

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Presidential Campaign,

1872.

THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOK OF SPEECHES IN THE WORLD.



THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, 1872.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

JUSTICE TO ALL.

The only aristocracy that I acknowledge, is the aristocracy of Honest Labor, Intellect and Morality. —G. F. T.

WE, THE PEOPLE. NOT I, THE KING.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of mercy, when?
The People! Lord, the People!
Not thrones and crowns, but Men!

God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children as thine angles fair;
Save them from misrule and despair
God save the people.

G. F. T.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

For President,

1872,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE COMING PRESIDENT.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

FIRST CAMPAIGN GUN.

VICTORY, 1872!

Six Million Votes, Nov. 12, for the Child of Fate.

TRAIN AND THE PEOPLE AGAINST GRANT AND THE THIEVES.

Associated with Mr. TRAIN in the Credit Foncier of America, are one hundred of the wealthiest men in the country, which is the nucleus of the White House Pool to form the People's Ring that elects the President in 1872.

EPIGRAM.

THE BUGLE CALL.

By GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Help! oh, help! my country save;
Follow your leader! Down with fraud!
Be my partner, not party's slave.
God be with you! Praise the Lord!
Wake up, people! Smash the Rings!
Hallelujah! Death to Kings!

No dead heads to Church or Press;
Immense Conventions everywhere—
Corruptionists in great distress;
Preachers engaged in prayer.
Wake up, people! Smash the Rings!
Down with party! Death to Kings!

Off guns! out flags! ring bells! shout
Rise, boys! run a little faster. [Hosanna!
Help me save our noble banner;
Help me smash the party plaster.
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!
Hallelujah! Break the Rings!

While editors and politicians sneer
At earthquake change in seventy-two,
The volcan action of a people's cheer
Shows that the nation's heart is true.
Hallelujah! Death to Kings!
Wake up, voters! Smash the Rings!

Hear that spiritual army: hark!
Death to hypocrite, thief and liar;
Peter the Hermit! Joan of Arc!
Cleanse the stables with prairie fire.
Wake up, people! Down with Kings!
Hallelujah! Smash the Rings!

The storm is passing! hail the sun—
The Rainbow circles all the sky,
Man's God-like race is not yet run,
Virtue decrees that vice must die.
Down with party! Smash the Rings!
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!

Official rats you see are running;
Fire the Resolution gun;
Clear the track! the TRAIN is coming,
The Reformation has begun.
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!
Hallelujah! Smash the Rings!

Is it possible to elect a President who does not drink, smoke, chew, swear, gamble, lie, cheat, steal, who never held public office, never played the demagogue, who has always been right on great national questions, and who believes he is an instrument in the hands of some mysterious power, to emancipate the people from the slavery of Party and the Fanaticism of ages, and who challenges any one to find a blemish on his reputation?

All the world talks TRAIN to-day. He holds the Press in one hand with his Fifty Thousand Dollar libel suit for calling him a lunatic, and the Pulpit already is patting him on the shoulder. A few weeks more, and both Preacher and Editor will listen to the voice of the People embodied in this Man of Destiny. The Publisher of this campaign book saw him for two years at the Bowery, Tammany, and Wood's Museum, Sunday after Sunday, hammer away all alone at the Frauds of the Sachems, when no New York paper would notice him, except to call him the infernal names they have done for years. As his speeches, published in the journals of the day, are Public Property, I have gathered together all I can find in the Exchanges, to let Mr. TRAIN speak for himself. While your so-called Statesmen are retailing their dull, stupid platitudes on the Lecture Rostrum for a Hundred or Five Hundred successive nights, this collection will give the lie to the last slander, that Mr. TRAIN is always reporting himself. Here are some two score of different speeches since his return from Europe, published as I find them in the papers.

JOHN WESLEY NICHOLS,

Presidential Photographer to the next President of America.

Presidential Headquarters, Train League

735 Broadway, New York

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THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT, 1872, GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Ah, well, the world is discreet,
There are plenty to pause and wait ;
But *here* is a man who sets his feet,
Sometimes, in advance of fate !

—*La Presse, France.*

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

His Boiled-down Autobiography.

- 1830—March 24—Born Boston.
- 1834—Father, mother, three sisters died yellow fever, New Orleans.
- 1842—Five years college life in Holmes' grocery store, Cambridgeport, Massachusetts.
- 1844—Clerk Enoch Train & Co.'s Boston and Liverpool Packets, growing up with McKay clipper ships.
- 1849—Established Liverpool firm Train & Co. ; and organized prepaid passenger business and small bills of exchange throughout Europe and America.
- 1850—Admitted partner, having management Boston house. Married October 5th, Louisville, Ky.
- 1853—May 3—Established house George F. Train & Co. (having one hundred thousand tons shipping yearly). Melbourne, Australia.

lia, introducing stage coaches, railways, telegraphs, and Fourth July celebrations.

- 1853—Nov. 5—Declined Presidency Australian Republic tendered by Ballarat Revolutionists—Refused seat in Legislature for Marysborough—First letters *Boston Post*, *New York Herald*, *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.
- 1853—Attended grand St. Patrick Dinner Smith O'Brien and John Martin—after Meagher and Mitchell's escape.
- 1855—Nov. 5—Grand banquet from citizens on embarking first voyage round the world.
- 1856—First book published, by Putnam, New York—Sampson, Low & Co., London—"Young America Abroad."
- 1857—Published "Young America in Wall Street." "Young America on Slavery." "Spread Eagleism."
- 1858—Negotiated bonds Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, receiving one hundred thousand dollars commissions.

- 1859—Built first street Railway in Europe at Birkenhead.
- 1860—Built street Railways, London, Staffordshire Potteries, Darlington.
- 1861—Gave banquet to Parliament and Press—Lionized by aristocracy—Espoused Union Cause—Hundred debates—Established *London American*—Found guilty of nuisance—Railways destroyed—Sloman's Sponging House and White Cross street jail—Union speeches throughout America, Peterson publisher—Grand testimonials, Boston and Philadelphia, from Republicans and Democrats.
- 1862—June—Tried for manslaughter—Distinguished men, Sunday breakfasts—Embarked for Boston—Occupied Madison Avenue mansion, New York.
- 1862—Ovation on landing at Boston—Five hundred lecture invitations—Knocked down in Faneuil Hall, July, Sumner meeting—Debate, Cassius M. Clay—Shot at in Dayton—Arrested at St. Louis by Curtis—Escaped assassination, Alton—Bayoneted, Davenport—Commenced Kansas Pacific Railway.
- 1863—Gold speculations, Wall street—Organized Union Pacific Railroad—Obtained original capital, two millions—Passed Bill, Congress, with Democratic votes—Broke ground, Omaha, Dec. 2, 1863. (See Pick in Co.'s office.)
- 1864—Organized *Credit Mobilier*, capital \$10,000,000. Obtained donation of Land Grants for Company at Omaha. Delegate Chicago Convention—Refused admittance, and carried Pennsylvania through Council of Eagles. Ovation from Republicans.
- 1865—Organized *Credit Foncier*, with one hundred millionaires copartners. Addressed first Fenian Convention, Philadelphia, "Pay or Fight" Platform. Bought five thousand lots in Omaha, one thousand in Council Bluffs, seven thousand in Columbus.
- 1866—Escorted Senatorial excursionists over Union Pacific R. R.—Built Cozzens Hotel, Omaha, in sixty days—Ten houses *Credit Foncier* land. Made Nebraska a State.
- 1867—Escorted Congressional and editorial parties to the Rocky Mountains. Obtained nine thousand votes in Kansas for women.
- 1868—January—Gave Susan B. Anthony fifteen thousand dollars to start the *Revolution*. Embarked for Europe. Arrested at Queens-town—Ten months in three jails—Half a million claim. Liberated Nagle and Jacknel men. Invented epigrams. Special correspondent *World*. Declined Congress.
- 1869—Commenced, Jan'y 5th, 1,000 public addresses—People's candidate for President. Tenth of May on first train over the Pacific Road. Twenty-eight successive speeches at San Francisco—Eighty on the Pacific coast. Newport villa erected.
- 1870—Continued Presidential campaign. Embarked second voyage round world August 1, from San Francisco—Arrived at Marseilles via Japan, China, India, and Suez Canal, October 20th. Made chief *Ligue Du Midi*. Recalled Cluseret. Narrowly escaped assassination. Secretly incarcerated at Lyons by Gambetta. Poisoned in the Bastille. Liberated November 26th. Mission from Gambetta to England and America. Gladstone correspondence on American Fenians. Arrival in America on Christmas. Imprisoned at Chicago in March. Jail reforms.
- 1871—Ovation at Memphis, April 5th. Six hundredth and seventieth Presidential mass meeting, Wood's Theatre, N. Y., June 25th. Embarked, s. s. "Atlantic," with family, for Europe, July 1st. Grand ovations, Lectures, and Independent Public Meetings, in Ireland, England, France and Switzerland—Accused of burning Chicago through *International*—spreading Small-Pox through

opposing vaccination — Omaha Train League Newspaper suppressed. Delivered 800th Presidential Mass Meeting National Theatre, Cincinnati. Defending Theatres against Church attack round the Corner. Union Pacific depot buildings located near his five thousand lots, Omaha. 900th Presidential Convention course, 1,000, Cincinnati, May 1st, 1872.

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(Written in the Visitors' Book at Coleman's Hotel, Giant's Causeway.)

IMPROMPTU EPICRAM

BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Open your pockets, and shut your eyes,
And listen to the Giant's lies.
Our Natural Bridge, our Niagara Falls,
Are shadow'd by these Giant walls—
Our Yosemite, and our Big Trees,
Would make perhaps his bed and knees;
And our Kentucky Mammoth Cave
Would answer for the Giant's grave.
In a drizzling rain, our Heaven was Hell,
To find the Causeway a Giant sell!

—o—

DON PIATT

ON THE

NEXT PRESIDENT.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

AN ASTONISHING MAN.

(From the Capital.)

George Francis Train is a man of commanding height, as supple in body as he is voluble in speech. His features, without being handsome, possess a mobility that alone would have made the fame of Kean and Macready as it did of Garriek and Foote.

The majority of people incline to think that Train is but one remove from a madman; he may be in a political point of view, but if he would cease howling for the Presidency, and go on the stage, there would be no actor to compare with him. He has a most startling versatility—passing from the broadly humorous to the

most touchingly pathetic with the rapidity of lightning in a fierce storm. His wit is so quick and vivid that its brilliancy blinds the lightning, and the blackness which succeeds is needed to restore the sight. He is a thorough master of oratory, managing his voice, and "making" his "points" with a skill that does not fall to the lot of old actors after a lifetime of study, because they have neither the originality nor the genius of Train. It is true Forrest can play *Lear*, and Clarke *Toodles*, but the former cannot play the latter, nor the latter the former. Fancy Forrest as *Toodles*, and Clarke as *Lear*! Yet Train could act them both equally well. Jefferson can act but one part, likewise Miss Bateman; our lecturers have their individuality so inwrought that they are always the same old lecturers. Train is ever changing. Anna Dickinson, "Injun Meal," Susan B. Anthony, Sumner, Parton, Taylor, Phillips, Kate Field, Edgerton, and all the rest of them, put in one mortar and pestled together, could not make up the multifarious gifts of George Francis Train. On the platform people laugh at him; on the stage they would worship him.

His manner on the platform, like his language, is not unexceptionable. His gesticulation is somewhat muscular. he slaps his thighs till the noise resounds the length and breadth of the hall. He drags himself almost on all-fours from corner to corner; then knuckles himself, so to speak, back to the reading-desk, which he falls upon as if he would shiver it in pieces and then eat them. He double-shuffles and stamps on the floor till the dust obscures him; he beats his breast, clenches his fist, clutches his hair, plays ball with the furniture, outhowls the roaring elements, steams with perspiration, foams at the mouth, paces up and down till he looks like a lion in a cage lashing his tail. And yet he is not happy; no, he wants to be President; probably to get that dog, the only gift, he said, his Excellency declined to accept because it was sent C. O. D.—collect on dog. Perhaps his most remarkable power is that of abuse. He has the gift of turning ev-

everybody into ridicule, and it is done so well that their best friends must join the laugh. He recited some verses in a thrilling manner, well calculated to arouse indignation against his enemies, real or supposed. The chaste and elegant refrain of these verses was :

"Ye lie, ye villains; ye thieves, ye lie!"

And such a mimic is he, that when he placed a chair in the centre of the platform, and kept trotting around it to show how certain old fogies revolve in the same everlasting orbit, he actually resembled a dog trying to make time against his disappearing tail. Imitative art can go no further.—*Dana's Sun.*

—O—

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Revolutionizing Michigan with Epigrams and Startling Ideas.

Another State under the Hammer of the *Great Reformer.*

Loud Cheers for the Internationale.

Mr. Train the Head Centre of all the Revolutionary Forces of Europe.

An Intellectual Tornado through the Michigan Pine Forests.

A Whirlpool of Reformation on the Northern Lakes.

Unanimously Invited to Return Tomorrow Night.

Hillsdale was stormed, Hudson shelled, and now Jackson is bombarded by this syndrome of individuality. He says that those who strike

him strike the world. We begin to feel that he is possessed with the power of "ten thousand devils," to use his own words—for certainly the iceberg of prejudice that he floated off Saturday night at Union Hall, was of no small magnitude.

