

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME 3.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1866.

NUMBER 25

For the Citizen.

## MEMORY'S JEWELS.

I love to wander back again,  
In memory to the spot;  
Where stands beside the narrow lane  
My childhood's narrow cot.  
I fancy that, while standing there,  
Within that cottage door,  
I see my Mother's old arm-chair,  
Right, where it stood before.  
The pictures too, are hanging still,  
Around the white-washed wall,  
And faintly o'er the distant hill,  
I hear the water-falls.  
My Father's mild and gentle face—  
Drawn by the painter's hand,  
Is still in its accustomed place,  
Just where it used to stand.

## Select Story.

### GETTING IN AT NIGHT.

"The door was locked when I got home," said Tom, "and how to get in without waking the governor, was the difficulty. I knew he would give me particular fits if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was but a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other one opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of the governor's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in the corner furthest from the window, and I hoped I should be able to get through the room without awakening her, and then I would have a comparatively easy thing of it.

"So, getting a plank from a neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eaves of the porch, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and 'cooned.' All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse suspicion in the morning, to remove the plank. So I dragged it up and threw it off the end. Down it went, with an awful clatter, and struck a stray dog that had followed me two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful howl that hound ever gave tongue to. This started half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood to barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced whistling as if he intended to split his throat at it; and an old woman, in her night clothes, with a candle in her hand, appeared at a window across the street. I knew that I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows, the candle gave enough light to have probably discovered me.—Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or two, popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up his eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before it and the dogs settled down and gave a chance to move.

"I then crept slowly along the wall until I reached the window, when I put my hand on the sill, sprang up, and with my legs hanging down, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in that room, for I was sure I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg and then the other, drew them around, put them down to the floor, and was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was about withdrawing them, when a wild yell broke out at my feet. The old maid jumped from her bed, crying, 'Murder!' And the mocking bird started again. A little darkey was lying on her back under the window, and I had put my foot on her face, and, of course, woke her up.

"I decided in a moment what to do.—The house would be aroused, and I was caught to a certainty. If I could only get to my room before the governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little darkey was screaming away; so I started for the door, made three steps, struck a chair, tumbled it over, of course making the greatest racket that ever you heard in the 'dead hour of night' in a peaceable house. The darkey and the old maid screamed louder than ever, and it seemed to me that the mocking bird whistled louder than a steam whistle, and together they made a noise as loud as Julien's full orchestra.

"I reached the door, however, and quietly and quickly opened it, and just got into the hall in time to see the old gentleman open his door, and with a candle in his hand, come hurrying up the stairs. Now was the critical time. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the governor, he reached the door, opened it, and went in; and in the meantime there were all sorts of confusion and inquiries down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, and from where I stood I heard every word of the inquiries and explanations in the room. Of course they could not make much out of it. The little darkey was too much frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth, and the result was they came to the conclusion that she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving

her a sound shaking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors from the window, went down to his room again.

"So far, so good. I had now to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room, which was in the second story of a brick building that stood unconnected with and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started.

"Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs at midnight without making a noise? You may try it all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are sure, to wake everybody. I had got nearly to the bottom, when a little dog came trotting up the entry toward me, barking furiously. A suppressed 'Come here, Zip,' silenced him, for he recognized me; but the little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the neighborhood, having learned to take the cue, of course joined the chorus for the third time.

"I ran along the passage, reached the door, unlocked it, just as the governor, roused the second time, opened his door, and seeing a man escaping from the house by the backway, of course cried 'Thieves! thieves!' and made a rush for me. But I was too quick for him. I opened the door, sprang out, made for the door that opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when crash—within a foot of my head—went a brick, and a voice that I knew belonged to our next door neighbor, Tompkins, joined the governor in the cry of 'Thieves! thieves! murder! murder!' I was safe though.

"Running up stairs, I 'shelled, myself much quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed, sound asleep, in half a minute.

