

The Ebensburg Alleghenian.

W. HUTCHINSON, Editor.
E. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1867.

NUMBER 30.

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
[Jan 24, 1867.]

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Bank. [Jan 24]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

P. TIERNEY, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Jan 24]

WINSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House. [Jan 24]

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law, Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifications made. [Jan 24]

SHOEMAKER, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Attorney paid to collections. Office one door east of Lloyd & Co's Building. [Jan 24]

W. SINGLETON, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on High Street, west of Foster's Hotel.
Attends also to the collection of claims against the Government. [Jan 24]

GEORGE W. OATMAN, Attorney at Law and Claim Agent, Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa.
Pensions, Back Pay and Bounty, and Military Claims collected. Real Estate sold and paid, and Taxes attached to Book Accounts, Notes, Due Bills, Mortgages, &c. collected. Deeds, Mortgages, &c. written, and all legal business fully attended to. Pensions increased, and Equalized Bounty collected. [Jan 24]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls promptly attended at his office. [May 23]

DENTISTRY.
D. W. ZEIGLER, having opened an office over R. R. Thomas' store, and professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. [Apr 18-4m]

DENTISTRY.
The undersigned, Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to thoroughly acquaint himself with every improvement in his art. To many years of practical experience, he has sought to add the practical experience of the highest authorities in Dental Science. He simply asks that an opportunity may be given for his work to speak for itself.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.
Prof. C. A. Harris; T. E. Bond, W. R. Handy; A. A. Blandy, P. H. Ausler, of the Baltimore College.
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth day of each month, to stay one week. [Jan 24, 1867.]

LLOYD & CO., Bankers—
Ebensburg, Pa.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and Securities bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States, and a General Banking Business transacted. [Jan 24, 1867.]

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
Altoona, Pa.
Gold on the principal cities, and Silver on demand. Collections made. Money loaned on deposit, payable on demand, at 6 per cent. interest, or upon time, with interest at 7 per cent. [Jan 24]

LLOYD, Pres't. JOHN LLOYD, Cashier.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA.
GOVERNMENT AGENCY,
AND
REGULATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North of Altoona, Pa.

REGISTERED CAPITAL.....\$300,000
CAPITAL PAID IN.....150,000 00
All business pertaining to Banking done on usual terms.
Revenue Stamps of all denominations always on hand.
Interest will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to \$100, 3 per cent.; \$100 to \$500, 3 per cent.; \$500 and upwards, 4 per cent. [Jan 24]

EES J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Bunn,
Dealer in
DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, AND DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMES, AND FANCY ARTICLES, PURE GUMS AND BRANDIES FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.
Also:
Cap. and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
by Druggists generally.
Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Main Street, opposite the Mountaineer, Ebensburg, Pa. [Jan 24]

CHARRETT'S DYSERT, House,
Sign, and Ornamental Painting, Grain-Blowing and Paper Hanging.
Work done on short notice, and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop in basement of the Hall, Ebensburg, Pa. [my9-6m]

W. SINGLETON, Notary Public, Ebensburg, Pa.
Main High street, west of Foster's Hotel. [Jan 24]

BRISING SUN STOVE POLISH.
The beauty of polish, saving of labor, and cheapness, this preparation is unsurpassed. Buy no other. For sale by
GEO. HUNTLEY,
Ebensburg, Pa. [mer 21]

SHOE STORE! SHOE STORE!!

The subscriber begs leave to inform the people of Ebensburg that he has just received from the East and has now opened out, at his store-room, the

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL KINDS!

ever brought to town. The stock was made expressly to order by the

BEST SHOE MANUFACTORY IN PHILA., the subscriber having gone to the trouble and expense of visiting that city especially to order it. The work is warranted not to rip—if it rips, it will be

REPAIRED FREE OF CHARGE!
A visit to his establishment will satisfy any one that he can not only sell a better article than all competitors, but that he can also sell

CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!
He also continues to manufacture Boots and Shoes to order, on short notice and in the most workmanlike style.