Our limited space will only allow a sketch of some of his points, especially in reference to the Internationale—the great living idea of this century.

His promptness in reply—his ready debate in all questions is the new feature of the times. He delivers a new speech every night.

BACKHANDED COMPLIMENTS—THE SPEECH ONLY AN EXTRACT. * * *

A Voice.—Why make so many enemies?

Mr. Train.—Because I have no faith in friends. Every man his own architect, is my theory. Every individual his own master, is my practice. (Applause.) Those who call me names bear no malice. They are only parrots, cowards, shadows. (Sensation.) No one forgets my talk. My torpedo does all explode. Two minutes' conversation beside the stove—and the fortunate listener never forgets me.

Nature has only made a man. (Applause.) When some twenty-two inch man says I am crazy, he is only hoping for an introduction to the lunatic. (Laughter.)

A SOCIAL KUSS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Some people have quaint ways of expression: "Hope you will soon be better. *You can't be much worse,*" says one. (Laughter.) "Good-bye, Bill. Hope you will continue well and honest, *but I shall see you before then!*" (Laughter.)

General Bigler was such a social kuss! He made himself so much at ease! He would spit on the stove, put his feet on the chimney-place and wipe his nose on the table-cloth (laughter), and appear at home as much as any of the family. (Loud laughter.) Nobody fills this bill better than our distinguished scholar and learned statesman, the great man who

has arisen solely by his own talents as a muskrat tanner in Illinois to the high position of being the leading Dead-Beat of the present age. (Continued laughter and applause.)

WHAT WILL SOON COME TO PASS.

Mr. B.—What will you do when President?

Mr. Train.—Take two-thirds of the people out of lunatic asylums with a Turkish bath. (Applause.) Ventilate churches, public halls, hospitals, universities and public schools, so that the putrid air of disease will not populate the grave-yard for lack of oxygen. (Applause.) Here Mr. Train called on Mr. Stephenson to open the windows. (Laughter.) Abolish national bank frauds and change gold coin bonds into greenbacks. (Cheers.) Homestead secured for the sons of toil instead of giving all the lands to official thieves. [Applause.]

SETTLEMENT OF THE EIGHT HOUR QUESTION.

Pay labor by the hour, which settles the eight hour question. If one man wishes to work sixteen hours and another six, let them be paid accordingly. [Good.] That all convicts should be made to earn their own livelihood, *as they do in Jackson*. [Laughter.] That protecting life and liberty is more important than protecting property. [Sensation.]

A STARTLING INNOVATION.

That telegraphs and railroads should be a part of the postal system of the Government, since they had become a monopoly of a few directors and speculators. [Applause.]

CHANGES IN THE GOOD TIME COMING—
STARTLING INNOVATIONS.

The people are more numerous than the stockholders, and the directors now bear the same relation to the stockholders that the officeholders do to the people. [That's so.] The cost of war should fall alone on the rich. All church property should be taxed. [Sensation.] The Government should furnish the people with gas-light, pure

water, and ventilation, as cheap and readily as they do a postal system. (Cheers.) Government should abolish the army and navy organized to destroy, and spend the money in public halls, where twice a week both sexes could meet in conversation; in public libraries, in reading-rooms, lectures and music, while inhaling the odors of flowers and listening to the song of birds. [Loud cheers. Mr. Train's face lighting up with a peculiar inspiration as he foreshadows what he intends to do.] Salaries ample to support the servants of the people, but no perquisites, presents, or bribes. [Applause.] Every officer to be elected by the direct vote of the people, and the President should not be ineligible because born abroad.

THE NOBLE MISSION OF THE INTERNATIONALE.

A Voice.—Are these the views of the Internationale?

Mr. Train.—Yes. They have lied about us, but our day is close at hand. Knowledge is making us strong. The rich can no longer make laws to enslave the poor. We shall put no more money in fashionable churches. [Applause.] The revolution of the *Internationale* is only the rebellion of the slaves. The workmen rise because they are swindled, not because they are the children of labor. [Cheers.] Our meetings are not packed conventions. The Internationale repudiates the Tammany administration and fraud of the Labor Reform nomination of Davis and Parker. [Applause.] Our friends are those opposed to Bank, Railway, and Tammany Rings. Our enemies are those that hold the bayonet at the throat of the South [loud cheers], and are using the taxes of the slaves to perpetuate this servitude of the people. [Sensation.] The Internationale is opposed to primary caucus and convention, electoral college, newspaper party, and church dogmas, and believes in sleeping with the windows open. [Laughter.] When legislature, college, Congress, Bench and Press are dead-headed, how can the people get justice? [That's so.]

WORSE THAN THE DESPOTISM OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

The leading monopolist to-day is the party, and the party is Grant. *Death to the King!* [Applause.] He is rich, we are poor. Let him die or disgorge the stolen property. [Sensation.] Ask him where he got his houses and his lands. Other Presidents left the White House in debt. He will go out with millions. Yes, [d—n him, he has stolen it.] Our designing Tiberius, our dissolute Caligula, our bloodthirsty Nero graduates into a miserly Marlborough without the brains of either of the infamous quartette. [Sensation.] We insure against fire, flood, and death; but you court all these unless you insure against Grant. [Applause.]

Before the Nomination.

EPIGRAM ON A MILITARY SHAM.

In Cooper's sea of continental games,
Political hacks and military shams,
Brobagnagian wealth and Lilliputian brains,
Ulysses is launched by a few great names—
[Stewart & Co.]
Floating into notice on the war's red waves—
Proud of his million new-made graves,
A thousand toadies cheer his stupid nod,
Ten thousand leaguers praise their new-made God.
In freeing the Blacks have we enslaved the Whites,
And lost for ever our manhood's rights. [Yes.]
Our American Eagle surely cuts up rough,
To sneeze when Washburne takes the snuff.
[Laughter.]
Is our National Independence entirely dead,
To hurrah when Ulysses shakes his head?
In knowledge, the wisdom of an owl—
In politics, neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl.
[Laughter.]
Wendell calls him "the great American Riddle,"
While the party use him as a Jeremy Diddle.
Good at a race (says Chase), or at a horse trade—
Let him stand in the balance, he hasn't Ben Wade,
When you meet the General, wherever you go,
Say "Only five minutes, tell us all you know."
[Loud laughter.]
Hurrah! for our volunteers, we cannot state less—
Our greatest General is our General greatness.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

PARKER HOUSE, Boston, December, 1867.

[From *The Lecture Season*, published by the American Bureau of Chicago, New York and Boston.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Had Mr. Train not been bound, by the following letter, to his appointments, he would not have entered the Lecture Field again; but being on the track once more, he makes it a continuation of his WHITE HOUSE CAMPAIGN:

Extract from Mr. Train's Letter from San Francisco.

Six months hence the nation will see that destiny wins, if backed up by one million Fenians, and seven millions of voting women. As I may bring up in another English bastille on my way back, no dates can be fixed until a cablegram reaches you from London. Send each society the Fenian Campaign Picture for framing, to hang up in the Post-office or most conspicuous place. Suggest that no Lecture should have less advertising than "Minstrels, Manikins, Monkeys or Mountebanks." Lectures must be worked up like any other business. Course tickets guarantee audiences on stormy nights, hence give preference to such associations. Don't make appointments too far apart. Always have large black-board for stage—(*the eye as well as the ear must be educated*) Circulate dodgers day of lecture everywhere. Have posters in adjoining villages. Put locals in all journals, and *pay your printer*. Newspapers cannot live on air. Have two prices. Remember that fifty cents looks as big as a cart wheel to a poor man. Reserved seats without extra charge advertise lecture; and every ticket sold in advance counts four. Some towns are all alive—others dead. Some committees are full of snap, while others are like a wet squib. Lectures, like flowers, require much cultivation. Towns must be educated. Ignore all party or sectarian bias. Choose brains. Give preference to societies instead of speculators. Towns don't like outsiders. Having one set of men is like reading one newspaper

—destructive to individuality. Dead Heads are generally D. B's. *Tell the associations that time for calling names is past—hence nobody need complain.* When discussing merits, say, never mind his sentiments—*does he draw?* If the association committees are good fellows, I will let them visit me at the White House.

—O—

Foreshadowing the Downfall of the Doomed City of Sin!

TRAIN ON TIME!

Great Excitement in Chicago over Mr. Train's Arrest.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY PAY THE BILL

HIS IMPROMPTU EPIGRAM.

The Chicago Mail sold Ten Thousand Extra Copies containing Mr. Train's Account of the Terrible Crime and Cruelty in the Chicago Jail.

Written in Jail, in the City of Churches, Midnight, March 10, 1871.

Christian! list to a sickening tale
Of a fearful night in the county jail;
A night of horror within the pale
Of the holy City of Churches.

Five human beings in a rotten den,
Treated like brutes instead of men,
Packed like hogs in a stinking pen,
In the holy City of Churches.

No pillows, basins, towels or mats;
But plenty of bedbugs, spiders and bats,
A municipality of political rats,
In the holy City of Churches.

I frankly admit, I am ill at ease;
This itching, I know, is not from fleas.
Have I been catching the Ring disease.
That infects the City of Churches?

Hark! do you hear that awful groan—
That agonizing, crying, monotone,
So horribly like a dying groan,
In the holy City of Churches?

What is it that makes him curse and rave?
Quick, there! a light! perhaps we'll save
A fellow creature from a bloody grave,
In the holy City of Churches!

My God! O, see this dreadful thing—
A sight that should any conscience sting—
A wretched victim of a swindling Ring!
In the holy City of Churches!

How many days can he have spent,
Worshipping God in the middle of Lent,
Wallowing here in his excrement!
In the holy City of Churches!

Completely naked on the floor of his cell,
Covered with blood from whence he fell—
If this is Heaven, I'm off for Hell!
In the holy City of Churches!

Bergh's stout heart would surely quail,
If he could hear this dismal wail
Of a dying man in a Christian jail
In the holy City of Churches!

The *Times'* reporter saw him bathed in gore
Through a little hole in the dungeon door;
And turned away—he could stand no more,—
In the holy City of Churches!

Five witnesses showed him this case of distress,
Which the Ring Chief Storey has dared to sup-
press,
At last I've trapped this subsidized press,
In the holy City of Churches!

Fisk, and Tweed, and Tammany Hall,
And the Domingo job are bitter as gall;
But the Chicago Ring discounts them all,
In the holy City of Churches!

Imprisoned in almost every land,
Where fighting for liberty I took my stand,
Yet I never met such an infamous band
As in the holy City of Churches!

Oh, God! who doeth all things well,
Why wind around my heart this spell!
Are you in the Ring of the Court House bell
Of the Holy City of Churches?

With a woman sheriff would such things be—
Such filth and pitiless misery?
Thank Heaven! the world will soon be free!
In the holy City of Churches!

It makes the chills all o'er me creep—
But my eyes ache, so I cannot weep.
The live-long night—I could not sleep,
In the holy City of Churches!

When will the outraged people rise—
In Lamp-post Justice with earnest cries,
And a wild hurrah for the next that dies?
In that holy City of Churches!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE SOUTH GOES SOLID FOR MR. TRAIN.

*Telegram American Press Association from
Memphis, April 7, to 250 Inde-
pendent Journals.*

George Francis Train delivered his third lecture to an immense crowd at the theatre last night, and to-day addressed about five hundred of the leading business men, merchants, bankers and others, upon the future prospects of the city, giving a glowing and deeply interesting statement of the vast resources of this and other cities of the South, and the present condition of the South generally. He also gave an elaborate statement of the public debt, and the liabilities and assets of the country, comparing the financial policy of the present administration with that of foreign countries. To-night he addressed an audience of 2,000 persons of all classes, ladies and gentlemen, and was again repeatedly applauded. His reception here has been a complete ovation from the evening of his first lecture, and his parlors at the Peabody Hotel have been thronged with the leading men of the city and western portion of the State. So great is the sensation he has created, that many are coming from points in Mississippi and Arkansas, one hundred miles distant to see him.

Mr. Train, says the *Ledger*, has been in the city three or four days. He has had an ovation such as no other man ever had here. Three times at the theatre, and twice at the Chamber of Commerce, he spoke as no man ever spoke in Memphis. The idea propagated by the Northern press that he is crazy, was utterly dissipated. Crazy, indeed! It would be better for our country if more men were crazy after

the order of his craziness. He is a miracle of thought, action, and elocution. He seems to stand in a blaze of elocution. He communicates his enthusiasm to his audience, who, old, young, learned and unlearned, remain from the moment he appears upon the stage to the time he leaves *en rapport* with him. He is a magician, but has not that sort of magic that is acquired and practised by the juggler. It is a genius. Yes, Train is a great genius, and has a rushing, flashing, sweeping current of thought, and expression of action, at will, that no audience can resist. He has drawn to the theatre people never before seen there. They are the best people we have. Among them are lawyers, doctors, merchants, and business men of all grades. The ovation still continues. There is no abatement in the interest he excites, and there seems to be no limit to his resources. We repeat, he is a miracle of greatness.

Mr. Train addressed seven five hundred dollar Presidential audiences at Memphis in six days, besides twice addressing the Chamber of Commerce Mass Meeting. His return to France, in June, prevents him from accepting an offer of twenty thousand dollars, for fifty nights in the Southern cities.

