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GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN'S

Great Speech

ON THE

WITHDRAWAL OF M^CCLELLAN

AND THE

IMPEACHMENT OF LINCOLN.

Ye Sons of Liberty awake ;
Our hearths and altars are at stake.
Arise ! arise for Freedom's sake !
And bring out Dix and Farragut.

**Down with the Politicians,
And up with the People.**

NEW YORK :

FOR SALE BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 121 NASSAU STREET.

1864.

SPEECH OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AT RAHWAY, N. J.
SATURDAY NIGHT, OCT. 8, 1864, ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

(Reported for the *Rahway Register*).

Mr. George Francis Train spoke for two hours at Union Hall to a large and fashionable audience, nearly half of which were ladies, for the benefit of one of our local charities. Considering that Mr. Train made both McClellan and Lincoln the objects of attack, and that his audience was composed of the leading spirits of both parties, his speech was a decided success. He makes a strong case for New Candidates; and if he had a little more time, we believe he would carry his point, which he fought so hard for at Chicago. He never referred to notes, but for nearly two hours kept up a continual fire of bombshells into Chicago and the White House, to the delight of his astonished audience. This was the correspondence between Mr. Train and the Owl Club:

(From the *New York Evening Post*.)

CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The *Rahway* (New Jersey) *Register* publishes the following correspondence:

RAHWAY, September 28, 1864.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, Esq., *New York*:

DEAR SIR—The bold action you took in England on behalf of our country, and the independent course you have taken in this country in joining no party, while opposing what you believe to be abuses on both sides, have created for you many friends in New Jersey. We have noticed your course at Chicago, and believe that you are working out an idea for the benefit of all, yet we do not understand your motive in opposing Mr. Lincoln one day and General McClellan the next. Are you in the field with another candidate? Those that heard you before want to see you again.

We, the undersigned, belonging to all parties, wish you to address the citizens of Rahway on the affairs of the nation.

HENRY SPEAR,
JOHN F. WHITNEY,
JOHN JACKSON, &c., &c.,
Committee Owl Club.

REPLY.

138 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, September 29, 1864.

Dear HENRY SPEAR, Esq., and *Committee of Gentlemen of Rahway, N. J.*:

I enjoyed myself too much before to say no. Besides I wish to have a confidential chat with the American people, and why not do it through the state of Camden and Amboy? I am breaking out all over with ideas of what should be done, and I shall feel better by having an earnest talk on passing events. This time I shall not come out to laugh and joke, as I did before, but to ask your serious attention to my plan for setting up and commencing anew. I will speak on this condition and no other. That is, *independent of party action*. Our ship is in the breakers. The Life Boat! The Life Boat!

Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN'S

Great Speech

ON THE

WITHDRAWAL OF McCLELLAN

AND THE

IMPEACHMENT OF LINCOLN.

The next President of the United States will be elected by THE COUNCIL OF THE EAGLES, under the motto of Equal justice to all, Favors to friends alone.

I propose to fire a double-barrel shot to-night, and I will leave you to judge whether I bring down both birds. This is the Hall where we come to hear the hooting of the owls [laughter], and this is the Town where the OWL-TRAIN [laughter] occasionally stops on its way to Washington [applause].

Fair play and no favor must be the order. The correspondence shows that I am not in favor of either of the gentlemen in the Field.

To my mind there is but one in the contest. The other is too far behind to win the Stakes.

This caricature shows the position to-day. A Race between a Locomotive and a Horse-team—Old Abe ringing the bell as he passes—a dozen Nigs in the Tender, shouting, Go it massa—we furnish de fuel. Then follow the Cars—Vermont 10,000; Maine, 20,000; Indiana, 20,000; Pennsylvania, 40,000; Ohio, 60,000, and so on as the Train winds back through the mountains.

The Horse-team is being driven by McClellan, tandem. The front Horse balks, or jibbs, as they say in Australia, and is labelled Peace [laughter]. The other horse is pulling all he can, and is marked War. McClellan sits on a gunboat-shaped Car [laughter]. On a Platform Car is a barrel of Whiskey [laughter], and two Cattle Cars—one marked N. J., *going it*

Blind; the other Ky., showing two pair of bullock-horns over the top [laughter.]

Old Abe sings out, Mac, what's the matter? Mac.—Front Horse won't draw. Abe.—Oh! afraid of the Draft, is he [laughter]?

The casual observer says at once the locomotive will get to that White house, which you see in the distance, first. Not so. Do you not observe that train way back there behind the forest? Notice the speed. As Abe is making up to the White house the Goddess of Liberty removes the switch, and off shoots the train towards that pile of rubbish over there (another locomotive with passenger cars broken up, marked J.D.), and the new locomotive, the new engineer, the new candidate rushes on to the track just as the Goddess of Liberty has replaced the switch. [Loud Applause.] What is the platform, you ask? There is none, but the Council of Eagles has a Policy. Here it is:

First. *National Individuality*.—The name of our republic shall be AMERICA. We had no name before. United States meant nothing. Patagonia, Siam, Kamskatka, all had individuality, but the United States man had no place to hail from. So in future we will call this nation AMERICA.

Second. *Political Individuality*.—We will not say that I am from Massachusetts, I am a Virginian, I am a Carolinian; But under the new regime, everybody will be proud to say, I am an American. [Applause.] We will not sneer at the German or the Irishman, but if naturalized, we shall say there goes an American. [Applause.]

Third. *Financial Individuality*.—Let us have a National Currency, based on National Faith.

Fourth. *Commercial Individuality*.—Prohibit the export of cotton, and the import of foreign fabrics. Let us clothe ourselves first, and then the world.

These points gained, we shall begin to live again. For two years I have shown the absurdity of going in canal boats in preference to rail, or in sailing ships instead of a steamer. But the Democratic Party are blinder than a bat, for a bat finds its way in the night time where the Democrats would be lost as at Chicago. There McClellan stood on the platform, here the platform stood on him.

This is what they must throw overboard. *Five Points*. [Laughter.] These are they: States Rights, Free Trade, Pro-Slavery, Monroe Doctrine, and Repudiation. Let me give my interpretation of these important tenets of Democratic faith.

STATES RIGHTS.

Individuals make families, families make communities, communities make towns ; towns, cities ; cities, counties ; counties make states—each to be managed, governed, controlled by its own machinery, as the individual man is under the control of the machinery of his system. The States then appoint an agent, the Federal Government, to manage foreign affairs, and be the working power. This makes the NATION, and is called UNION. Each sign a contract called a *Constitution*, and sail under a banner known as a FLAG. This is wheel within wheel, and, when copartnership is to be changed, a National Convention must be called, and two-thirds of the States must ratify the change. *The South broke up the copartnership without going through this formality.* Secessionists and many fossil Democrats and decayed Politicians still think that the States are *Independent Sovereigns* under the Constitution. Absurd ! No State can make War or Peace. No State can coin money or emit Bills of Exchange. No State can have Army or Navy, and no State can negotiate a Treaty. This Independent Sovereign Power was all delegated to their agent the Federal Government. Belgium, the smallest of monarchies—Switzerland, the smallest of republics, has more power than the State of New York, with four millions of people. They can make war or peace, sign treaties, and have an army and navy. So away with your independent sovereignty. Jackson settled that, By the Eternal, with Calhoun, over thirty years ago. [Applause.]

