AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"--A. LINCOLN.

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SPEECH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS

At the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at Boston.

MR. PRESIDENT.—I came here, as I come always to the meetings in New England, as a listner, and not as a speaker; and one of the reasons why I have not been more frequently to the meetsngs of this society, has been because of the disposition on the part of some of my friends to call me out upon the platform, even when they knew that there was some difference of opinion and of feeling between those who rightfully belong to this platform and myself; and for fear of being misconstrued, as desiring to interrupt or disturb the proceedings of these meetings I have usually kept away, and have thus been deprived of that educating influence, which I am always free to confess is of the highest order, descending from this platform. I have felt, since I have lived out West, that in going there I parted from a great deal that was valuable; and I feel, every time I come to these meetings, that I have lost a great deal by making my home west of Boston' west of Massachusetts; for, if anywhere in the country there is to be found the highest sense of justice, or the truest demands for my race, I look for it in the East, I look for it here. The ablest discussions of the whole question of our rights occur here, and to be deprived of the privilege of listening to those discussions is a great deprivation.

I do not know, from what has been said that there is any difference of opinion as to the duty of abolitionists, at the present moment. How can we get up any difserence at this point, or at any point, where we are so united, so agreed? I went especially, however, with that word of Mr. Phillips, which is the criticism of Gen. Banks, and Gen. Banks's policy.—I hold that that policy is our chief danger at the present moment; that it practically enslaves the negro, and makes the Proclamation of 1863 a mockery and delusion. What is freedom? It is the right to choose one's own employment.—Certainly it means that, if it means anything; and when any individual or combination of individuals, undertakes to decide for any man when he shall work, where he shall work, at what he shall work and for what he shall work, he or they practically reduce him to slavery. (Applause.) He is a slave. That I understand Gen. Banks to do—to determine for the so called freedman, when, and where, and what, and for how much he shall work, when he shall be punished, and by whom punished. It is absolute slavery. It defeats the beneficent intentions of the Government, if it has beneficent intentions, in regard to the freedom of our people.

I have had but one idea for the last three years, to present to the American people, and the phraseology in which I clothe it is the old abolition phraseology. I am for the "immediate, unconditional, and universal" enfranchisement of the black man, in every State in the Union. (Loud applause.) Without this, his liberty is a mockery; without this, you might as well almost retain the old name of slavery for his condition; for, in fact, if he is not the slave of the individual master, he is the slave of society, and holds his liberty as a privilege, not as a right. He is at the mersy of the mob, and has no means of protecting himself.

It may be objected, however, that this pressing of the negro's right to suffrage is premature. Let us have slavery abolished, it may be said, let us have labor organized, and then, in the natural course of events, the right of suffrage will be extended to the negro, I do not agree with this. The constitution of the human mind is such, that if it once disregards the conviction forced upon it by a revelation of truth, it requires the exercise of a higher power to produce the same conviction afterwards. The American people are now in tears. The Shenandoah has run blood—the best blood of the North. All around Richmond, the blood of New England and of the North has been shed—of your sons, your brothers and your fathers. We all feel, in the existence of this Rebellion, that judgments terrible, wide-spread, far-reaching, overwhelming, are abroad in the land; and we feel, in view of these judgments, just now, a disposition to learn righteousness. This is the honor. Our streets are in mourning, tears are falling at every fireside, and under the chastisement of this rebellion we have almost come up to the point of conceding this great, this all-important right of suffrage. I fear that if we fail to do it now, if abolitionists fail to press it now, we may not see, for centuries to come, the same disposition that exists at this moment. (Applause.) Hence, I say, now is the time to press this right.