THE EMPIRE.

*Written in the Lyons Bastille, November 21,
1870, by George Francis Train.*

The Brigand Band of '48,
The assassins of '51;
These Empire thieves can't underrate
The patriot mission just begun.

The Republic rising to a man,
Will pay its ancient debts.
The monarchs tumbled in Sedan;
The generals fell at Metz.

STARTLING SYLLABUS

OF

MR. TRAIN'S LATE LECTURE

ON HIS

ESCAPE FROM DEATH

IN THE BASTILE.

Mr. Train, the only man among forty million Americans, who, remembering Lafayette, risked his life for the French Republic. His patriotic speeches in the Alhambra, making him the idol of the people. Escorted to his hotel by 20,000 men and women singing the "Marsellaise." His recall of General Cluseret places him at the head of the National Guard. His election to the *Ligue du Midi*. Stamps, seals and private papers of the *Ligue* (which represented twenty-six departments of France), now in Mr. Train's possession. The shooting of the "prefect." Attempted assassination of Mr. Train by the National Guards at Marseilles, in the presence of 30,000 people, for protecting Cluseret. Mr. Train has the French and American flags that were around him when daring them to fire. Gambetta breaks up the *Ligue du Midi*. The Society International and The Comite Revolutionaire. The officers of the Guards surround the Hotel du Louvre, demanding Mr. Train to take down the American and French flags. The revolver that saved his life. Continued popularity with the people. The American Consul and officers of the American frigates "Saco" and "Richmond" introduced to Cluseret in Mr. Train's apartment's in presence of the members of the *Ligue*. The poisoning of Esquiros. Mr. Train one of the pall-bearers. 100,000 in the procession. 30,000 people, at midnight, escort Mr. Train to the prefecture after his great speech in the Cirque, calling for *Levee en masse*. Forced loan, and closing all public places, and proposing invasion of Germany. *En avant! Aux Armes! A*

Berlin! Viva la Republique; Cluseret's escape from Mr. Train's rooms. Mr. Train enters the Alhambra and quells the anticipated riot; the people follow his lead. The Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Spaniards choose him as their chief. Gambetta's jealousy. The Bourbons, Bonapartists, Bismark and Jesuits organizing the *Reaction*. Mr. Train in hourly danger of assassination. The Civic Guard fire into the National Guard, front of Mr. Train's windows. Five killed. Mr. Train refuses to sign the *Ligue* decree suppressing the Jesuits, convents, and the associated press agent. Mr. Train made General Administrator of the Army of the South. Downfall of Cluseret. The *coup d'état* all over France. Arrest of Mr. Train at Lyons. Secret incarceration. Reported assassination. Excitement of the people at Marseilles on hearing of the outrage; *a bas Gambetta!* Narrow escape of Mr. Train's secretary. The National Guard of Lyons demand Mr. Train's release. Threats to tear down the jail. Mr. Train's jailors changed thirteen times in two weeks. He is poisoned. Loses 26 pounds in 20 days. His book written in jail. Treatment of Cremieux of the *Ligue*, who was arrested with Mr. Train. Gambetta sends a special train to take Mr. Train to Tours. Two members of his staff accompany him. He ignores the arrest. Declares it a local mistake. Mission to England and America from Gambetta. Taken for a Prussian spy at *St. Malo*. Narrow escape from death. Only saved by the members of Gambetta's staff. Mr. Train invited to return to organize the National Assembly. He arrives in England. The spies follow him. His remarkable correspondence with Gladstone. He opens the door to the Fenians. His great speech in the Forum, Fleet street, London, December 6. He denounces England. The Irish Committees afraid to get up public meetings in Ireland. Six weeks at Schieferdecker's water cure, New York. Mr. Train unearthing Tammany's swindle (Bismark) mass meeting at the Cooper Institute for the French Republic, and Beecher's swind-

ling monarchical mass meeting at the Academy of Music for Italian unity. The infamous Grant, Murphy, and Tweed, O'Gorman grab for the Fenian exiles, when both parties hate the Irish worse than they do the devil. Mr. Train enters the field against all political, civil, and religious organizations, as the INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY. *A new man has arisen. The reformation. Cowards, toadies, and corruptions of press, pulpit and party shown up to the people. Aux Armes! Hanging of dishonest officials on the lamp-post! The living revolution! Train Clubs forming all over the country.*—(*Oswego Times.*)

THE REPUBLIC.

Written in the Lyons Bastille, November 21, 1870, by George Francis Train.

With a single corps of Gallic men,
Like Charlemagne and Charles Martell,
Or Conde, Bayard, or T renne,
Charged with the fire of La Pucelle,
I'd crush with one wild saber-blow,
This Bismark,—Goth, and Vandal foe;
So Kaiser, waking from his trance,
Would ne'er forget his war with France.

(Neither Grant nor Tweed, the Republican Party or the Democratic Party, liberated the Fenians. Give the next President his due. From the London papers.)

Mr. Train's Letter to Mr. Gladstone.

HOTEL DE FRANKLIN,
ST. MALO, FRANCE, Dec. 2, 1870.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Premier of England.

SIR: On my way to America, on an important mission from Gambetta, the patriot chief of the French Republic, will you permit me to respectfully make the following request: First—In the name of ten millions of Irish-Americans I ask the privilege of visiting the American citizens, who fought for our flag, so long imprisoned in the bastiles of England. Second—In the name of the true R-publicans of France, America, and Great Britain, will you allow me to address public audiences in Ireland and England as the American champion of the new Government in favor of the French Republic? My private Secretary will await your pleasure for an answer.

Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

Civis Americanus Sum,

The people's candidate for the American Presidency. Langham Hotel, London.

Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Train.

10, DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
LONDON, Dec. 7, 1870.

SIR: I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst., in which you ask him

1. In the name of ten millions of Irish-Americans, whether you may have the privilege of visiting the Americans who fought for our flag, so long imprisoned in the bastiles of England?

2. In the name of the true republicans of France, America, and Great Britain, whether you may be allowed to address public audiences in Ireland and in England as the American champion of the new Government in favor of the French Republic?

Mr. Gladstone regrets that in consequence of the language in which your first request is couched he can give you no answer to it. With regard to the second, Mr. Gladstone has no power to enlarge or restrain the liberty enjoyed by all, whether Englishmen or strangers, to discuss all political subjects, provided the law of the country be not broken, nor the peace of the neighborhood endangered.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALGERNON WEST.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, Esq.
Langham Hotel.

Mr. Train's Rejoinder

LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON,
Dec. 7, 1870.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Premier of England.

In thanking you on my departure to-night for America, I regret that the wording of my request has deprived me of the pleasure of visiting my fellow-countrymen in the bastiles of England.

Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

On leaving London on the 8th, Mr. Train had not received a response to either of his despatches to London, Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, or Cork Fenian Committees, they not having the *pluck* to strike out for the new Republic.

EPIGRAM.

The Albany Conspiracy and the Thieves.

HANG HIM.

When a loafer steals a poor man's mule,
Out west we have a golden rule,
Of justice, wild, quick, stern but cool,
We Hang Him.

Now public office means private fraud,
The people should with one accord,
Take Bat the nation's cheese has gnawed,
And Hang Him.

The wretch that would the treasury rob,
Through Broadway swindle or Domingo job,
Making the widow and orphan sob,
Hang Him.

Heed not that black hole maniac's yell,
Strip him, starve him, freeze him, beat him well,
City of Churches! City of Hell!
Hang Him.

Should Sheriff, Party, Press, combine,
To smother up this fearful crime,
Down with the Bastille! now's the time,
Hang Him.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

CHICAGO JAIL, March, 1871.

(From the *Omaha Bee*, Nov. 11, 1871.)

George Francis Train Blowing Up
Tammany with Bombshells, and
Organizing Vigilance Commit-
tees to Hang Tweed and
Sweeny on a Lamp-post.

A Remarkable Speech from a Remark-
able Man.

HE KU-KLUXES THE SUBSIDIZED
NEW YORK PRESS.

THE "NEW YORK TIMES"
STEALS HIS THUNDER.

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

He Prophesied the Downfall of Tammany
more than two years ago.

NAILING THE SUBSIDIZED BLACK-
MAIL PAPERS TO THE PUMP.

WHO CLEANED THE AUGEAN STABLES.

Why the Papers Refuse to Report Mr. Train's
Tammany, Bowery and Wood's Mu-
seum Sermons, Exposing the
Gigantic Frauds on
the People.

DENY IT, YE BENNETTS, GREELEYS, WEEDS,
BRYANTS, BROOKS', JENNINGS',
MARBLES IF YOU CAN—WHEN THE COIN
IS SPURIOUS NAIL IT DOWN—
A WONDERFUL VICTORY FOR THE NEXT
PRESIDENT.

Mr. Train's recent speech exposing
the New York press, is the most power-
ful of all his thunderbolts. He gives
the actual sums received, and proves
that he for nearly two years fought
this battle alone, before the *Times* took
it up. As it stands it won't do to
spoil Mr. Train's patent for uprooting
Tammany. He was the man, and the
only man, as his speeches will show,
long before the Joint Committee in
New York went to work. We happen
to have on file records of these won-
derful prophecies.

THE CHANGE IN PUBLIC OPINION.

Mr. Train's campaign in the West
is too earnest—his immense mass
meetings too important to pass them
idly by. People may sneer, but there
is a wonderful change in public senti-
ment in Kansas, Nebraska and Mis-
souri within three weeks. He has
completely stormed St. Louis. His
rooms were crowded with leaders.
The *Democrat* gives him over four
columns fine type, a stenographic
feat never before recorded in America.

The St. Joseph *Herald* has nearly
four columns (taking, by the way, a
leader from the *Bee* to introduce the
lecturer, without giving us credit for
it.) Train Lagues are forming every-
where. Sunday night was his third
Presidential mass meeting in Omaha
within a few days, and the excitement
is not abated.

But let us convict the New York
press:

THE SHUT OUT TAMMANY ADVERTISEMENTS.

This was the advertised subject of the "Sermon:" (April last.)

The Tweed-Sweeny-Connolly-Leader Grabbers exposed.

The Orange-Erie Winans epigram, on the J. Iscariot sale.

One hundred New York Newspapers subsidized by Tammany—editors muzzled like dogs.

The Belmont-Tweed-Bondholder-Hoffman combination to nominate Grant and sell out the South to military despotism, shown up.

Train shows how the subsidized press of New York sells out the people to the Tammany thieves.

The *Herald*, and some of the other papers, refused to allow these locals to appear, although Mr. Lilliendahl, Manager of Wood's Museum, handed them the money over the counter.

Here is the speech delivered long before the Tweed accusation :

TRAIN'S EXPOSURE OF TAMMANY AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, N. Y.

TRAIN ON TAMMANY.

From the Lyons, N. Y., *Republican*, April 22, 1871:

A voice—"Who is the Ring?"

Mr. Train—Hoffman, Tweed, Sweeney, Fisk and Gould. [Sensation, and "Hoffman is not in it."] Yes, he is, and I will prove it. He is here, there, and everywhere. He is all over the State of New York, and the State is so big that he gets rather thin when you come to find him. [Laughter.] Now, then, in the town of Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y., see what he did. Both houses of the Legislature passed a bill asked for by the local members in '68 for two polling places, to accommodate the electors. This bill was vetoed by Hoffman, which made the town Democratic, and it now elects a Democratic Supervisor. [That's so.] At the end of the session, going from moles to

mountains—THAT FATAL MISTAKE—he signs the infamous Erie bill, allowing Fisk as his junior partner to steal a railroad 500 miles long, with all its collateral. [Sensation.] This proves my case—that Hoffman is the chief of the conspirators. [Sensation and signs of dissent from the gallery, which had evidently been packed in the interest of Tammany.]

THE LAST GREAT SWINDLE.

Mr. Train.—The Tax Bill is a fraud—a swindle of the highest kind. [Sensation and "True!"] Peter Cooper, Astor, Moses Taylor, Roberts and old Greeley are merely shadows of Tammany—tools of the Ring appointed by Tweed to audit his accounts. [Laughter, and "that's so."] The two per cent. Tax Bill means four per cent. or six, or anything they choose, and comes, if they wish, under this clause: "To such other purpose as they shall find to require the same;" THREE MILLIONS, if wanted, (to carry the Catholic vote,) for monasteries, convents and schools—and TEN MILLIONS for the Presidential Ring to elect Hoffman. [Disturbance in the gallery, which Mr. Train soon quelled.] If honest, why not insert "Department of the City and County Government?" The bill gives Forty Millions into the hands of a secret league of four men, to do what they please with it. ["That's so," and "why don't you epigram 'em, George?"] (A voice—"Do you know Tweed and Sweeney?")

Mr. Train.—No; I never saw them. But when everybody the other day thought that Gambetta would order me shot, I wrote them this note in my cell at Lyons, France, giving them a chance to reform: * * * *

THE PURE AND SPOTLESS DEMOCRAT.

Sweeney, Connolly, Tweed and Hall,
Bag two per cent. on everything,
Including in their Winans call,
Ten Millions for a White House Ring.
Then Congress Dems. launch their address
Against Radical crime and fraud,
While Tammany buys a New York press,
Their swindling tax bill to applaud.
[Sensation.]

A voice—How about the credit of the city?