"Wasn't there a row, though? I never heard so many dogs before. The mocking bird, of course, was outdoing all his previous efforts. The roosters began to crow. Tompkins was still yelling 'Thieves!' and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of noises, and talking among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling—

"Tom! Tom!  
"Tom, fortunately, was sound asleep.  
"Tom!" cried the old man, in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit.  
"I judged it prudent to awaken then, and jumping from my bed, raised the window, rubbing my eyes, and looking particularly frightened, asked—

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?"  
"There's thieves in the house," was the reply. Get your gun and come down—be quick!  
"He's in the room below you," halloed Tompkins. "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire-brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

"I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or more men in the yard, armed with guns, pistols, and sticks.

"The governor led the attack. Opening the door, he called—  
"Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to resist, I'll blow your brains out!"  
"Nobody came, however.  
"I watch the door, while I go in," and I was told to look sharp and shoot the rascal if he came up stairs. A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in that room.

"He's up stairs, then!" said Tompkins, "for I'll take my Bible oath that he didn't pass that door."  
"Up they trooped, and I had lit a candle by that time, but there was no burglar there. The strictest search, even looking into and old boot, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was examined, then the house, and everybody was tolerably satisfied that he had escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the night, and ordered not to go to sleep on my post under the penalty of a flogging.

"The articles missing, on a thorough examination the next day, were two pies and an old lady's silver trowel. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under the carpet; but the pies have never been recovered. On oath I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but the case didn't come before a court, and I remained quiet.

"Didn't the local editors loom, though? One of them elongated himself through a hall column, and headed the article, 'A

Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder' describing with graphic particulars the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss L.—and her servant, complimented the coolness of R. Tompkins, Esq., and perorated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the policeman.

"It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchman used to stop at our front door and listen, during his rounds, for a month after. The excitement died away after a while; but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise.

## TEXAS.

The hearty Unionists of Texas have determined to contest their State at the ensuing election, though without a hope of success. That is right. Though they should now poll but Ten Thousand votes, they will have gained by organization a status and a knowledge of each other which will be of immense value to them in the future. Every year will increase their numbers and their influence, until the decay of the rebel spirit will give them the ascendancy. If all men voted, there would be a majority now; with two-thirds of their number denied the Right of Suffrage by a Rebel Convention, they must "learn to labor and to wait." The following is their platform:

"1. That we are unalterably devoted to our republican form of government, as established by the patriots of 1776, and that we denounce the assumption of those who seek to justify the late Rebellion by declaring that republican institutions have proved to be a failure; that we have no sympathy with monarchists or imperialists, but fondly hope that our free institutions may endure to the latest posterity; to which end we pledge ourselves to contribute, as much as in us lies, by a hearty and unflinching support of the constitutional authority of the Government of the United States and of the State.

"2. That we fully recognize the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States, and of the laws made in pursuance thereof; that we believe it was wisely ordained that they should be the supreme law of the land, in all the States of the Union, anything in the Constitution and laws of the State to the contrary notwithstanding; that we regard the union of the States, under the Constitution, as the best guarantee of civil liberty to the American people, and that under the benign influence of the Union, we and our posterity may reasonably hope to enjoy the fullest protection for life and property, and the largest measure of prosperity and happiness.

"3. That we hold the act of Secession, adopted in convention, at the city of Austin, on the first day of February, A. D. 1861, to have been in violation of the Constitution of the United States, and of the constitutional obligations of the State of Texas to the other States of the Union, and, therefore, null and void from the beginning.

"4. That we feel, in its full force, the obligation which rests upon the whole people of the United States to maintain the National credit; and to that end we pledge ourselves to give a hearty support to the National Government in all proper efforts for the liquidation and discharge of the public debt; and we will oppose every effort to repudiate the same, and every effort to burden the loyal people of the United States with the debt of the Confederate States, or any portion of it.

"5. That we have unabated confidence that the wisdom and patriotism of the President of the United States, and of the representatives of the people in Congress assembled, will prove adequate to the task of guiding the country safely through the perils and difficulties of the present time, and of restoring the States to their constitutional relations to each other, in such manner that the great principles of constitutional liberty will be at the same time vindicated and preserved.

