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## GREAT SPEECH OF Hon. Clement Laird Vallandigham, Made at the Democratic State Convention of Ohio, on the 4th day of July, 1862.

Following the reading and adoption of the resolutions, loud and continuous calls were made for Mr. Vallandigham; and when he ascended the platform he was greeted with rapturous cheers. He spoke as follows:  
Mr. President, and Fellow-Democrats of the State of Ohio: I am obliged again to regret that the lateness of the hour precludes me from addressing you, either in the manner or upon the particular subjects which otherwise I should prefer. This is my misfortune again to-day as last night; but speaking thus without premeditation, and upon such matters chiefly as may occur to me at the moment, if I should happen to get fairly under headway, it may turn out to be your misfortune. [Laughter.]  
I congratulate the Democracy of Ohio, that in the midst of great public trial and calamity, of persecution for devotion to the doctrines of the fathers who laid deep and strong the foundations of the Constitution and the Union under which this country has grown great and prosperous—the fathers, by whose principles one and all, the party to which we are proud to belong has always been guided—to-day we have assembled in numbers greater than at any former Convention in Ohio. I congratulate you that despite the threats which have been uttered, and the denunciations which have been poured out upon the time-honored and patriotic organization, peaceably and in quiet, with enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, we are here met, and in harmony, which is the secret of strength, and the harbinger of success, have discharged the duties for which we are called together.—There was a time when it was questionable if in free America—in the United States—honoring their liberties for more than eighty years—a party to which this country is indebted for all that is great and good and grand and glorious—would have been permitted peacefully to assemble to exercise its political rights and perform its political functions. Threats have even been made in times more recent, that this most essential of all political rights, secured to us by the precious blood of our fathers in seven years' revolutionary war, should no longer be enjoyed. The Democrats of our noble sister State of Indiana, second born daughter of the North-west, have been menaced within the last ten days, with a military organization and the bayonet to put down their party. I hold in my hand a telegraphic despatch from the capital of that State, boasting of this infamous purpose. I will read it, gentlemen; because I know that the same dastardly menaces have been proclaimed against the Democrats of Ohio, and because I am here to-day to rebuke them as becomes a freeman man who is resolved to perish.—[Great applause—in the midst of which the rest of the sentence was lost.]  
Some months ago a Democratic State Convention was held in Indiana. It was a Convention of the party founded by Thomas Jefferson, and built up by a Madison and a Monroe, and consolidated by an Andrew Jackson, [applause]—a party under whose principles and policy from thirteen States we have grown to thirty-four, for thirty-four there were, true and loyal to this Union before the Presidential election of 1860—a party under whose wise and liberal policy the course of empire westward did take its way, under the symbol of American power—the stars and stripes—waved proudly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over the breadth of a whole continent—a party which, by peace and compromise, and through harmony and wisdom and sound policy, brought us up from feeble and impoverished colonies, struggling in the midst of defeat and disaster in the war of the Revolution, to a mighty empire, foremost among the powers of the earth, the foundations of whose greatness were laid, broad and firm, in that noble Constitution and that grand old Union which the Democratic party has ever maintained and defended. The Democratic party, with such principles and such a history and record to point to, held a State Convention in pursuance of its usages for more than thirty years, and under the rights secured by a State and Federal Constitution older still, in the capital of the State of Indiana. And yet, referring to this party and its Convention, the correspondent of a disloyal and pestilent, but influential newspaper in the chief city of Ohio, dared to send over the telegraphic wires, wires wholly under the military control of the administration, which permits nothing to be transmitted not acceptable to its censors, a dispatch in these words:  
"The fellows are scared, evidently not without cause."  
Well, gentlemen, I know not how far Democrats of Indiana may be frightened—and a nobler and more fearless body of men never lived—but I see thousands of Democrats before me to whom fear and reproach are alike unknown. Frightened at what? Frightened by whom? We are made of sterner stuff.  
"The militia of the State," he adds, "will probably be put upon a war footing very shortly."  