Mr. Train.—If not damned now, it soon will be—with Hoffman at the head of the Ring and Fisk at the tail. The men between these two men are all rich, they say. Where did they get their money, unless they stole it? [That's so.] *I believe there is a gigantic fraud of fifty millions in the issue of the city and county bonds.* [A decided sensation.]

FISK THE DICK TURPIN.

Why not? If Fisk can steal the Erie Railway—break open the safe of the Union Pacific in the noonday light—drive six harlots through the avenue of churches on Sunday, with six horses, [loud laughter]—baffle all the Press and Bar, and bring Winans to sell his party for a mess of potash, [laughter,] why cannot Fisk and Gould's partners over-issue the bonds of the city? Who knows anything about their accounts? Who can see their books? Rest assured there is a swindle of TWENTY MILLIONS to be exposed. The bonds of New York, now in Wall street, may all be forgeries! [Sensation.]

A voice.—How about Winans?

Mr. Train.—I bottled him up in an epigram yesterday. Do you want it? [Cries of "Yes, yes."]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S EPIGRAM, RING-
ING THE CHANGES ON THE ALBANY
CONSPIRATORS.

Ye noble band of brothers—
Ye Hundred Twenty-Eight,
Pure and spotless citizens
Who feed upon the State!

How like Jackals ye quarrel, !
Ye carrion birds of prey;
As ye pick the people's bones,
On Two and a Half a day!
[Laughter.]

A Kingdom for a Vote—
We want but Sixty-five
To carry out our programme,
And capture all the Hive.

New York may well feel happy
At Mr. Irving's lead,
In saving the Empire City,
By "Banging the Nose" of Weed!

Presto! Hear that thunder;
What is that wild applause?
'Tis the rattling cheer of Tammany,
On passing all its laws.

Orange-Erie Winans—The Callicot of old—
Like J. Iscariot, sells his party out for gold:
But who can censure this patriotic gent,
For following out so bravely our noble Presi-
dent?

[Laughter.]

Fisk selected Arnold to show as Fenton's fool,
To play the Erie knave, and act as Sweeny's
tool.

Hurrah then for the Ring that grind its swin-
dling axes,
So long as we, the people, are allowed to pay
the Taxes!

Three cheers then for the Tammany dog that
bites

These Radical Ku-Klux Greeleyites!

[Applause and "hard on Greeley."]

* * * * *

If these men are sane on national
affairs, I may as well admit that I am
a lunatic. [Laughter.]

Mr. Train here gave the solution of
all this corruption. A vigilance com-
mittee must be organized to protect
the liberties of the people. [Applause.]
All those in favor say aye. [Unani-
mous.] Tweed thinks he has it all
his own way; but I have the magic
power to touch Tammany with the
wand of honesty, and down goes
their house of tumbling cards. [Ap-
plause.] Suppose I make this speech
to my Irish boys:

Boys! Five hundred thousand
Irish men, women and children are
packed like sardines in a box, like
herring in a barrel, on two square
miles, [sensation,] living in loathsome
tenement houses, without air, without
ventilation, without water and with-
out the comforts of life—living like
dogs in a kennel or hogs in a pen
—no light, no gas, no clean streets—
yet Tweed and Sweeny are taxing you
from head to foot on everything be-
tween plate and mouth, while their
horses are living in palaces. Boys!
let us tear down the stables. [Tre-
mendous excitement.] To the lamp-
post! The lamp-post! Revenge, says
Bacon, is wild justice. [Loud ap-
plause.] All those in favor of hanging
Tweed to a lamp-post, say aye. [Tre-
mendous cry of "aye."] * * * *

The effect of this language, with Mr.
Train's manner-pistol in hand, was

Fortunately, as this historical record is most important just now, we have the organs of both the Republican and Democratic party to testify to Mr. Train's great single-handed battle.

TAMMANY ORGAN.

THE HOWLING OF THE TAMMANY DOGS—
A. O-K HALL IN N. Y. LEADER.

* * * * We are impelled to these remarks by the very distressing evidence of an acute attack given in Wood's Museum, last evening, by an individual who has heretofore been regarded as perfectly harmless, to see whom some people flock, forgetting that it is improper to seek amusement from an exhibition of the infirmities inflicted by Providence. But on Sunday night he was absolutely dangerous. He stamped around the stage in uncontrollable frenzy flourishing a pistol, with which he threatened death and destruction to several prominent men, and with which he might have killed or injured some of the audience. [Sensation, and "hit 'em, George."] It is time to put him in a straight jacket. Better do this than have a funeral, a trial, and an acquittal from the charge of homicide on the plea of insanity. [Hissses against the Tammany organ, and applause for Mr. Train.]

THE POWER OF TAMMANY ADVERTISING—
BEN BUTLER AND JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG,
IN NEW YORK STANDARD—UNION LEAGUE
ORGAN.

TRAIN'S HARANGUE.—George Francis Train, the great epigrammatical, or more correctly, ungrammatical cynocephalus, now on exhibition at Wood's Museum, held forth there last night, before a large audience of males and a few females, who must have blushed while listening to his blasphemous ribaldry. The little popinjay, puffed out to twice his girth by conceit, bounded on the stage, attired in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, and romped and frolicked upon the platform, to the intense amusement of the on-lookers. [Hissses against the Standard.]

MR. TRAIN'S SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS AT
THE NEW YORK PRESS.

Having hunted up the authorities and unearthed the speeches convicting the papers out of their own mouths, we proceed to make a few extracts of Mr. Train's late speech, which ranks him as the foreteller of great events and make him the leading statesman of our time.

THE AMERICAN HERCULES STRANGLING THE
TAMMANY ANACONDAS.

Mr. TRAIN.—Stand forth ye perjured newspapers and face the truth. You refused to report my Sunday night denunciations of Tammany. ["That's so."] Night after night, at Tammany and the Bowery, I fought the single-handed battle against fearful odds. Finally Grover shut the place by order of the Sachems. [Sensation.] Tweed and Sweeny gave one of my employes—young Bernard—a lucrative office, and I was driven to the Bowery. The Star was the only journal brave enough to report. This was the winter of '69 and '70. All references to Tammany were shut out. The Times, Herald, World and Tribune were silent. Even my friend Dana had no space for my exposures. [Sensation.] The Express, Post and religious papers had no room for the ravings of a "lunatic." [Laughter.] I preached twenty-five Sunday nights, but where then were your Moses Taylors' Clews', Stebbins' and immortal Committee of Seventy, [laughter], your Astors', Roberts' and O'Connor's? They were auditing the accounts of Tweed, Sweeney, Hall, Connolly & Co. [Loud laughter.] Are these men guiltless? Who was Callicott? Who Winans? Who the Hank Smith ring? Who is Thurlow Weed? "I would rather buy a Republican Legislature than elect a Democratic one by a damn sight," said old Dean Richmond. [Laughter.]

PUBLIC MASS MEETINGS, EXPOSING TAM-
MANY.

I held over a score of these public meetings. Those subsidized papers refusing even my advertisements, and Tammany covering up my posters,

sensation; but I fought them. Fortunately, some of these speeches are preserved, made a year before the subsidized Times became so virtuous because their bill was not paid. (Laughter.) Yes, those public mass meetings were held at my expense.

TRAIN PAID THE BILLS.

I paid some fifteen hundred dollars to the Sun job printing office, MacDonald, Cameron, and others, and no paper or Reform Democracy, or Committee of Seventy, or Evarts, Cornell or O'Connor's advocate came to my assistance. (sensation, and "That's so.") I appeal to the thousands who heard me—to General Logan, Kilpatrick, Barnum, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Congressman Cox, O'Donovan Rossa, Pollock, Foley, and the immense audiences that always greeted me, (applause); to Senator Kellogg, of New Orleans; to General Tyler, of the *Memphis Appeal*; to Melliss, of the *New York World*; to Howard of the *Star*; and to Dr. Brooks to come out and say, "I have heard Train expose these frauds night after night and none of the papers noticed him." (Applause.)

THE RECORD OF INFAMY.

Is the partaker a saint? The thief only a villain? What right have these blackmail sheets to put on white and say, "Let us pray?" (Loud laughter.) Time settles all things. At last I have tracked them to their holes. (Applause.) Talk about my foretelling the doom of Chicago! How about foreshadowing the frauds of New York? ("Put it to them, George,"—(laughter.) I did put it to them, accusing the journals of being subsidised by the hellhounds of Tammany. ("That's so.")

This statement shows that for the three years of 1869, 1870, and 1871, \$2,703,408 49 were paid to 89 papers. (Sensation.) The larger dailies received in the following proportion:

News,	\$309,386 29	Times	34,093 29
Star, Ev. Star,	249,638 91	Tribune,	23,755 96
Democrat,	178,905 77	Mail,	23,577 49
Express	112,244 10	Post,	20,465 17
Telegram,	97,301 97	Staats Zeitung,	6,530 53
World,	94,309 27	Courier des Etats	
Com. Advertiser	28,177 34	Unis,	4,997 50
Sun,	64,797 49	Jour. of Com.,	3,946 55
Herald,	34,105 33	Standard,	6,335 50

(Hisses for the subsidized papers of New York.)

I intend to embalm them in history. Were I only a member of Congress, a Senator, a cabinet officer, an Evarts, an O'Connor, or an emasculated Committee of Seventy, or a castrated Reform Democracy, Tilden,—Tweed,—Marble combination, (laughter), my words would not be felt; but when the next President of America speaks fraud shakes and virtue triumphs. (Loud applause.) As this speech will go down to history, I may as well give you all the names of the pure and virtuous N. Y. press. (Laughter.) I said there was a hundred subsidized papers. There are only ninety-two. (Laughter.)

OPENING THE BAG—LOOK OUT FOR THE CAT—"A BLACKGUARD. VENAL, SUBSIDIZED PRESS."

Here are the virtuous and immaculate journals that are horrified with Tweed, (laughter), up to their elbows in the public crib. There are the pious cussess (laughter) that call Train a lunatic for showing up Tammany. (Applause):

ADVERTISING, PRINTING, AND STATIONERY.

1. The Sub-Committee on advertising, printing and stationery, &c., presented a report showing the amount paid to newspapers, by the city and county, for advertising during the years of 1869, 1870, and to September, 1871.

The following is the list:

Transcript,	\$535,338 00	Irishman,	36 500
Star,	247,638 91	Rail. News,	1,339 40
Daily News,	309,386 32	Home Journal	790 30
Democrat,	178,905 77	News from Ger-	
N. Y. Democrat,	19,266 07	many,	755 25
World,	94,309 27	Albion,	404 30
Mercury,	123,788 80	Scan. Post	4,386 10
Express,	112,244 10	Irish Citizen,	4,283 45
Irish American,	59,032 80	Tablet,	6,651 40
Atlas,	74,517 05	Dy. Bulletin	4,591 44
Citizen,	67,174 62	Atlantic. Blat.	319 80
Com. Adver.	78,177 34	Am. Pub. Co.	4,731 40
Leader,	42,317 25	Cosmopolitan,	2,093 50
Sun,	64,707 40	Nat. Quart. Rev.	1,787 40
Met. Record	69,959 86	Times	36,093 29
Telegram,	67,301 87	Journal,	70,453 99
Herald,	34,105 43	Irish Tribune	19,212 59
Globe,	19,226 70	Irish People	9,168 85
Mail,	23,577 46	Home Gazette,	1,696 10
Post,	20,455 17	Am. Railway Jour-	
Jour. of Com.	3,946 55	nal,	178 25
Stockholder,	18,304 82	Wall street Reg.,	43 20
Argus,	9,087 57	Financial Chron.	103 40
Tribune,	23,755 96	Wallstreet Journal,	342 70
Hawkins' Journal,	9,167 75	Cr. des Et. Unis	4,997 60
Commonwealth,	7,843 18	Scot. Am. Jour.	3,495 00
Courier,	10,971 74	Round Table,	3 00
Hebrew Leader,	4,916 90	Jewish Mess.	2,193 20
L'Ecco d'Italia	7,580 50	Le His. Amer.	440 00
Insurance Journal,	1,400 55	Sun. Times	5,613 85
Staats Zeitung,	6,550 58	Miscellaneous,	8,130 79
Abend Zeitung,	9,953 10	N. Y. Jour. As.	4,428 25
R. E. Record,	44,678 54	Irish Republic,	1,691 15

Dem. Alliance,	8,699 30	Wilke's Spirit,	4,000 00
Standard,	6,035 50	Jewish Times,	420 99
Despatch,	3,611 55	Jewish Citizen	104 00
New Yorker	5,419 94	Truth Teller,	584 03
Freeman's Journal	9,396 30	Ger. News,	2,868 30
Scientific Amer.	43 00	Arbiter Union,	1,899 00
Sunburst,	383 70	Jew. American,	522 15
Artisan,	12 00	Daily Programme,	62 00
Mining Journal	386 00	Sunday News,	3,810 00
Era,	4,201 30	Sun. Democrat,	7,862 80
W'y Plaindealer	2,467 35	Weekly Democrat,	3,862 90
Franco-Am.	5,271 30	Corner Sto n	33 00
Literary Album	615 54		
Total,			\$2,703,308 49

(Great sensation.)

2. The city and county have expended for advertising, printing and stationery, during 1869 and 1870, \$5259,353 77.

("Shame on the thieves.")

