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BY D. A. RUEHLER.

The Mayflower.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims as they landed on their new world.

God Mayflower I watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the steepest snow,
And leaves of frozen hail.

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her roomed-in bay,
In common with the wild wood flowers,
The first sweet smile of May?

Yes, God be praised, the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold the Mayflower here!"

God will I had your lot shall be,
Outward of wandering feet,
For us the Mayflower of the sea,
Shall spread her sails no more.

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave heart of old.

So lives the father in his sons,
Thus surely faith be ours,
And ours the love that o'ertakes
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day,
The shadows round us draw;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmest suns are long shall bring
To life the frozen sod,
And, through dead leaves of hope shall
A fresh the flowers of God.

Red Jacks, the Indian Chief.

Thy garb, though Austria's becom stars would
Brighten
That metal pale, as diamonds in the dark
mine,
And George the Fourth were in the dance
at Brighton,
A more becoming evening dress than thine.

Yet, tis a brave one, scoring wind and
weather,
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland heather,
Or forest green, for England's Robin Hood.
Hullo!

The Gospel Precious.

O precious Gospel! Will any mortals
hand endeavor to tear away from thee
this best, this truest, and sweetest of
treasures through which one ray of hope can
enter? Would you tear from the aged
and infirm poor: the only proof on which
their souls can repose, their only source
of consolation? Would you rob the world
of its richest treasure? Would you let
hence the flood gates of every vice, and
bring back upon the earth the horrors of
superstition or the atrocities of atheism?
Then endeavor to subvert the Gospel;
throw around you the fetters of infidelity;
laugh at religion and make a mock
of its purity; but be assured that for all
these things God will bring you into judg-
ment. I will persuade myself that a re-
gard for the welfare of their country, if no
higher motive, will induce men to respect
the Christian religion. And every pious
heart will say, rather let the light of the
sun be extinguished than the precious
light of the Gospel.—Dr. Archibald Al-
cander.

More Precious than Rubies.

Would it not please you to pick up
strings of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds
and precious stones, as you pass along the
street? It would make you feel happy
for a month, to come. Such happiness
you can give to others. How? do you
ask. By dropping sweet words, kind re-
marks, and pleasant smiles as you pass a-
long. And as you pass the poor, the
suffering, and the afflicted, let your words
be such as never to be lost; of which
none can be deprived you. Speak to the
orphan child; see the pearly drop from her
cheeks. Take the hand of the friendless
boy; bright diamonds flash in his eyes.
Smile on the sad and dejected; a joy sur-
fuses his cheek more brilliant than the
most precious stones. By the wayside,
amid the city's din, and at the bedside
of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer
and bless. You will feel happier when
resting upon your pillow, at the close of
the day, than if you had picked a score of
perishing jewels. The latter fade and
crumble to dust, the former grow
brighter with age, happier recollections for
ever.

Little to No.

The Cleveland Plain-
dealer says an athletic specimen of a man
from the Emerald Isle, called into the
dressing room of one of our River street
mercantiles. "He took off his hat to make
his bow,"

"The top of the morning to ye, Mithor!
I've been told ye're in want o' help."

"It's but little to do," replied Mr. P—
with mercantile gravity.

"'Tis the boy for ye. It's but little I
one word o' doin'—sure it's the money that
'tis after."

A beautiful supposition prevails among
the Geneva tribes of England. When an In-
dian maiden dies, they imprison a young
bird until it first begins to try its power of
song, and then loading it with kisses and
caresses, they lose its bonds over the grave
in the belief that it will not fold its wings
nor close its eyes until it has found its way
to the spirit land and delivered its precious bur-
den of affection to the loved and lost. It
is not infrequently to see twenty or thirty
birds let loose over one grave.

Prayer.

Prayer was not invented; it was born
with the first sigh, the first joy, the first
glow of the human heart.

Trust in God's Providence.

Two men used to work in the fields to-
gether. One of them was cheerful and
happy, but the other was always full of
fears, and miserable. The cheerful one
would say to his companion, "What would
become of my children, if I were to die?"
And the other would try and persuade him
not to fear, that he was yet able to work,
and to earn bread for them; but he could
not comfort him.