And who, I pray, are the militia of the State? They are not made up of the leaders of the Republican party in Ohio or Indiana, I know. I never knew that sort of politicians to go into any such organization, in peace or in war. No men have ever been more bitter and unrelenting in their opposition to and ridicule of the militia, and none knows it better than I, as my friend before me by his smile reminds me that one of my own offenses is that I am a militia brigadier in favor of the next foreign war.  
But who are the militia? They are the free born, strong-armed, stout-hearted Democrats of Indiana as they are of Ohio. Let them be put on a war footing. Good! We have hosts of them in the army already, and on a war footing, but who are as sound Democrats, and as

much devoted to the principles of the party as they were the hour they enlisted. They have been in the South, and I have the authority of hundreds of officers and privates in that gallant army, for saying that not only are the original Democrats in it, more devoted to the party to-day than ever before, but that hundreds also who went hence Republicans, have returned, or will return, cured of the disease. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, the army is, fortunately, most fortunately for the country, turning out to be a sort of political hospital or sanitary institution, and I only regret that there are not many more Republican patients in it. [Laughter.]  
Well, put the militia upon a war footing. Put arms in their hands. They never can be made the butchers or jailors of their fellow citizens, but the guardians of free speech and a free press, and of the ballot-box. Standing armies of mercenaries, not the militia of a country, are the customary instruments of tyranny and usurpation.  
But this correspondent proceeds:  
"If the sympathizers with treason and traitors"—We sympathize with treason and traitors! We, who have stood by the Constitution and the Union from the organization of the party, in our fathers' day and in our own day, in every hour of trial, in peace and in war, in victory and in defeat, amid disaster and when prosperity beamed upon us—we to be branded as enemies to our country, by those whose traitor fathers burned blue lights as signals for a foreign foe, or met in Hartford Convention to plot treason and disunion fifty years ago! We false to the Constitution and to our government, the bones of whose fathers lie buried on every battle field of the war of 1812, from the massacre at the river Raisin to the splendid victory at New Orleans; we who bore aloft the proud banner of the republic and planted it in triumph upon the palace of the Montezumas; We, by whose wisdom in council and courage in the field for seventy years, the Constitution and the Union and the country which has grown great under them, have been preserved and defended; we to be denounced as sympathizing with treason and traitors, by the men who for twenty years have labored day and night for the success of those principles and of that policy and that party which are now destroying the grandest Union, the noblest Constitution and the fairest country on the globe. Talk to me about sympathizing with disunion, with treason and with traitors! I tell you, men of Ohio, that in six months, in three months, in six weeks it may be, these very men and their masters in Washington whose bidding they do, will be the advocates of the eternal dissolution of this Union; and denounce all who oppose it as enemies to the peace of the country. Foreign intervention and the repeated and most serious disasters which have lately befallen our arms, will speedily force the issue of separation and southern independence—disunion—or of Union by negotiation and compromise. Between these two I am—and I hereby publicly proclaim it—for the Union, the whole Union and nothing less, if by any possibility I can have it; if not, then for so much of it as yet can be rescued and preserved; and in any event and under all circumstances, for the Union which God ordained, of the Mississippi Valley and all which we cling to it, under the old name, the old Constitution and the old flag, with all their precious memories, with the battle fields of the past and the songs and the proud history of the past—with the birth place and the burial place of Washington the founder and Jackson the pre-server of the Constitution as it is and of the Union as it was. [Great applause.]  
But this correspondent again proceeds:  
"If the sympathizers with treason and traitors meditate to carry out their plans in this quarter." What plans? Just such as to-day have been the business of this Convention; the plans of that old Union party, laying down a platform and nominating Democrats to fill the offices and control the policy of the government, to the end that the Constitution may be again maintained, and the Union restored, and peace, prosperity and happiness once more drop healing from their wings.  
"Plans" the fellow proceeds, "in this quarter they will doubtless find the work quite as hot as they bargained for." And I tell the cowardly miscreant who telegraphed the threat that he and those behind him, will find the work fifty fold hotter when they begin it than they had reckoned on, both here and in Indiana.  