MANUFACTURING PUBLIC OPINION WITH THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.

The bill of posters, public programmes, (sometimes used to cover up my bills!) was a part of the machinery to stifle my voice, the New York Times never mentioned my name.

THE SWINDLING BILLS.

The following statement exhibits the amounts paid the principal establishments that have enjoyed the patronage of the city and county :

<i>To whom paid.</i>	
The New York Printing Co.,	\$2,605,309 69
William C. Rogers & Co.,	583,883 21
Seymour, Kennard & Hay,	212,313 81
The Manufacturing Stationers,	297,309 37
T. W. Roe & Co.,	200,107 73
James A. Monaghan,	79,771 33
M. B. Brown & Co.,	36,187 60
E. Jones & Co.,	341,882 18
Wynkoop & Hallenbeck,	44,983 91
E. H. Coffin,	24,971 68
Miscellaneous,	38,233 76

Total, \$4,464,903 74

Your Committee find, from published reports of the Comptroller, the amount expended by the city for advertising, printing, stationery, etc., for the year 1869 and 1870, was

By the county, same time, \$411,615 24

Making a total for two years by city and county, \$480,453 68

And it now appears that the city has spent, in the years 1869 and 1870, for the same purposes, as shown above, \$2,654,259 83

And the county has spent, during the same period, and for like purposes, \$2,605,093 94

Making a total for two years by city and county, \$5,605,093 94

or nearly eleven times more in 1869 and 1870 than in 1859 and 1860; while for the county

alone the increase has been nearly thirty-seven hundred per cent. Of the expense incurred by the county, \$1 2,468.22 have been approved by the present Board of Supervisors, \$173,800.32 of which was for bills of 69 newspapers for advertising, approved by the Board Sept. 19, 1871.

[Gospel according to Cutting, Jeremiah and Pearsal!]

BEHIND THE SCENES---DEATH OF WATSON.

On my return from the bastille of Lyons, in January, a distinguished writer of the *Herald* staff, who was with me at Washington Heights in the summer of 1864, the last time I slept under the roof of James Gordon Bennett—where, to my astonishment, I found that Mr. B. was pretending to write up McClellan, while leaving the mission for France in his poccoet, (laughter, and "the old fox,")—came to me and said, I have the documents that will book you up. The frauds have been committed. (Sensation.) "The Times refuses to publish my statements, although I have the proof. Somebody in the Times office took the article of the firm, carried it to Tweed, and they sold out. Now I come to you." (Sensation.) The next day he came to me and said: "It is all up. Watson has just been killed in the Park, and Tammany has seized all the papers!" (Sensation.)

THE COURT-HOUSE SWINDLE.

Never mind, I said, I will play it alone, and I drilled away at the Court-House fund. (Applause.) The colored gentleman has come out from under the fence. (Laughter.)

The Sub-Committee to whom was entrusted the examination into the cost of the new county court-house: beg leave to report as follows:

The charges, as they appear on the books of the Comptroller, extend from 1861 to the 7th of July of the present year, and are under the following heads, viz:

New county court-house,	\$3,267,207 33
Court-house (new), construction	
of,	1,652,795 95
County liabilities,	766,479 21
Adjusted claims,	47,664 33

Total charges for building, \$5,734,144 42

And for furnishing and fitting up the same:

New county court-house,	\$789,635 34
Court-house (new), construction of,	97,234 05
County liabilities,	1,426,719 38
Refurnishing rooms Finance Dep.,	87,000 00

Total charges for furnishing, \$2,400,553 77

Making a total expenditure for the building and furnishing of \$8,134,703 19

Let us boil down the figures in another shape, as the next President of America (cheers) must be accurate in his statement: (Applause.)

HOW THE FRAUD WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

The schedule referred to in the above complaint is as follows, omitting the items:

Warrants paid to James H. Ingersoll & Co. in 1869 and 1870,	\$5,001,144 26
Warrants paid to Andrew J. Garvey in 1869, 1870, and 1871,	2,905,464 06
Warrants paid to Keyser & Co. in 1869 and 1870,	1,281,817 76
Warrants paid to J. McBride Davidson in 1869, 1870, and 1871,	404,347 72
Warrants paid to Archibald Hall, Jr., in 1871,	256,833 51
Warrants paid to J. W. Smith in 1869 and 1870,	41,746 83
Warrants paid to Charles H. Jacobus in 1869 and 1870,	62,360 46
Warrants paid to Gregg & Co. in 1869,	47,010 53
Warrants paid to A. W. Lockwood in 1869 and 1870,	30,619 10
Warrants paid to A. Lockwood in 1869,	12,872 30
Warrants paid to J. G. Pearchard in 1869,	71,997 69
Warrants paid to Ward & Stanton in 1869 and 1870,	36,546 15
Warrants paid to Alonzo W. Marsh in 1869,	96,419 85
Miscellaneous accounts, 1869, 1870, and 1871,	346,189 53

Total, \$11,238,387 74

Analytical Account.

COURT-HOUSE.

Carpenter work and timber,	\$1,428,619 03
Furniture,	1,575,782 96
Carpets, shades, and curtains,	673,534 44
Plastering,	531,594 44
Painting and decorating,	319,539 85
Plumbing and gas work,	750,313 37
Iron work,	182,564 22
Safes,	404,347 72
Awnings,	41,746 83
Articles (probably brooms, etc),	41,190 95
Marble for work in progress,	77,498 28
Pav-roll for work in progress,	22,709 35
Superintendence of building,	29,427 34
Thermometers,	7,500 00

Repairs on wood work,	\$750,071 92
Repairs on plaster work,	1,294,683 13
Repairs on plumbing work,	51,461 55
Repairs, not defined,	75,716 13

Total, \$2,171,933 33

ARMORIES AND DRILL-ROOMS.

Furniture, and repairs on wood work,	\$1,491,649 41
Repairing plaster work,	873,525 15
Plumbing work,	431,131 20
Painting,	69,925 58
Carpets,	45,228 57
Articles,	9,300 45
Metallic roofing,	26,713 34

Total, \$2,940,473 70

MISCELLANEOUS.

Repairs on other county buildings, \$73,334 15

Grand total, \$11,238,387 74

NAILING DOWN THE STEAL.

This historical speech would not be completed without one more table. Figures have been made to lie. Two and two placed along side of each other have been made to count twenty-two (laughter) instead of four—*Vide* that lumber bill. (Laughter.)

CITY AND COUNTY ACCOUNTS, DEBTS, ETC.

The report on these matters sets forth:

On examining the balance-sheet of the general ledger of the Corporation, submitted at the last meeting, the attention of the Committee was arrested by the very large amount of assessments, taxes, rents, and interest, apparently due to the Corporation, as shown by the debt balances of the following account, viz:

Street improvement fund,	\$4,398,040 75
Interest on assessments,	290,378 44
Fire Department adjustment fund,	521,952 87
General fund,	2,088,416 55
A. S. Kady, clerk of arrears,	6,606,879 66
H. Clarkweather, collector of assessments,	3,129,409 48
Thomas Dunlap, collector of city revenue,	517,476 19
Assessments vacated,	164,304 77

In addition to the above there appears to be due upon taxes for the year 1870 and previous years the sum of 5,953,538 07

Total, \$23,670,663 97

The \$521,952.87 due from the Fire Department adjustment fund represents the amount paid to certain suburban firemen, in 1869 and 1870, the money for which purpose was raised by issues of Fire Department stock, authorized by Section 7 of Chapter 876, passed May 12, 1869, and Section 7 of Chapter 383, passed April 26, 1870. Of that stock there was issued as fol-

In 1869,	\$50,000 00
In 1870,	471,952 87

Total Receipts,	\$521,952 87
—All taken from the sinking fund at par.	

The expenditures of the proceeds of the above-mentioned stock are represented by this account of "Fire Department adjustment fund," and are as follows:

1869—October 30, paid to Thomas C. Fields, assignee, for services of members of outside firemen in suburban districts,	\$43,339 62
1870—June 2, paid T. C. Fields, assignee,	459,977 79
1870—June 8, paid T. C. Fields, assignee,	3,961 61

Amount paid T. C. Fields,	\$597,279 03
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Paid to various individual firemen—

In 1869,	\$6,524 61
In 1870,	8,149 24— 14,673 75

Total payments,	\$521,952 87
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The Committee were informed that for the services rendered to the firemen of the suburban districts in procuring the passage of the laws making provision for auditing and paying their "claims" and collecting the money from the Corporation, Mr. Fields, who was a member of the Legislature from the city at the time, was allowed by them a fee of 50 per cent., which would amount to something over \$250,000.

There was, according to the balance-sheet of the ledger of the Receiver of Taxes, dated Sept. 30, 1871, the sum of \$5,959,588.07 remaining in his bureau at that date.

CLOSING UP MY CASE.

Mr. Train.—Have I not now my case? [Yes.] Have I not proved that I am a prophet? [Yes.] Why not, then, give the man credit who exposed the fraud? Here is the summing up of the report:

1. The debt of our city is doubling every two years.

2. \$2,200,000 have been paid for repairs on armories and drill-rooms, the actual cost of which was less than \$250,000.

3. Over \$11,000,000 have been charged for outlays on an unfinished Court-House, for which building an honest estimate of real cost would be less than \$3,000,000.

4. Safes, carpets, furniture, cabinet-work, painting, plumbing, gas and plastering have cost \$7,289,466.81, which are valued by competent persons, after a careful examination, at \$624,180 80.

5. \$460,000 have been paid for \$18,000 worth of lumber.

6. The printing, advertising, stationery, &c., of the city and county, have cost in two years and eight months, \$7,168,212.23.

7. A large number of persons are on the pay-rolls of the city whose services are neither rendered nor required.

8. Figures upon warrants and vouchers have been fraudulently altered, and payments have repeatedly been made on forged indorsements.

Mr. Train. Did I not point out all these things long ago? How much better is the reform Democracy than the Tammany? [Laughter, and no better.] What is the difference between Tweed and Tilden, except that Tilden was only allowed to look in at the window? [Laughter.] Did I not see Tilden and Belmont sleeping with Sweeny at Chicago in 1864? [Laughter.] Did I not detect Tilden cohabiting with Tweed the other day at Rochester? [Loud laughter.] Mozart and Tammany—Reformed Democracy and Greeleyism—O'Connor prosecution and Jay Gould bail—Barnard repentance and Evarts' virtue—O'Brien jail bills which opened the fraud by accident, and Callicott sell out—Winans go-back and Astor-Stewart audits Tweed's accounts—subsidized press and Helmbold's buchu, [laughter] and Jim Fisk's harlots [loud laughter]—Metropolitan Hotels and Mansfield gum shoes, [continued laughter] are all links of the same Tammany sausage, made out of the same Democratic dog. [Loud and excited laughter and applause.]

Mr. Train leaving the stage stood at the door and shook hands with his vast audience, and pledging themselves to the Man of Destiny—the next President of America. Mr. Train said, having placed Tammany in the sepulchre, he would now order a coffin for the Union League. One had stolen fifty millions, the other a thousand millions. [Sensation and cheers.]

The Frankfort Legislature shut out Comanche Bill and admitted the accomplished lunatic, Train, whose epigrams are as pointless as his speeches are ridiculous.—*Commercial.*

You miserable, snarling dogs,
Who cares for your scurrilous pen?

You talk to a city of hogs,

I to a WORLD OF MEN.—Next President of America.

[*Omaha Tribune & Republican. Sep., 7.*]

An American Meteor in the European Firmament.

TRAIN ORGANIZING REVOLUTION.

When Mr. Train made the public statement that he intended making revolutionary speeches throughout Ireland and England, the American press put it down as braggadocio, but we do not remember the time—since Mr. Train was laughed at December 2nd, 1863, when he stated on breaking ground, using the first pick to build the Pacific Railway, a few rods from where we are now writing, that the Pacific road would be finished before 1870—that he does not keep his word with the public; always accomplishing more than he undertakes. If the man should die to-day, all slander would cease—all pens would be according his praise, all voices would be resounding the deeds of one of the most remarkable men of this or any other age. His extraordinary foreshadowing of events makes him a prophet of marvelous power. His grand financial operations prove his sagacity in business, and his extempore speeches on all kinds of knowledge are only surpassed by his utter recklessness of public opinion—ignoring all kinds of advice, church, state, and social life—always challenging the world to show a blemish on his honor; always striking public opinion flat in the face, this man of forty years of age seems to be a perpetual meteor, creating panic among all nations, smashing old customs, organizing revolutions, raising the old Harry among the dry bones of dogmas and the crazing rules of centuries. The American Press Association announced the ovation that awaited him in Ireland. Where all thought he would be arrested twenty thousand people escort him through the streets of Cork, cheering for the next President of America; and just as we get his revolutionary speeches, several columns appear in the leading papers of Cork—the *Herald* and *Examiner*—using language that no Irishman or British subject dare use, we find him in Dub-

lin bringing on a collision between the police and the people. He seems to lead a charmed life. Bullets or poison, brickbats or bowie-knives never seem to stop his career, and the American public are really beginning to believe that he bears a charmed life, and may be the man of destiny after all to represent reform by practical morality as the coming man. Would it not be a singular thing if the people should take him up and sweep him into the White House in 1872? Whatever comes of his eventful life, he has and continues to make Omaha and Nebraska known throughout Christendom. His name is a passport in any country. Even those who hate him admire his audacity, his talent and his pluck. He courts no man's praise, and fears no man's censure.