"6. That we acquiesce sincerely in the act of the nation abolishing Slavery; and that we will endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the freed people in our midst by treating them with justice, and by according to them, not grudgingly, but willingly and heartily, the rights which are now, or may hereafter be, secured to them by the Constitution and the laws.

"7. That we proclaim anew the liberty of speech and of the press, and the right of the people to assert and publish their opinions upon all subjects touching the public welfare; that upon the preservation of these inestimable rights depend the permanent existence and value of republican government; that the suppression in this State, during the past five years, was both ruinous and despotical, and that we hold it to be one of the highest duties of the people to rally to their reassertion, and to fix them upon immovable foundations.

"8. That our form of Government reposes upon the intelligence of the people, and that an honest and patriotic devotion to its great principles is entirely consistent with individual freedom of opinion. That we fully recognize the fact that very grave questions are now for the first time presented to the people, and that we, therefore, freely tolerate difference of opinion upon all subjects not embraced within the foregoing propositions.

For the Citizen.

## DARKNESS AND DAWN.

When waves of sorrow round you roll,  
And billows fierce, come sweeping on,  
Let this true saying cheer your soul,—  
"The darkest hour precedes the dawn."  
If e'er misfortunes cloud should lower,  
And no bright hopes should cheer you on,  
Let this inspire your heart with power,—  
"The darkest hour precedes the dawn."  
If friendship's battle chain should break,  
Or love's dear light grow pale and wan,  
Then this blessed truth your comfort make,—  
"The darkest hour precedes the dawn."  
When hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
In error's path to lead you on,  
Resist them, and your sure reward,  
You'll find in truth's delightful dawn.  
And when death hovers in his power,  
And all your hopes of life are gone,  
Remember then, the darkest hour  
Precedes a bright and glorious dawn.  
Butler, Pa., May 21st. A. M. C.

## Communications.

### A Few Words to "Unknown."

You appear to think "The readers of the Citizen," were startled by the publication of the "Sign at Calamity" at Petersburg. You say the conjectures were "many," and "varied," as to whom the writer was. But the appearance of your article caused great wonder among the "Ladies," at least, as to what "gentleman" in this civilized and christian land, would express himself in such a manner. I have no doubt, but "Betsey Jean" can defend herself, but I wish the privilege of also saying "a few words" in reply to your communication. It has always been one of my peculiarities, to defend "our sex" when I hear them attacked in what I consider an unwarrantable manner.

This I think you have done, when you make the assertion general, that we marry for "money," not for "love." You speak of "cents," as a mere "matter of dollars" and "cents," you consider that true love no longer exists in the heart. My friend, this is a sweeping declaration, and I beg leave to differ with you, I will admit that sometimes such things do occur, but I have good reason to believe they are "The exception, not the rule," and in my humble opinion there are ladies of the present generation, who possess hearts and who love as deeply and devotedly as did the ladies of "Ancient Greece," provided they meet with an object worthy of such love.

It is mockery to call that feeling, love, which rises "in the expectation of a rich husband." I think either ladies or gentlemen who marry for riches, do not possess the "wisdom of Solomon." They are certainly very shallow and they generally reap their reward, but we have no reason to believe all ladies so foolish.

All observing persons know that the gentlemen are as apt to think "All gold that glitters," as we. Who has not noticed that if one of us possesses a few thousands, how attentive the gentlemen are to that one, while others equally worthy (minus the thousands) receive no attention at all. And would we not conclude from this that "rich wives" are as much of an acquisition as "rich husbands."

We conclude from your manner of writing, that you speak from experience, that you are engulphed in the matrimonial breakers of matrimony, and will suppose you "have caught a tartar" and that you are now floating on the "seething Ocean of Eternal Misery." If so, I sympathize with you.

But who is to blame in the matter? If (as you think) the ladies are looking out for "rich husbands," should not a man of good sense be sharp enough to see thro' their designs? Should he allow himself to be "duped" by "managing mammas" and "marriageable daughters?" And if he is entrapped, why should he think all others as miserable as himself? and that all ladies are like his "Tartar?" Had you been more particular in selecting a wife, your ideas of "conjugal happiness" might have been very different.

