Know Nothings so hard this afternoon. I was a good deal in his position once.)

Now—[laughter at the deliberate and emphatic "now"]—here's brother Hall, (A. OAKLEY HALL, of N. Y.) he says give us the platform. Now—[that "now" again! I—I give you my platform. It was made thirty years ago. My platform I would fight for till I hadn't anything to fight with. My platform, thirty years old mind you, is hated to Rum, Slavery and the Devil! (Prolonged merriment. I have always stuck to that platform. It's a good platform to swear by. When I made it I was working for fifty cents a day, and I gave something to them causes, and when I couldn't give cash I gave work. (Applause. I am a worker, I tell you, I come here as a worker. I ain't educated, nor got much learn; but I generally know what's what. I wouldn't have said anything if my friend from Indiana hadn't pitched into the K. N. Now, then, it ain't right to talk about folks that ain't here. They are off in Philadelphia and a splintin' up there, they say. I stand up to defend Know Nothingism.

Gentlemen, I moved once to New York and then I got down to the Jerseys. I don't like to tell that either, for a man once advertised for a hostler and said he didn't want a man that had been to State's Prison, or the New Jersey Legislature. (Tremendous laughter.) Now, through accident I got into the N. J. Legislature. (Renewed laughter.) Not because I wanted, or because anybody thought I could get there! But I said to the people, says I, if ever you want a man to run on a ticket when he is certain to be beaten, I want to be that man! (Laughter.)

"Saw Log Man" then went on to tell how such a state of things came about, and the folks asked him:

"Well, Ripley, will you live up to your word?"

"Yes, gentlemen, I will that!" says I.

Friends, I jest went at 'em, and I beat Whigs, Democrats, Rum, Slavery and the Devil! (Immense laughter.) But I tried to get clear. I offered 'em a \$100 bill to let me off, but I was no go. You have heard of the Camden and Amboy, I s'pose. Well, when I got down to Trenton, their bill was up before the House. They had three rooms with brandy and oysters, &c., and every member of the Legislature was invited but David Ripley, the Saw Log Man.

Mr. Ripley went on to relate the story of Camden and Amboy legislation. They abused him pretty badly. One of them charged that he was a Connecticut Yankee, and no Jerseyman. Well, I believe I just hushed him up on that. Says I, friend, I believe the Doctors say that a man's entire constitution changes every seven years. At the end of ten years he aint his original, genuine self any more! (Laughter.) Now, says I, I have been down here in Jersey off and on for eight years, and I guess I am just as good a Jerseyman as you are! (Prolonged and boisterous laughter.)

Now, (laughter,) I said I was in the same position as my friend from Cincinnati, (Mr. Reemelin.) I aint such a bitter Know Nothing that I don't consider him as good an American as I am, for he has been in this country more than seven years, and he aint, therefore, the same Reemelin he was when he landed.

Mr. Ripley closed amidst the most boisterous merriment, put on his coat and left the stand.

How & Co., the great press manufacturers of New York, have an evening school attached to their establishment, for the boys in their employ.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, : : : EDITOR.

All Business, and other Communications must be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, March, 13, '56.

Republican Nominations.

For President in 1860:

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For Vice-President:

Hon. DAVID WILMOT, of Penn'a.

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We heartily agree with our Delmar friend that it is high time the Republicans were organizing for the fall campaign. We urged an organization last fall, when that campaign was ended. Our friend will learn that the process of political organization is one of the slowest and most difficult of management in the world, when, as with the Republican party, the nucleus is a great principle. The sham democratic party can organize with much greater facility than can the Republican party. The former appeals to the lower instincts of men, while the latter addresses itself to his nobler nature—to his noblest attribute, Reason. Now, it happens that man is generally more disposed to feel than he is to reason. It happens so because feeling is an impulsive faculty, and therefore in a degree involuntary, while the process of reason is essentially systematic and therefore voluntary. We do not mean to be understood as underrating feeling, nor as rating it with mere animal instinct. But the true nobility of feeling is manifested only when it ensues upon and blends intimately with a reasoning process. To this order of feeling the great object of Republicanism addresses itself.

There are incidental rewards promised to the democratic faithful—office, perquisites and power. The Republican worker must consider these things as secondary considerations, never as primary. He should behold his reward in universal freedom to Max and in the consciousness of duty performed. Universal freedom may not prevail in six generations. That should not deter nor dishearten the earnest worker. The object of Life is not in place nor profit nor honor; it is Duty.

But it is difficult to convince men of these things. And our friend, who is an earnest worker, will, when a few more years have passed with him, be less impatient and unbending, yet love the glorious cause of Freedom just as well as he does today. The work of organization should begin now; but it needs a hundred earnest young men to carry on the work in this county. Where are they and who are they? That is the question.

The communication sent shall have a place, perhaps this week. It is a spirited article and pertinent to the subject.

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And when men say they hope for immortality for the reason that they shrink from the thought of annihilation, they misname their emotion. They only desire immortality because it would avoid annihilation.

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