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THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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INDIANA:

Safe for the Republican Party in November.

Speech of Ben Harrison, at Chicago, October 17, 1876.

General Ben Harrison, of Indiana, addressed, in Farwell Hall, last evening, one of the largest audiences which has thus far in the campaign assembled under a roof in Chicago to hear a political speech, and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in the city. He consented to speak only in the morning, and, though the arrangements were made during the afternoon, the auditorium was packed, and every seat in the gallery was occupied. On the platform were the Hon. John Wentworth, the Hon. Elliott Anthony, the Hon. James P. Root, and the Hon. George M. Bogue. The latter introduced the speaker, saying he would demonstrate that the Republicans were not whipped in the Indiana contest.

General Harrison was greeted with three cheers, and three again, and when the applause subsided he spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens—I came to Chicago last night upon some professional business, without any purpose or expectation of addressing my fellow-citizens upon political topics; but falling, very naturally, I suppose, for one who has been a politician for the last few months, into the company of some Chicago Republicans who have the management of things here, they insisted I should remain to-night and talk a little to the Republicans of Chicago.

I suppose the proposition which I am to establish to-night is that to which allusion has already been made by the chairman of the meeting, viz: To prove to you that the Indiana Republicans were not whipped out in this last contest. I do that in part by presenting myself to you to-night, and asking whether I look like a defeated man. I can not answer by appearance, but I can speak very positively from my feelings—I don't feel whipped at all.

We have renewed the fight in Indiana, and we mean to carry it on until the seventh day of November; and we have good reason to hope that we shall place Indiana again alongside her sister States of the North, Northwest and East on the side of loyalty and Union. Our answer to those who ask us whether we have struck our colors has been given in the language of that valiant sea captain of our infant navy when, in the Bon Homme Richard, he joined battle with the Serapis, and bound his vessel to his adversary, and when already one of his batteries had exploded, and his decks were torn and battered, and a part of his crew had deserted, and when but three guns of all those with which his ship was equipped were in condition to fight, when the British commander called through his speaking-trumpet: "Has your ship struck?" "No," said that gallant leader, "I have only just begun to fight." So when the Democrats ask the Republicans of Indiana: "Has your ship struck?" we answer: "No, we have just got mad enough to fight." And about two hours after Paul Jones gave that answer to the interrogatory of the British commander, he towed the Serapis, a prize, into port, just as we expect to do on the seventh of November, when we shall bring that old Tammany scow into port.

The Republicans have not done all that they ought, but, my fellow-citizens, there have been some gleams of glory about our fight. We have not lost an officer in this fight. For the past two years the Democracy have had every State office. They have had the Governor for four years. For two years they have had the Secretary of State, the Auditor, the Treasurer, the Attorney General, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and every State office. And they have them to-night as the result of this recent election, and nothing more. The only gain they have made, so far as I can see, in that direction, is the substitution of that gentleman who is called by his friends "Blue Jeans" in the place of Thomas A. Hendricks. How much that gain has been I will let the Democrats cipher out. Mr. Hendricks, in his serenading speech, congratulated himself that he had found a worthy successor in the gubernatorial office. I would not for one abate one jot of the satisfaction which he finds in that contemplation. The other State officers have simply been re-elected. That is all. They have not gained a single office in Indiana that they did not hold when we entered upon this contest. That is their story on their side. But they have lost something.

We have gained substantial fruits in this fight. We have elected four Congressmen. We have displaced four Democrats by four true hearted, earnest, intelligent Republicans in the lower house of Congress. We have in our burial ground four plumed warriors of the enemy, and they have not buried any of ours. We have four scalps at our belt, and among them the scalp of that renowned and painted chief, Bill Holman, the Democratic Representative from the Lawrenceburg district. And I pause here to remark, my fellow-citizens, that there is some significance in the fact that in these October and summer and fall elections we have gained eleven Congressmen. In Maine, Ohio, Indiana and in the new State of Colorado we have gained eleven Congressmen; and I say to you there is something significant in the fact that the result of these elections has been a rebuke and repudiation of the Democracy in that single department of our national government where they have held power. In the lower house of Congress for the last two years the Confederate Democracy have been in power. That is the only place in our general government that they have held power and have been able to display themselves. And the result of these elections is a rebuke so far, and if the same gains are preserved in the States yet to vote, the next House of Representatives will be Republican.