FREE TRADE.

Our Politicians are so busy in getting reelected, and in mousing out spoils, they have no time to be statesmen, else they would see that England has fooled us for fifty years. We have two natural enemies in England—John Bright and Richard Cobden. [Oh!] Free trade with the world is Protection to us, says England. England was starving—hence off with the duty on Corn. The world cheered. But it was an act of Protection to England's laborers. And she called it Free Trade. Again England invested \$500,000,000 (five hundred millions of dollars) in three thousand cotton factories. She was starving again. This time for Cotton Off with the duty on Cotton. Another act of Protection, and England called

it Free Trade—and the world cheered. So with cheap labor and cheap capital, England has taken Cotton from our plantations, crossed the ocean twice—and taken it over a dozen railways, and sells it again to the planter that grew the Cotton. This is American enterprise. Away then with Free Trade as a party cry.

PRO-SLAVERY.

Slavery is now Constitutional. Mr. Lincoln has made it so. He bought them in the District of Columbia. That makes slaves property. There are 3,000,000 in the five Slave States North and South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama. Slavery then is left where fifteen Presidents, fifteen cabinets, fifteen Presidential Congresses have left it. Legally and nationally it never was so strong as it is to-day. Commercially it never was so weak. So away with slavery as a Political issue. Mr. Seward told me at Washington three weeks ago, that he kicked the lion when he was alive, he would not kick him when he was dead. I, however, don't think him dead. He is only playing 'possum [laughter.]

MONROE DOCTRINE.

This is mere tradition. It means nothing, and never did mean anything. Canning did not want the Spaniards to monopolize South America, so sent for Rush—our ministers in England are all Toadies—and Rush wrote Monroe, and Monroe clapped this idea into his message forty years ago: *America permits no monarchies on this continent.* We were, as usual, simply the tools of England. Observe the absurdity of the paragraph. No monarchies allowed. They were all here. [Laughter.] There was Russia in her possessions in the northwest; there was France at San Michelon and San Piere; there was Spain in the South, and Great Britain in Canada and the Provinces; and to show still more how ridiculous Mr. Monroe made himself, he allowed Brazil to organize and come in as a full-fledged empire under his very nose. [Laughter.] To go to war to drive France out of Mexico is another thing. But don't let us do it, because Mr. Monroe toadied to England through Mr. Rush.

REPUDIATION.

That will come under Mr. Lincoln, but can be prevented under the new men. People will repudiate because they have no confidence in Mr. Lincoln's policy, ending the war. Change the administration, and use the debt as new capital to build factories and work up our own cotton.

We must destroy our credit abroad.

It is this credit that overstocks our market with foreign fabrics, and prevents our making our own clothes. *We cannot raise three hundred millions of gold per annum to pay our interest in gold.* So let Congress ruin our credit in Europe by paying our interest in paper. Have not individuals suspended paying specie? Banks, corporations, towns, cities, counties and states? Yes. Then how can Government, that lives on individuals, banks, cities and states, pay specie when they have none to pay?

Gold is kept up to 200 by Government, who buys through a hundred brokers to pay duties for a thousand merchants. Nothing can be plainer than the fact that our Government puts up the gold and not speculation.

We have now sixteen kinds of money. We want but one. Lycurus remodeled the Financial System of Sparta, by making the Currency Iron instead of Gold, which prevented the merchants from buying Foreign Luxuries. Pay our Bonds in paper, and keep the interest at home. When the Debt amounts to *Six Thousand Millions*, as it will under Lincoln in sixty-eight, the interest in Gold would be Four Hundred Millions per annum.

THERE ARE TWO PARTIES.

In England I called them the Party of Patriots and Party of Traitors. On my return, the Party of Abolitionists and Party of Secessionists. Afterwards I called them the Party of Miscege-nators and Party of Copperheads. Again I changed my Base—It was the Party of the Pit and the Party of the Dress Circle, the Party of the Gun Boat and the Party of the Nobody Hurt. Now it is the Party of Aristocrats and Party of Democrats, the Party of Conservatives and Party of Radicals. We are Radical before dinner—Conservative after. [Laughter.] The hackman is a Radical before you get in. Then he is Conservative. Your office-seeker is Radical as an applicant, Conservative as an occupant.

Hence the party of ins are Conservative, the party of outs are Radical. It resolves itself in this: Abram can make Radicals out of Conservatives when he opens the Bag. [That's so]. Thousands of Radicals will become Conservatives in November, for Abram's sake. Do not fish follow the bait? Does not the head dog catch the rabbit? What lock will hold against the power of greenbacks? He who is a good paymaster is lord of another man's actions. But he who eats the President's goose will get choked with the feathers. [Laughter and applause.]

THERE ARE TWO PLATFORMS :

That of Chicago ; that of Baltimore.

THIS IS THE FIRST :

Resolved, That we have a new Bastile.

Resolved, That the new Bastile be built where the 'old Bastile now is.

Resolved, That the old Bastile be not removed till the new Bastile is built.

THIS IS THE LAST :

Resolved, That we keep the old Bastile without any improvement, but take care that none of the prisoners escape.

The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes all.

Through flesh and bones it ploughs its dreadful path.

Groans rise unheard ; the dying cry,

And death and agony

Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,

Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

THERE ARE TWO CANDIDATES.

Blücher and Wellington. One is old Abe and the other is not. [Laughter.] The people pay their money, but the politicians give them no choice. George and Abram are very much alike, especially George. George goes in for wiping out States. So does Abram. Abram goes in for the draft. So does George. George goes in for illegal arrests. So does Abram. Abram goes in for manumitting the slaves as a military necessity. So does George. George goes in for suspension of habeas

corpus. So does Abram. Abram goes in for military interference at the polls. So does George. George goes in for spoils. So does Abram. Abram goes in for prosecuting the war. George dodges the question, but would wade through a national graveyard to get to the White House. George is surrounded by corrupt politicians. So is Abram. Abram would commit all the crimes in the calendar to retain office. So would George to obtain office. [Oh.] George stands on the fence when *they tell him to*. So does Abram. Where, then, is the difference between the two? Here it is. George is mortgaged to Rothschild, inside and outside, right side and left side, back side and front side. The recent panic in politics has used up the margins; hence the speculation is a bad one, and the broker will be ready to sell out on Tuesday night, when the returns come in from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Abram is not sold to England. Again, Abram has his pockets full. George's are empty. This reminds me of Erastus's little story. [Laur hter.] Fast conductor applies for situation. Keep fast horse? Yes. Fast woman? Yes. All paid for? Yes. Those diamonds yours? Yes. The business man turned to the Board and said: He is our man; has all these things now; hence, won't get them out of us. [Laughter.] So Abram is gorged with greenbacks.