Now in the field in which they were
at work, they spied two nests in one bush,
and they used to watch the old birds going
in and out all the day long, with food for
their little ones. And they often spoke to
each other about the care of these birds for
their young. But one day, just as one of
the old birds was flying to his nest, a hawk
pounced down upon him, and carried him
away. And now the poor man who had
been miserable before, became ten times
more miserable. He could hardly sleep
all night, for thinking, "What would
become of my children, if I were to die?"
The little birds had no parents to feed them,
then of his own children who would have
no one to work for them if he should die.

In the morning he went softly to the
bush, and looked in at the nests, for he
thought he should see the young birds in
one of the nests dying. But he was aston-
ished to see they were alive in both nests,
and chirping as merrily as if no hawk
had ever come near them. He could not
tell how it could be; so he sat down close
by to watch them. Presently he saw the
old birds, belonging to one of the nests, fly
in, and they fed the little ones in one of
them, and then they went away and came
back with food to the little ones in the
other nest; and so they went on all the day
long. And he called his companion, and
almost wept for joy as he showed him this
thing.

So they said to each other, that they
would imitate the birds, and work as well
as they could, each for his own family, so
long as he was able; and if either of them
should die, or be unable to work, then the
other should go on and labor for both fami-
lies.

What a blessed thing it would have
been for that poor, fearful man, if he had
known the kind words the Sparrow once
spoke, "Are not five sparrows sold for two
farthings, and so they were not forgotten
before God? Fear not, therefore, ye are of
more value than many sparrows."

Sidney Smith on Swearing.

Sidney Smith, when travelling in a
stage coach one day, long before railroads
were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by
a young man, who had acquired the po-
lite art of swearing to such an extent that
he could not help interlarding his discourses
with it, as though it were a consecrated
part of the language. As there was a la-
dy present, the matter was doubly annoy-
ing. After enduring the young man's
language for some time, the "swag, wit
and vice," as one of his cockney admi-
rers called him, asked permission to tell
the company a little anecdote, and thus
commented:

"Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs
and tinder-boxes) there was a king of
England who, at a grand ball, (boots, sug-
ar tongs and tinder boxes) picked up the
Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder
boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar
tongs and tinder boxes) and said, 'Honi
soit qui mal y (boots, sugar tongs and
tinder boxes) touch,' which means in Eng-
lish, 'It will be to him, who (boots, sug-
ar tongs and tinder boxes) evil thinks.'"
This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs
and tinder boxes) of the order of the gar-
ter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the
young gentleman said:

"A very good story, sir—rather old—
but what the devil has boots, sugar tongs
and tinder boxes to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend,
what 'do'—a my eye, &c., have to do with
your conversation. In the meantime,
allow me to say, that's my style of swear-
ing."

Benedict Arnold.

The following letter we clip from the
Home Journal:

"Not far from my present residence yet
stands the house where Benedict Arnold
once lived, and in which he kept a drug
store, the sign for which is still in the gar-
age. Some fair day, I shall endeavor to
visit the premises, and give you a de-
scription. Meanwhile, I send you this
literary copy of a letter from Arnold's moth-
er to her son, which I received from a
kind, respectable lady of this city. It
overflows with maternal pity and affec-
tion for her recalcitrant child.

"Newtown (Conn.) April 13, 1784.

"Dear son: I received yours of the 13th
instant, and was glad to hear you well;
pray, my dear, let your first concern be
to make your peace with God, as it is of
greater importance, keep a
steady watch over your thoughts, words,
and actions; be dutiful to superiors, obliging
to equals, and affable to inferiors;—if any
such there be always choose that your companions
be of your betters, that by their good exam-
ple you may learn. From your affectionate moth-
er.

"BENEDICT ARNOLD.

"P. S.—I have sent you fifty shillings—
you use it prudently as you are accountable
to God and your Father. Your father and
aunt joins with me in love to Mr. Cogswell
and lady, and yourself. Your sister is from
home.