I am certain there are ladies who would prize a gentleman more for his worth, than for his "gold." Who would consider good principles, industrious habits, and a good, honest, affectionate heart, of more value than "the mines of Golconda." And if there are some who would be willing to barter soul and body for "gold," you should not include all, nor should you conclude.

"Love is a hollow cheat,  
And all who strive to win,  
Will meet with sure defeat."  
In conclusion, permit me to say, I am neither a "managing mamma," a "marriageable daughter," nor yet an old maid, but am a firm believer in the existence of that "Tender" and "Holy" passion which you consider a "grand mistake."  
BELLA.

BE CAREFUL.—A child in New Jefferson, Indiana, was fatally poisoned a few days ago, by chewing pieces of an enamelled paper collar. Death ensued in two hours and the body turned purple immediately after. As children are apt to chew at most anything, these collars should be kept out of their reach.

## CLOSING A DEBATE.

### Speech of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens on Closing Debate on the Reconstruction Amendments.

The following speech of Thaddeus Stevens we take from the Congressional Globe.

Mr. Stevens.—Mr. Speaker, I rise to conclude the debate, but I will not move the previous question until I finish what I have to say. I am glad, Sir, to see great unanimity among the Union friends in this House on all provisions of this joint resolution except the third one. I am not very much gratified to see any division among our friends on that which I consider the vital proposition of them all. Without that it amounts to nothing. I do not care the snap of my finger whether it be passed or not if that be stricken out. Before another Congress shall have assembled here, and before this can be carried into full effect, there will be no friends of the Union left on this side of the House to carry it out. I should be sorry to find that that provision was stricken out, because before any portion of this can be put into operation there will be, if not a Herod, a worse than Herod elsewhere to obstruct our actions. That side of the House will be filled with yelling secessionists and hissing copperheads.—Give us the third section or nothing. Do not balk us with the pretence of an amendment which throws the Union in the hands of the enemy before it becomes consolidated. Gentlemen say I speak of party. Whenever party is necessary to sustain the Union I say rally to your party and save the Union. I do not hesitate to say at once, that section is there to save or destroy the Union party, is there to save or destroy the Union by the salvation or destruction of the Union party.

The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) who has just taken his seat, thinks it difficult to carry it into execution, and he proposes to put it into a bill which the President can veto. Will my friend tell me how much easier it is to execute it as a law than as a provision of the Constitution? I say if this amendment prevails you must legislate to carry out many parts of it. You must legislate for the purpose of ascertaining the basis of representation. You must legislate for registry such as they have in Maryland. It will not execute itself, but as soon as it becomes a law, Congress, at the next session, will legislate to carry it out both in reference to the Presidential and all other elections as we have the right to do. So that subject falls to the ground.

Gentlemen, tell us it is strong—too strong for what? Too strong for their stomachs, but not for the people. Some say it is too lenient. It is too lenient for my hard heart. Not only in 1870, but to 1870, every rebel who shed the blood of loyal men should be prevented from exercising any power in this Government. That, even, would be too mild a punishment for them.

Gentlemen here have said you must not humble these people. Why not? Do not they deserve humiliation? Do not they deserve degradation? If they do not, who does? What criminal, what felon deserves it more, Sir? They have not yet confessed their sins; and He who administers mercy and justice never forgives until the sinner confesses his sins and humbles himself at his footstool.—Why should we forgive any more than He?

But we are told that we must take them back as equal brothers at once. I shall not agree they shall come back except as supplicants in sackcloth and ashes. Let them come back and ask forgiveness, and let us then consider how many we will exclude. All I regret is, this is not sufficiently stringent.