A VERY SUPERIOR LOT OF REAL FRENCH CALF SKINS ON HAND!

Stand one door east of Crawford's Hotel, High street, and immediately opposite V. S. Barker's store. feb 11

TO THE LADIES OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.—Having recently arrived from the city with a handsome assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS,

of the latest styles, comprising BONNETS, SILKS AND VELVETS, FINE FRENCH FLOWERS, an assortment of RIBBONS, all widths and colors, Ladies' plain and fancy DRESS CAPS, Infants' silk and embroidered CAPS, together with Hoop Skirts, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Gent's Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, &c., we invite the ladies of Ebensburg and surrounding districts, to call and examine our stock, in the store-room formerly occupied by E. Hughes, below the Mountain House.

We have a Fashionable Milliner of excellent taste, who will pay particular attention to bleaching, pressing and altering Hats and Bonnets to the latest styles.

Mrs. J. DOYLE,
Miss M. RUSH.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS!—The undersigned keeps constantly on hand and is still manufacturing all articles in his line, such as

SADDLES,
FINE SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, DRAFT HARNESS,
BLIND BRIDLES, RIDING BRIDLES, CHECK LINES,
HALTERS, WHIPS, BRICHBANDS, &c. &c.
All which he will dispose of at low prices for cash.

His work is all warranted, and being experienced in the business, he uses only the best of leather. Thankful for past favors, he hopes by attention to business to merit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally extended to him. [Jan 24]

Shop above the store of E. Hughes & Co. Persons wishing good and substantial Harness can be accommodated. HUGH A. MCCOY.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS!—Being desirous of retiring from business, I offer for sale the

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY, with all its appurtenances, including all the real and personal property thereto belonging, the Engine, Patterns, Flasks, &c. Also, all the stock, manufactured and unmanufactured, consisting of

THRASHING MACHINES, COOKING STOVES, PARLOR STOVES, PLOWS,

CASTINGS of various kinds. As I am determined to sell, purchasers may rely upon getting any or all the above named articles cheaper than they can be had anywhere else in Pennsylvania. The public are invited to call and judge for themselves. July 18, 1867. E. GLASS.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!—The subscriber would inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps constantly on hand everything in the

GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY line, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c. Also, **CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES!**

Also, Buckskin and Woolen Gloves, Woolen Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere. A full assortment of Candies!
Ice Cream every evening. [Jan 24] R. R. THOMAS.

LATEST ARRIVAL!—The subscriber has just received, at his store, on High street, Ebensburg, a large and salable stock of

Flour, Bacon, Sugars,
Molasses, Tea, Coffee,
Table Salt, Barrel Salt, Spices,
Cheese, Tobacco, Cigars,
and everything in the

Grocery, Notion and Confectionery line.
Also, Boots and Shoes, Carbon and Lubricating Oils, &c. &c.
All which will be sold very cheap for cash. [Jan 24] G. G. OWENS.

COAL! COAL! COAL!—The subscriber is now carrying on the Colliery of Wm. Tiley, Sr., at Lily Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Cambria county, and will be glad to fill all orders, to any amount, of citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Satisfaction as to quality of Coal guaranteed in all cases. Wm. Tiley, Jr., Hemlock P. O., Jan. 24, 1867.

O. K. CURTAIN FIXTURE.—Has no superior in the world! Is pronounced faultless by all who have seen it. It is predicted it will supersede all other Curtain Fixtures now in use.
For sale by
G. HUNTLEY,
Ebensburg, Pa. [mer 21]

PAGANINI'S VIOLIN.