It would take a pile to fill the empty pockets of George and his hungry disciples. [Laughter.] All these torchlight exhibitions must be paid for. Therefore of two evils thousands say, let us choose the least. Hence, vote for Abram. This shows the corruption of the *Times*. This power—the power of money, of office—did at Baltimore what no other power could have done. It is well known that the Senate was against Mr. Lincoln—so was the House. The Cabinet was not his friend. State Legislatures and Major-Generals, small politicians and large ones, together with nearly all the Republican journals in the country, led off by the *Tribune* and *Evening Post*, were against Mr. Lincoln; yet in the face of all this he was nominated by acclamation. This is historical. The cohesive power of public plunder breaks bolts and bars of public virtue. If Mr. Lincoln sold the Politicians at Baltimore, *may not the electors sell him in November?* Tit for tat. Seven out of ten of the Republicans vote for Lincoln on this base motive. To the victor belongs the spoils. The Democrats are no better.

The Democrats say, If the Republicans, with their limited experience, can steal so much in so short a time, what could we

o who have been familiar with the business for thirty years?
[Loud laughter.]

Having proved that there are Two Candidates, I may as well state at the start that I believe the country would be ruined if either were elected. Both would destroy the Republic. As it stands, from my point of view, there is but one candidate in the field.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

For McClellan will scarcely carry a single State. Cheers for McClellan always remind me of whistling at a funeral. [Laughter.] He is dead, and his body is floating down the Chichominy. He was neither hot nor cold, white nor black. It is useless to repeat the argument made in the several letters I have written to him. When a man has a patch on his breeches, I know where it is. [Laughter.] On the 14th of October he will withdraw in favor of General Sherman, or General Dix, or Admiral Farragut. I make this statement on the assumption that the General is a gentleman, and will be contented with throwing out nearly all the Congressmen in Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania on Tuesday next. That ought to satisfy any man's ambition. The Convention is to be recalled. *Is it for Revolution?* The boat is in the rapids. Will he persist in sculling her over the falls; or will he retire and let some more popular pilot run her into the shore? If not, then throw him over and save the passengers. General McClellan can be one of the most popular of Americans, if he will sacrifice his personal ambition to save his country. So much for one candidate; now for the other.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OBEY THE PRESIDENT—DOWN WITH ENGLAND—DEATH TO TREASON—
CHEER FOR THE UNION.

Two years ago these were mottoes that were printed on the note paper I wrote on when replying to several hundred invitations to lecture on my return from England. My programme is the same to-day, with this exception—Obey The President. Obey him to put down the rebellion? Yes; but not to elect him again to power. I sincerely believe that the election of

a two-term President is equivalent to changing the Republic into a monarchy. The Life-boat! the Life-boat! Elect Mr. Lincoln, as he will be elected by the largest majority ever known, and good-by to the Liberties of America. When a Republic ceases to have a decent minority party it becomes a monarchy. *A powerful opposition is the only safeguard to public safety.* Mr. Lincoln was chosen in 1860 to break up the Constitution. He was pledged to do it. Jefferson Davis and his confreres got the start of him, and is doing for the South what Mr. Lincoln is doing for the North. On Saturday night at Chicago—the Convention was Monday—I impeached the President. Shall I give you the impeachment? [Yes. No.] Here it is, and terrible is the record. As both parties are in force to-night, and many ladies present, I would rather you would not express approbation or disapprobation. I appeal to reason not to passion, and to be sure you mean to hear me, I put the question. All those in favor of hearing the impeachment, say aye. [The vote was nearly unanimous.]

IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

WHEN, IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS, it becomes necessary to Impeach The President of the United States, a decent respect for the opinions of the Politicians renders it necessary for WE, THE PEOPLE, to show cause by solemnly addressing *Whom it May Concern.*

H. G., of Oregon, elected A. L., of Illinois. Platform. Not in words but in fact.

First. *Tear down the Flaunting Rag.* (H. G.)

Second. *Let the Union slide.* (H. P. B.)

Union League with hell, Covenant with Death. (W. L. G.)

Liberty to the Slave or Death to the Union. (W. P.)

Abolish Slavery, if Five Millions of White Men are destroyed. (J. Q. A., 1843.)

We can and will do it. (W. H. S., at Cleveland.)

We must have an Anti-Slavery Constitution, an Anti-Slavery Bible, and an Anti-Slavery God. (A. B.)

I pray that the torch of the incendiary would light up the towns and cities of the South. (J. R. G.)

Better discord reign in National Councils—better Congress break up in wild disorder—better the Capital blaze by incendiary torch, and bury all beneath the ruins, than not abolish Slavery. (H. G.)

Union not worth preserving. (J. I. P.)

Let it come to blood. I am ready. (J. P. H.)

Slavery will not live a year after our party is in power.
(S. P. C.)

If Ballot fails, drive back Slaveocrats with fire and sword.
(J. W. W.)

We must have some Blood-letting. (Senator C.)

On this platform the Tyrant was chosen at Chicago, and at once most of the foregoing were appointed Ministers. Two were placed in the Cabinet. Pledged therefore to destroy the Union—*Tear down the flaunting rag*, (H. G.)—and destroy the sacred charter of our liberties, We the People commence the impeachment.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS AND AS IT ISN'T.

WE, THE PEOPLE, to secure the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution :

First. *All legislative power is vested in Congress.* (Art. 1, sec. 1.)

(Oath of A. L.) *I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.* (Art. 2, sec. 2.)

The President shall be removed from office on Impeachment for and conviction of Treason, Bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors. (Art. 2, sec. 4.)

HOW A. L. HAS PERJURED HIMSELF.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office. (Art. 1, sec.)

Major-General Frank P. Blair was so appointed by the President.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

The privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended. (Art. 1, sec.)

The public safety did not require that the best blood of the land should be bastiled whenever Mr. Seward rang his bell.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No bill of attainder or ex-post-facto law shall be passed. (Art. 1, sec. 9.)

He has signed such law.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

The trial of all crimes, except impeachment, shall be by Jury. (Art. 3, sec. 3.)

What trial by jury have the inmates of the Old Capitol, Fort McHenry, Lafayette, or Warren had ?

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No attainder of treason shall work corruption, blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted. (Art. 3, sec. 3.)

Remember the Confiscation Bill you signed *attaints babes unborn.*

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No new States shall be formed or admitted within jurisdiction of any other State. (Art. 4, sec. 3.)

You signed the bill making Western Virginia a State, and for the sixth time perjured yourself.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

A republican form of Government guaranteed to every State, and protection from invasion. (Art. 4, sec. 4.)

You have, with your officers, invaded States, seized citizens, exiled foreigners, suppressed newspapers, issued letters *des cachet*, and usurped our liberties, under the Tyrant's plea of military necessity.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No abridgment of Freedom of Speech or Press, or right of People to peaceably assemble to Petition Government for redress of grievances. (Amendment to Constitution, Art. 1.)

You have arrested a thousand citizens, suspended a hundred newspapers, and yet your hoarse laugh is heard over the grave of Trial by Jury. Nobody Hurt.

PATRICK HENRY WAS A PATRIOT.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the I. his Cromwell, and

Abraham Lincoln (Treason! cry the Loyal Leaguers. Treason! shout the Disciples of Shoddy,) and "We the People" recommend *Abraham Lincoln* to profit by their example.

Let us examine history.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND ABRAM LINCOLN COMPARED.