"Addressed to Mr. Benedict Arnold, at
Canterbury.

"The above letter is one hundred and
two years old. It is an exact copy, and
confirms the fact that Arnold's mother
was a pure-minded Christian woman, who
performed her duty both by precept and
example.

"Advice, like snow, the softer it falls,
the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it
sinks into the mind.

"A bashful Printer refused a situation in
a printing office where females were em-
ployed, saying he never 'set up' with a
girl in his life.

A few hints on Budding.

Budding, or inoculation, is one of the
most general, and, in this country, by far
the most important method of summer
propagation. This operation consists in
removing a bud from the variety to be
propagated, and inserting it on another,
which is called the stock. Its success de-
pends upon the following conditions:—

In the first place there must be a certain
degree of affinity between the stock and
the parent plant from which we propose
to propagate. Thus, among fruit trees,
the apple, crab, pear, quince, mesquite, and
mountain ash, all belong to the same nat-
ural family, and may be worked upon each
other. The plum, apricot, nectarine,
peach and almond, form another natural
division, and work upon each other. The
cherry must be worked upon some kind of
cherry, and currants and gooseberries go
together. In general practice the apple
is worked either upon apple seedlings
which are called free stocks, or upon the
douglas or paradise, which are dwarf
growing species, and are used for the
purpose of making small trees. The
pear is either worked upon pear seedlings,
which are called free stocks, or upon the
quince to make dwarfs; occasionally it is
worked upon the mountain ash and thorn.

But it must be borne in mind that while
all varieties succeed on the pear seedling,
a certain number fail entirely on the other
stocks we have named. The cherry is
worked either upon seedling, small black,
known as the Mazzard, or upon a small
sweet cherry, which forms a very large and
sweet tree; or for dwarf, on the mahaleb,
or performed cherry, which is a small tree
with bitter fruit, about as large as a com-
mon sized pear.

In the second place, the buds must be
in a proper state. The shoot, or scion
budded from, must be the present season's
growth, and it must be mature—that is
it should have completed its growth, which
is indicated by the formation of a bud on
the point, called the terminal bud, and the
buds inserted should be wood buds. On a
shoot of this kind, there are a number of
buds unsuitable for working; those at the
base being but partially developed, available
to become dormant, and those on the point,
where the wood is pithy, perish. The rip-
ening, or maturing of the buds, must regu-
late the period of budding, so that the
time at which any given tree or class of
trees should be worked, depends upon the
season, the soil, and other circumstan-
ces which control the ripening of wood.—
In our climate, plums usually complete
their growth earlier than other fruit trees,
and are, therefore, budded first; we usu-
ally have ripe buds by the middle of July.
In some cases, when the stocks are likely
to stop growing early, it becomes neces-
sary to take the buds before their growth
and then the ripe buds from the middle
and lower parts are chosen. Cherries
come next, and are generally worked a-
bout the first of August. The buds must
be mature, or a failure will be cer-
tain.

In the third place, the stock must be
in the right condition—that is, the bark
must lift freely and cleanly from the wood,
and there must be a sufficient quantity of
sap between the bark and wood to sustain
the inserted bud and form a union with it.
Stocks, such as the common sorts of plum,
pear, and cherry, that finish their growth
early, must be worked early; while such
as the peach, quince, wild or native plum,
mahaleb cherry, etc., that grow late must
be worked late. If these stocks that
grow freely till late in the autumn be bud-
ded early, the buds will either be covered
up—"drowned" as it is technically called—
by the rapid formation of a new
woody substance, or they will be forced
out into a premature growth.

A very great degree of sapiness, in ei-
ther the stock or bud, make up, in part,
for the dryness of the other. Thus, in the
fall, when plum buds are quite dry, we can
work them successfully on stocks that are
growing rapidly. This is a very fortunate
circumstance, too. Young stocks with a
smooth, clean bark, are more easily and
successfully worked than those that are
used, young parts of them should be chosen
to insert the bud on.