Sir, they tell us, I hear several gentlemen say, that these men should be admitted as equal brethren. Let these friends of secession sing to me their siren song of peace and good will until they can stop my ears to the screams and groans of the dying victims at Memphis. I hold in my hand an elaborate account from a man whom I know to be of the highest respectability in the country, every word of which I believe. This account of that foul transaction only reached me last night. It is more horrible in its atrocity, although not to the same extent, than the massacre at Jamaica. Tell me Tennessee or any other State is loyal of whom such things are proved! I regret that the true men of these States cannot be brought in with rebel constituency behind them. They would misrepresent their States. Therefore I cannot agree to let them in under the present state of affairs. Let us have probations; let us be sure that more than willingness to come in has been felt by them.

Mr. Speaker, I do not intend to occupy many minutes. I was indeed astonished to find my respected colleague, I will not say so tender-hearted but so lenient to those toward whom mercy is not rendered necessary. But I know so well his natural kindness of heart and his proximity to that eloquent divine who so lately has slaughtered whole herds of fattened calves, that I cannot be much surprised at it. But, Sir, if he is so fond of such associates, let me suggest in all kindness to him that he can find better company nearer home. He lives very near Cherry Hill, where there is a State institution containing several hundred inmates who—

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman allow me to correct him in his geography? I do not live near Cherry Hill. I live on the top of Chestnut Hill. [Laughter.] And I would like to know the name of the distinguished divine to whom he refers. I cannot recollect any one.

Mr. Stevens.—It is the late Henry Ward Beecher. [Laughter.]

Mr. Thayer—I understood my colleague to say a neighbor of mine. Mr. Beecher lives about a hundred miles from me.

Mr. Stevens.—Well, that is in the neighborhood in this country, three thousand miles in extent. [Laughter.]

Mr. Thayer—The gentleman himself is about as near and much nearer to him in many things than I am. [Laughter.]

Mr. Stevens—How near does my friend live to Cherry Hill?

Mr. Thayer—About ten miles.

Mr. Stevens—Well, let him walk ten miles, instead of going two or three thousand South, and he will find, as I said, three or four hundred inmates, whom, if he wishes to forgive and enfranchise, he will find at present restrained of their rights. They have done nothing but err. There is no blood upon their hands; they only erred in committing such little acts as arson and larceny. Let him go into one of those corridors and cause it to be opened and they will flock around him, and he will see men that are not half as bloody and have not committed half as many crimes as the rebels whom he wishes to see immediately admitted here.

Now, Sir, for my part I am willing they shall come in when they are ready. Do not, I pray you, admit those who have slaughtered half a million of our countrymen until their clothes are dried, until they are re-clad. I do not wish to sit side by side with men whose garments smelt of the blood of my kindred. Gentlemen seem to forget the scenes that were enacted here years ago. Many of you were not here. But my friend from Ohio (Mr. Garfield) ought to have kept up his reading enough to have been familiar with the history of those days, when the men you propose to admit occupied the other side of the House; when the mighty Toombs, with his shaggy locks, headed a gang who, with shouts of defiance on this floor, rendered this a hell of legislation.

Oh, Sir, it was but six years ago when they were here, just before they went out to join the armies of Cataline, just before they left this Hall. Those of you who were here then will remember the scene in which every Southern member, encouraged by their allies, came forth in one yelling body, because a speech for freedom was being made here, when weapons were drawn, and *Burke's* *bowie-knife* gleamed before our eyes. Would you have those men back again so soon to re-enact these scenes? Wait till I am gone, I pray you. I want not to go through it again. It will be but a short time for my colleague to wait. I hope he will not put us to that test.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

league to say a neighbor of mine. Mr. Beecher lives about a hundred miles from me.

Mr. Stevens—Well, that is in the neighborhood in this country, three thousand miles in extent. [Laughter.]

Mr. Thayer—The gentleman himself is about as near and much nearer to him in many things than I am. [Laughter.]

Mr. Stevens—How near does my friend live to Cherry Hill?

Mr. Thayer—About ten miles.