Monsieur Durenel, a rich banker of Paris, in spite of millions, was a prey to ennui. Besides wealth, he had other elements of happiness in a gentle companion, a son of great promise, and a charming niece, who was his ward and whom he loved as his daughter. Henrietta had attained her eighteenth year, was lovely in character and possessed every charm which beauty can give. Her sprightliness and amiability were not the smallest charms of the rich banker's house. The desire to see his niece well married, and the difficulty of finding a suitable connection, had often drawn M. Durenel out of his accustomed apathy; but these spasms of moral activity were of short duration and he as often relapsed into the ennui so habitual to him. He consoled himself with the thought that his niece, though not so rich as himself, was still rich enough to secure a husband; but he regretted as ardently as his nature would permit that his son was too young to marry; for, notwithstanding the relative scantiness of his ward's fortune, he would not have hesitated to conclude an alliance which would have freed him from his only care. However it might be, it was seldom that the tender solicitude of Madame Durenel, the caresses of his son or the sweet smiles of Henrietta could chase the frown from his brow.

While he was in business—now some years since—M. Durenel had a clerk who rendered him a great service under circumstances which I am going to relate. First let me say that the banker had not shown himself generous or indulgent towards his clerk, for having one day surprised him playing on a violin when he supposed him occupied balancing accounts, he had dismissed him without pity. This young man, who was named Philippe Forestier, possessed a natural talent for music, and from that moment abandoned the calculation of interest accounts to follow his vocation—and the banker and the clerk lost sight of each other.

A year afterwards, chance brought them together in Rome. In a foreign land two fellow countrymen soon become friends, particularly, if they were old acquaintances. And, besides, our artist had already acquired great celebrity, and the merchant at whose house they met was warm in his praises of the young Frenchman's talent. One thing is certain, they left the house of a mutual friend arm in arm, and were so absorbed in their conversation that they neglected to take a carriage; walking on and talking, they lost themselves in the streets of Rome and reached a deserted cross road surrounded with ruins.

While they were trying to find their way, five enormous fellows sprang suddenly out of the ruins, bound them in the twinkling of an eye, blindfolded and dragged them off in spite of all resistance. They had fallen into the hands of one of those bands of daring robbers who then infested the Eternal City in the very teeth of its police, and who are not yet completely banished. After a half hour's forced march over all sorts of obstacles, they arrived in a place where their bandages were removed. They found themselves in a small room, well furnished, lighted by five or six torches carried by as many bandits. The smoky and flickering light of those dismal luminaries gave every object the most fantastic aspect—all kinds of curious fire-arms were hung around. The robbers they saw at the door, but whom they were unable to number, presented continually their fierce-looking profiles, but did not enter this singular apartment, which seemed to belong exclusively to the captain of the band. This captain was a man in the vigor of life, of a delicate complexion, which appeared scarcely in harmony with the exigencies of his employment. His costume was half military, half civil, his manners polished, and it was with a gracious smile that he invited his guests to be seated.

"Gentlemen," said he to them in tolerably good French, "I doubt not you already understand the importance of the relations which accident has established between us. You have trespassed within my domain, and you will not be astonished that I exact the tribute which falls to me under such circumstances. To avoid a disagreeable and superfluous discussion, I will tell you, if I am rightly informed, and I think I am—that you are gentlemen of high standing and quite able to make the small contributions to which I lay claim. Do not let this word contribution alarm you," he continued, regarding the banker, upon whom it had made an impression not unnoticed by the bandit; "we are not Jews, but good christians, and only ask a very reasonable sum. Our clients have never had reason to complain of our proceedings as long as they were compliant to our wishes. It is true we have means at our disposition to enforce the execution of our demands, but we rarely have cause to use them; for all know that it is difficult, if not impossible, to escape our justice, if falsely dealt with. It is enough to tell you, gentlemen, that you may rest easy, and that worse might happen to you. Will you then have the kindness to give me the address, not of your hotel, for that I know, but of the person to whom my confidential steward can apply for the payment of the sum I de-

mand. That is all it will be necessary to write. While my steward, bearer of your order, goes for the sum, do me the honor to take a glass of sherry with me and a slice of venison. I repeat to you, my demands are reasonable; judge if they are not. I know from good authority that you possess, at least, five millions; well! I deduct from it only the tenth part, namely, five hundred thousand francs, on condition it is paid this night."