In localities where buds are liable to in-
jury from freezing and thawing in the
winter, the buds are safer on the north
side of the stock, and when exposed to
danger from wind, they should be inserted
on the side facing the point where the
most dangerous wind blows from. At-
tention to this point may obviate the
cessity of tying up, which in large prac-
tice is an item of some moment.

In the fourth place, the manual opera-
tion must be performed with neatness and
despatch. If a bud be taken off with rag-
ged edges, or if it be ever so slightly
bruised, or if the bark of the stock be not
lifted clean without bruising the wood un-
der it, the case will certainly be a failure.
The adding knife must be thin and sharp.
A rough edged razor is no more certain to
make a painful slave, than a rough edged
budding knife is to make an unsuccessful
bud. It takes a good knife, a steady hand,
and considerable practice to cut off buds
handsome, well and quick. As to taking
out the particles of wood attached to the
bud, it matters little, if the cut be good
and not too deep. In taking out the wood
the great care is necessary to avoid taking the
root of the bud with it. Then when the
bud is in its place, it must be well tied up.
Nice, smooth, soft strips of old linen, or
row ribbons, are the best of all most con-
venient in common use. Every part of the
cut must be wrapped so firm as to exclude
the air completely, and this should be
done as quickly as possible, as the air soon
blackens the inner surface of the new parts
that are placed in contact.

We have thus stated briefly, for the be-
nefit of beginners, the chief points that re-
quire particular attention in budding, or
inoculation. Amateurs who have but lit-
tle to do should choose the mornings and
evenings, or cloudy, cool days, to do their

hudding; but nursery-men must work all

weathers, and in all hours of the day; but
their superior skill and quickness renders
it less hazardous. When only a few stocks
are to be worked, and the weather happens
to be dry, a thorough watering or two will
be of great service in making the bark lift
freely.—The Horticulturist.

FRATRY TO THE POINT.—A certain
lawyer, in a New England town, who was
noted for his over-reaching and short
comings, during a revival came under con-
viction, and asked for the prayers of the
church, for the furtherance of his conver-
sion. His appeal was responded to by one
of the saints, an eccentric but pious
old citizen, well known for being plain,
blunt, square toed and flat footed. He
went it thus:

"We earnestly entreat thee, O Lord,
to sanctify our penitent brother, here. Fill
his heart with goodness and grace, so that
he may now forsake his evil ways, and
hereafter follow in the straight path. We
know, good Lord, thy favor; that it is re-
quired of him, why has he appropriated
worldly goods to himself dishonestly, to
make restitution for; and we do be-
seach thee to have mercy on this erring
brother, as it would be impossible for him
to do that, and let him off for the best in-
terest of his soul, without begging his family in-
terest, for instance, say, his paying twenty
five cents on the dollar."

An honest son of Erin lately arrived in
Baltimore, was employed to drive a cart.
Not being an adept in the art and mystery
of hauling dirt, he was wofully perplexed
when he wished to empty the cart, and af-
ter as much manouvering as would have suf-
ficed to move a seventy four, he marched
up to the horse's head, seized the bridle
with a powerful grip, and sang out, with
a hearty good will, "re-ear up! re-ear up!"
calculating, we suppose, that the horse
would elevate himself far enough to empty
the cart.

An hour of honest labor will give any
man a better appetite than all the roots
between here and Egypt.

Love—A morning stream whose melody

glideth the day.

A hundred Years Ago.

Where, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that in the spring
A hundred years ago?
The eyes that were
In flashes shown
Soft eyes upon
Where, where are all the lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

Who played all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering trait
Of sister frail,
And comes for ward
A brother's hurt,
Where, oh where, are plots and snares,
The poor man's hope, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept
A hundred years ago?
Who were they the living wept
A hundred years ago?
By other men
That knew not them,
Their names are filled,
Yet nature then was just as gay,
And bright the sun shone as today,
A hundred years ago!

SPEECH OF HON. E. D. CULVER.