Are not the people saying to the Democracy that their methods in the lower house of Congress did not please; that the popular mind is not satisfied with their operations in the single sphere in which they have obtained control in our national government? Have not the people said to that Confederate Congress that displaced wounded Union soldiers and filled their places with Confederates, "We repudiate your conduct?" Have they not said to that House that transplanted the Confederate sergeant-at-arms and made him doorkeeper of the House of Representatives of the United States, "We repudiate your conduct?" Have they not said to that House of Representatives that appointed as clerk of one of its most important committees a man had put a brand of shame on his innocent offspring by naming it after the man who assassinated Illinois' greatest statesman, America's most beloved President, Abraham Lincoln? I say, then, that the result of the election in Indiana, as well as in those other States that have voted, has been an expressed unmistakable condemnation of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives. It has pronounced their professions of reform, their claims of retrenchment to be fraudulent. It has pronounced decidedly and unmistakably against that disposition to surrender to the Confederate control that important branch of our national government.

So much by way of digression. We have helped those other States in that most important work of recovering from the Democracy the lower house of Congress; will you give Indiana credit for that? But not only that. We have secured the control of our State Legislature, and by that means insured the control of the reformatory and benevolent institutions. We have a much larger number of influential local officers in the counties in Indiana than we had when this contest began. So that the gains have been with us, and the losses with the Democracy. Now, that is the result of the Indiana election. I would like some Democratic mathematician, if I speak to one to-night, just to take this problem and figure it out, if he can find slate roofs enough in Chicago for him to do his ciphering on. How long will it take the Democratic party of this country to obtain control of the government if things go on as they did in Indiana? How long? It is a problem very much like the man's problem put to the boy—how long it would take him to get up if he went up one foot and went down two. They have gone backward. We have gone forward. We assaulted their citadel, their center. We didn't carry it. They held it, but we have broken their wings. Don't call it a defeat. Don't speak of it as a disaster. Republicans of Illinois, don't go into the contest before you with bowed heads or hearts, by reason of anything that has happened in Indiana.

Well, the next question is. "Can we carry Indiana for Hayes and Wheeler?" [A voice, "We can."] Well, I asked that question of nearly 2000 of my fellow-citizens last Saturday night at Indianapolis, and their answer—their determined, universal answer, spoken with resolution that was not simply from the lips, but as if it came from the heart, and as if every hand was willing to move with us—their universal answer was, "Yes, we can." How was this to be brought about? It would not be appropriate to the occasion that I should spend any length of time in discussing this question to-night. I simply call your attention to one or two facts, and the first is this: That the Democratic ticket is elected simply by a plurality vote, and not by a majority vote of the people of Indiana. The returns are not yet all in, though the Greenback ticket must have received as many as 20 000 votes in this election, while Mr. Williams' majority is only a little over 5000. It is unquestionably true that that vote does not represent the entire sentiment of the party in Indiana. It is unquestionably true, in my judgment, that at the November election the vote of Mr. Williams will be reduced in a much larger per cent than my vote was by the withdrawal of those who will vote for Cooper.

At all events, there is this large Independent vote of which we can not certainly forecast the direction that it may take in this election, but I do believe, as the issue grows sharp, and as those Republicans who have made so much of the larger part of this organization come to realize that they are but casting away their ballots, that they are throwing away their political influence when they vote this Independent ticket, that they will come back to the party of their first choice, with which they are in accord upon all these greater issues which are overshadowing all these minor issues upon which they have separated from the party, and I do hope that enough of them to give the State for Hayes in November will vote that ticket. For to-day they have become satisfied that the dominant, controlling, all-absorbing issue of the campaign is, whether our country shall continue in loyal control, or whether it shall be given over to the rebellion.

The significance of this campaign in Indiana, and these results as interpreted by the Democratic party is said to be an expression in favor of peace and reconciliation. Mr. Hendricks so interprets it in his serenade speech following the election.