Julius and Abram are twins. Julius was the handsomest man in Rome; Abram is the handsomest man in America. (Laughter.) Julius sprung from the First Families of Italy; Abram from the Second Families of Virginia. Julius proposed to divide the lands of the rich among the poor; so does Abram. Julius banished Cicero; so Abram banished Clement. Julius, Crassus and Pompey coalesced for Power; Crassus (Chase) died; so Abram, William, and Edwin, formed a co-partnership. Pompey and Cæsar remain. Seward alludes to them at Auburn, especially Pompey. Mr. Seward showed me a splendid statue of Pompey the other day. He visited his tomb in Italy and found it in a hog-pen. [Laughter.] Julius paused on the banks of the Rubicon to pack the Roman Senate with his parasites; so Abram pauses on the banks of the James till he is sure of his Legislature. Julius-whipped Pompey (Jefferson Davis) became consul one year; then four years; ten, and then Dictator; Abram is trying to repeat history.

Let us follow the analogy.

Julius walked into Dictatorship over the dead bodies of twelve hundred thousand men; so is Abram progressing through his sea of blood to supreme power; half that number this term, the balance the next. The Senators noticed one day that he did not rise when they voted him honor; whereupon sixty Ben Wades, Pomeroyes, Fessendens, and Wilsons leagued to kill him. He fell, pierced by twenty-two stabs. Turning to the senior partner of the firm of Brutus & Cassius, he said, "and you, you Brute!" and died—just nineteen hundred years ago. The tyrant was no more, but Liberty never returned to Rome. The Republic never saw the light again. The Union had been broken too long. The Constitution had been too much shattered. Freedom was dethroned. Augustus Cæsar caused himself to be re-elected every four or eight years as he chose, for nearly half a century. If Mr. Lincoln has the power to re-elect himself the second term, what can prevent his doing it the third term? It was only a step from the Consulship to the Empire. If Mr. Lincoln should dare to

acknowledge the Confederacy, a hundred Brutuses would jump for the capitol. History repeats itself every day. We The Emperor, and not We The Romans, in that day. So it is We the President, and not We, The People, in our time. 'Twas the same in France. Napoleon at twenty-six was commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of Italy. He returned to France. One step, and he broke up the assembly; another step, and he was Consul three years; ten years, and then Emperor. Julius and Augustus were the models of the First Bonaparte. The Third Napoleon models from the First. Elected to the Assembly, President of it, he then destroys it, and is elected President of France; another step, and he assumes dictatorship, and for fifteen years has ruled the nation as Emperor.

What guarantee have we that Mr. Lincoln will not do the same? not as King, not as Emperor, but as Dictator under the name of President? You answer, It is not characteristic of our Race. What! have you forgotten Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis? Swept into power as he will be with a majority in every State—a servile Congress—a sycophantic Senate—and State Legislatures honored by tying the lachet of his shoe—Governors abject enough to do his bidding at a nod—where will he stop in his despotism? This is what Abram Lincoln can do.

CONSTITUTION CHANGED BY TWO-THIRDS VOTE.

By two-thirds vote he can change the Constitution. He will have a three-fourths vote, unless McClellan withdraws.

First. The first section of the change will be to make him President for six years instead of four, as the Confederates have done.

Second. Foreigners will be placed on the same footing as Americans. That is, the naturalization clause will be changed to read twenty-one years, instead of five. This will throw out five hundred thousand votes.

Third. A Property Qualification will be required, throwing out as many more votes.

These three clauses can be so worded as to constitute his power as Augustus Cæsar did, each election making him the stronger. I am not sure that the law of Primogeniture will not be established; already we have titles which carry supreme power. No feudal lord commanded as many retainers as the smallest of our Major-Generals. These men exercise the power of nobles. The distance between a private soldier and the

Major-General is greater than between the peasant and the peer—greater because the soldier, like the serf, has no power over his own liberty. How absurd to suppose the army vote would go to McClellan. Does McClellan pay the bills? The patriotism of the war went out when it became a war of the fanatics. It is now pay. The private looks to the sergeant, sergeant to lieutenant, lieutenant to captain, captain to colonel, colonel to brigadier, brigadier to major-general, major-general to Stanton, and Stanton to Lincoln for promotion. The Commander-in-Chief pulls the strings and all close up with a double-quick. (Mr. Train here with his hand opening and closing his Four Fingers pulled the string through all his armies, as Mr. Lincoln did, causing much laughter.)

LINCOLN'S TEN LEGIONS.

Now add, First—Noble Army of Clergymen. Mis-ceg-e-nators. George Augusta Sala has well described them.

Second—Noble Army of Sanitary Fair Committees, ambitious for newspaper notoriety.

Third—Noble Army of Custom-House Officers, many thousand strong.

Fourth—Noble Army of Postmasters, sending the Poisoned Ballots to every city, town, and hamlet in the nation.

Fifth—Noble Army of Tax-gatherers, penetrating every coat, hat, and stomach in the land.

Sixth—Noble Army of Provost Marshals, to pick up opposition Newspapers and arrest Copperheads.

Seventh—Noble Army of Soldiers. *The greatest. The noblest. The best in the world.*

Eighth—Noble Army of Sailors, commanded by Admiral Rip Van Winkle. *Six hundred ships three years catching the Alabama, but none left for the Tallahassee.*

Ninth—Noble Army of Military Governors and officers in the Civil service.

Tenth—All the Noble Armies backed up and paid by the Noble Army of Greenbacks and Battalion of Black Backs and National Banks!

The Second Term will create ten more armies, which will elect him the Third. A standing army in time of Peace is a body guard to a Dictator; and when adopted here, our government is monarchy in the disguise of a republic.

Everything seemed strange to me in Java. 'Tis a beautiful island; the land of the clove and the nutmeg; the tiger and

the cassowary, and sugar and coffee, and that most luscious of fruits, the naugostine. But in this wonderful Garden of Eden there is a tree of good and evil. Have you heard of the Upas tree? It is no fable. Be careful how you approach it. The poison reaches where the winds blow; nor tree, nor flower, nor shrub can live within its influence. Birds drop dead as they come within the circle, and animals and creeping things are scattered among the dead. Each year the circle widens. The air is heavy. What is the terrible secret? Inquire, and death ensues. Have we a Upas tree in our land? What magic influence has paralyzed Wade and Pomeroy, Cochrane and Winter Davis? Has Mr. Chase come too near, and has the Pathfinder been exploring in that vicinity? [Laughter.] Yes, our Upas is the treasury. The greenback fever freezes the blood. It destroys morality, and truth meeteth it but to die. Like the down on the peach, like the virtue of a woman, once lost they never return again. So, once under the branches of the Washington Upas Tree, the soul of honor deadens, and men become the miserable creeping things of tyranny and shame. [Applause, and cries of "Shame!"] Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer. Put it to vote; to all the Major Generals and Brigadiers; all those in favor of stopping your pay by stopping the war, say aye. Bread and butter will decide most any vote. What has occurred to change public sentiment? Naught save the miserable farce enacted at Chicago. The struggle for power had not even the veil of common decency. No more pitiful sight has been on exhibition these many years. The Convention was a decayed cheese, and it was positively nauseating to see the political maggots running over their Rotten Platform. Principle was sacrificed for Power: Party on the Brain paralyzed individuality. The Democratic Party always till now had decided opinions. A distinguished lady of New York gave me a sketch of the Chicago coat-of-arms:

PAX IN BELLO.
A DOVE
CLUTCHING
A MUSKET WITH
BAYONET FIXED.