It may be asked, "Why do you want it? Some men have got along very well without it. Women have not this right." Shall we justify one wrong by another? That is a sufficient answer. Shall we at this moment justify the deprivation of the negro of the right to vote, because some one else is deprived of that privilege? I hold that women, as well as men, have the right to vote (applause), and my heart and my voice go with the movement to extend suffrage to woman; but that question rests upon another basis than that on which our right rests. We may be asked, I say, why we want it. I will tell you why we want it. We want it because it is our *right*, first of all.—(Applause.) No class of men can, without insulting their own nature, be content with any deprivation of their rights. We want it, again, as a means for educating our race. Men are so constituted that they derive their conviction of their own possibilities largely from the estimate formed of them by others. If nothing is expected of a people, that people will find it difficult to contradict that expectation. By depriving us of suffrage, you affirm our incapacity to form an intelligent judgment respecting public men and public measures; you declare before the world that we are unfit to exercise the elective franchise, and by this means lead us to undervalue ourselves, to put a low estimate upon ourselves, and to feel that we have no possibilities like other men. Again, I want the elective franchise, for one, as a colored man, because ours is a peculiar government, based upon a peculiar idea, and that idea is universal suffrage. If I were in a monarchical government, or an autocratic or aristocratic government, where the few bore rule and the many were subject, there would be no special stigma resting upon me, because I did not exercise the elective franchise.—It would do me no great violence. Mingling with the mass, I should partake of the strength of the mass; I should be supported by the mass, and I should have the same incentives to endeavor with the mass of my fellow-men; it would be no particular burden, no particular deprivation; but here, where universal suffrage is the rule, where that is the fundamental idea of the Government, to rule us out is to make us an exception, to brand us with the stigma of inferiority, and to invite to our heads the missiles of those about us; therefore, I want the franchise for the black man.

There are, however, other reasons, not derived from any consideration merely of our rights, but arising out of the condition of the South, and of the country—considerations which have already been referred to by Mr. Phillips—considerations which must arrest the attention of statesmen. I believe that when the tall heads of this Rebellion shall have been swept down, as they will be swept down, when the Davises and Toombses and Stepheneses, and others who are leading in this Rebellion shall have been blotted out, there will be this rank undergrowth of treason, to which reference has been made, growing up there, and interfering with, and thwarting the quiet operation of the Federal Government in those States. You will see those traitors handing down, from sire to son, the same malignant spirit which they have manifested, and which they are now exhibiting, with malicious hearts, broad blades, and bloody hands in the field, against our sons and brothers. That spirit will still remain; and whoever sees the Federal Government extended over those Southern States will see that Government in a strange land, and not only in a strange land, but in an enemy's land. A post-master of the United States in the South will find himself surrounded by a hostile spirit; a collector in a Southern port will find himself surrounded by a hostile spirit; a United States marshal or a United States judge will be surrounded there by a hostile element. That enmity will not die out in a year, will not die out in an age. The Federal Government will be looked upon in those States precisely as the Governments of Austria and France are looked upon in Italy at the present moment. They will endeavor to circumvent, they will endavor to destroy, the peaceful operation of this Government. Now, where will you find the strength to counterbalance this spirit, if you do not find it in the negroes of the South? They are your friends, and have always been your friends. They were your friends even when the Government did not regard them as such; They comprehended the genius of this war before you did. It is a significant fact, it is a marvellous fact, it seems almost to imply a direct interposition of Providence, that this war, which began in the interest of slavery on both sides, bids fair to end in the interest of liberty on both sides.—(Applause.) It was begun, I say, in the interest of slavery on both sides The South was fighting to take slavery out of the Union, and the North fighting to keep it in the Union; the South fighting to get it beyond the limits of the United States Constitution, and the North fighting to retain it within those limits; the South fighting for new guarantees, and the North fighting for the old guarantee;—both despising the negro, both insulting the negro. Yet, the negro, apparently endowed with wisdom from on high, saw more clearly the end from the begginning than we did. When Seward said the status of no man in the country would be changed by the war, the negro did not believe him. (Applause.) When our generals sent their underlings in shoulder-straps to hunt the flying negro back from our lines into the jaws of slavery, from which he had escaped, the negroes thought that a mistake had been made, and that the intentions of the Government had not been rightly understood by our officers in shoulder-straps, and they continued to come into our lines, threading their way through bogs and fens, over briers and thorns, fording streams, swimming rivers, bringing us tidings as to the safe path to march, and pointing out the dangers that threatened us. They are our only friends in the South, and we should be true to them in this their trial hour, and see to it that they have the elective franchise.