"Ten thousand stand of arms," he adds, "have been ordered for the State troops."  
For what? To put down the Democratic party. Sir, that is a work that cannot be done by ten, or twenty or fifty thousand stand of arms in the hands of any such dastards in office or out of it. If so full of valor and so thirsty for blood, let them enlist under the call just issued for troops in Ohio and Indiana. Let them go and help the Democrats fight the "rebels" in the South, and let Democrats, too, fight the unarmed but more insidious and dangerous Abolition rebels of the North and West, through the ballot box. Forty thousand additional troops, I estimate it, are called for in the proclamation of yesterday, from the State of Ohio.  
Where are the forty thousand Wide-Awakes of 1850, armed with their portable lamp posts and drilled to the music of the Chicago Platform? Sir, I propose that 35,000 of them be conscripted forthwith. They are "Home Guards." They "don't go," but stay vigorously at home to slander and abuse and threaten Democrats whose fathers or brothers or sons are in the Union armies or have fallen in battle. I speak generally—certainly there are exceptions. But I will engage that if the record of the old Wide-Awake clubs in the several cities and towns of Ohio shall be produced and the Republicans will detail or draft 35,000 from the lists, I will find 5,000 strong-armed, stout-hearted, brave and loyal Democrats to go down and see that they don't run away at the first fire. [Great Laughter.]  
Sympathizers with treason and traitors! Secessionists! Sir, it is about time that we had

heard the last of this. The Democracy of Ohio and of the United States, are resolved that an end shall be put to this sort of slander and abuse. But I do not propose to discuss this particular subject just now. (Go on, go on.)  
Well then, from that which concerns the Democratic party to a word, a single word, about what relates to myself; and I beg pardon for the digression. I am rejoiced that it has been permitted to me to be here present to-day in person before you. Had you believed the reports of the Republican press, you would no doubt have expected to see probably the most extraordinary compound of leprosy and unsightly flesh and blood ever exhibited. [Laughter.]—Well, my friends, you see that I am not quite "monstrous" at least, and bear no especial resemblance to the beast in the Apocalypse, either in head or horns; but am a man of like fashion with yourselves.  
To the Republican party alone, and its press and its orators, I am indebted, no doubt, for a part of the "curiosity" which I am sorry to say, I seem to have excited; and which has brought out so many of them as if to "see the elephant." They have never meant to be friendly towards me, but as I see some of them now with in my vision, let me whisper to their ears, that I never had better friends, and no man ever had since the world began. They have advertised me free of cost for the last fifteen months; yes, I may say, for some five years past, all over the United States. Why, sir, a Republican editor without "the undersigned" for a text, would be the most unhappy mortal in the world. Every little "printer's devil" in the office would be hallooing for copy, and no copy to be had. I know they are friends, by the usual sign, "the remarks they make." Gentlemen I have my share of what Jefferson called the unction, the holy oil with which the Democratic priesthood has always been anointed—slander, detraction and calumny without stint. Really I am not sure that with me it has not reached "extreme unction," though I am not ready, and do not mean to depart yet. Well, I will not complain. It has not cost me a single night's sleep from the beginning. My appetite if you will pardon the reference—if you will allow me, as Mr. Lincoln would say, to "blab" upon so delicate a subject—has been in no degree impaired by it. Others before and with me, have endured the same. Here is my excellent friend near me, [Mr. Medary.] Oh blessed martyr! [Great laughter and applause.] For sixty-one years, the storms of partisan persecution and malignity in every form have beaten upon his head; but though tanned and grayed, the heart beats still to-day, as sound and true to the instincts of Democracy and patriotism, and of humanity, too, as when he laid his first offering upon the altar of his country just forty years ago. What others have heroically suffered in ages past, we, too, can endure. We are all, indeed, still in the midst of trials.  