(How the next President proposes to settle the Alabama Case.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN BOMBARDING ENGLAND WITH BASTILE EPIGRAMS.

THE HANDWRITING EPIGRAM ON THE WALL.

Expecting the Governor would return and take away the twenty-two page *Times'* letter by force, I thought I would condense the whole in a twenty-two line Epigram, which he could not take out of my memory :

EPIGRAM ON THE MODERN BABYLON.

BY A PRISONER OF STATE.

Written after his letter to the *Times* was confiscated, and Recited in the presence of E. G. EASTMAN, the American Consul; for the Benefit of J. JOYCE, Esq., the Governor of the Gaol, in his Cell, No. 12.

Cork, January, 1868.

As the handwriting on the banquet hall
Foreshadowed there Belshazzar's fall,
And Daniel in the lions' den,
Gave judgment to the sons of men,
Perhaps, from out a felon's cell,
Where England plays the game of hell

With murder, arson, theft and rape,
Some outraged prisoner of State
May light the fuse of Rodman gun,
To sink this modern Babylon!
Americans ask what they think right—
Pay your neutral bill, or strip for fight!
Release our citizens; change your law,
Or clear your decks for bloody war!
What, no money! after your ill-got gains?
Sell us Ireland, then, for Alabama claims.
When your lion roars at Fenian scare,
There's Revolution in the startled air!
And one live American in Cork
May teach forty millions how to talk.
Hark, do you hear our Corsair's boom?
Get ready, it is the crack of doom!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

[From the Omaha papers, Nov. 1871.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

Brought down his immense audience,
at Simpson's Hall last Sunday night,
with thunders of applause when he
read the following

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION BY ULYSSES, THE BRIBE-TAKING PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 28, 1871.

By the Head-Centre of the Dent Dynasty:

A PROCLAMATION!

The summer of greenbacks is made winter by special payments, hence the "*Husbandmen*" burn corn for fuel, and curses God for hard times. [Sensation.] "*Industry*" is paralyzed and stagnation reigns supreme over a bankrupt people. Having massacred the Piegans, Ku-Kluxed South Carolina with Federal bayonets, failed to get up a war with Hayti, shot Col. Grosvenor in Chicago under military orders [sensation]; butchered inoffensive Coreans; sided with Hessian Germany against Lafayette France; sacrificed Cuba; captured the Fenians [hisses], thereby earning Lord Granville's praise; and ignobly sold our National honor for a basket of champagne; and fifty thousand dollars to my brother-in-law, Dent, in throwing up all we fought for in the Alabama Treaty. [Shame.] *We are at peace with all Nations!* [Laughter] and "good for you." "*Tranquillity*" (in a ruined commerce, de-

stroyed trade, dishonored flag, debased franchise, disappointed people) "*prevails at home.*" "Within the past year we have, in the main, been free from the ills which elsewhere have afflicted our kind" [barring the loss of two hundred millions of property, and two thousand millions of credit in Chicago; the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* in time of peace, and the infamous steal of three electoral votes in Utah.] [Hisses.] "If some of us have had calamities" [Houses, lends, Seneca stone bonds, cashmere shawls, Corbin cheeks, open-handed greenbacks.] "There should be occasion for sympathy with the sufferers." [I gave one thousand out of the million I have made.] [Laughter and applause.] "Resignation on their part to the will of the Most High," (Methodist pew, Washington—Round Robin Church presents,) "and rejoicing to the many who have been more favored." (Bonner horses! Fisk banquets! Washington stables! Dent grants!) Hence, *Let us pray* [laughter] November 30th for the poor cusses who have not been as fortunate as ourselves. [Laughter.] Let us have peace in the North, war in the South. [Hisses.] Let us remember the immortal words of my dear friend King William:

Another victory, my dear Augusta,
The German army is on a buster,
Ten thousand Frenchmen have gone below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
[Loud laughter and applause.]

Having reduced our old horse to an oat a day, through the bunghole out, and spigot in, policy of my grocer partner; having deprived the poor man of roast turkey and plumb pudding on Thanksgiving Day, we can enjoy our woodcock champagne lunches while the people starve! ["Shame"—sensation.] So let us thank God for all his bounties to the rich and curses for the poor.

With our hand in the Treasury, and seal on the Whiskey Ring.

USELESS GRANT.

H. COD FISH.

(The sardine of the State Department.)

God save the Commonwealth of Dent Family. [Loud laughter.]

REVOLUTIONARY EPIGRAM, SINE DIE.

ALL WITHIN THE LAW.

The Great Irish Sensation turns out the Great Irish Fizzle—Parliament only throwing dust in the People's eyes. How long? oh Lord! how long?

EPIGRAM.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,
AFTER BEING IMPRISONED FOR LIFE
FOR BEING HONEST.

To the tune of "Sold out again."

When Disraeli, Gladstone, Mayo, Bright,
Preach Church Reform, and Tenant Right,
While Army, Navy, Pulpit, peer,
Grind *Seventy Millions* every year,
Our body, soul, and pockets rob,
With Hellish sneer, call you **THE MOB**
In their lick-spittle, flunky, toady Press,
Why don't you rise and force redress?

WITHIN THE LAW.

You've members of Parliament, five score and five,
Yet Bearden is the only man alive!
You are fooled again on Church and State,
Down with the Monarchy, 'tis time to abdicate!

WITHIN THE LAW.

Let placemen sow broadcast their lies,
Throw dust in Erin's swollen eyes,
But start the Revolution with voice and pen,
And conquer England with your Fenian men!

WITHIN THE LAW.

See O'Brien, Larkin, Allen, Barrett die,
Hear widows mourn and orphans cry;
While millions rot in pauper graves
More millions live as *cringing slaves*.
Up with the Green, and with a patriot's will
Fight your Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill!

WITHIN THE LAW.

Strike in earnest, and soon a Yorktown sun
Will burst o'er your Irish Washington!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Ovis Americanus sum.

Four Courts, Marshalsea,
June, 1868.

From the Omaha Papers, Nov., 1871.

OMAHA TO THE FRONT.

Mr. Train, Sunday night, at Simpson's Hall, fairly stormed the citadel, when a voice sung out, "What about the removal of the barracks?"

Mr. Train: They cannot, they shall not be removed. [Applause.] It is the Military Ring—the new steal—the

kid glove General—shooting Colonel Grosvenor—plan of organizing a military despotism in this country. (Sensation.) Let it go forth, that the time has passed for Generals with a kid glove staff to travel abroad at the expense of the starving tax payers, (sensation,) to get up Indian wars for the sake of quartermaster contracts, (applause,) and remove the barracks from Omaha, because some brother-in-law of General Grant may have got his Commission of fifty thousand dollars in the divide up of the military leaders. (Loud applause.) I hereby notify Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and the rest that they do not own this country. ("That's so.") That we are not slaves, and they are not our military satraps. (Loud applause.) Let the bugle cry go forth: If the Kansas Senators have been too much for the Nebraska Senators on the St. Domingo question, (sensation,) and Grant proposes to punish them through Omaha, I hereby declare that if teils new steal is consummated, I will burst the Army Ring, (applause;) and I usually accomplish what I undertake. Do it gentlemen of the golden epaulette if you dare! (Loud cheers.) Mr. Train then put it to vote, and the entire audience backed him in his bold threat.

THE TRANSFER.

Several voices—"What about the transfer?"

Mr. Train: I answered that before, but I will again say that the Union Pacific Ring of Dillon and Dodge cannot run the entire Union Pacific Board of Directors. (Sensation.) That the Union Pacific cannot afford to go back on Congress, Senate and Cabinet, and forfeit its charter. (Applause.) That Lincoln put the initial point in Nebraska, opposite Iowa. ("That's so.") That we have rights, and put our money here on the strength of the terminus, and that if we hold bonds and property donated, and move on the enemy we can break up the swindle in its nest. (Applause.) I know Durant pretty well, and is he not Trustee for the donation lands?

(Several voices, "Yes.") Well, then, Durant is the friend of Omaha: stand by him, and he will stand by you. (Applause.) You may think he is cleaned out in Wall street, but you will find that he has about three millions laid up in the Adirondack, where Wall street thieves do not break through and steal. (Laughter.) Durant will hold all this property (worth a million dollars) in his name as trustee, if they try this little game over in the Seventh Ward at East Omaha. (Laughter and applause.) And one more assertion: I will go to Germany and England, and smash their securities on the stock exchanges, (applause,) and as they owe me my commission, two and a half per cent. on forty millions expended. (Applause.) Unless they stop their threats of removing the depot, I will put the road in the hands of a Receiver in less than ninety days. (Loud cheers.) The vote was again put, and carried by acclamation to back Mr. Train. Pay in your money to-morrow on the Train Ligue, and that settles the matter. They may fight Omaha, but they cannot battle with the next President of America, with all the Train Ligues in the country at his back. (Loud and excited cheers.)

(The result of this important speech is thus briefly summed up.)

"TERMINUS OF THE UNION PACIFIC.—The Executive Committee of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, at a meeting in this city to-day, in consideration of certain Douglas County Bonds and Depot Grounds at Omaha, on the 1st day of January, donated by that city, resolve to make that place the actual terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad.—Associated Press, yesterday."

"As this depot of all the roads is located on or adjoining Train's Omaha plantation, it will not be necessary, when he is President, to put

his hand in the Treasury, as the bridge butte on to immense estates, which also adjoin the deep water. Chicago prices, even after the fire, would make him worth to-day a hundred millions. This is a big thing for GEORGE FRANCIS.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE IRISH MARSAILLAISE. ARE VOTERS FOOLS OR KNAVES?

Ireland's opportunity is now.—Don't vote at the coming elections.—Fill up the Jails again.—Suspend the Habeas Corpus for ever.—Macadamize the land with Corydons, and make some more Irish Dukes and GOVERNORS OF INDIA.

EPIGRAM.

A VOICE FROM A BRITISH BASTILE TO THE
ELECTORS OF IRELAND.

After seven centuries of fiendish hate,
Will ye still vote for Church and State?
After twenty generations of brutal
wrong,

Will ye your misery prolong?

*Then Celtic fool and Saxon knave,
Go, vote yourself an English slave!*

Would you checkmate the English
Beast?

Go then and ask your Patriot Priest
To offer mass for the Nation's soul,
Instead of battling at the poll.

*None but a fool or sordid knave,
Would vote himself an English Slave!*

Should Irish Bishop or Roman Pope
Deprive you of a martyr's rope?

I'd rather lie beneath the sod,
And trust my patriot soul to God.

*No Tory fool or Whiggish knave,
Should keep me long an English slave!*

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Four Courts, Marshalsea, Aug., 1868.

(From the *Train Lique*, Nov. 25, 1871.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND THE MAN OF GOD.

The Devil Among the Churches!!!

THE FIRST PAGAN OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

*A Christian Panic in a Heathen Lecture
Room.*

A SENSATION IN SEDALIA.

THE MAN OF DESTINY SPEAKS FOR
"TWELVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-
SEVEN MILLIONS OF PAGANS
IN HELL."

SPIRITUALISM A GREAT FACT, ALTHOUGH TRAIN DON'T SEE IT.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEP- TION IN 1872.

Startling Epigram about Joseph.

THAT PUBLICAN KUSS INTRODUCED.

THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER
RALLIES THE CHURCH.

THE EXCITING DEBATE.

LOUD APPLAUSE AND LOUDER
HISSES!

The Devil Wins on a Square Vote.

SEDALIA REBUKETH SIN.

Goodwin, the "Big Indian" of the
Sedalia "*Bazoo*," not only has firmly

established his daily, but has a short hand reporter, and runs the lecture course. The town had not recovered from Train's fearful bombardment of the frauds in Church and State, before he gave us another broadside, and struck fire with one of our leading clergymen. Notwithstanding the storm there was a large audience of ladies, who trudged through the mud and pouring rain, and there were deputations from thirty miles around, who are just getting it into their heads that Mr. Train will be the next President.

The most remarkable part of Mr. Train's discourses are the impromptu replies to the audience after the lecture is over—of an hour and a half—and the mass-meeting begins. Had we not witnessed the extraordinary power of ready debate, we could hardly have credited what we saw. The *St. Louis Democrat*, of November 1st, gave nearly five columns or fine type of Train's first lecture there. That would occupy about a dozen editions entire of a country paper, and all we propose to give is a rough sketch of his remarks on Spiritualism, and an attempt at describing the Pagan and Christian debate.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT REPRESENTING EIGHT
MILLIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. —, the noted disciple of Davis: "What about Spiritualism?"

Mr. Train: It is a mystery. It may be electricity. It may be magnetism. It certainly is the independent thought of men with bands off their heads on all religious dogma or fanatical creed. (Applause.) I do not understand it, but the experts, twenty-eight, in Council January 26, 1869, known as the London Dialectic Society, made their report, and that is the only scientific conclusion arrived at. Will You have it boiled down? (Yes.) This sums up the investigation.

ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT.

1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly

perceptible to the touch—occur without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. (True.)

2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force by the persons present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. (I have seen them.)

3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications.