Among the congratulatory telegrams which poured in upon the committee and the Indianapolis *Sentinel* was one from Jackson, Tennessee. It described the population of that city to be in raptures of madness over the result in Indiana. Bonfires, rockets, brass bands and loud rebel yells were all tried in vain to give adequate and suitable expression to the mad enthusiasm which prevailed in Jackson over the result in Indiana. It was further stated that General Skivington, who I have ascertained to have been a Confederate soldier, had carried a bloody shirt at half-mast in the procession, and had officiated as the priest while it was laid away in the grave with what were called "appropriate ceremonies." The telegram wound up with this congratulatory sentiment: "Democracy and Union now and forever, one and inseparable." I allude to it now simply that you may understand here, as we do in Indiana, how this result is interpreted in the South. And I say to you that there was not a White Liner or Ku-Klux assassin and murderer of innocent blacks, a rebel who persists in loving the lost cause—there is not one such in the South that did not huzza over what we count to be Indiana's shame. The sentiment with which the telegram concluded—"Democracy and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever"—how inseparable Democracy and Union have been! It is not Liberty and Union as the immortal sentiment was when it first came from the lips of its distinguished author. Not "Liberty and Union," for that word liberty kindles no enthusiasm in the Southern heart. It is a hated word. Oh, Democracy and Union! Why, my friends, nullification was cradled by the Democracy. Secession was born by Democracy, and rebellion had Democracy for its father. This idea that the Democratic party favor peace and reconciliation, and that the Republican party is a party of hate, that it is perpetuating bitter recollections, and is unwilling to give the hand of fellowship to the South, I say to you that is false. It is a libel upon history. It is negatived by a score of the most magnanimous, beneficent, kindly and forgiving acts of legislation that ever went upon the statute book of any nation. The only question with us to-night is, in view of the disastrous condition of affairs in the South, whether justice was not sacrificed to mercy when this war wound up. That is the question that is pressing itself forward in the public mind to-day. Who paid the penalty of treason? On what field was the gallows erected? Where was the block set up upon which any traitor paid his just debt to the law? Nowhere. Our land witnessed no such thing. Yet those men had been guilty of a capital crime under circumstances more aggravating than ever characterized treason since the world began. Go read the story of rebellion as it has been written in the history of other countries in the world, and you will find that its closing chapters are full of blood, full of banishment, exile and confiscation, everywhere except here under the benign and kindly administration of the Republican party of America. A party of hate! Why, we have extended the hand of love to those whose hands were red with the blood of our kindred; we have reclothed them with every attribute of citizenship, with all the securing power of the law—every one of those men who brought such a dire grievance on the country, and such unextinguishable griefs into many households! A party of hate! Outside the record of God's clemency to rebellious man there are found nowhere such evidences of forbearing kindness and love as the Republican party has shown. I say to Mr. Hendricks, and to every Democrat who brings this accusation against us, "It is libelous, it is false, as your own familiarity with the records of the history of the country ought to teach you." Bitterness, hatred, malignity, a disposition to keep open the wounds of the war do not exist in the North, and have not been the controlling spirit of the Republican party. The Democratic party the party of peace and reconciliation! Peace on what terms? Peace, with her gentle influences, is to be wooed at every cost except that of justice, and to-day we would welcome every Southern rebel to the fullest enjoyment of his personal rights, if he were willing to extend to another that which he so arrogantly uses himself. We may shut our eyes against it. Merchants of Chicago, you may bend over your ledgers, you may give yourselves to the daily work, forgetful of the cruel atrocities disgracing us to-day, but that won't wipe out the blood stain; it will not obliterate the cruel truths that stare you and I in the face when we turn Southward. To-day a condition of things exists in the South that is disgraceful to American civilization. Yet the Democrats tell us that these things are false or exaggerated, and these apostles of peace and reconciliation strike hands with men who are assassins and murderers, and who are to-day, by a deliberate concerted scheme, attempting to rob more than one-half of the population of the Southern States of their political rights. For it is undeniable that by concert, by officered organization, by armed bodies of men, there is a deliberate attempt to carry through every Southern State that scheme which was so successful in Mississippi, by which a majority of the legal electors of those States shall be muzzled and suppressed, and put under foot, and the arrogant minority, made up of rabels who owe life and every political right to-day to the clemency of the Republican party, would assume full control.

We are shocked, the great world is shocked, as we read of those atrocities which the cruel Turk has been perpetrating in the great province in which war is now being waged. Even lethargic England has at last stirred herself, and like a strong man repudiates all these violations of all the rules of war—these cruel, fiendish, devilish atrocities which have characterized this war on the part of the Turks. And yet here, in Christian, civilized America, here in the country where we boast of the dominance of law and personal security, right here in many of our own States, are atrocities which parallel almost the infamies of those Turkish atrocities now being perpetrated. And yet the Democrats say, "We are the party of peace and reconciliation." Now, these are not campaign stories. They are not alarming pictures that have been thrown upon the canvass to frighten the electors in this campaign. You may go to South Carolina, and you find to-day a condition of things which is disgraceful beyond expression in an American State. Why, Governor Chamberlain, was elected as a Conservative by Democratic votes, in very large part. He was a man of high character, certified to be a of high character by the Democrats. He reformed the abuses in the State administration, has been honest, faithful and devoted to the highest interests of the State. Now, I say we have the Democratic admission that that was the character of his administration in South Carolina; and yet Governor Chamberlain has applied to day to President Grant for troops that he and his fellow Republicans, white and black, may exercise the commonest rights of American citizenship.