Yes, there is a more pitiful sight. That is, to see the tools the politicians are making of the Irish voters. When I saw Protestant England join hands with Catholic France to bolster up Mohammedan Turkey against the Greek Church of Russia in

their squabble for the Holy Places of Jerusalem, I was thunderstruck at the strange partnership. [Laughter.] But the most extraordinary of all the extraordinary things that have taken place during this war, is to see in the coming election the Catholics quietly led to the November slaughter by their old friends the Jews. [Loud laughter.] Honey is sweet, but the bee stings. Saint Paul had his eye on Chicago when he said, "The Jew first, and then the Gentile." Having a church of my own, I respect all religions, and God forbid that I should do aught to throw ridicule on any. But this Sanhedrim attack on the Cathedral is worse than the bolting of the Eighth Harry from the platform of Rome. [Laughter and applause.]

I ask again, what has occurred to change public sentiment in favor of Mr. Lincoln? Is he the same man that Pomeroy denounced? that Chase said was unfit for power? that Ben. Wade attacked? that Winter Davis jeered at? Is it the same Lincoln that Fremont pictured as a Tyrant and Usurper? that Dr. Cheever called Knave, and Wendell Phillips, Villain? It cannot be. What has happened to change the opinions of these Christian gentlemen? Is this man, Cochrane who is so eloquent at Philadelphia, the same that vilified the President at Cleveland? Oh, my country! what crime hast thou committed that thou shouldst be so shamefully betrayed?

Returning from Moscow and St. Petersburg I passed through Sweden and Norway, and here I listened to the tales of the departed. I seemed to feel the presence of the Maelstrom. What causes that terrible pool? Where does the water drop to? Is there another world below? I have seen birds and animals that have been forced over the falls at Niagara by the rushing of the waters; but how feeble is that compared to the power that draws in both the little and the great? Whales from afar off are spirited into the cave, and it is fatal to any ship that wanders too close to its whirling eddies. I should like to take a look into that subterranean cavern. What skeletons! What history! Has the President organized a whirlpool near the White House? Humanity is weak. See how the men of the day are drawn into the stream. The whirlpool is now almost as large as that of Norway, and the skeletons of good men and honest men are packed along the cavern almost as thick as in the city of the dead, or the field of a hundred battles. Our men in power seem to be equally unfit to guard the nation's liberties.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Our ancestors, so glorious in the eye of the world ; so bountiful and munificent to their country ; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves—what resemblance can we find, in the present generation, to these great men ?

Do you recognize the language ?

It is the scorching sarcasm of Demosthenes, when rousing up the Athenians.

We can say to our rulers—

You lavish the public money in scandalous and obscene uses ; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war (the Mexicans) ; and your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. [Shame.]

Do you recognize the language ?

Demosthenes is exciting the people against Phillip.

Misfortune teaches them no mercy, or experience wisdom. Vindictive in prosperity, servile in defeat, timid in the field, vacillating in the cabinet, suspicious among themselves, discontent among their followers, piety active in subservience to their sycophantic clergy, power passive but in subjugating the people, they blunder on from one expedient to the other, refusing to let go their hold on the throat of the nation. [Applause.]

Do you recognize the language ?

It was addressed by that great Irish orator, Phillips, to the corrupt ministry of England.

How have the last few years been employed, but in destroying the landmarks of rights and duties and obligations ; in substituting sounds in the place of sense ; in substituting a vile and canting methodism in the place of social duty and practical honor ; in suffering virtue to degenerate into pleasure, and morality into hypocrisy and affectation.

Do you recognize the language ?

They are the stirring words of Curran to the corrupt politicians of his day.

Cast your eye upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold him raised all at once from poverty to opulence ; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Look at his followers. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces ? And how have

their fortunes and their power increased but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished. [That's so.]

Do you recognize the language?

The orator was in Athens, and Phillip was the mark he fired at.

Why all this—Demosthenes is always eloquent.

The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honors, dignities and preferment were disposed by the voice and favor of the people; but the magistrate has now usurped the rights of the people, and exercises an abiding authority over his natural master. [Applause.]

Do you recognize the language?

Athens groaned under the biting rebukes of the eloquent Athenian.

DISTANT THUNDER.

To-day apathy is supreme. A dead stupor is on the nation. Yet the people are not asleep. There is gigantic power in apathy. The still black cloud is full of thunderbolts. Electricity is silent as it whirls along the wire over valley and mountain to California. You can throw steam enough through a needle's eye to turn a great wheel. We are apathetic. But when the people speak, politicians must stand from under.

Listen to the rumbling sound of discontent in the Northwest.

I was once in Southern Italy. All still along the Bay of Naples. At night a change came over the spirit of the waters. There was a subterraneous quaking. The city seemed to have the fever and ague. At midnight I looked. The sky seemed in flames. Earth's artillery was throwing its stormy bomb-shells in the air. The burning lava was pouring down the mountain side. *That was this people at Sumter.* [Loud cheers.] They rushed headlong to save the flag they love. The politicians said, "That is a good move; we will lead you." And political generals spring to the front. The people were fooled. They went to fight for the Union. The politicians at once changed the object of the war. I was once coming down the China Seas. There was a dead calm. Not a breath of wind far as the eye could reach. Suddenly a whirl—a rush of waters. The sails were split, the top-masts were snapped asunder, and we were plunging along like a harpooned whale. *It was a typhoon. That was the people*

at Bull Run. We sprung again to the rescue of our flag. [Loud cheers.] And Politicians said "That is a good move; we will lead you." Again the people were sold. Twice fooled they some day will think for themselves. We are apathetic to-day. So is a barrel of gunpowder under this hall. Introduce a fanatic into it in the shape of a lucifer match, and you will be astonished at the enthusiasm. [Laughter and applause.] Pitiful was the trimming of McClellan. He took Mr. Lincoln for a model, and Mr. Lincoln took McClellan for a type. (Mr. Train here, standing on chair, pictured McClellan riding Peace and War. (laughter.)

THE TWO HORSE RIDER.

Absolom, remarked a friend of mine, rode two horses and fell. David rent his garments to show his great concern. Abraham rides two horses and keeps his seat. He admits that he is Blondin.

Abraham's horses were well-trained. They sit down when they come to a Band of Music. Have you seen Barnum's Happy Family? Seven animals in a cage. How they love each other. Abraham copied Barnum and put all the Presidential candidates in the Cabinet. What a Happy Family. No two have spoken to each other for three years. [Laughter.] Cabinet meetings are not held. Abraham talks with each alone and then consults Seward, and both laugh. Chase and Seward were the two horses. Chase has balked. The States are Territories, says Chase. No, they are still States, says Seward. Issue proclamation, says one. Don't, says the other. Put out Fremont. Balance again. Put out McClellan. Confiscate at once. Postpone, says the other. Slavery is dead, said Chase. It is not, said Seward; and so on to the end of the chapter.

As Jacob cheated Isaac by putting on goat-skin gloves, so Abraham tried to disguise his plans and cheat Abolition about Slavery. Wendell Phillips smelt the old rat, and the old rat smelt him. [Laughter.] When rat meets rat, then comes the disruption of parties. All Abraham's acts were to re-elect himself by restoring the Union with Slavery.