Here before me, is the gentleman of whom I have just spoken, whom you honored with the Presidency of this noble Convention, for forty years a Democratic editor—for forty years devoted to the Constitution and the Union of these States—a man who through evil and through good report, has adhered with the faith of a devotee and the firmness of a martyr, to the principles and policy of that grand old party of the Union; and now that the frosts of three score years have descended and whitened his head—he, I say lived to see the paper to which he gives the labor and wisdom of his declining years, prohibited from circulating through a part of the mails, as "disloyal" to the Government; (Cries of no, no, shame.) Samuel Medary disloyal! and Wendell Phillips a patriot! Sir, it is not many months since, that in the city of Washington, in that magnificent building erected by the charity of an Englishman who loved America—I wish there were more like him, that art and science might the more widely flourish in this country—the Smithsonian Institute—Wendell Phillips addressed an assembly of men as false to the Union and the Constitution as himself. Upon the platform was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the third officer in the Government; by his side the Vice President of the United States, and between these two, in proportions long drawn out, the form of "Honest Old Abraham Lincoln." Am I mistaken, and was it at another and earlier, abolition lecture by that other disunionist, Horace Greely in the same place—there have been many of them—that Lincoln attended? The speaker and Vice President I know were there; and with these two or three witnesses before him, and in presence of the priesthood of Abolitionism, the Sumners and Wilsons, the Lovejoys and the Wades of the House and Senate, (great laughter and cheers,) surrounded by these very architects of disunion, he proclaimed that "for nineteen years he had labored to take nineteen States out of the Union." And yet this most spotted traitor was pleading for disunion in the city of Washington, where women are arrested for the wearing of red, white and red upon their bonnets, and babies of eighteen months are taken out of the little willow wagons drawn by their nurses, because certain colors called seditious are found upon their swaddling clothes! The next day, or soon after, this same Wendell Phillips did dine with or was otherwise entertained by his Excellency the President of the United States, who related to him one of his choicest anecdotes. Yet Democratic editors, Democratic Senators and Representatives, and those holding other official positions by the grace of the States or of the people, are "traitors" forsooth, because they will adhere to the principles and organization of their noble and patriotic old party! Such are some of the exhibitions which Washington has witnessed during the past winter. Congress, too, has been session. Sir, I saw it announced in one of the disloyal papers of this city yesterday, that Jeff. Davis, and Toombs, and Yancey, and Rhett and other secessionists of the South, would derive much comfort from this day's meeting.

Well, sir, I have just come from a body of men which I would not for a moment pretend to compare for statesmanship, respectability or patriotism, with this Convention. That body has devoted its time and attention to doing more in six months, for the cause of secessionism, than Beauregard, Lee, Johnston, and all the Southern Generals combined have been able to accomplish in one year. Said a Senator from the South the other day, a Union man—"Jeff Davis is running to Congress now, and is making a 4-4 sight more out of the Washington Congress than the one at Richmond." [Laughter, and many remarks of approval.]  
The legislation of that body has been almost wholly for the "Almighty African." From the prayer in the morning (for gentlemen we are a pious body, we are—making long faces, and sometimes wry faces, too [laughter,]) we open with prayer but there is not much of the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth in it; from the prayer to the motion to adjourn, it is negro in every shape and form in which he can by any possibility be served up. But it is not only the negro inside of the House and Senate, but outside also. Washington City has been, within the past three weeks, converted into one universal hospital; every church except one for each denomination, has been seized for hospital purposes; and while the sanctuaries of the ever living God—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—not the new God of the Burlingames and Sumners and other Abolitionists, not that God whose gospel is written in the new Bible of Abolition—but the Everliving Jehovah God, have been confiscated for hospitals, every theatre, every concert saloon, every other place of amusement, from the highest to the lowest—from the spacious theatre in which a Forest exhibits to an enraptured audience his graphic renderings of the immortal creations of Shakespeare, down to the basest den of revelry and darkness, are open still; as in the Inferno of the great Italian poet—  
"The gates of hell stand open night and day."  