We are assembled here in Chicago upon an appointment made by some of your citizens for the free discussion of these political topics, and yet there isn't a Democrat in Chicago who has any reputation for truth that will venture to assert that I could address an audience down in South Carolina and express my sentiments as a Republican without danger, without threats, or intimidation, or violence. Now, that is true. And the men that have brought about that state of things and are perpetrating it are Democrats, and are doing it in the interest of Democracy.

And I tell you to-day that, if Mr. Tilden and Mr Hendricks, whose lips are dropping those sweet, honeyed words of peace, are ever to be President and Vice President of the United States, it will only be by the most gigantic political robbery that has ever been consummated in this country. [A voice, "That's so.] The man who is credited with having carried railroads off in his pocket, now seems ambitious to take whole States. It is just as certain that Mississippi and Louisiana and South Carolina are Republican States as Vermont is a Republican State. No intelligent man will controvert it. Upon a fair, unbiased, free expression of political sentiment in those States, they are by pronounced majorities Republican, and their electoral votes are due in this election, and would be given if freedom were given in the exercise of political rights to Hayes and Wheeler. How are they to be diverted to Tilden and Hendricks? By violence. My friends, the result in Georgia is shameful. I wonder that any honest Democrat whose blood is not congealed in his veins, who has any communication between his heart and his cheek, should not blush with shame as he reads the returns from Georgia. They are still howling over that. Eighty thousand Democratic majority! Who believes that it is honest? Twenty counties in Georgia in which not a single opposition vote was cast! Putnam county, which, as I see in a paper in Chicago, had in one election given a majority of 700 Republican votes, at the recent election cast just three votes for the Republican ticket. Will any man tell me this is honest? Will any Democrat, who has any self-respect, affirm that this is an honest change of political sentiment? [A voice, "No."] My friends, if the Democratic orators, simply by the use of argument and illustration, are as potent as that, I would like to get a few of them and bring them up here to talk on our side of this question. If they can convert to unanimity a whole country in a single campaign they discount Webster, Clay and Wirt, and all the great men that we have given credit for oratory. But the truth is, it has not been done by the tongue. It has been done at the mouth of the gun. It has been done by the sharp and pointed argument of the knife. It has been done by intimidation and violence.

But, my friends, there is still another question in connection with this Southern problem to which I desire to allude for a little time. It is the question of the payment of the Southern debt. There is a large claim down there, is there not? That is, they have a large claim, not a debt. There are a great many people in the South who suffered losses incident to the war, to the passage of Grant's army and Sherman's army through their borders. The amount of destruction incident to the war—incident to the march of those armies through Southern fields and villages—incident to the subsistence of those men—in many cases in the South can not, of course, be accurately estimated; but, taking such claims, the cotton claims and others of this character, which are being pressed upon Congress, intelligent men have estimated them as much as $2,000,000,000. Now, they will want them paid, will they not? Those fellows down there are all Democrats. Doesn't the average Democrat want all the money he can get? [A voice, "Yes."] Then you can set it down for certain that there is a claim down there, in various shapes which I have not time to more particularly notice, probably fully as large as our present national debt. And you can add to that this other certainty, that the persons who have suffered these losses will want those losses paid. And you can add this further element to the problem, that every Southern Representative in Congress of the Democratic persuasion will be in favor of paying them. Now, we are getting along with this question. We have the debt or claim, the eager claimant, and the Representatives from these Southern States all in favor of paying them. Why should they not be? I heard Mr. Blaine [cheers] say in one of his speeches in Indiana that he had called the attention of one of these Southern Representatives to the fact that the presentation of so large a body of these Southern claims in the lower house of Congress when it was impossible that they should pass, by reason of the Senate being Republican, would tend to alarm the North, and he said to him: "Why don't you withhold these claims for the present? You can not get them through now, and you are alarming the Northern mind. What do you mean by presenting them now?" And the response of that Southern Representative was: "I could not be re-elected to Congress in my district if I did not present them now."