Read Chicago platform, Slavery intact; read Inaugural-Slavery not to be touched; read Annual Message, emancipation postponed till 1900; read Proclamation of 22d September, '62, South allowed to come back before January with *Slavery*; read Seward's dispatches to Adams and Dayton, Slavery as strong

as ever ; States were still States. Read Hunter, Phillips, Fremont. Abraham Lincoln discharged them because they dared to touch Slavery. Confiscation act worded to aid Slavery. Negroes bought in District of Columbia, so as to settle the question by a national law. That slaves were property. He appointed Military Governors in order to protect Slavery. Banks went to New Orleans to save it. The One-Tenth Proclamation guarantees Slavery. [That's so.] The Abolitionists discovered the trick, and Fremont already counted half a million of votes. Abraham saw his mistake, and being dishonest, addressed Whom it may Concern thus : We can have Peace only by abolishing Slavery

Honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy for an honest man. Do you wish to commit crime—start a good name. Do you want another wife? Be defender of the Faith, like the Eighth Harry, and the world will be proud of your photograph. [Laughter.] Do you wish to murder, rob, and destroy? Steal the divine right of kings. Do you care to revel in licentiousness, and break up households? put Christianity on your helmet. Is it your object to assassinate civil liberty, murder constitutions, and strangle national life? be called Honest and Old. He says slavery demoralizes. Born in one slave State, and raised in another, he must on that basis have been corrupted before he went to Illinois. His profession would finish his education. The backwoods lawyer takes a fee from a murderer, a burglar, or a thief. The fee taken, he then proceeds to work out his innocence, and if successful, is praised for letting the convict go at large upon society. Our honest President spent his life thus, and necessarily must have been corrupted and demoralized before Judd worked the oracle to swindle Seward out of the succession. [Laughter and applause.]

The magic of success galvanizes Rebels into Patriots, Speculation into Enterprise, and Impudence into Genius, and under its magic influence Ignorance sometimes passes for Knowledge, and Vice is often mistaken for Virtue. [Applause.]

There is more danger to-day of the West seceding in a body if Mr. Lincoln is elected, than there was of the South seceding before the fall of Sumter. When a shot is fired into Cincinnati, or Cleveland, or Chicago, the country will wake up to find that it has been sleeping in a bed of bomb-shells.

Being shut out of the Convention on account of my opposition to McClellan, I had to deliver the following speech to the People from my window at the Sherman House.

(This speech will be the text of Western men if Mr. Lincoln is elected.)

A WESTERN SPEECH.

We cannot play the Fiddle over a burning city like Father Abraham [laughter], but we can build up almost an ignored Section into a great Empire. [Applause.] Did we make the War? No. Then it is our duty to make the Peace. [Cheers.] Who created this anarchy? The East. Are you sure? Yes, this WAR OF THE FANATICS was no affair of ours. Is Exeter Hall located in the Rocky Mountains? Did Wendell Phillips come from Dacotah? Was Horace Greeley a native of Arizona? or Henry Ward Beecher a Resident of Nebraska? Is Charles Sumner a Californian? and William H. Seward a Resident of Oregon? Are you sure that the Duchess of Sutherland and Harriet Beecher Stowe are not disciples of Utah?—No, they would prefer a plurality of men! (Laughter.) WHO MADE THE WAR? Did we of the West? No, thank God. We have no hate against the South. No old scores to settle. No fugitives to return. No Sumner to knock down. We never blackguarded the South. Theodore Parker did not belong to Montana, and William Lloyd Garrison never saw New Mexico. The Fugitive Slave Law never touched the West. No Burns' Riot. No Jerry rescue. No Nigger meeting on the Plains. *The East then made the War. Let the West make Peace* The sooner the country understands that Reconstruction comes from the Pacific side instead of the Atlantic the better for all. [Applause.]

De Tocqueville said the children of the world, driven by the hand of God, were peopling the Western wilderness at the rate of twenty miles per annum. You know the strength of unity. The Indian chief broke the stick before the Council, but asked the young warriors to break the bundle. The six nations remained a power under such leadership. One bundle of wheat will fall—stick them together, and the wind may blow in vain. The trip-hammer is a power as the huge mass strikes the anvil—scatter the same amount of iron in snowflakes over the pasture, and the power of concentration is acknowledged. [Applause.]

“Westward the Course of Empire takes its way.”

Gentlemen—Ho! for a sentiment. I give you—

The Western Empire! Away with your pent-up New England notions. Let us have a West. Ferdinand de Soto, give

me your hand. Ponce de Leon, cross the Mississippi, and you will find your fabled Fountain of Youth. We will have a West.

The Patient Dint and Powder Shock
Can blast an Empire out of Rock. [Applause.]

In 1785, the King of Spain owned the West. His agent was no Ambassador, only an "Encangado de Negocios," who came to arrange the free trades of the Mississippi. Jay was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and was stupid enough to propose to Congress to give up our rights on the Mississippi for thirty years. James Monroe had more brains. "The South to a man was against it." The North, led off by Rufus King, of Massachusetts, "voted to close the river." Massachusetts always was a Toady to Foreign Dictation. The Cavaliers had more sense than the Puritans. Here was the commencement of the Rebellion between North and South eighty years ago. The vote was seven States to five, Delaware not being eligible. But nine States were wanted, hence the South saved the Mississippi. Therefore the West is ready to join fortunes with the South, its early friend, instead of the North, its Puritan enemy.

Enemy in its infancy. Enemy in its boyhood. Enemy now in its manhood. Seven years after, Spain opens the river to us forever, and in 1803 Napoleon intended to establish a military colony in Louisiana, as his nephew is now doing in Mexico. But, presto, he was at war again. He wanted money. How much will you give? said Talleyrand. Fifteen millions, said Monroe. Done. And lo! two millions of square miles of gold, and iron and lead and pastoral lands, for one hundred millions of Buffaloes, were ceded to America by France in order to make a West. Tom Benton is dead. Edward Bates still lives. These two were the lawyers that introduced slavery into the Constitution of Missouri and kept it there. When I returned from England Bates showed me the impossibility of dividing the West and South. Ho! for a Western Empire. To divide? No. To control. If division, however, were possible, which it is not, the West will cast its fortunes with the South. Who ever heard of a great river dividing a nation with hostile gunboats.

I have heard North and South till it makes me sick. East till it nauseates me. Now let us have a West. We have the pastoral lands. We have the gold mines. Let us have an Individuality. Columbus discovered West. Vespuccius a West. Shall we do nothing?

The West will secede six months after Mr. Lincoln is in power. In addition to the point made in the foregoing, here is the sharp edge of the argument—Self-interest, Money. I am only a few months in advance. The head wave dashes upon the shore ; wait and see the ocean in its massive individuality overtop that head wave and dash itself higher up upon the beach.