On hearing this sentence the banker was thunderstruck; he prepared to exclaim and probably would have compromised a situation already extremely critical, when his companion, guessing as much, prevented him by bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter. It was now the turn of the bandits to show astonishment.

"Deceived! caught! my dear sir," said the banker's old clerk, still laughing immoderately; "that is the true state of the case; caught in your own trap! You have been unlucky, and must pay the police! You have fallen upon the two beings the least able to meet the expense of your admirable diplomacy! Behold before you a musician and a poet!"

And he gave fresh vent to his mirth, which the banker feebly echoed.

The bandit saw that he was overmatched, still he did not give up.

"Gentlemen," said he seriously, "do not jest! time is precious, and I like to arrange affairs promptly. This is not the first time similar subterfuges have been tried, but they have never succeeded. It is for your interest, gentlemen, to act frankly towards me. In five minutes it will be no longer five hundred thousand francs, but a million."

The banker was on the point of speaking; happily, his companion prevented him.

"Ah! my dear captain, you might fleece all the musicians and poets on the continent, and you would never get a hundred thousand francs! I pity you. Your police is at fault. You demand two millions, and they bring you two artists!"

"Ah, ah, my police is at fault! we shall see! Which of you is the musician?"

"I!" said Philippe Forestier with assurance. "Good! Your instrument?"

"The violin."

"Very good!—wait a moment!"

He opened a curious old cabinet from which he took a violin of delicate workmanship, which he offered to the stranger, inviting him to show his skill.

Philippe did not wait to be urged; he examined first the instrument attentively, which appeared to him perfect, preluded rapidly, lightened two cords and began. At the first touches the bandit rose in astonishment, and the artist had scarcely played five minutes when the corridor resounded with bravos, and ten frightful but enthusiastic faces crowded into the doorway. The bandits who carried the torches flourished them in their approbation, but the most charmed of all was the captain.

"I do not know how to thank you, sir," he said, "for the pleasure you have given me, neither can I express to you how much I regret, on your account, the mistake of which you have been the victims. Tell me, I pray you, how can I make amends? But first, I shall be the happiest of men if you will do me the honor to breakfast with me."

The two Frenchmen did not dare to refuse. A table was set in haste, at which they seated themselves with the captain and two other bandits, who, to judge by their manners, occupied an important rank in the band. At the entreaties of the captain, the dilettante executed several pieces which drew forth thunders of applause. Then the pretented poet was invited to recite some of his verses.

The banker was not deeply versed in literature; poetry especially had never been his forte; in vain he attacked his treacherous memory for some fragments of verses learnt in college; while he was thus suffering torture, but in the eyes of his companions appeared to be meditating profoundly, he recalled two or three bacchic couplets which he recited with animation amidst the applause of his audience.

"Again, gentlemen," said the amiable bandit, "allow me to express my great obligation to you!"

And taking the violin, he added:—"This instrument I value greatly, and you will readily believe me when I tell you that it was the cherished violin of the celebrated Paganini. I will not relate what a succession of extraordinary adventures it fell into my hands; but I assure you it was his authentic violin. The case is a little worn; nevertheless, it is a rare instrument in all respects and has for me an unappreciable value. My gratitude to you is so great, Monsieur l'artiste, that I do not feel I am canceling my obligations to you, when I ask your acceptance of it."

Our musician, in whose eyes Paganini's violin possessed as much value as in those of the bandit, accepted it without ceremony, especially as he had no reason to doubt the assertion of this singular Amphitryon who, after many apologies, conducted them out in the same manner as they had come.