So eager, so clamorous, so determined, so poor and hungry are these Southern claimants that they will not wait, and those Southern Representatives hold their tenure of office upon the condition that they are ready to present and press these claims. And so we find the singular fact that, though they have possession of but the lower house of Congress—the Senate and President are Republican, and it is impossible to get them through—so eager are these people to get their hands into the national treasury that they can not wait, but must start their claims in the House, looking forward to that consummation, which they expect in this presidential election, when they will have a Democratic President, and make such gains presently in the Senate that they may get their claims through. [A voice, "They won't get them."] The character of some of these claims, when you come to look at them, is very absurd. There is one county in Virginia that wants pay for its roads and bridges. We marched over them. Some of these Illinois soldiers did. I have no doubt. We hauled our artillery and trains over them, and we cut up the roads some, and now that county, a rebel county, almost every one of whose young men was in the rebel army, whose whole political opinion was on that side—whose fields supplied the rebel commissary—that county comes to the North and says, "We want you to put your hands in your pockets to fix up our roads and bridges." Now, I don't think we ought to pay toll for going over those roads. We have got enough roads up here. Your Illinois roads are not the best, and yet I dare say that those brave Illinois boys—and I don't speak unadvisedly when I say so, because it was my fortune to command three regiments of Illinois troops in my brigade—thought their roads here were good enough for them. I have no doubt that these men would rather have taken their wives and children and driven over the black mud of Illinois than over their roads. We didn't go down there because we wanted to; it was no pleasure drive we were taking over those roads. We had to march over them that we might take treason by the throat and throttle it, and we didn't like the idea of paying toll. If they wanted any toll they ought to have had a good resolute toll keeper with a hickory pole, and when Sherman's army came up they ought to have pulled down the pole until the toll was paid. Very likely Sherman would have settled this toll question then, and prevented its being brought up now. They also ask for money to rebuild a jail. That seems to strike some of you as a reasonable claim to make. The truth is they will never build it big enough. But if they were to agree to put in all those fellows down there that ought to be in it, I would help them build it. I have only given those as samples. One man at Atlanta wants $1200 for a house that Sherman burned when he proclaimed "War was war," blew up the town and marched down to the sea. Another at Vicksburg wants $75,000 for a similar service. These are specimens of similar claims that are coming in. Now, we paid for all that once a fearful price in the blood that was shed. I have seen the sons of Illinois die upon those Southern fields—die in front of Atlanta—and I know that Illinois paid her full share of the price Atlanta was worth.

Are we to pay these claims? I tell you we will, if this goes on and the Democrats get full control of this country. I will give some reason, and why, and I want to speak to the intelligence of men. I want to satisfy some of the business men to whom I am talking to-night that this is not a mere campaign scare, but a real peril to Chicago, and a peril to the country. If we are to be loaded with these debts, you will realize it at once. Our national debt, which we have lifted ourselves bravely to bear, and have presented in the task a grand spectacle of recuperation and honesty, will be doubled. If the North, which poured its treasures like blood to save the country, is now to be taxed to reimburse to the South the incidental losses of the war, we are ready to cry out against it in the extremity of indignation. Every Southern Representative will be in favor of it, and when the Southern States are represented solidly by Democrats they will have 166 in the lower house of Congress, every one of whom must favor it, or he can not retain his seat.

There is a political compulsion laid upon him to favor it. But will the Democrats of the North acquiesce in it? My fellow-citizens, and if I speak to a candid Democrat I challenge his attention to what I say, there is reason why the Northern Democrats, who are seeking political power, will bow to those Southern Democrats. Why? Because history avouches it to be true that in all the life of the Democratic party it has never resisted the Southern Democrats, but has been the pliant and suppliant tool of the South. Go read the history of the Dred Scott decision, of the Missouri compromise. Go read that whole story of the arrogant demands of slavery in the South, and they run parallel with the story of Democratic subserviency. Then when you remember that Democratic candidates for the national offices must please the South—to-day Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hendricks must please the South—or they have no possible chance of being elected President and Vice President. They are put under bonds, and every aspiring Democratic politician is put under bonds to the South because it is the seat of political power; because the brains, the hands, the head—all but the willing feet of the Democracy—are in the South. In the North we have simply the supplicating knees and the willing feet. There is more reason that a party of such a history, a party so put under bonds to the seat of Democratic power in the South, would favor the payment of these claims than that the Republican party would favor them. Because, just as the Democratic party Representative from the South holds his office upon the tenure that he shall favor these claims, every Republican Representative in the North holds his office by the tenure that he shall oppose them all. Why is it, my friends, that Mr. Hendricks—he has been speaking in this campaign; he said at first that he regarded it as exceedingly improper for a candidate for the Vice Presidency to make any speeches, and I may congratulate myself that I scared him so badly that he stepped over his propriety and went around stumping Indiana, and he has finally made a good many speeches. Dear friends, if you have time and patience, go read them all and see if he has ever said in any one of them that he was in favor of perpetuating the present Republican test for Southern claims—the test of unswerving loyalty during the war. Has he ever said one word about it? He has not, and if the remarks that I make to-night should possibly catch his eye, I say to him he won't venture to say it during this campaign. No; he wouldn't be popular down South if he should say that. If he should tell these Democratic rebels there to vote for him, and by whom he hopes to win, and say, "I am in favor of rigidly adhering to the test of loyalty during the war; I hold the doctrine that a man who was disloyal, who vowed his hand in the war, or his voice in the councils of secession, and resisted our country, that that man suffered the just penalty of his treason when his property was confiscated, and I am not in favor of paying him"—why, he won't dare to say that.

