

Pierce cooling off after the Cincinnati Convention.



Down was Lin Mexico, but I rose again,
Down again in Cincinnati to rise no more.

Democracy in the South.



DOUGLASS—I stand God pappy for this child, Pierce,
and I Christian him Kansas.

The essence of Locofocoism.



Criminals—Womans' rights—free niggers and John
Irish President.

The progressive Democracy.



We are a rascally crew—I don't care
We are in for the offices—rip them and rare,
Swear black is white—let the Union slide,
Kansas is our motto—pollare our pride,
We'll break up the Union—like a plate of beans
But look out, driver—just around New Orleans.

The finale of Locofocoism



The last sad end of locofocoism. Irish, St. ipolism, im-
provementism, and white washed niggerism—gone into
the hemp and lumber business.

Gutta Percha War.



The Representative of the "Old Third" going to the
Gutta Percha war.

BROOKS—The South expects every man to do his duty.
T. G. D.—But how am I to pitch in?
SLEDGE—Well get upon my back and slam away like
blazes.
T. G. D.—All right! but hold on, don't get so close
—I believe them yankees might sight—let me down,
I've got the rheumatiz!

Death of Old Grimes' Hen.

At last the speckled hen has gone—
That hen of hens the best;
She died without a sigh or groan,
While in her downy nest.

Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow
For ten long years she lay,
At noon and eve, old Grimes an egg,
But none the Sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door,
All neatly lined with hay;
Her back was brown and sprinkled over
With spots inclined to grey.

Though almost fourteen years of age,
She still looked young and hale—
And like Job's turkey she could boast
One feather in her tail.

The neighbors' fowls did all agree
She was a good old soul;
Sometimes she roosted in a tree
And sometimes on a pole.

Whenever the rain came pouring down
And thunders dreadful roar,
She hid herself in Grimes' nest
Until the storm was o'er.

She lived a plain and honest life—
No higher wished to rise;
She flew at neighbor's saupson's wife
And scratched out both her eyes.

She never deluged the barnyard beam,
His face to look upon,
And loved but one, whose long shrill crow
Was heard at early dawn.

An axel creak, who oft had told
His lineage with a sigh,
From one that crowed when he of old
His master had deny.

When poor old speckle closed her eyes,
He jumped the fence and cried,
He hid the poultry all good boys,
And then had down and died.

Kind reader, now we'll drop tears,
To Grimes' speckled hen,
It is too true, we never shall look
Upon her like again.

—Old Mr. Fuddle fell down in a puddle, just as a
runaway horse and shay came dashing and splashing,
and fearing that way, its helpless, might he roared
with fright, the horse came quick, all gallop and
kick, when the old man raised his great oak stick,
the horse then shied a little aside, for sticks were no
friends to his well fed hide. Within a foot of Fuddle's
hoof, within an inch of his ruby nose, the wheel com-
menced whizzing, and on it goes. Up rises Fuddle from out
the puddle, and stands on the road with a staggering
stride, then wheeling away from the scene of the fray,
he flourished his stick with hero's pride.

—DR. BARKER'S "EM"—A seely looking old negro,
with a "brick" in his old white hat, and a "weed"
round it, staggering along the streets the other day,
attracted the attention of some youngsters, who im-
mediately commenced imitating his walk; calling out
"Uncle Tom," and other opprobrious epithets. The
old fellow bore it patiently for a few seconds, but
when they continued cheating coal of fire on his head,
he couldn't stand it any longer. Sitting down on the
curb stone, he called out:
"Who do you call Uggie Tom? D-d-d-do you know
'wha' got de b-boys h-hoo mockt de p-prophet L-L-lisha's
de bars et um?"
"Yas!" answered a young'un "but you ain't
no prophet 'lisha though!"
"Side," chirped another, "he never got drunk!"
We think that last brick "knocked him," for when
we came away, he was lying flat on the pavement.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—The following are the "Smits"
belonging to the "Tuernin Verins," of Albany, N. Y.
A German gymnastic association:

Big Smit, Little Smit, Smit from de hill, Smit from
de holler, Smit mit de store, Smit mit de blacksmith
shop, Smit mit de lager bier shop, Smit mit out any
trow, Smit vat wants a trow, Smit mit one leg, Smit
mit two legs, Smit mit de pig, Smit mit de pig head,
Smit mit de pig feet, Smit mit de brick yard, Smit mit
de junkshop, Smit mit de bolognas, Smit mit one eye,
Smit mit two eyes, Smit de bone picker, Smit mit two
"vrows," Smit mit de swell cart, Smit mit segar
stumps, Smit mit peach pits, Smit mit de whiskers,
Smit mit red hair, Smit mit no hair, SMIT.

—JEMMY, my son, keep away from the gals. Ven
you seene comeing dodge. Just such a critter as
that "in cleanin" the door on the other side of the
street, fooled your poor daddy, Jemmy. It hadn't
been for her, you and your dad might have been in
California huntin' diamonds, my son.

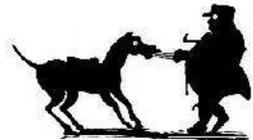
The Locofoco candidate for the Presidency



BROOKS IV.—Dear me, Douglas, what a devil of a
trap is this you've got me in. Here I'm frozen in my
hind quarters on the North side and my head poked
through this confounded Kansas trap, and my face
blistering in the southern sun.

BROOKS.—Can't help it, old Buck, that hole was
made for my own peculiar benefit, and you've no
business to cry now. So stand up and grin satis-
fied, for by so them southerners, or they'll have Brooks
after you.

Locofoco promises before the Election.



WICKLIFFE, before the election.—High! old line White,
just let me get on your back and we'll certainly office
together.

OLD LINE WHITE.—Nigh! your locofoco sins have
made you too heavy for no back.

WICKLIFFE.—Gats! Gats! old feller! say now, we'll
take a hole—I'll give you anything you want if you'll
carry me through this hole—my brother at a day past
audience.

OLD LINE WHITE.—Well get on, dret you! Mind I'll
throw you the minute you forget those cats!

During the Election.



WICKLIFFE (election time).—Now aint we fused nigh!
Here we are in Eaton Roug; ahead of them. Just
forget to call 'em and to morrow.

After the Election.



OLD LINE WHITE—dressed to death—walks into Gov-
ernor's private office. Well, Bob, how do you come on?
—like to have that little office to-day—out of to-
bacco, &c.

WICKLIFFE.—"You be fiddled!"

OLD LINE WHITE.—Oats! oats!! remember, Bob, oats!

WICKLIFFE.—Do you mean to insult me?—put out,
you miserable whelp of ancient federalism. Old L. W.
sneezes.

—"Sir," said one of two antagonists, with dig-
nity, to the other, during a dispute which had not
been confined to words. "you have called me a second-
rate and a liar, you have spit in my face, you have
struck me twice. I hope you will not attempt to carry
this any further, for if you do, you will arouse the
sleeping lion in my breast, and I cannot tell what may
be the consequence."