Sir, if these places of amusements—innocent some of them, but not holy certainly—had first been seized as hospitals, for the comfort and cure of the thousands of brave and honest men, who went forth believing in their hearts that they were to battle for the Constitution and the Union, but who now lie wasting away upon their lonely pallets, with no wife or sister, or mother there to soothe, groaning in agony with every description of wound which the devilish ingenuity of man can inflict by weapons, whose invention was inspired by the very author of all human woe and suffering—wounds too, rankling and festering for the want of surgical aid—if those places, I say, had first been seized, and then it had become necessary for the comfort or life of the thousands of other sick and wounded who are borne into the city every day, to occupy the churches of Washington, I know of no better and holier purpose to which they could have been devoted. And now, sir, not far from the state capitol, within whose marble walls abolition treason now runs riot, is a building, "Green's Row" by name, in which 1100 fugitive slaves—"contrabands" in the precious slang of infamous Butler—daily receive the rations of the soldier, which are paid for out of the taxes levied upon the people. One hundred thousand dollars a day are taken from the public treasury for the support of these fugitive slaves, while the army of Shields, and other Union armies in the field even so lately as six weeks ago, marched bare footed, bare headed, and in their drawers, for many weary miles without so much as a cracker or a crust of bread with which to allay their hunger. Aye, sir, while many a gallant young soldier of Ohio just blooming into manhood, who heard theory that went up fifteen months ago, "rally to defend the flag and for the rescue of the capital," and went forth to battle, with honesty in his heart, his life in his hand, with courage in every fiber, and patriotism in every vein, lies wan and sad on his pallet in the hospital, your surgeons are forced to divide their time and care between the wounded soldiers and these vagabond fugitive slaves, who have been seduced or forced from the service of their masters.—These things and much more—I have told you not a tittle of all—are done in Washington. We know it there; though it is withheld from the people; and while every falsehood that the ingenuity of man can invent to delude and deceive, is transmitted or allowed by the telegraphic censors of the Administration—themselves usurpers unknown to the Constitution and laws—these facts are not permitted to reach the people of the U. States. Your newspapers, the natural watch dogs of liberty, are threatened with suppression if but a half or the hundredth part of the truth be told. And now, too, when but one other means remained for the redress of this and the hundred other political grievances, under which the land groans—party organization and public assemblies of the people—even these, too, are threatened with suppression with armed force. Aye, sir, that very party, which not many years ago, bore upon every banner, the motto "Free Speech and a Free Press," now day by day forbids the transmission through your mails of the papers from which you derive your knowledge of public events, and which advocate the principles you cherish.  
And Democratic editors, too, are seized, "kidnapped" in the midnight hour—torn from their families—zapped—their wives with officers over their menacing violence if they but ask one fare-well glass of the land, one parting kiss—thrust into a close carriage in the felon's hour of midnight, and with violence dragged to this Capitol and here forced upon an express train and hurried off to a military fortress of the U. States. Yes, men of Ohio, to a fortress that bears the honored name of that first martyr of American liberty—the Warren of Bunker Hill, or it may be to that other bastille desecrating that other name sacred in American history, and honored throughout the earth—the name of that man who forsook home and gave up rank and title, and in the first flush of youth and manhood came to our shores and linked his fortunes with

the American cause—the prisoner of Olmutz, the brave and gallant Lafayette. Aye, freemen of the West, fortresses, bearing these honored names, and meant for the defense of the country against foreign foes, and out of whose casemates bristle cannon planted to hurl death and destruction at armed invaders, echo now with the groans and are watered by the tears—not of men only from States seceded and in rebellion, or captured in war, but from the loyal States of the North and the West, and from that party which has contributed nearly three-fourths of the soldiers in the field to-day. Are these things to be borne? (Never, no, never.) If you have the spirit of freemen in you, bear them not! (Great applause, and cries of that's it, that's the talk.) What is life worth? What are property and personal liberty and political liberty worth? Of what value are all these things, if we, born of an ancestry of freemen, boasting, in the very first hours of our boyhood, of a more extended liberty than was ever vouchsafed to any other people, are to fail now in this the hour of sore trial, to demand and to defend them at every hazard? Freedom of the Press! Is the man who sits in the White House at Washington, and who owes all his power to the press and the ballot, is he now to play the tyrant over us? (No! never, never.) Shall the man who sits at one end of a telegraphic wire in the War Department or the Department of State, a mere clerk it may be, a servant of servants, sit down and by one single click of the instrument, order some minion of his a thousand miles off, to arrest Samuel Medary, Judge Ranney, or Judge Thurman and hurry them to a bastille? (No; it can't be done; we will never allow it.) The Constitution says, "no man shall be held to answer for crime except on due process of law." Our fathers, six hundred years ago, assembled upon the plains of Runny Mede in old England, and rescued from tyrant hands, not by arms but by firm resolve, the God-given right to be free. Our fathers, in the time of James I, and of Charles I, endured trial and persecution, and loss of life and of liberty, rather than submit to oppression and wrong.