I know that we are inferior to you in some things—virtually inferior. We walk about among you like dwarfs among giants. Our heads are scarcely seen above the great sea of humanity. The Germans are superior to us; the Irish are superior to us; the Yankees are superior to us (laughter); they can do what we cannot, that is, what we have not hitherto been allowed to do. But while I make this admission, I utterly deny that we are originally, or naturally, or practically, or in any way, or in any important sense, inferior to anybody on this globe. (Loud applause.) This charge of inferiority is an old dodge. It has been made available for oppression on many occasions. It is only six centuries since the blue-eyed and fair-haired Anglo-Saxons were considered inferior by the haughty Normans, who once trampled upon them. If you read the history of the Norman Conquest, you will find that this proud Anglo-Saxon was once looked upon as of coarser clay than his Norman master, and might be found in the highways and byways of old England laboring with a brass collar on his neck, and the name of his master marked upon it. You were down then! (Laughter and applause.) You are up now. I am glad you are up, and I want you to be glad to help us up also. (Applause.)

The story of our inferiority is an old dodge, as I have said; for wherever men oppress their fellows, wherever they enslave them, they will endeavor to find the needed apology for such enslavement and oppression in the character of the people oppressed and enslaved. When we wanted, a few years ago, a slice of Mexico, it was hinted that the Mexicans were an inferior race, that the old Castilian blood had become so weak that it would scarcely run down hill, and that Mexico needed the long, strong and beneficient arm of the Anglo-Saxon care extended over it. We said that it was necessary to its salvation, and a part of the "manifest destiny" of this Republic, to extend our arm over that dilapidated government. So, too, when Russia wanted to take possession of a part of the Ottoman Empire, the Turks were "an inferior race." So, too, when England wants to set the heel of her power more firmly in the quivering heart of old Ireland, the Celts are an "inferior race." So, too, the negro, when he is to be robbed of any right which is justly his, is an "inferior man." It is said that we are ignorant; I admit it.—But if we know enough to be hung, we know enough to vote. If the negro knows enough to pay taxes to support the government, he knows enough to vote; taxation and representation should go together. If he knows enough to shoulder a musket and fight for the flag, fight for the government, he knows enough to vote. If he knows as much when he is sober as an Irishman knows when drunk, he knows enough to vote, on good American principles. (Laughter and applause.)

But I was saying that you needed a counterpoise in the persons of the slaves to the enmity that would exist at the South after the Rebellion is put down. I hold that the American people are bound, not only in self-defence, to extend this right to the freedmen of the South, but they are bound, by their love of country, and by all their regard for the future safety of those Southern States, to do this—to do it as a measure essential to the preservation of peace there. But I will not dwell upon this. I put it to the American sense of honor. The honor of a nation is an important thing. It is said in the Scriptures, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and loose his own soul?" It may be said, also, What doth it profit a nation if it gain the whole world, but lose its honor? I hold that the American government has taken upon itself a solemn obligation of honor, to see that this war—let it be long or let it be short, let it cost much or let it cost little—that this war shall not cease until every freedman at the South has the right to vote. (Applause.) It has bound itself to it. What have you asked the black men of the South, the black men of the whole country. to do? Why, you have asked them to incur the deadly enmity of their masters, in order to befriend you and to befriend this Government. You have asked us to call down, not only upon ourselves, but upon our children's children, the deadly hate of the entire Southern people. You have called upon us to turn our backs upon our masters, to abandon their cause and espouse yours; to turn against the South and in favor of the North; to shoot down the Confederacy and uphold the flag.—You have called upon us to expose ourselves to all the subtle machinations of their malignity for all time. And now, what do you propose to do when you come to make peace? To reward your enemies, and trample in the dust your friends? Do you intend to sacrifice the very men who have come to the rescue of your banner in the South, and incurred the lasting displeasure of their masters thereby? Do you intend to sacrifice them and reward your enemies? Do you mean to give your enemies the right to vote, and take it away from your friends? Is that wise policy? Is that honorable? Could American honor withstand such a blow? I do not believe you will do it. I think you will see to it that we have the right to vote. There is something too mean in looking upon the negro, when you are in trouble, as a citizen and when you are free from trouble, as an alien. When this nation was in trouble, in its early struggles, it looked upon the negro as a citizen. In 1776 he was a citizen. But the time of the formation of the Constitution the negro had the right to vote in eleven States out of the old thirteen. In your trouble you have made us citizens. In 1812 Gen. Jackson addressed us as citizens—"fellow-citizens." He wanted us to fight. We were citizens then! And now when you come to frame a conscription bill, the negro is a citizen again. He has been a citizen just three times in the history of this government, and it has always been in time of trouble. In time of trouble we are citizens. Shall we be citizens in war, and aliens in peace? Would that be just?