Among the speakers at the New
York Kansas Meeting, last week, was the
Hon. E. D. CULVER, who is thus reported:

FELLOW CITIZENS.—I will occupy your
attention for a few moments, for the pur-
pose of keeping you still until somebody
else comes forward. I am rejoiced to
find such an ocean of faces here to-night.
It is an indication of what the state of the
public pulse is. It is a counterpart of the
glorious meeting we had here the other
night; for when you get a fire into a win-
dow it generally "burns" clear through.
[Laughter.] The man that loves freedom
of speech and the liberty of the press also
loves the rights of Kansas and is ready to
stand up for them. [Applause.] When
you see signs like these all over the coun-
try you are led to inquire what the cause
is and where it lies. It is now two years,
four months and seventeen days since the
bleeding wounds of the body politic were
healed and that agitation was at an end.
The Conventions of Baltimore affirmed
that the whole matter was settled, and one
party—the Democratic—told us that they
meant to hurl a political anathema at any
man, or any set of men, who should re-
new the agitation on the question of Slavery.
Although some of us didn't like the
adjustment very well, yet it is due to his-
tory and to fact to say that the great mass
of the people had accepted the Compromise.
The country had gone to rest. We had
embarked on board of the old ship call-
ed "Finality." We were like passengers
on board of a California steamer out at
night under the canopy of heaven—the
stars keeping watch over our heads. The
ocean was tranquil; but suddenly, at mid-
night, a cry was heard from the quarter-
deck; there is danger night—the ship is
in trouble. Every passenger leaps from
his berth—his hands are summoned on
deck. What now is the cry? "There is a
wave of agitation, mountain-high, about
to overwhelm this 'Finality' and send
her to the bottom." Fellow-citizens is
my picture too strong? [Cries of "No,"
"No."] Look over the fifteen Northern
States of the Union for the last two years
and tell me when you ever saw such an
upheaving of the masses—such a hustling
out and putting in—whole regiments of