—John Hampden, glorious John Hampden, the first gentleman of England, arrested upon an illegal executive warrant, went calmly and heroically to the cells of prison rather than pay 20 shillings of an illegally assessed tax, laid in defiance of the constitution and laws of England, and the rights and privileges of Englishmen. And all history is full of like examples. William Tell brooked the tyrant's frown in his day and generation, in defense of these same rights, in the noble republic of the Swiss; and that gallant little people, hemmed in among the Alps, though surrounded on every side by despots whose legions numbered more than the whole population of Switzerland, have by that same indomitable spirit of liberty, maintained their rights, their liberties and their independence to this hour. And are Americans now to offer themselves up a servile sacrifice upon that altar of arbitrary power? Sir, I have misread the signs of the times and the temper of the people, if there is not already a spirit in the land which is about to speak in thunder tones to those who stretch forth still the strong arm of despotic power. "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther. We made you; you are our servants." That, sir, was the language which I was taught to apply to men in office, when I was a youth, or in first manhood and a private citizen, and afterwards when holding office as the gift of the people, to be heard applied to me, and I bore the title proudly. And I asked then, as I ask now, no other or better reward than, "Well done, good and faithful servant." [Cries of, "You shall have it; you deserve it."] But to-day, they who are our servants, creatures made out of nothing by the power of the people, whose little brief authority was breathed into their nostrils by the people, would now, forsooth, become the masters of the people; while the press and instruments of the people—the press and public assemblies—are to be suppressed, and the Constitution, with its right of petition, and of due process of law and trial by jury, and the laws and all else which makes life worth possessing—are to be sacrificed now upon the tyrant's plea that it is necessary to save the Government, the Union. Sir, we did save the Union for years—yes, we did. We were the "Union savers," not eighteen months ago. Then there was not an epithet in the whole vocabulary of political billingsgate so opprobrious in the eyes of a Republican when applied to the Democratic party as "Union-shrinkers" or the "Union-savers."  
I remember in my own city, on the day of the Presidential election, in 1860—I remember it well, for I had that day traveled several hundred miles to vote for Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency—that in a ward where the judges of the election were all Democrats, your patriotic Wide-Awakes, strutting in trusting uniform, came up hour after hour thrusting their Lincoln tickets twixt thumb and finger at the judges, with the taunt and sneer, "Save the Union; Save the Union!" And yet now forsooth, we are "traitors" and "secessionists!" And old, gray headed and gray bearded men who lived and voted in the times of Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and Jackson—men who have fought and bled upon the battle field, and who fondly indulged the delusion for forty years that they were patriots, wake up suddenly to-day to find themselves "traitors!"—sneered at, reviled and insulted by striplings "whose fathers they would have disdained to set with the dogs of their flocks." Of all these things an inquisition, searching and terrible, will yet be made, as sure, as sudden, too, it may be, as the day of judgment. We of the loyal States—we of the loyal party of the country, the Democratic party—we the loyal citizens of the United States, the editors of the loyal news-

papers—we who gather in loyal assemblages, like this, and are addressed by truly loyal and Union men as I know you are to-day and at this moment, (that's so, that's the truth) we, forsooth, are to be now denied our privileges and our rights as Americans and as freemen, we are to be threatened with bayonets at the ballot box, and bayonets to disperse Democratic meetings! Again I ask, why do they not take up their muskets and march to the South, and like brave men, meet the embattled hosts of the Confederates in open arms, instead of threatening craven like, to fight unarmed Democrats at home—possibly unarmed, and possibly not. [Laughter and applause, and a remark—"That was well put in."] If so belligerent, so eager to shed the last drop of blood, let them volunteer to reinforce the broken and shattered columns of McClellan in front of Richmond, sacrificed as he has been by the devilish machinations of Abolitionism, and there mingle their blood with the blood of the thousands who have already perished on these fatal battle fields.—But no, the whistle of the bullet and the song of the shell are not the sort of music to fall pleasantly upon the ears of this Home Guard Republican soldiery.  