In 1860, the West was in debt. The panic of '57 left farms and houses staggering under Eastern mortgages. Greenbacks were invented. The weight is taken off the scales ; the West breathes free of debt. The East was rich ; they bought the bonds, or, in other words, relieved the West of their indebtedness. Take the bonds and Congress will make them exempt from taxation. The West voted for it to a man. Of course it wiped off their debts. Now, they say, we Western men don't choose to be taxed to pay the bonds of you Eastern men. We have done the fighting. Sheridan, Grant, Sherman are our men. Vicksburg and Atlanta are our victories. We can out-fight you and out-vote you, and we will see you in Paradise before we will allow you to make serfs of us to enrich your robbers.

What, then, can we, New Yorkers and New Englanders, say ?

SPEECH OF THE EAST TO THE WEST.

We will march an army through your Western country, as we are doing through the South. We will desolate your homesteads, and make widows and orphans of your families. We bullied you at Chicago into nominating McClellan, and we can bully you into paying our taxes, and giving a standing army to Mr. Lincoln for a body guard. You Western men are nobody. We have kicked and cuffed you for twenty years, and we will kick and cuff you again if you dare to express an opinion of your own.

The Debt, now two thousand millions, or with gold at *two hundred*, four thousand millions, will hang like a nightmare over the East. A debt exempt from taxation is soon wiped off. The Confederate bonds, the French assignats, and our Continental money are instances of this wiping out process. Elect Lincoln and your palaces are hovels—your rich men are paupers. For the banks and corporations of the nation are only junior partners of a concern that, if willing to sacrifice the life of a nation for a new lease of power, would as willingly become insolvent in order to have the pickings arising from winding up the estate. [Laughter.]

I act on instinct, impulse, intuition—seldom on reason. These instincts show me the future summed up in these words:

McClellan will withdraw, after Tuesday's election, in favor of General Dix. By that time the reaction takes place in the public mind against Mr. Lincoln. Things go up and down. First abuse, then praise. To-day he is way up on the tight-rope. He says he is Blondin. But can Blondin keep up there thirty days, without food? A tide of public passion will sweep through the North in ten days' time worse than that after the Whom it may Concern letter. Suppose this letter, or something like it, came from Richmond, as it will come:

LETTER FROM DAVIS TO LINCOLN.

RICHMOND, Oct., '64.

DEAR SIR—Observing by your several Proclamations that we are *not* out of the Union—noticing that Mr. Seward's dispatches to Dayton and Adams all declare that we are *not* out of the Union, and that Congress has taken care to pass laws proving that we are not out the Union, and that you still have that opinion, as shown by your refusal to sign the Wade-Davis Bill, we have suddenly had a ray of light shine through the clouds, and believing that you mean what you say, we intend, being in the Union—to throw down our arms on the 19th of October, and cast our Electoral vote, as the Constitution directs, for Mr. Somebody in November, and take our seats in Congress, in December. Does this meet your approval?

Respectfully yours,

J. D.

To A. L.

If Mr. Lincoln says yes, it will destroy his temporary popularity; if no, it will ruin his prospect for November. Change the administration, and the Southern vote can be thrown in November. Refuse, and the Republic is no more.

The fruit is nearly ripe. A few days, and we will shake the tree. The seed is in the ground; the Harvest is near at hand.

THE CORMORANT AND THE PUBLIC.

The Republicans have closed up too soon on Mr. Lincoln. When I was in Foo-chou-foo, nothing amused me more than to watch the cormorant-fishing on the river Min.

The Chinaman makes a raft of bamboos; the basket is in the centre; the fisherman has the birds on either side, standing erect like a child; appetite makes them active. Down he dives; now he rises with a fish a foot long. The fisherman has placed an ivory ring around the neck of the cormorant; he

struggles ; the Chinaman takes the fish out of his mouth, throws it into the basket, and gives the bird a shrimp. [Laughter.] You should see the original, and note the countenance he bore. [Laughter.] Another dive, another fish, another shrimp [laughter], and thus he goes on till the game is bagged, and the bird is made to roost by being hungry. That cormorant is the Public—greedy for news. The Republican bolters have closed too quick. Winter Davis, a shrimp ; Chase, a shrimp ; Ben Wade, a shrimp ; John C. Fremont, another shrimp. [Loud laughter, as the speaker suited the action to the word.] Sheridan's victory, a big shrimp ; Sherman's, another shrimp ; Grant's advance, shrimp again. [Laughter.] All are down, all eaten ; gone ; and the Cormorant hankering for something more. Thirty-two days before election. What do you intend to feed that Voracious Bird on meanwhile ? [Loud laughter and applause.]

Mr. Train did not credit the speech of Jefferson Davis. He thinks it a hoax, and said that people playing the game of brag were not in the habit of showing their hands ; that the war had just commenced ; that Grant would risk no battle on the eve of election ; that if Lee, Early, and Hood should happen to play the Carnot on Sherman, there would be great danger of his being gobbled up ; that the horrors of the war would be seen when the South put five hundred thousand negro soldiers in the field to fight our men ; that the Confederacy was strengthened by all the President's acts. Subjugate the South, said Mr. Train. What, as Ireland was subjugated, after five centuries ? as Hungary was subjugated ? as Venice was subjugated ? as Poland was subjugated ? Talk of subjugation. Do you remember the history of Dost Mohammed, and the son of Dost Mohammed, in the passes of Cabul ? Have you forgotten that Ab. Del. Kader fought the veterans of France for twenty years ? that the New Zealanders to-day are driving back the regulars of the English army ? that Russia battled Schammel a quarter of a century in the mountains of Caucasia ? and the first Napoleon was scarcely equal to the rude forces of Mehemet Ali ? Say nothing of our being some eighteen years, when we were a united people, in driving Billy Bowlegs out of Florida. [Laughter.]

Subjugation in the South is revolution in the Northwest. We have never yet been in earnest. Mr. Lincoln is a Trimmer. Would you take oil to extinguish a fire ? would you draw water with a sieve ? do you wash your sheep with scalding water ? can you make ropes out of sand ?

Mr. Lincoln's policy is fatal to success. Enlist for the war

and the war would have been over. As it is, we call for six months—nine months—one year more, and the rebels say we may as well fight it out if peace is so near, and thus the war drags on. Four years nearer the end, but we have not seen the end of the beginning, much more the beginning of the end.

In this world revolution seldom arrives at its original aim. Our fathers wished to get into Parliament, and out of demands for representation they got their independence. Geography, astronomy, and geology are not written up much in the Bible. A geographer of Italy wanted to make a short cut to India, and accidentally found a continent. An astronomer got thrown into prison by showing how the sun stood still. Does the fire revolve round the goose, or the goose round the fire? asked Galileo of the Cardinals. Geology made the world more than six days in making. The South fights for independence—some new idea will grow out of it.

NOT ALLOWED TO GO TO RICHMOND.