we had put our hand and seal to it, we

had too much honor to back out from it.
And when that measure passed, how was
it carried through finally? It called in
the aid of the giants of the South. I have
their names in my mind, who came in to
save the measure. I have their names in
last to the rescue: Louisa, Pinckney, Mc-
Lean, and last but not least, Henry Clay.
[Great applause.] These men were call-
ed for. They carried the matter through.
And where now are the men that put their
hand to it? I remember the celebrated
letter of Pinckney, after the passage of
the measure. Said he: "Last night we
carried the measure through. It will ve-
ry soon give the South six or eight more
Senators." These all came along. "But"
said he, "we agreed to prohibit Slavery
North of a certain line. We did this to
quiet agitation on the subject. It is a
fruitless and barren donation to the North.
Long years must roll round before the
sound of civilized men will be heard North
of that line." But I tell you, fellow-citi-
zens, the trial of the Anglo-Saxon man
is firm and rapid! When Freedom, with
melting eye and yearning heart, was look-
ing over that broad Territory, when we
of the North were about to step in and
take our part of the compact, it was sud-
denly discovered that the bargain was a
bad one—that it was unconstitutional—
that it must be disavowed—that it must be
broken down and trampled under foot!—
I want to say one word more [Go on! Go
on!] I would like to draw a compact
and I wish I had a power of imagination
adequate to the task. "These terms of
class of men saying: "These terms of
Kansas broke the laws of the Territory.
There were laws there, and they ought to
have been obeyed." I would like to get
one of those glassy-eyed Locofocos who say
such things, [great laughter], and ask him
the question, What would they think if
this picture should be reversed? Suppose,
in 1854, it had chanced, among the many
other things that might have been, that
William H. Seward had been President
of the United States [Great and enthusi-
astic applause.] Suppose that at this
time there had been an Abolition majority
in Congress, and that in a moment unex-
pected for that eccentric man, Senator Wade
of Ohio [great applause] had known how
to pull a trigger, and that a good deal of
[great applause]—suppose that Senator
Wade had sprung a trap upon Congress
and the country, by proposing that the
act of 1820, which introduced Missouri as
a Slave State into the Union, be repealed
and, thinking there would be a little stir
about it, should have taken care in his bill
to make provision that the bona-fide set-
tlers should have a right to discuss and
vote upon the question de novo, whether
they will have Slavery in the Territory of
Missouri. But suppose that, when the
day of election comes, three thousands
Buckeye voters, under Joshua R. Giddings,
thousand more Suckers of Illinois under
Trumbull, [applause], fifteen hundred
more from Missouri—and, then added to
these, there should be a thousand Radicals
under Lloyd Garrison [laughter]—sup-
pose that these men, all banded together,
hover round the confines of Missouri, and
on the night before elections they go over,
file and drum, with banner displayed, ev-
ery man armed with a pistol, rifle and dirk,
and, marching to the polls, give every
man five minutes to comply with their re-
quest or be shot; and they disperse the
entire confines of Missouri, elect a major-
ity of men residing in Ohio, in Arkansas,
in Pennsylvania, in New York. What do
you think such a Legislature would
be likely to do? They would know
what they were elected for, and they
would do it. They would declare for
their first act, that any man that sees fit to
discuss the question whether Slavery can
exist in Missouri shall be branded as crim-
inal, and have seven years in the Peniten-
tiary. Don't you think, fellow-citizens,
that for all this there would be something
of a rustling down South? Would there
not be an alarm? Would not the entire
sentiment of the whole rise up and pre-
pare to march against such a course? Suppose
a memorial to President Seward, complain-
ing of their wrongs, and he should say to
them: "You shall have justice done—I
will call a new Governor, if you are not
satisfied," and he summons Fred. Doug-
lass to go and be Governor [applause].
Suppose Fred. Douglass goes there and
on the confines of Missouri makes a great
speech—he is able to do it [great applause].
—since Henry Clay died there is hardly a
man in this country who can do it better
than Fred. Douglass [great and enthusias-
tic applause.] Suppose Fred. Douglass
says that he has come to carry out the
laws of the Legislature, and that he will
stand by it. Let me ask you, fellow-citi-
zens, soberly, and here I come to a point
over which humanity might weep—would
not those fields be drenched with blood be-
fore one-half that I have narrated should
come to pass? Would not the Capitol be
razed to the ground? Would not Presi-
dent Seward be driven away from the city?
What would not an outraged people
have done? Is there any one among you,
Soft Face or Hard Face, Soft Shell or
Hard Shell, who for one moment would
have said that the people ought to have
been obeyed? Is there a man who has
beyond these Abolition Laws? Is there a
man that would have pretended that it
was your duty to stand before it? And yet how
it is your duty that gored my ox, oh what
a difference that makes! [Great applause.]
That is the picture! I never found a
man who in sober earnest would say that
they should have been, or be now, obeyed
[Great applause.] I don't wonder that
they voted against investigation. What a
picture would have been presented there!
[applause.] Now, how does Kansas
stand before us to-night? I am accustomed
to plead cases; it is my profession; but
oh! there is a client that stands before
me to-night whose injuries are grievous in-

dead. She is trailing her garments in the

dust. She is trailing her garments in the
dust. She has been trampled under
foot and well nigh crushed. Where are
these people to-night? You look and see
that these people have been driven out,
scattered, shot—for what? For what?
Because they loved Liberty. [Applause.]
Because, loving Liberty, they determined
to defend it. [Applause.] Do you wonder
that that imitable Quaker poet, John
G. Whittier—[bold and sparkling and
cheering]—I thank God that he is not the
cheering poet—[turning to William Cullen
Bryant]—I thank God that he is not the
cheering poet—to our own age. [Great
and enthusiastic applause, terminating in
three hearty cheers.] Judge Cullen, after
the applause had subsided, recited sev-
eral verses from Whittier's poem, "The
Burial of Barbour," and took his seat—
amid loud clapping of hands.

The N. Y. Herald on the Cincinnati

Conventions.