"Peace hath her victories, as well as War."  
"To-day the cause of a free Government has triumphed; a victory of the Constitution, a victory of the Union, has been won, but is yet to be made complete by the men who go forth from this the first political battle field of the campaign, bearing upon their banners that noble legend, that grand inscription—THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS AND THE UNION AS IT WAS. [Great cheering.] In that sign shall you conquer. Let it be inscribed upon every ballot, emblazoned upon every banner, flung to every breeze, whispered in the zephyr, and thundered in the tempest, till the echoes shall rouse the fainting spirit of every patriot and freeman in the land. It is the creed of the truly loyal Democracy of the United States. In behalf of this great cause it is that we are now, if need be, to do and to suffer in political warfare, whatever may be demanded of freemen who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them. Is there any one man in all this vast assemblage afraid to meet all the responsibilities which an earnest and inexorable discharge of duty may require at his hands in the canvass before us? [No, no, not one.] If but one, let him go home and hide his head for very shame.  
"Who would be a traitor knows,  
Who could fill a coward's grave,  
Who so base as he a slave,  
Let him turn and flee."  
It is no contest of arms to which you are invited. Your fathers, your brothers, your sons are already by thousands and hundreds of thousands on the battle field. To-day their bones lie bleaching upon the soil of every Southern State from South Carolina to Missouri. It is to another conflict, men of Ohio, that you are summoned, but a conflict, nevertheless, which will demand of you some portion at least, of that same determined courage, that same unconquerable will, that same inexorable spirit of endurance, which make the hero upon the military battle-field. I have mistaken the temper of the men who are here to-day, I have misread the firm purpose that speaks from every eye and beams from every countenance, which stiffens every sinew and throbs in every breast; I have misread it all, if you are not resolved to go home and there maintain at all hazards and by every sacrifice, the principles, the policy and the organization of that party to which again, and yet again I declare unto you, this Government and country are indebted for all that have made them grand, glorious and great.— [Cheers and great applause.]  
WHO WAS HE?  
A capital story is told us of an old farmer in the northern part of this country, who had been "saving up" to take up a mortgage of \$2000 held against him by a man nearer the seashore. The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last he logged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloquy ensued:  
"Why you don't mean to give this \$2000 in gold, do you?" said the lender.  
"Yes, certainly," said the farmer, "I was afraid of the pesky banks, so I've been saving up the money, in yellow boys, for you, this long time."  
"All right," responded the lender, "only I thought you didn't take the papers, that's all!"  
"Take the papers! No sir, not I. They have gone on so since the war's been a-going, that I won't have one of the d—lish things about. But, the money is all right, isn't it?"  
"Yes, all right, \$2000 in gold. All right, here's your bond and mortgage."  
And well he might have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 22 per cent, and his gold was not only worth the face of his bond, but \$140 besides, enough to have paid for his village newspapers for himself and posterity for at least three centuries. It pays to take the papers.—*Nonpareil (Ch. Cas.)*  
"Don't you mean to marry, my dear sir?"  
"No, my dear miss; I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."