I ask my friends who are apologizing for not insisting upon this right, in this country, for the assertion of this right, if he may not look to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society? Where under the whole heavens can he look for sympathy, in asserting this right, if he may not look to this platform? Have you lifted us up to a certain height to see that we are men, and then are any disposed to leave us there, without seeing that we are put in possession of our rights? We look naturally to this platform for the assertion of all our rights, and for this one especially. I understand the anti-slavery societies of this country to be based on two principles,—first, the freedom of the blacks of this country; and, second, the elevation of them. Let me not be misunderstood here. I am not asking for sympathy at the hands of abolitionists, sympathy at the hands of any. I think the American people are disposed often to be generous rather than just. I look over this country at the present time, and I see Educational Societies, Sanitary Commissions, Freedmen's Associations, and the like,—all very good; but in regard to the colored people there is always more that is benevolent, I perceive, than just, manifested towards us. What I ask for the negro is not benevolence, not pity, not sympathy, but simply *justice*. (Applause.) The American people have always been anxious to know what they shall do with us. Gen. Banks was distressed with solicitude as to what he should do with the negro. Everybody has asked the question, and they learned to ask it early of the abolitionists, "What shall we do with the negro?" I have but one answer from the begining. Do nothing with us.—Your doing with us has already played the mischief with us. Do nothing with us. If the apples will not remain on the tree of their own strength, if they are worm-eaten at the core, if they are already ripe and disposed to fall, let them fall! I am not tying them nor fastening them on the tree in any way, except by nature's plan, and if they will not stay there, let them fall. And if the negro cannot stand on his own legs! Let him alone! If you see him on his way to school, let him alone,—don't disturb him! If you see him going to a dinner-table at a hotel, let him go! If you see him going to the ballot-box, let him alone,—don't disturb him! (Applause.) If you see him going into a work-shop, just let him alone,—your interference is doing him a positive injury. Gen. Bank's "preparation" is of a piece with this attempt to prop up the negro. Let him fall if he cannot stand alone! If the negro cannot live by the line of eternal justice, so beautifully pictured to you in the illustration used by Mr. Phillips, the fault will not be yours, it will be his who made the negro, and established that line for his government. (Applause.) Let him live or die by that. If you will only untie his hands, and give him a chance, I think he will live. He will work as readily for himself as the white man. A great many delusions have been swept away by this war. One was, that the negro would not work; he has proved his ability to work. Another was, that he would not fight; that he possessed only the most sheepish attributes of humanity; was a perfect lamb, or an "Uncle Tom;" disposed to take off his coat whenever required, fold his hands, and be whipped by anybody who wanted to whip him.—But the war has proved that there is a deal of human nature in the negro, and "he will fight," as Mr. Quincy, our President, said, in earlier days than these, "when there is a reasonable probability of his whipping anybody." (Laughter and applause.)

Away With Him!