The following is the pith of a leading
article in the N. Y. Herald of the 4th:

"We know of nothing so full of want-
ing to the people of this Union as the
labors, the fuss and hummy, the disgen-
erous exhibitions of corruption and depre-
dation, and the motley gathering of the filthy
birds of prey and carrion crows which at-
tend the accession to the latter days
of one of those modern political monsters
known as national conventions. In-
stead of the Cincinnati Convention, ac-
cording to the modest purpose of dis-
cussing the democracy of the Union,
their exclusive candidate for President of
the United States, meets under the im-
pressive auspices of pistols and bowie
knives, bludgeons and terrorism, and is
preceded by the company of five hundred
gamblers and blacklegs, and from three
to four hundred women of the town, gal-
loping from the steers of our large cities,
and all revelling together as in the fac-
tories of a common jubilee. Such is the
revolting spectacle now exhibited to an
instructed, enlightened and intelligent
people by the once venerable and high-toned
democratic party. In fact, this party, now
known as the Cincinnati Convention, has
fallen under the control of the nigger driv-
ers of the South, as completely as the
broken fragments of both the old party
of the North have sunk into the dirty
schemes of the nigger worshipping demag-
ogues of this section.

This Cincinnati Conference of the nigger
drivers will, of course, give us a high-sounding
platform, full of windy abstractions
and unmeaning rubbish, with which to
gull and hood-wink the honest yeomanry of the
country; whereas, if the principles of this
niggers drivers' convention were truly ex-
pressed, they would be given in no such
platform as the following, to wit:

1. Resolved, That niggers, pistols, bowie
knives and bludgeons are the fundamental
principles of the Democracy, as reconstructed
under the administration of our warlike Frank-
lin Pierce, by our dear friends, the Southern
nigger drivers.

2. Resolved, That the freedom of speech in
debate is a sacred right in the United States Senate;
and abuses which can only be corrected by
the application of the ratta percha to the
head of the offending party, as he sits in
his chair; and that to utter a word of
liberty, or to breathe a word of truth, as
Senator we are righteously rebuked from
the true policy of the "unfettered democracy."

3. Resolved, That the killing of a contemptible
Irish water holding the position of a nigger
driver, for neglect of duty or impudence to
a democratic question coming down to a late
breakfast, is a proper way to the whole
Irish race that they can no longer expect to
ride rough shod over the democracy of the
Union.

4. Resolved, As the constitution, as inter-
preted by our nigger drivers, the nigger driv-
ers, has already established African slavery in
all the territories of the United States, that
"squatter sovereignty" is a humbug con-
siderably behind the age, and that all abolition
and nigger drivers' questions coming down to a late
breakfast, if necessary, by fire and sword, &c.

This is whatever disguises of high-
sounding verbiage the Cincinnati nigger
drivers' democratic platform may be writ-
ten—this, we dare say, will be its proper
interpretation.

It is a very easy thing to make plat-

forms. They are but the traps set by
cunning demagogues in which to catch
simple and credulous noodles. It matters
little now what may be the verbiage of
the democratic platform—it matters little
who may be the democratic nominee, as
far as the policy of the party is concerned.
It has become too much degraded and de-
moralized—too much the slavish tool of
the nigger driving managers—to be any
further practical benefit to the country;
it stands.

The Cincinnati jugglers affect to believe,
that their nominee will be elected without
an effort. Yet there can be no doubt that
a large majority of the American people
are disgusted with the blunders and crimes
of this Pierce Administration—disgusted
with the bloody ruffianism which it has in-
fused into the democratic camp, and are
anxious to rebuke and drive out of power both
Northern nigger worshippers and South-
ern nigger drivers. We do not include in
this classification of nigger drivers, the vast
body of the honest, big-hearted, conscien-
tious, Union-loving people of the South.
The nigger drivers are but a small portion
of the Southern people; but they are the
active successive jugglers, by whom the will
of the great majority is sufficed, and
through whom their wishes and their prin-
ciples are betrayed. A half dozen cunning
demagogues may thus contrive to forgetful,
pervert, caricature and outrage the best
opinions of their party of a whole State;
and a hundred jugglers at Cincinnati may
thus dictate the law to the present and
future of the whole Union. Look for
instance at "Cincinnati" and what shall
be the result? "Cincinnati" has a place among
the nigger drivers in view of the present
and future of the whole Union.