Mr. Stevens—Well, let him walk ten miles, instead of going two or three thousand South, and he will find, as I said, three or four hundred inmates, whom, if he wishes to forgive and enfranchise, he will find at present restrained of their rights. They have done nothing but err. There is no blood upon their hands; they only erred in committing such little acts as arson and larceny. Let him go into one of those corridors and cause it to be opened and they will flock around him, and he will see men that are not half as bloody and have not committed half as many crimes as the rebels whom he wishes to see immediately admitted here.

Now, Sir, for my part I am willing they shall come in when they are ready. Do not, I pray you, admit those who have slaughtered half a million of our countrymen until their clothes are dried, until they are re-clad. I do not wish to sit side by side with men whose garments smelt of the blood of my kindred. Gentlemen seem to forget the scenes that were enacted here years ago. Many of you were not here. But my friend from Ohio (Mr. Garfield) ought to have kept up his reading enough to have been familiar with the history of those days, when the men you propose to admit occupied the other side of the House; when the mighty Toombs, with his shaggy locks, headed a gang who, with shouts of defiance on this floor, rendered this a hell of legislation.

Oh, Sir, it was but six years ago when they were here, just before they went out to join the armies of Cataline, just before they left this Hall. Those of you who were here then will remember the scene in which every Southern member, encouraged by their allies, came forth in one yelling body, because a speech for freedom was being made here, when weapons were drawn, and *Burke's* *bowie-knife* gleamed before our eyes. Would you have those men back again so soon to re-enact these scenes? Wait till I am gone, I pray you. I want not to go through it again. It will be but a short time for my colleague to wait. I hope he will not put us to that test.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

Mr. Thayer—Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir.

Mr. Thayer—This amendment does not affect the eligibility of the people to whom he refers. That portion to which I directed my remarks excludes them from voting; and I wish to ask my colleague in this connection whether he thinks he can build a penitentiary big enough to hold eight millions of people.

Mr. Stevens—Yes, Sir, a penitentiary which is built at the point of the bayonet down below, and if they undertake to come here we will shoot them. That is the way to take care of these people. They deserve it, at least for a time. Now, Sir, if the gentleman had remembered the scenes twenty years ago, when no man dared to speak without risking his life, when but a few men did do it—for there were cowards in those days as there are asking to bring these men in, and I only wonder that my friend from Ohio (Mr. Bingham) should imitate a desire to bring them back here.

Mr. Bingham—I beg the gentleman's attention one moment. I have not by one word or vote of mine ever justified him in saying that I consent ever to bring them in.

Mr. Stevens—Never; but the gentleman wished to strike out a section and kill this amendment, the most popular before the people of any that can be presented.

Mr. Bingham—I ask the gentleman to indulge me a moment. The third section does not touch the question of their coming in.

Mr. Stevens—Then why is it you oppose it? If it is going to hurt nobody, in God's name let it remain. If it is going to hurt anybody, it will be the men that deserve it.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw my motion to recommit, and move the previous question.

We will make him tread out our wheat, but we will muzzle his mouth. Blessed be Moses!

He shall pick our cotton; but the hire he receiveth he shall stick in his eye without injuring the sight thereof. Blessed be Moses!

He shall toil in the sugar mill, but the sugar shall he not sell. Blessed be Moses!

His sweat shall nourish our corn, but he shall eat nary ear thereof. Blessed be Moses!

We will burn his skool houses, and destroy his spellin books (for shall the negro be our superior?); who shall stay our hand? Blessed be Moses!

The skool teachers will we tar and feather, and whar is the bloo koted hire-lins to make us afeard? Blessed be Moses!

We looked at the bigger, and said, ha! ha! the last state of the chattel is woe nor the first; for before, we hed his laloy wile he was strong and healthy, but hed to take care on him when he was sick and old; and now we kin git his labor without our care. Blessed be Moses!

The Ablishinists cast out one devil, and garnished the room, but there was seven devils more stronger and hungrier wich rushed in, and preempted the premises. Blessed be Moses!

But our song uv joy was turned into a wail uv anguish.

Moses sought to hilt the serpent, but the serpent bit him. He's on a pole, and the bitin North wind is a blowin onto him. He can't get up any higher because his pole