Colorphobia dies hard, and it must be admitted that its ultimate spasms are a little laughable, as it stiffens into the rigidity of a REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM. Class hatred seems to find death itself sweet in comparison with concession or even compromise.—The Cherokee Indian, turning up his nose contemptuously between two high cheek bones, "objects to the incorporation of the freedmen in his tribe." The State of Connecticut, still enamored of blue legislation, thinks the Black good enough for battles, but not good enough for the ballot-box. The Rev. Governor Brownlow is for instantly kicking every emancipated man, women and child out of Tennessee. So it seems that wherever these dark foot-balls may land they will be unpleasant to somebody; and as there are several millions of them—a good, solid, constituent part of the national population, under a positive necessity, while they live at all, of living somewhere, it occurs to us that the easiest way of solving this impertinent problem is to put all these intruders upon the face of God's earth to the sword. Does any chicken-hearted humanitarian protest that this expedient would be wanting to some extent in benevolence?—Bah! who is talking of benevolence at all? We are considering something better—bread and butter, the peace of society, ancient and respectable prejudices, the delicate feelings of the Cherokee Indians and of the inhabitants of Conneticut, the sacred dignity of the Caucasian demi-gods, the purity of the pews and theater boxes and of railway carriages, and of schools and colleges, the nice nobility of the well born because they are white-born, the traditional inclinations of fastidious Democracy, the exquisite ease of porter-houses and primary meetings, the weak knees of nervous Republicans, the susceptibility of the whole tribe of the Holier than-Thou's! None of these are the men to find fault with our proposition upon the score of cruelty. Why should they be tender of lives which they are so ready to make wretched? The Black is either a man or a beast. If the former, he has a right to live where he pleases; if the latter, he is mere vermin, and we ought not to be tolerated upon the political than loathsome insects upon the physical body. We have nothing but scorn for the logic which faints at its own conclusions. We have nothing but contempt for theories which the holders shrink from reducing to practice. We shoot wolves, we trap weasels, we burn foxes, we kill pole-cats, we wage a war of extermination upon rats and cockroaches, and who calls our persistent and moral hostility cruel? It is not against the existence but the neighborhood of these nuisances that we protest practically and remorselessly. Now, though the farmer in Maine may care nothing for the wolves in Minnesotta, and the householder in New York nothing for the roaches in Philadelphia, it is evident that while the wolves and roaches remain, they will live somewhere and trouble somebody. So it is with these horrible Blacks! If Brownlow had a purse plethoric enough, and power adequate to transport all these troublesome creatures somewhere, it is certain that he could not carry them beyond the ultimate reach of advancing White civilization. He merely temporizes. He postpones his day and generation of a trouble, and bequeaths it to posterity. He merely relieves one locality at the expense of another. Our plan is more consistently humane. If we cut the throats of all the Blacks, we sever at the same time the gordian knot. We put the animal out of his misery, and put ourselves out of our misery, and all will be serene. We do not pretend to be more pitiful than our neighbors; but we believe the COUP DE GRACE to be better and kinder than prolonged torture, "the happy dispatch" tenderer than deliberate worrying. If this poor Black creature is to be hunted from town to town, from county to county, and from State to State, finding nowhere a resting place, nowhere compassion and succor, nowhere a home, nowhere escape from ingenuous and unceasing enmity, the sooner he is released from an existence so execrable the more fortunate will he be. Even if it should turn out to be all a mistake, he can hardly be worse off in the worst condition of the future life than he has been in this. With no feeling but that of pity, and moved by the sincerest commiseration, we submit our plan to the notice of the kindhearted and charitable, and recommend a public meeting at Cooper Institute to inaugurate the movement.—N. Y TRIBUNE.

Be Clean and Tidy.

"When I was six years old," says a well known merchant, "my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two young sisters. After selling the greater part of the household furniture she owned, she took two small rooms in W—— street, and there, by her needle, contrived in some way—how I cannot tell, when I collected the little money for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper was simply a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and made inviting by the neat manner in which our meal was served, our table always being spread with a cloth, which, like my good mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow white purity.

Wiping his eyes the merchant continued: "speaking of those days reminds me of the time we sat down to the table one evening, and my mother having asked the blessing of our heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones, in tones of tenderness that I remember yet, she divided the remnant of her only loaf into three pieces, placing one in each of our plates, but reserving none for herself. I stole round to her and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched; we sat up late that night and what we talked I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child. When we knelt down to pray I gave up myself to be the Lord's, and to serve my mother.

"But," said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was some time after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand boy in a commission house in B—— street. Without being needful to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother always kept them in good order, and altho' on close inspection, they bore traces of more than one patch, yet on the whole, they looked very neat; without waiting to arrange my hair, or clean my shoes, for I was obliged to observe, from my earliest youth the most perfect neatness in every respect my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step I started, for I had long wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her.

