

DEMOCRATIC.

The Democratic Mass Meeting on last Thursday, was indeed a creditable affair, all things considered. The whole thing was managed with clock-work precision. At ten o'clock the pole—a beautiful one was raised. At eleven, the procession was formed; mounted white boys in blue in advance, footmen following, and the country delegations pulling up the rear, the girls wagon' and Band, heading the procession. The marching began about twelve and continued till two in the afternoon, when all dispersed for dinner and something to TAKE. In the afternoon the white boys re-formed and escorted Mr. Edwards to the stand prepared for him, when he was introduced to the surging crowd by Mr. Joseph I. Dunlap. The speaker bowed and took his seat, while Mr. Dunlap with the usual amount of air thrashing, spitting and washing of hands in imaginary soap and water, introduced a poor old man in second childhood, to the 'Sovereigns,' as a war-worn veteran of 1812 who, having voted the unsoaped and unwashed ticket of the untrified till 1860, like Dunlap, was forced to succumb to the pressure and vote the Union ticket for the time being, but had now returned to his FIRST LOVE, lovely though and full of beauty! All expected the old gent to raise in his boots and tell of the happiest moment in his life locating the time then, and the place there, with right hand upon his heart and his left, with dexterfinger tremblingly extended to the hickory shaft piercing the clouds, but he "oped not his mouth, nor spake he a word." Not so, the Sovereigns however, one enthusiastic individual threw up his hat and cried "Bully fer im" and the rest 'went in.' The old man received his first cheer and public commendation too late in life for a POST OFFICE.

Mr. Edwards was more than a pleasing speaker and by the time he got through, fully established a claim made at the outset i. e. to be the 'decentest speaker ever heard by a Dwight audience.' He handled his subject in a humorous, gentlemanly manner and told many good storys A PROPOS DE BEIN, but

they were good, and kept the Sovereigns laughing. One old gentleman of the hit-or-miss, style—with an honest hibernian countenance would not be led by the chief claquer Joe Gerson, refusing to acknowledge the government of cue's, he went in for individual encouragement to the speaker; his side show, was doing a land office business, when the speaker found it necessary to order him SQUISHED which was promptly done by the Sovereigns. When last seen, the old man was 'punting' in a direction where Democratic Wizzard Oil was to be had for money, no doubt to lubricate his privileges as a free man and bathe his wounded honor.

In the evening we had speeches from a number of gentlemen of lesser note, all chiefly renegade Republicans, who were kicked out of the ranks for the same sin that caused Satan's summary ejection from the Halls of Heaven—They, we presume have also seen the 'error of their ways' and returned to their 'first love'—'Consistency thou art a jewel.' We have respect for a man of good honest unchangeable conviction, one who has unflinching integrity in what he considers the path of right and justice. But these vacillating, shifting, quick-sand spring chickens of political hatching—we have no patience with. The noble old party known as the Democratic party have reached a low ebb, when they can tolerate, much less swallow them. An affiliation with such men is enough in itself to destroy the confidence of any man having the brains of a chicken, and sap all energy in a party canvass.

This brings us to speak of another matter connected with the days proceed-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)