After talking with Clay, Sanders, and Tucker, I formed a plan to bring back the South. I consulted Mr. Seward. He received me cordially. I like Mr. Seward, but never was with him on the slave question. I told him I wanted to go to Richmond to show the Confederate cabinet that five hundred thousand volunteers were coming in—that Mr. Lincoln would be re-elected by a great majority—that that meant war to the bitter end. Hence I wanted to save bloodshed, and to show them how their rights could be obtained by throwing their electoral vote in November, and taking their seats in Congress in December. Mr. Seward thought favorably of it at first, said he would see Stanton, and told me to call the next day. I called, and he said that although I went unofficially, they would say at Richmond, after my warfare on the McClellan party, that I was official, and that was the best evidence of it, and as events were transpiring so rapidly, it was considered best for me not to go to Richmond at present. Curtis headed me off at St. Louis two years ago [laughter], and the Cabinet say no, now—and as Forney and Raymond thought me of sufficient importance *not* to publish my last letter to McClellan, they may have had a hint from Washington that a man who don't go in for either candidate is unsafe, and may have a plan of his own. [Laughter.] I have a plan, and this is it in a nutshell. We must do as they did in ancient Rome. When civil war broke out, they fought the stranger, and the feud closed up. As we have been cutting each other's throats about long enough to satisfy the

most devout Christian [laughter], I suggest we go into other people awhile, as a matter of change.

NOMINATION OF DIX AND FARRAGUT.

As the friend of the People, and the enemy of the Politicians, Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, in the name of the People, and independent of Convention, nominates for President and Vice-President, the Army and Navy as represented by Major General JOHN A. DIX, and Admiral FARRAGUT. The one as Commander in Chief to drive France out of Mexico; the other, as Admiral in Chief, to sweep "Neutral" England off the seas. The Electors to be chosen as directed by the Constitution. All those in favor of these men and this plan, say aye—contrary minded, no. The audience were taken by storm; the few nays were completely drowned by the chorus of yeas. There was some little discussion among the politicians, but the freshness of the idea seemed to relieve all. Some thought the time was too limited, but Mr. Train replied that we lived now thirty months in thirty days, and that a short and decisive campaign would save the country. [Applause.]

Although M. Train hit so hard, it was on both sides, so neither party could complain. In his Pamphlet overthrowing McClellan, Mr. Train says that he believes the Dix and Farragut programme will bring back the South—prevent the North-West from seceding—the War Debt from being repudiated—the Naturalization Law from being changed from five years to twenty-one—the Presidential term from four to eight years, and the remnants of the Republic from being secretly but surely merged into a Monarchy in disguise. If not done, Mr. Train says that he intends to establish another Republic for white men somewhere beyond the reach of the Puritans [laughter].

After the audience dispersed the members of the Club invited Mr. Train to partake of an elegant supper at the Hotel, where speeches were made and good fellowship reigned till one o'clock in the morning. The audacity of the speech and prophecies therein will long be remembered in Rahway.

Argument.—THE NEW AMERICAN OPERA OF FAUST. THE LAUGHING CHORUS OF HUMAN MISERY, NOW UNDER REHEARSAL AND TO BE PUBLISHED BEFORE ELECTION.

HA ! HA ! HA ? *Nobody hurt !*

Ye sons of Liberty awake,
Our hearts and altars are at stake ;
Arise ! arise ! for Freedom's sake,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln !

TWO PICTURES.—Time—same week and day and hour.—1. The Battle-field in the Wilderness. Twenty thousand dead and dying. The wounded left on the Battle-field. Fire ! Fire ! See the woods burn. Not enough to die—not enough to be hacked to pieces and live among the wounded, but these white men must be burned upon the field of battle, so that SLAVERY MAY BE ABOLISHED.

HA ! HA ! HA ? *Nobody hurt !*

While this tableau amuses this kind-hearted President—before the dead are buried—before the charred body of the burnt Soldier is removed, he sends Arnold Oglesby and Staff to the Cooper Institute, New York, to wake up Public Opinion to influence the Baltimore Convention.

HA ! HA ! HA ! *Nobody hurt !*

Our Union Eagle is not Dead !
Again its wings are spread
To swoop upon the Tyrant's head,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln and Herman are very like. Mephistophiles and the President, both so honest. Meph., however, is no match for Abraham. Abe the First would change the By-Laws and Constitution of Pandemonium as a military necessity. This reminds me of a little story. Once upon a time I went to the opera. Herman that night was grand. Gold foil under his eyes. How they glare. Imitation Horns. Red and Black Dress. Cloven feet. One of which just touched the stage. The Guitar Song was encored. I looked to see who led off. There in a Private Box sat Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, with those little hands of his. That handsome face lighted up with Satanic fancy. *A battle was raging at the time, and thousands were sent in the moment of Military Murder to meet their God.* I looked at Herman. I looked at Lincoln. As Jim Lane would say, Great God ! what a strange resemblance. I have never been able to shake off that oppression. That terrible Chorus rings in my ears over every new batch

of graveyards. That levity of the Black House wakes me up at all hours.

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt.* A Pyramid of Dead. Higher than that of Egypt. That *Slavery may be abolished.* That the Union may dissolved. THAT THIS LEAGUE WITH HELL AND COVENANT WITH DEATH MAY BE BROKEN. That the Flag may be dishonored. TEAR DOWN THE FLAUNTING LIE. That the Republic may be destroyed. *For Slavery must be abolished.*

We have been deceived. Meph. is the Father of Lies. Periodically for three years they have stated that the Southern army was demoralized. They lied. They said at Sumter it would be over in sixty days. They lied. They said, when Donelson, Henry, Columbus, New Madrid—(Grant was the Rebel general in command. He abuses Copperhead's now)—fell, that peace was at hand. They lied. They said in Chicago Platform, in Inaugural Message, in Congress, everywhere, that the war was for the Union. THEY LIED. Listen to their damnable chorus over the graves of a brave and injured people.

Ha! Ha! Ha! *Nobody hurt.* They said when Hudson, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, had added to the He-catomb of dead, that Peace was hard by. That the war was over. They lied. They said that this was not a nigger war for abolition—and that the Constitution should not be tampered with. They lied.

Give us some Rotten Boroughs. So West Point bows to Boyd. Major General Gilmore, report yourself to Major John Hay. Major orders the General to throw fifteen hundred white men into a negro trench for three electoral votes. BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? One hundred and fifty thousand white men are no more in the army of the South-west. BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? One hundred and fifty thousand more are under the sod in the army of the Potomac. BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? No. The Union. No! Down with the flag. Trample it in the mud. Tear the Constitution into lamp-lighters. Break up the Republic. The Fanatics say so "that Slavery may be abolished." Our National debt in sixty, was one hundred millions. Now it is two thousand millions. But has that brought back the Union? Our commerce is destroyed on every sea. But has that brought back the Union? The Political Generals are still pegging away. Roll in the dead. SLAVERY MUST BE ABOLISHED. I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer. That reminded Lincoln of the tale of the virtuous cat. Pretty soon there will

be a howl against Grant that will shake the Nation. If he intended fighting it out on that line, why go the road of the White House at the cost of Eighty Thousand Soldiers, when he could have gone McClellan's road without the loss of a man? Never was such butchery known before. Was it My PLAN that the Army of the Potomac should be one Vast Slaughter House?

HA! HA! HA!—*Nobody hurt.*—Hark. What's that? The ambulances are passing. Hear those groans. That very moment the President was reminded of a little story. A widow was at the White House. An orphan child near by. She waited till the contractors had left with the last bawdy joke. Give us Picayune Butler, Marshal Lamon. Hear the chorus:

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt.* Already one hundred and fifty thousand widows and five hundred thousand little orphan children demand that the tyrant take his hand off the throat of our nation.

What soil but spurns the coward slave,
Oh, liberty is for the brave,
Our cry be Union or the Grave,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln;