

IT was evident from the agitation of the elements of the political world about the College that there would be a cyclone of eloquence sweep over the immediate vicinity that would make Demosthenes, in his cold grave, envy the campaign orator of the nineteenth century. This cyclone struck Lemont, November the 9th in the shape of Beaver, Mitchell, Holmes, and Weller, who with their horde of admirers, started from the College at 7 o'clock p. m., in the cushion-bottomed, wind-covered pumpkin wagons to address a Ratification meeting. These four Websters were met on Bunker Hill, near Lemont, by an escort of distinguished citizens and the brass band composed of thirty-nine pieces, including mouth-organs, tin pans, and toy whistles. They passed in review, closed ranks and marched to the village to the tune of Tippecanoe, and Morton true. After marching in alluvial deposits and H₂O, exposing their mulish beings, and halting long enough at the creamery for the orators to refresh themselves with buttermilk, hard cider not being on deck, they assembled about the grand stand to hear the showers of eloquence, while rain drops descended in playful harmony with the doleful screams of the Democratic postmaster, whom Cresswell insisted should be turned out, in order to make the town vote unanimously in favor of Harrison and Morton. After the usual amount of 'rah for Harrison, the president of the Lemont club announced that Mr. Beaver, the son of his father, the Ingalls of Pennsylvania, would address the meeting. The speaker stepped forward, and struck the attitude of Emmet, when he made his elaborate appeal to the Court of England, proceeded to carve up Grover in small relics for members of the Democratic party to smoke in order to preserve for future reference.

The president next announced that Mr. Mitchell, the silver-tongued, Goddess-of-Liberty-make-weep-orator, would address the profound assemblage. Mr. Mitchell stepped

forward, fastened his electric moustache back of his ears, excused himself for not exposing his exposed cranium on account of the inclemency of the weather. The orator had the sympathy of his audience. Mad Anthony surely must have turned in his coffin, thinking that the Indians had broken their part of the contract with him. Everybody rejoiced when he assured them that all the rascals would be turned out and every Republican given some office by Protection Ben.

Mr. Holmes next spoke, he was called the prince of orators. The Goddess of Liberty certainly must have blushed at his flattering remarks. Blaine could not have been more magnetic than the gentleman from Birmingham. The cheers that followed flowed on the moist air as freely as the hard cider of grandpa's campaign.

Mr. Weller by this time had unearthed himself and worked off some of the surplus buttermilk and was next introduced by the president as the *orator profound and old man eloquent*. He began, as is his custom, with a powerful invective against Democracy and in particular against the present administration. "But thanks be to an enlightened civilization the Republican party has crushed the free trade issue, and now the American eagle can flop its tail in the Atlantic and dip its bill in the Pacific, not fearing a veto of its rights for the next four years." Here the orator dropped from the oratorical to the basso profundo, and was wont to close but the farmers and soldiers, since the orator had so honorably resurrected and mutilated the Democratic issue, wanted him to give it a decent burial. The orator profound seeing the effect of the destruction, and hearing the ominous cries, and fearing to lay his hands on the dishonored dead, was unwilling, until forced with stakes and fence rails, to do so. Then in glowing terms he introduced and ushered the corpse into the presence of "Hadesocracy."