4. That the answers and communications thus obtained, are, for the most part, of a commonplace character; but facts are sometimes correctly given, which are only known to one of the persons present. (Exactly.)

5. That the circumstances under which the phenomena occur are variable, the most prominent fact being that the presence of certain persons seems necessary to their occurrence, and that of others generally adverse; but this difference does not appear to depend upon any belief or disbelief concerning the phenomena. (Applause.)

6. That, nevertheless, the occurrence of the phenomena is not insured by the presence or absence of such persons respectively. (A whistle.)

PROFESSOR HUXLEY DOWN ON IT.

The Professor don't believe in it. He says the spirits talk nonsense.—(Laughter.) That he don't care to hear the chatter of old women and curates. (Laughter.) Mr. Lewes, of the same committee, pronounces it imposture. Lord Dundreary exposed the Davenports—others Hume—others the Fox girls. ("That's so.") But then against this there are the remarkable works of Andrew Jackson Davis. (Applause.) The Catholic Church is founded on spiritualism.—("True.") The founder of Christianity was a medium. (Sensation.) His mother was a spiritualist. (Sensation and laughter.) So the Church should take care and not revile this unseen power under the table.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Was something of the *Fox* order of sisters. (Laughter.)

My epigram has shocked the Church, but it talks truth. ("Recite it, Geo.")

EPIGRAM

(Handed to Elder Evans on Prayer Book blank during the Episcopal service, Steamship Atlantic, at sea, on reference to that patent Baby maker.)

THE START—THE OLD STYLE

Mother and Father I have none,
A spirit got me up for fun;
He passed through nature's sacred gate,
To prove himself immaculate.

[Sensation.]

But in this credulous *Christian* age,
Should such a spirit cross our door,
Joseph, with well dissembled rage,
Would smash his head upon the floor.

[Loud laughter.]

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

*The Independent Representative of all the Pagans, (twelve hundred millions consigned
{ Here endeth the } to everlasting Death.)
{ First Lesson. } (Laughter.)*

I ridicule nothing I cannot understand. But I believe that if Queen Victoria inspired, as our first mother was, to bring forth a little stranger, the Archbishops of Canterbury, Oxford and Exeter combined would not, in this age of doubt, be able to convince the skeptical nobility of England and the wise men of the West, that it was not a capital photograph of John Brown! (Laughter.) As vile a slander as that against Lady Flora Hastings and Prince Albert started by the Queen herself. (Sensation.)

THE COMING SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Have I answered your question satisfactorily? (Laughter.)

Mr. ——. "No; what do you yourself think of it?"

Mr. Train: I think it is some terrible hidden power, not yet fully developed—(applause;) that we are on the eve of a grand social, moral and religious revolution! That the breaching of the old creeds has broken, and if we continue to put our trust in God we shall get our head smashed—(laughter and applause;) that it has already done more to break the bands of bigotry than Payne, Hume, Gibbon and Voltaire—(sensation); and that it is Fenianism, Communism and the *Internationale* applied to the Church and the Bible. (Applause.)

They say I am the leader of eight millions of these spirits. If so, they own to the chieftainship, as they never can make anything rap when I am at the *seances*. (Applause.) After speaking, I have had women grasp my hand, saying, "God bless you. I feel

that you are inspired. I know you will be President"—(applause),—but speaking low, so her husband could not hear. (Laughter.) Another time some husband said the same in a whisper, fearing his wife would hear. (Laughter.) Others say that I am a powerful magnet, and the stage is full of the orators of by-gone days when I am speaking under the inspiration of emancipating the people! (Applause.) All I can say is to give you a point blank answer—spiritualism has, in eight years, eight million converts in America. Christianity, in eight hundred years after Christ did not have eight hundred! (Loud applause at the unexpected utterance of a well known fact.) If I am a spiritualist, as they say, I must be the head devil of the whole concern, as the Church declares there is no Divinity in it. (Laughter and applause.)

▲ STARTLING TABLE OF FACTS—THE POPULATION OF HELL.

As Mr. Train had to leave at 9-30, to jump three hundred miles, to keep his appointment in Mattoon, Illinois, the debate was cut short, but we caught enough of it to give a taste for more. Mr. Train had boiled down on a blackboard the Christian religion, to show that there were 1,300,000,000 people in the world. That there were only 300,000,000 so called Christians—(two-thirds of which were Catholics)—that his Christian grandfather (a Methodist clergyman,) the Rev. George Pickering, who liberated his three hundred slaves, and went to preaching the gospel, for three hundred dollars a year, (laughter),—told him that nobody could be saved but the Christians. That left 1,000,000,000 to go to hell.—(Laughter.) That even among Christians nobody could be saved who did not go to church; that as there was only church room for ten per cent., that left 270,000,000 more to go to hell. (Sensation and laughter.) That of those who remained, those only who par-

took of the communion could be saved—that was only ten per cent., leaving 27,000,000 more to go to hell. ("Oh!" and laughter.) Hence, as it stands, said Mr. Train, there are only 3,000,000 in heaven and 1,297,000,000 in hell. (Decided sensation as these figures were demonstrated on a blackboard.) The audience voted solid for a Pagan for President.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE PAGAN.

Mr. Train having challenged any one to come to the front, the audience were surprised to see the Rev. Mr. S—, of the Congregationalist Church, step out and stand up alongside the private boxes, as though about to speak. Mr. Train politely asked if he wished to say anything—Mr. S. said that he would reply to Mr. Train in his pulpit next Sabbath—That Mr. Train had attacked the Christian religion—That as a minister of God he could not permit an audience of christians to vote solid for a Pagan President without his protest. This was cheered. Evidently the minister had his friends there with a view of packing the debate.

Mr. Train was on time. We give but a skeleton of the sharp contest.

PAGAN SERMON OF THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

Mr. Train. My creed, sir, is in a nut-shell. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't lie; don't cheat; don't get mad under debate; (laughter)—love God, but don't love God so much that you have no time to love your fellow man! (Loud applause.)

Rev. Mr. S—. My sermon on the Prodigal Son next Sabbath will undermine your infidelity and shame you out of your Pagan notion! (Applause.)

THE EXPLOSION OF THE TAMMANY PRODIGAL.

Mr. Train. The Prodigal Son was a miserable kuss—(laughter)—who robbed hen-roosts—broke into banks—got connected with Tweed—belonged to the Dent family, and the shoddy whiskey ring!—(laughter)—and

when he got burned out in the Chicago fire, after spending all the contributions sent to the poor in dissipation, he fain would have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat, when corn was only twenty cents a bushel, under Boutwell's dam-pool-policy; (applause); the moment the miserable hell-hound hove in sight his father rung bells, fired cannon, got out banners, killed the fatted calf, got up a champagne supper and a woodcock lunch—(laughter)—and the poor devil of a brother, who never had done anything wrong, but did all the work on a farm—*they would not kill a chicken for him!* (Loud laughter)—Mr. Train having again got hold of the audience.)

STOP HIM OR WE LOSE OUR TRADE.

Rev. Mr. S. thanked God there was some Christianity left to denounce such sentiments as blaspheming—(Applause.) Such bold assertions as Mr. Train's should be put down, or where will the Churchland?

Mr. Train was doing more damage to the Lord Jesus' Church than all the bad men of the country. (Loud applause—many people standing on benches, and the greatest excitement prevailing, some having their hats on but all wild with the battle.)

GOD'S MINISTER IN THE WITNESS BOX.

Mr. Train. A word, sir—Did you ever drink?

Mr. S. Yes, sir.

Mr. Train. I am better than you on that. Did you ever smoke? Yes, I never did. Did you ever lie? Yes. You can't say that of me. (Applause.) Did you ever break the other commandments? I may have, but my Lord and Redeemer has forgiven me. (Applause.) In as much, said Mr. Train, as I have never done these things as a Pagan, I am holier than thou as a Christian. (Applause.)

Mr. Train. Are you a miserable sinner?

Mr. S. Yes, but the Lord died that I might be saved. (Applause.)

Mr. Train. That is where Christianity has culminated. A man can rob henroosts, play faro, debauch, rob banks, seduce women, belong to Tam-

many, Grant's family (laughter), and all he has to do is to repent of it, pay the preacher well, and he can sit in the front pew of any of your Christian churches. (Sensation.) But there is no such religion for women. Let her step over the line in the least and you drive her from church and home and city, to let her sink in the river or perish by the roadside. She is only mentioned in the Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, as a concubine and slave. (Sensation.)

Mr. Train. What have you to say about the genuineness of a religious system that teaches that a guilty man can have his sins forgiven by placing them upon an innocent man who was crucified for his devotion to truth nineteen hundred years ago? (Sensation.)

Mr. S. I know I love my God. He died to save sinners; that you must be possessed of the devil, (laughter); that our blessed Saviour was all in all to the true Christian; and if he had done wrong as a sinner he could repent of it and be saved. (Applause.)

Mr. Train. The epigram I wrote on that public scapegoat covers the point—will you have it?

Yes.

EPIGRAM.

THE CORN ACKNOWLEDGED.

(Written on the fly-leaf of the Bible, and handed to Brother Peebles, the distinguished editor, author and lecturer on Spiritualism, during Divine Service, second Sunday at sea. That public "Kuss" shown up. (Laughter.)

That Publican was only a thief
Who robbed a hen-roost for his dinner;
No wonder his conscience came to grief—
"Lord be merciful to me a sinner."
(Laughter.)

When they put a cup in Benjamin's sack,
As a bribe to the younger born,
He made by this simple White House act,
His brother acknowledge the corn.
(Applause.)

The rebuke given to Potiphar's wife
Was the noblest thing in sacred life,
Jacob's offence would have been too rank
Had his son broke up this "Faro Bank."
(Laughter.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

This virtuous act wherever we go,
Gives force to the proverb, "Not for Joe."
(Loud and excited applause.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Representative of Eight Millions of Spiritualists,
who never can make anything Rap when the
Commander-in-Chief is on the ground.

{ Thus endeth the } (Laughter)
{ Second Lesson. }

THE BATTLE OF THE CLOTH.

Mr. Train (turning to Mr. S.) "You are always quarrelling among yourselves. How shamefully you treat the Catholics! Your business is like any other—it is all for money. [Here several deacons and church members went towards the door, and the antagonism ran high.] You start a church as you would an oyster shop, a hotel, a faro bank, or a brothel. (Sensation and loud hisses.) It is about time the clergy were obliged to do some manual labor instead of trying to save sinners who were often better than they themselves. (Applause.) Religion is now a matter of greenbacks, gilt-edged Bibles and twenty thousand dollar salaries. (Loud applause and "too true.") Cardinall Cullen, the Pope, and the Bishop of Oxford drive six horses in scarlet livery, while their Head Centre rode through Jerusalem on a jack ass. (Loud laughter.) I promised the Chinese, Japanese, and Bengalese that I would represent them here and try and heathenise some of the Christians. (Loud laughter.)

THIS EPIGRAM, LOVE ONE ANOTHER,

(Was written during the Episcopal service the first Sunday at sea, when a dozen priests, of different sects, were struggling for the control of the religious services on board, and handed to Dr. Sims, the celebrated American Physican to the Empress Eugeneie, during the prayer where Americans are asked to pray for that pious young kuss, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. (Loud laughter.)

(Dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Willets, the Philadelphia Quator and Lec-

turer—Reed, Peebles, Elder Evans, Father Hickey, and the Clergy of the "Atlantic.")

If six priests of different creeds
Can raise a storm on the "Atlantic,"
A dozen to plucking Satan's weeds
Would drive the cabin frantic!

[Applause.]

Dear Brothers and Sisters in the Lord,
How dearly we love each other;
Let cats and dogs have their discord,
God speed the man and Brother.

[Laughter.]

When Christians get the upper hand,
Blood runs like water everywhere,
War reigns supreme in every land—
Let us unite in Prayer!

[Loud applause.]

[King William to dear Augusta.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

The only surviving Member of 106 Chiefs of the
Paris Commune. First organized by him in
The Ligue Du Midi, Marseilles, October 26,
'70.

{ Here endeth the } (Sensation.)
{ Third Lesson. }

Once, said Mr. Train, the rich were
in hell—*vide* Dives and Lazarus—now
they have got all the poor there, and
money alone wins in Heaven. (Sensa-
sation.)

THE FLOWER OF THE LORD LOSING
TEMPER WHILE THE DEVIL'S CHAMPION
WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER.

Mr. S., very much exited, regretted
that time would not allow further dis-
cussion.

Mr. Train asked if he would shake
hands with a Pagan? (Laughter.)

"Yes," said Mr. S.

"Then," said Mr. Train, (having got
back again with his old magnetism,) "
Brother S., send up your card in
1872." (Loud Applause.)

The minister shook hands with the
greatest cordiality, and Train stood at
the door telling them he was a Pagan,
a lunatic, a Communist, an Interna-
tional, an egotist, and bound to be
the next President of America.

It was an exciting time for Sedalia.

NO QUARRRL WITH THE CLERGY.

One important point Mr. Train made.
He said he had no fight with the
clergy.

Mr. Train. Let me alone and I will let you alone—These: Lunatic, Humbug, Infidel, and other names, come from the church. So, Gentlemen of God; Hands off; fair play; no favor; stick to your business of saving souls—I will mine. (Applause.) I am going to be President. (Loud cheers.) Let me alone and you may go on collecting tolls, fooling the women, and living on the fat of the land by calling everybody else names. But if you will interfere with my mission of destiny, so help me God, I will burst the whole concern. (Loud and excited laughter and applause.)