"My heart beat fast I assure you, as I turned out of W—— into B—— streets, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the warehouse, and found my way into the counting house, and made known the object of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me there was another boy who had come a little before me, who he thought he should engage. However, he asked me some question, and went out and talked with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was that the other boy was dismissed, and I entered the merchants employment, first as an errand boy, then as a clerk, afterward as partner until his death, when he left me the whole of the stock in trade. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me preference to the other boy was because of the general neatness of my person; while in reference to the other lad he noticed that he neglected to be tidy. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

—A Nashville dispatch of the 9th says:—At Bowling Green yesterday the Sheriff of that county had in custody two negroes, convicted in the County Court, of the murder of another negro, and who were then in custody and in route for the penitentiary, at Nashville. Upon their arrival at Bowling Green, Ky., and when in the act of changing cars, the Sheriff was surrounded by a detachment of colored guards, who demanded the release of the prisoners, which being refused they took them by force, removed their hand cuffs, and set them at liberty.—With fixed bayonets, they defied the Sheriff and his party, threatening death to all who opposed them.

—Poetry is like a pair of skates, with which, upon the pure, smooth crystalized floor of the "ideal" you may easily skim, but miserable are they who have to stumble upon the common streets.

—The day of death is scarcely more momentous than every day. Both alike close another day on the past and open a new one to the future; and both are alike in the power of neither.

—A respectable Scotch woman, in London, has recently been brought before the police courts three hundred and fifty (350,) times for drunkeness.

Anecdote of Mr. Lincoln.

In his speech at the Merchant's Banquet to the Odd Fellows, in Baltimore, Mr. John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, related the following incident:

By his request I accompanied President Lincoln, immediately after the battle of Antietam, to the scene of that sanguinary conflict. After passing over the Baltimore and Ohio Road from Washington to Harper's Ferry, I continued with him, by his desire, during the memorable period he spent with the officers and soldiers of the Federal army, and among the hospitals and the wounded upon that bloody field.

As in accord with the spirit of your fraternity, I will mention a scene which occurred in one of those hospitals which bedewed many eyes. The President examined, kindly and tenderly, into the condition and care of the Federal wounded. He also passed through the hospitals where were placed the Confederate wounded. Many of these hospitals, in view of the large number of the wounded, were improvised from the barns upon and in the vicinity of the field of battle.—Passing through one of these, the middle space of an extensive Switzer barn, where a large number of Confederate wounded lay, the President stopped about the centre of the apartment, opposite a youth of striking appearance, probably of eighteen or twenty years of age. He lay looking very feeble and pallid. He had three straws in his hand, and was feebly moving them to keep the insects from his face. The President asked "if he had received all necessary attention?" He replied that "he had—that his right leg had been amputated." The President responded: "I trust you will get well." The youth—great tears rolling from his eyes, said: "No; I am sinking; I shall die." The President leaned tenderly over him and said: "Will you shake hands with me?" I remarked: "This is President Lincoln." He attempted to raise his hand, and give it to the President.—The President asked him: "Where are you from?" "From Georgia." Again the President expressed the hope, still holding his hand, that he would recover.—"No," said the youth, "I shall never see my mother again, I shall die."

The President still held his hand, and fervently ejaculated, while he wept, and his tears mingled with those of the sufferer, "may God bless you, and restore you to your mother and your home."—Amid all the sad scenes of that sanctified spot, I said, "Mr. President, such kindness will make missionaries of good will of the soldiers who return South to their homes." The President then expressed his wishes generally to those accompanying him, that all the wounded and all the sufferers should be kindly treated, and in the course of conversation thereafter, expressed sanguine hopes that at an early day, instead of such scenes of suffering, scenes of concord and good feeling, and a restored Union, would be speedily realized.

IN A FOG.—A few days ago there lived in the town of ——, a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a painter named W., was a great practical joker. On one occasion Joe came into W.'s saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very near sighted, and always wore specs. After he had slept some time, W., took off his specs, blackened the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamp, and awoke Joe, telling him that it was about twelve o'clock at night, and he wanted to shut up. Joe started and remarked that he judged so.

W., then said—

"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lend you my lantern."

W., lighted a lantern, gave it to Joe, and helped him up stairs. Joe went off towards home, up the main business street, in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him and wondering what was the matter.

—A friend has a dog so serious, that even his tail has not, the least bit of a wag about it.

—"Once more into the breech," as the schoolmaster said when he whipped the dunce.

—An Irishman sent to trim a young orchard, was found at night if he had finished. "No," said he, "I have cut the trees all down, and will trim them tomorrow."

—Eighty-five pardon warrants were signed by the President yesterday.

—"I'll make a man of you," as the sculptor said to the marble.