When the two friends felt they were no longer followed, they removed their bandages and found themselves under the ruins of the old arches, where they had

been so unexpectedly accosted; it was between three and four o'clock. Day was just dawning. The banker, who had taken a sudden affection for his old clerk, whose self-possession and presence of mind had extricated him from a very embarrassing situation, was unwilling to part from him. Willing or unwilling, he took him to his hotel, and some days after, they left together for France.

In Paris the banker, although absorbed in his transactions on Change, did not forget his Roman friend, and when he had finally retired from business, and therefore had more leisure, he often went to see the musician, who was also equally welcome in the banker's family.

But as we have said before, M. Durenel was subject to great depression, and his visits to the musician did not succeed in banishing it altogether. However there was one thing which always caused the banker's heart to vibrate with pleasure; it was Paganini's violin—not the strains of divine harmony which a skillful master could draw from it, but simply the instrument itself, with its strings and bow.—Since he had given up business it had been the first object of his thoughts to possess this violin. But the musician on his side clung to it not less ardently, since he had already refused ten thousand francs which the banker had offered him.

Still the banker did not despair, and finally one morning the musician saw his friend enter more melancholy, more preoccupied than usual.

"I must have the violin," said he, accosting him.

"Bah!" said the musician, "but I want it myself."

"A hundred thousand francs!"

"No!"

"Two hundred thousand francs!"

"No!"

"Three hundred thousand francs!"

The artist reflected, then speaking to himself, "Zounds!" said he, "what an idiot I am!"

Then, addressing his friend:—"Three hundred thousand francs is too much, my friend; but I will accept two hundred thousand, particularly as you owe a pretty round sum to the instrument for its services; take it and say no more about it."

M. Durenel took out a large pocket-book, drew from it several bundles of bank bills, counted out two hundred thousand francs, seized the coveted violin with ecstasy, and departed the happiest of men.

The evening of the same day, the artist, in gala costume, appeared at his friend's house. Everything seemed to wear a joyous aspect; everybody was smiling, even M. Durenel was in his gayest mood.

"Ah! my friend, you are very kind to come. We were just speaking of you.—My niece was reading to us a short article which speaks of your last concert, and I perceive with pleasure that the public does you justice, but why do I see you in this ceremonious full dress?"

"Ah! my friend," said the artist, "it is because the occasion is serious. You will not doubt my motive here—but how shall I tell you? Well—I came to ask the hand of Miss Henrietta, your niece?"

"Hold! hold! So suddenly, and without saying anything to her?"

"I have the consent of Miss Henrietta, and was only waiting for a little fortune to ask yours. You know that the capricious goddess made me a visit this morning, and I hasten to draw from her gifts the highest pleasure that can await me."

Two months after, the happy marriage of Philippe and Henrietta was celebrated in the church of Saint Philippe de Roule. The banker, perfectly happy in the possession of Paganini's violin, was in the best humor in the world.

Speech of Speaker Colfax.

Mr. Colfax was serenaded in Washington city, lately, by a number of political friends. He responded as follows:—

"Fellow citizens:—There are two kinds of serenades in Washington; the first, when members arrive, to enter on the discharge of their duty, and the last, when after the close of their labors they are about to return home. As Holy Writ declares that he who taketh off his armor has more right to be proud than he who putteth it on, I value this mark of regard more highly, because, our work being completed, you mean by it 'well done, good and faithful servants.' Congress sincerely desired to avoid this midsummer session. They passed the Military Reconstruction bills last summer. The President vetoed them, on the ground that they made the military commanders supreme and absolute over all the people of the lately rebellious States. Congress accepted his construction of them, and passed them over his veto. They were cordially endorsed by the loyal people of the North, and acquiesced in more readily than had been supposed would be the case by the people of the South. Soon it became apparent that under them loyalty would triumph in most of the Southern States, and then the President vetoed his own veto and promulgated a decision of his Attorney General that, under these laws, the military commanders were mere policemen, subordinate to the Provisional Governments over which they had been placed, the army but a *posse comitatus* to enforce the decrees of the rebel Govern-