But some Democrats say there is a constitutional impediment in the way. I call your attention, before I allude to that, to this fact: It does make a good deal of difference how a jury is made up that is to try these claims. If you will let me get a Southern jury, or if you will make it up of such Indiana Democrats as I could pick out, I would take that man's claim of $75,000 for property destroyed at Vicksburg. I will take it for one-half of one per cent, and I'll make money on it at that. But just make that jury up of twelve boys that fought with Grant about the bloody parapets of Vicksburg, and I wouldn't take his claim if he should give me ninety-nine per cent.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Queen Victoria has just made the most warlike speech of her life. In handing new colors to two kneeling officers of her First Regiment of Foot (Royal Scots), the Duke of Kent's daughter said: "In intrusting these colors to your charge it gives me great pleasure to remind you that I have been associated with your regiment from infancy, when my father was your colonel. He was proud of his profession, and I was always taught to consider myself a soldier's child. I rejoice in having a son who has devoted his life to the army, and who, I am confident, will ever prove worthy of the name of a British soldier." The Duke of Kent was the fourth son of George III.

FOR HAYES.

BY EDWARD RENAUD.

The tide is in! The tide is in!
I hear its thundering roar.
Its mighty waves with deafening din
Are breaking on the shore.
Fling wide! fling wide our flag star!
And strike for happier days;
Count every stripe and every star
A people's pledge for Hayes!

No iron road shall filch the land,
No rich shall grind the poor,
But trade and schools go hand in hand,
And commerce still endure.
Not "rags" but gold shall build the state,
And fill the treasury,
Where honesty shall guard the gate,
And honor clasp the key!

Our platform planks are strong and fair,
What hand shall tear them down?
Bring forth, bring forth the curule chair!
And bring the mural crown!
I hear the tramp of marching men
That throng the teeming ways;
From all the rout rings forth the shout—
Hurrah! Hurrah for Hayes!

There's Sammy Tilden of New York,
And Billy Hendricks, too,
Who seek to sail our ship of State
With a Democratic crew;
But we've nailed our colors to the mast,
And we'll double shot our guns,
While full and fast before the blast
Our tide of victory runs!

Their "rags" are rent; our sails are bent;
And for our pennon high
The Stars and Stripes, in calm content,
Stream forth across the sky.
I hear, I hear the echoing drum,
I hear the clarion call
Which makes the plowman from the plow
The warder on the wall.

November nights are dark, my boys,
And November days are dim;
But we'll not begrudge our fireside joys
While we chant our battle hymn!
We'll chant its burden loud and long
Through all the dreary days,
With the ringing chorus of the song,
"Hurrah! Hurrah for Hayes!"

His is the soldier's steadfast hand,
The hero's heart of fire,
The statesman's forehead, broad and bland,
The patriot's proud desire.
Fling wide our bunting to the breeze,
And let our bonfires blaze
From mountain range to surging seas—
Hurrah! Hurrah for Hayes!

EX-GOVERNOR FOOTE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Another Witness on the Stand.

Recently, in Memphis, this distinguished statesman appeared in joint discussion with a Democratic candidate for elector at large. He was introduced to the large audience before which he appeared as a Governor of Mississippi in the days of her grandeur, as the intimate friend of Clay, Webster and Clayton.

He is thus reported in the Memphis *Avalanche*, of Thursday last:

He said he could not but be vividly reminded by the scene before him of the last time he had addressed a similar meeting in this city sixteen years ago. He would allude to things of our past history, not to wound the feelings of any one, but merely to illustrate what he desired to say in reference to the issues of to-day. Sixteen years ago he came to Memphis in the voice of truth and argument and of reason to address the Whigs and Douglas Democrats.