and Mayors, and that every rebel was to be his own register. The people, surprised at these decisions, appealed to the Congress in which they placed deserved confidence to reassemble, and from Maine to California they came hither to resume their legislative authority, and to declare the meaning of their legislation so that no legal sophistries of any Attorney General could mystify it. Vetoed again, they repassed it by a vote of four to one, and it has gone on the statute books as one of the laws which the President, by his constitutional oath, must 'take care to have faithfully executed.' Some, I know, condemn Congress for having done too much in its past legislation, and some for having done too little, but I think it has struck the golden mean—firm and yet prudent, courageous without undue excitement, inflexible and yet wise. The President in his last veto denounces this 'military despotism,' as he calls it, and declares that Congress has subjected the South to a tyranny most intolerable. We heard these charges of military despotism during the war from the party which so bitterly opposed his election three years ago. Every act tending to strengthen the Government, such as the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, trial by court martial, &c., was denounced as a military despotism, but the people rendered their verdict, and it cannot be reversed. Instead of tyranny, the key-note of the Congressional policy is protection to all and the vindication and triumph of loyalty, and, God keeping us, we shall stand by it until it is crowned with triumph.

"I will use no word of disrespect toward the President, for, although differing with him in policy as wide as the poles, I respect the office which he fills, and prefer argument to invective. When I listened yesterday to Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the House, as he read the bold and defiant message of the President, I could not but feel that, in the whole of it, he arraigned himself far more than the Congress which he addressed. All parties agree that he spoke correctly in his North Carolina proclamation of May, 1865, when he declared that all the civil governments of the South had been destroyed by the rebellion. He then without calling Congress together, went on with the work of reconstruction, in the absence of all law upon the subject. Has Congress made State governments subordinate to military power? So did the President. Has Congress provided for the calling of State Conventions? So did the President.—Has Congress authorized their ratification? So did the President. But he ordered Conventions by his Executive fiat and recognized their Constitutions without their being submitted to the people.—Congress required the people—the registered voters—to call the Convention themselves and then to approve or reject their work by popular vote.

"Has Congress required the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment? So did the President. Has Congress established a test oath? So did the President. Our crime is, I suppose, that we provided that those whom the nation had made free should have the freeman's ballot for their protection, while the President did not.—But the results of his policy strikingly contrast with the results of ours. The nation looked on to see what fruits would result from his action, and what were they? In nearly every State the rebel power resumed its authority, and became dominant in their executive, legislative and judicial departments. The vagrant and labor laws, virtually re-enslaving the emancipated, followed, and murders, outrages, riots and massacres crowned the whole. Loyal men were under foot, and the revived spirit of the rebellion was triumphant.

"With our duty to our country and on our oath, we could not affirm and legalize this policy; and hence the legislative action we have since taken. Approved in the past as we have been, I cannot doubt even a more triumphant endorsement hereafter.

"The President appeals to the ballot-box; and so do we, and by its decision we are willing to stand or fall. In 1862, in the darkest hour of the war, amid disaster and reverse, the ballot-box sustained us, and returned a Republican majority in Congress. In 1864 we were compelled to accept all the odium of conscription, the heavy burdens of taxation necessary for our national credit, and to keep our flag flying in the field, against the charges of our enemies that men were being drafted from their homes to free negroes and the denunciations against the war as a failure; but with the simple motto of 'our country,' under the lead of our noble President, (would to God he was living to-day!) we won a magnificent triumph.

"In 1866, when President Johnson turned his back on the party which elected him, traversed the country making speeches, to be read by millions, denouncing us—with his whole Cabinet against us, with but one honored exception; with the whole power and patronage of the Government thrown in the scale of our enemies, we appealed again to the ballot-box, winning the most magnificent victory ever known in our political history. But this will be eclipsed by the coming victory in 1868, when we shall place in the offices of the Government those who will be faithful to liberty, justice and loyalty."