The speaker then referred to the action of the Old Line Whigs in the troublous days of 1861, and said that ever since he had loved them and honored them. In 1861 the dire spirit of disunion was revived from its sleep since the days of Pierce. Men went through the land openly avowing their desire for the rupture of the government. William L. Yancey—he had no wish to speak disrespectfully—had plainly and unhesitatingly announced his views. He probably did not contemplate civil war. The same men are now abroad. The same editors are working. They no longer intend war, but they intend by covert means to bring about by recovering all they lost in the war, their revenge. He knows that faction well. He tells what he knows. The leaders of the present secession, under disguise, are the most unprincipled politicians that ever cursed any country with the bane of their presence. He wants no South, no North, no East, no West. There is only one leading man in the North that ever sided with this damnable heresy—that man is Samuel J. Tilden. Four months ago he was odious. He then had no strength at all. He was then known as an unscrupulous speculator, a swindler. But when at St. Louis, it was found out that this man was a secessionist, and a nullifier, that he had done all he could to aid secessionists, he was nominated. Despite the most damning charges, by aid of his secession record, and the noble John Morrissey, he was at once nominated. Those charges of swindling had been heralded abroad in every Democratic newspaper, in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and its sleeker contemporary, the the Nashville *American*. Once nominated though, he was taken up and all declared: "We will vote for Samuel J. Tilden!" Look now at the Democratic nominees for Governors, Senators and Congressmen—Hampton and others—far gone in the lunacy of secession. God forbid that civil war should follow the high handed course of Democrats in South Carolina. Thank Heaven that there is a man in the Presidential chair firm enough and strong to protect all voters:

Mr. Foote then proceeded to criticise Mr. Tilden, as he said "out of thine own book I will convict thee." Tilden was connected with the Credit Mobilier; there is no doubt about it. Oakes Ames is dead; Colfax and others connected with this infamous scheme, are branded and ruined, but Samuel J. Tilden lives amid glory and praise, and aspires to sit where Jefferson and Madison have sat.

Hayes, on the other hand, stands clean and unspotted. Tilden had acted for years with Tammany Hall, which had robbed New York of tens of millions. He and Tweed were hand-in-glove, and had aided to stuff the ballot-box in 1868, giving Seymour fraudulently the electoral vote of that great State. He had thus defied the electoral suffrage upon which alone the freedom of this country rests.

But to pass on. Tilden stands sued by his clients for $1,000,000 out of which he had swindled them. Does Tilden deny that he swindled the government out of $4000 as income tax when his country most needed it? No. There's your candidate. They say to you, "he is your candidate and you must vote for him."

The speaker then illustrated the case by a humorous anecdote. They are eating crow, these Democrats, and smacking their lips over it, declaring it better than turkey. "Now for their platform." It contains nothing that they haven't stolen from the Republican party.

The Governor then reviewed his own career. He had gone to the Confederate Congress in the hope of doing something to save his country. There he had done his best to oppose every extreme measure of the Confederate government. This was his course, and he was not ashamed to state it. He was an independent voter and an elector on the Republican ticket, because he could not go with the party of Tammany and secession. Thank God he had the right to change his mind, and looking back upon the past he could see things in a very different light from what he used to.

The speaker next went into a eulogy of the Republican party, and deprecated the action of those to whom this great party had been so magnanimous.

As to Grant's being so infamous, thirty committees had tried to convict him. They were scrutinizing committees, and failing to find anything wrong they were either fools or the party accused was innocent. They cry "Belknap." Now, Belknap always voted the Democratic ticket, he had heard, and had only got into an office by the favor of an old army friend. Then all the Republicans voted for his conviction. When did the Democratic party punish one of its thieves? Some one had stolen $900,000 from the Indian department under Buchanan. What had been done with the thief?

These Democrats wish the Republican party to step down and out. It is for the people to choose between these two parties, one the party of secession and treason, and the other the grandest of all parties. The Democrats only await a chance to resume their old diabolical principles, and to take the ballot from the negro if they get in power. The presidential administration, Governor Foote continued, has been the wisest ever known. It has lost less by defalcation than any other since Jackson, inclusive. It has paid $700,000,000 of your public debt. The expenses of the administration have been in proportion to the size of the country, less than those of Buchanan's administration. As to the revenue tax now imposed, it is the easiest tax that could be possibly collected. The money must be collected, and the people feel it less than they could any other.

Mr. Foote then took up the "demonetizing of silver." He maintained that in 1834 and 1854 this withdrawal of silver from coinage was commenced under Democratic rule; and then, in 1873, every Democrat in the Senate voted for it, and yet they charge it as a Republican measure. The Democratic candidate, in his letter of acceptance, strikes out the word "coin" in speaking of the payment of the interest on the bonds. Tilden signed the law of New York, which is the most grinding law on the return of specie payment.

The speaker then alluded to the late election. The Democrats claim a great victory, when the Republicans have gained strength on every battlefield. They say Tilden is sure of being elected; but that dire day will never come. He predicted a glorious victory for Hayes, and a glorious era to follow.

The Curious Anachronisms of Famous Pictures.

In the works of some of the greatest painters curious and startling anachronisms occur. In their representations we frequently find objects introduced long before the period of their existence, and, to bring out an effect, historical truth has been in many cases ignored. In this respect Raphael was a great transgressor. He introduces a hewn stone step into "The Expulsion from Paradise," and a book bound in the neatest possible manner into the well known picture of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, Struck Blind." A host of other artists appear to have believed that the Virgin Mary was in the habit of studying a mass book, and that the Hebrew kings wore robes similar to Henry VIII.

That there is nothing new under the sun is a maxim the broad truth of which will be conceded by most men; but when Albert Durer goes so far as to introduce a tent bedstead, a commodious cooking range, and an array of china candlesticks, surmounted by modern shaped candles, into his "Birth of the Virgin," the spectator is not unnaturally inclined to doubt whether the painter was altogether justified in his creations. When buttons were invented is a question that very probably can not now be solved; but it is a question whether they were used in the days of Isaac. Silvio Manaigo, however, thought such to be the case, for in his picture of the sale of Joseph to the Ishmaelites the coat of one of the brothers is not only fastened, but even decorated by their means. Lucas van Leyden, too, was bold enough to put a chignon on the head of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and, not content with this, he surmounted the edifice with a beautiful coal-scuttle bonnet. Salvator Rosa is another trespasser in the matter of head dress. An exquisite work by this master represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; but the whole effect is spoiled by the presence in the background of some jaunty spectators in slouch hats and flaunting feathers.

Van Dyck represents one of the apostles in sea-boots, in his picture of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which is now in the National Gallery; and Paul Veronese paints some Italian peasants in felt hats and plumes coolly contemplating the adoration of the Magi. Agostino Caracci, in a picture of "Tobias Anointing His Father's Eyes," puts the two men in shoes; and N. Poussin, in his celebrated "Passage of the Red Sea," introduces the Roman armor of the Emperors, regardless of the well-ascertained fact that the Egyptians, about the days of the Hyksos, did not indulge in metal armor at all. In one of Raphael's best works, the transfiguration monopolizes the upper part of the canvas, while in the lower portion the man possessed of an evil spirit is being simultaneously healed, and in a Flemish painting of some note several corpulent boors, with clay pipes in their mouths, are gazing in wonder at David, who is carrying the head of Goliah. Indeed, the history of the poet king is made a frequent medium for anachronism; for in another picture of the death of Goliath the giant wears no armor except a plumed helmet, and in a third David is hurling at his adversary a rough stone instead of a pebble. At his subsequent triumph, according to yet another picture, David is received by Greek maidens in front of an Italian building surmounted by flags, while two pyramids in the background vainly do their best to lend harmony to the scene.

Abraham has been shamefully treated by his illustrators. A Spanish artist represents him as about to shoot Isaac with a pistol; and the patriarch is almost always represented as a man of not more than sixty years of age, at the most. A very common anachronism is the introduction of Italian architecture into Eastern scenes. Claude, for instance, in his "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," and Bono of Ferara in his "Jerome in the Desert," do so; and examples might be multiplied ad infinitum. Claude, in the "Embarkation of Saint Ursula," also introduces ships of the type in use at the middle of the seventeenth century; and Boccaccio Boccaccino, in the "Procession to Calvary," fills up his background with a fine broad river covered with shipping, in spite of the well-known fact that nothing of the sort exists near Jerusalem. How the disciples, in Raphael's "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," managed to preserve their equilibrium in the very minute boats to which the artist has treated them is a mystery; and why Claude should have celebrated the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca in front of a waterfall that might almost vie with Niagara is a riddle that will probably never be solved.

The illustrations to Newton's Bible, which was published in 1771, contain some curious errors and anachronisms that are little known. Solomon is being appointed under the shadow of a pyramid, and the destruction of Dagon takes place in a building very similar to St. Paul's cathedral in London. David is singing before the ark from a scroll that is conveniently held in front of him by a winged, but legless, cherub; and Sapphira dies in the streets. In a picture representing the death of the lying prophet, the dead man wears a coat and trousers; and in another, in depicting Elijah and the priests of Baal, there is an altar, but no surrounding trench. Perhaps the most flagrant engraving in the collection is one of Daniel's dreams, which introduces four great beasts that do not in the least answer the description given of them in the text. Fortunately for the credit of the artist involved, all the pictures are anonymous, but some are known to have been executed by very eminent men.

Cigoli paints the aged Simeon at the circumcision in spectacles; and Brughel, in an "Adoration of the Magi," introduces the Ethiopian in a surplice, booted and spurred