EPIGRAM.

BETTER MARRY THAN GO TO HELL.

[*St. Paul to Tim.*]

(Written on fly-leaf of a hymn-book during the long prayers this morning, when everybody had their eyes closed, on the Priest's frequent allusion to birth, marriage and Moses; and handed by Mr. Train to Mrs. Stone, who has organized the system of practically educating young girls by travelling in Europe and Asia, instead of teaching them Latin, algebra, and shoe-fly at home.)

If wives are good, and children too,
Why not do as the Mormons do?
Love, and be happy when babies cry;
Marry, increase, and multiply!

(Laughter.)

Solomon, full of this noble desire,
Was always lighting this sacred fire;
This saintly *Rabbit* was a Bible man,
Who could discount Brigham on the Norman plan.

So love, and be happy when babies cry;
Marry, increase, and multiply!

(Applause.)

Should Willets with *one* and Evans with *none*,
Be the first to fire the sacred stone,
These Christian brothers, deny it who can,
Both go back on the Bible plan.
They should love, and be happy when babies cry;

Marry, increase, and multiply!

(Laughter and applause.)

David the Preacher sent General Uriah
To the front, where he fell in the heat of the fire;

And Abraham did the Christian thing
In renting old Sarah to the Syrian king,
So love, and be happy when babies cry;
Marry, increase, and multiply!

(Loud laughter.)

Who wonders I like my Pagan creed;
The heathens never destroy their seed;
No other sect—not even the Turk—
Is guilty of this Christian work!
We love, and are happy when babies cry;
We marry, increase, and multiply!

(Excited cheers.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

Member of the International Society; believer in the *Republic Universal*; the first People's Candidate for the Presidency since the time of Washington.

[Here endeth the Fourth Lesson.]

[From the Omaha Bee.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Train—and we claim the right to differ from many of his opinions—it would be wrong to deny him the merit of unconquerable energy and untiring zeal in the cause of the rights of man. He is once more among us, and we greet him right cordially. A true citizen of the world, who has made 38 trips across the Atlantic, and whose name is a word of fear to despots, Mr. Train, a New Englander by birth and a cosmopolitan by instinct, seems to regard Omaha with the feeling wherewith the old Athenian, rich, in experiences of Egyptian and far Eastern travel, regarded the city of the Violet Crown. What he has done for this city we need not say. His best monument may be found in our midst. From the day when, in 1853, he declined the Presidency of the Australian Republic tendered him by the Ballarat Revolutionists, to his arrival at Marseilles, in 1870, his career has been a self-sacrificing, heroic struggle for human freedom. His devotion to liberty is attested by his incarceration in the prisons of England, Ireland, France and the United States. Like the illustrious Roman patriot and orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero, he has escaped the Catiline-like stabs of British hate, and has happily survived the poison administered by order from

jailors in the Bastile. But our limited space warns us to conclude for the present. We propose to review Mr. Train's wonderful, meteoric career at an early day.

[From the Nebraska City News, Oct. 28, 1871.]

**GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN IM-
PEACHING THE PRE-
SIDENT.**

*THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF
AMERICA HAS BOMBARDED
NEBRASKA CITY.*

*THE MAN OF DESTINY HAS
POURED A METEORIC SHOW-
ER OF EPIGRAMS INTO
OUR LITTLE TAM-
MANY RINGS.*

*RESOLUTIONS AND NEW IDEAS
INTRODUCED INTO OUR SEN-
SES AND GONE LIKE
A FLASH.*

*THE AMERICAN RIENZIA THE TRIBUNE OF
THE PEOPLE.*

Periodically this country goes mad over Train. One day they wildly cheer him and shower bouquets into his chariot over his Union Speeches abroad. The next they are ready to murder him for his secession sentiments at home. There is no doubt of it, he wields some terrible power over those who hear him. No other man would have dared to utter such fearful truths as he did last night, without being rotten-egged, or perhaps lynched. The dastardly attempt to turn an excited mob on him in Chicago, he handled without gloves. It is a new position to back him against the Almighty in a northwest gale and accuse him of burning Chicago. It is amusing to see the papers all about us picking him up again. The *Atchison Patriot* has

three columns. The *Kansas City Times* two columns. The *St. Joe Herald* and *Gazette*, representing both parties, give him three columns each. Whether through lack of enterprise or not, although they speak of him in the most friendly terms, the Leavenworth and Lawrence papers give him only short paragraphs. The *Souix City Times* has three columns; while the *Omaha Herald* that used to have Train on the brain, only gives him a few lines. The *Republican* has column on column on the great agitator. His houses are packed from pit to dome, and we can testify to the success of the young men's operation, whom we congratulate in bringing Mr. Train to Nebraska City. For nearly three hours he chained the immense audience to their seats, and he was then unanimously invited to come back again. As each of the many speeches he has made were different, while setting the Western prairies on fire—in our brief report—we only make an extract of that part which completely wipes out the great gift enterprise concern at Washington.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE DEMAGOGUES.

MR. TRAIN.—As every coin has its counterfeit—every calling its quack, so every government has its demagogues. (Applause.) The Grant-Butler gang, calling their partners in crime thieves before the convention at Worcester and their co-habiting with them after defeat to sell the party, (laughter) or the Greeley-Fenton combination calling the Murphy-Conkling-Dent conspirators robbers, before they were kicked out of the caucus, only to go home to unite in prayers for the spoils, (laughter,) were as necessary to show up the Republican corruption, as the Tilden-Tweed copartnership at Rochester was essential to destroy Democracy. (Loud applause.) Had not Federal officials, with the money of the people, carried Pennsylvania and Ohio for the Radicals this fall, the damphood of the Tammany-Tilden English Democrats would have some hope of victory in '72. ("That's so.") But

success this year to Republicans is defeat next. Hence it is most important that the Republicans carry New York and all the elections in November, so they can tumble by their own weight in the uprising of the masses, in the presidential campaign. (Applause.) Chicago was the nest of the unclean birds where National banks built radical wigwams and Treasury thieves organized plans to rob the Government. (Sensation and applause.) That high wind mystery on Lake Michigan must have been moved by the spirit of Robespierre, Danton and the Paris Commune (applause) as Providence declined to fire the holy houses of God. (Loud applause.)

DISGORGE YOUR STEALINGS OR THE LAMP-
POST IS YOUR FATE.

The people will bear anything but to steal their money and then flaunt it in their faces. ("That's so.") Even that would not arouse them if they had any money in their pocket—but the bond-holding, tax-gathering grocery system of the tan-yard gang to defraud the poor to benefit the rich—has got them down to the last penny, and no wonder that Grant culminated with the Worcester-Syracuse-Saint Domingo swindle—and Tweed fell the moment he slopped a million dollars in the face of the New York tax payers, over the wedding table of the daughter of a convicted thief. (Applause and a decided sensation.) We must Ku Klux these robbers before they escape from the country. (Applause.) If steam fire engines, great water works, experienced firemen, indomitable energy, fire proof buildings and stone encased bank vaults at Chicago were as chaff before the fire fiend, how can bible classes, gilt edge prayer books, golden sacrament cups, long prayers, canting grace and hypocritical appeals to Providence save the dishonest lives of the perjured bandits who fatten on the spoils of office when the people shake off their lethargy and rise to the majesty of self-government! (Loud applause.)

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF OUR DEAD
BEAT KING.

A voice.—Tell us about Grant.

Will he be President again?

Mr. Train.—No. The next President is now addressing you! (Applause.) Grant is dead and his body is going home by the lakes. (Laughter.) Grant and Chicago were partners and Chicago will never build another wigwam! (applause), Grant is the most gigantic sell ever played off on an outraged people. (Sensation.) He is an ignoramus. He thinks Lafayette came from Germany and the Hessians from France. ("That's so.") Hence he sided with a rotten empire against a live republic. (Hisses.) Don't hiss him; he don't know any better. I never see the General that I don't feel like saying: "General, I've only five minutes, tell me all you know." (Laughter.) You might as well try to light a wet squib as to get a popular cheer for the great dead beat, dead head, bribe-taker! (Sensation and applause.) His passage through the east and west is a funeral cortage, with Morton, Butler, and the official thieves as pallbearers. (Sensation.) His own party swallow him as they would a dose of salts and senna. (Laughter.) They are ashamed of him. His ignorance, his nepotism, his disgusting habits, are minutely portrayed by Sumner, Tilton and Phillips, once his bosom companions. (Laughter.) Greeley and Butler loathe him, while the party obliges those professional hacks to sleep with him. (Laughter.) A fast horse, a short six, some rot-gut, a tan-yard, a big steal, and stolid stupidity make his grand total. (Hisses.)

DIVIDING THE SPOILS AMONG OUR RE-
LATIONS.

Train said America was only a pasturage for Grant's family. (Sensation and dissent.) That he should be impeached (Hisses.) Don't hiss him, I say, he don't know any better. (Laughter.) He should be Ku Kluxed as a public thief. (Terrible sensation from the Radicals.) His relations are all in office. (A lie, I deny it.) Perhaps that gentleman is one of them who has not been provided for. (Loud laughter.) But he

shall have proof; here are the names of the stinking army of parasites. (Sensation and applause:)

THE PRESIDENCY.

OFFICE HOLDERS CANDIDATE.

For President:

USELESS S. GRANT.

Relations of Useless S. whom the other Office-holders want to Re-nominate along with Him.

(Laughter.)

I. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, Postmaster at Covington, Ky. (That's a good commencement.)

II. Orvil L. Grant, President's brother, partner with the Collector of the Port at Chicago, expects something very good after the next election.

III. Frederick T. Dent, President's father-in-law. Claimant of lands at Carondelet, Mo.,—euchred by Wilson, late Commissioner of the Land Office, has not yet got the lands, but hopes to get them after the next election.

IV. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark.

V. Abel Rathbone Corbin, President's brother-in-law, negotiator of gold and real estate speculations with James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould—has not made much yet, but hopes to after the next election. ("Good," and "he's a thief.")

VI. Brevet Brig.-Gen. F. T. Dent, President's brother-in-law. Chief Usher at the Executive Mansion.

VII. Judge Louis Dent, President's brother-in-law, Counsel for Claimants before the President. Fees estimated at \$40,000 a year, expects to make more after the next election. (Applause.)

VIII. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law. Appraiser of Customs San Francisco.

IX. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, only Indian Trader for New Mexico under Indian Bureau; place worth \$100,000, a year. (Sensation.)

X. Alex. Sharpe, President's brother-in-law. Marshal of the District of Columbia.

XI. Jas. F. Casey, President's brother-in-law. Collector of the Port at New Orleans; place worth \$30,000 a year.

XII. James Longstreet, President's brother-in-law's cousin. Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans. (The Rebel general, Mr. Train?) Yes, the old Reb. (Laughter.)

XIII. Silas Hudson, President's own cousin, Minister to Guatemala.

XIV. Nat. A. Patton, President's brother-in-law's third cousin. Collector of the Port of Gal-

veston, Texas. (Laughter.)

XV. Orlando H. Ross, President's own cousin. Clerk in the Third Auditor's office, Washington, hopes for something much better after the next election.

XVI. Dr. Addison Dent, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, Clerk in the Register's office, Treasury Department, Washington; trusts his merits will be better appreciated after the next election. (Applause and laughter.)

XVII. J. F. Simpson, President's own cousin. Second Lieutenant, Twenty-fifth Infantry; will be ready for promotion after the next election.

XVIII. John Simpson, President's own cousin, Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery; promotion hoped for after March 4, 1873.

XIX. George B. Johnson, President's mother's second cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District, Ohio; better things longed for.

XX. B. L. Winans, President's cousin's husband, Postmaster of Newport, Ky.; ready for a higher place. (Continued laughter.)

XXI. Miss E. A. Magruder, President's brother-in-law's second cousin, Clerk in General Spinner's office, Treasury Department.

XXII. Oliver W. Roos, President's mother's grand nephew, Assistant District Attorney, Covington, Ky., and would not refuse to be District Attorney after the next election.

XXIII. A. W. Casey, President's brother-in-law's own brother, Appraiser of Customs, New Orleans. (Loud Applause.)

XXIV. Henry S. Dent (son of Geo. W. Dent, United States Appraiser in San Francisco), employed in the Revenue Department in San Francisco.

XXV. Fred. T. Dent (son of Geo. W. Dent, &c.) holds a lucrative position in the Custom House in San Francisco, and a dozen more that I cannot recall to mind which you can find in Dana's vocabulary, the N. Y. Sun.

As Mr. Train rolled off those names from memory with a volubility that astonished the poor office-holder that Mr. Train squelched.

THE LOGIC OF A LAMPPOST.

A voice.—what must you do with government thieves? Mr. Train—Just what we do out west with a mule thief [applause]; call in the neighbors and hang him to a tree till he is dead [loud cheers]. Grant steals a dozen mules a day. [Laughter.] He is a Methodist. He does it for conscience sake—not to be a miserable sinner and repent of it, and pay the preacher is not to be a church member, and would destroy all christianity. [sensation]. This canting, long-faced, Puritannical, Aminidab Sleek, Union Leagueism has culminated in Piegan massacres, dead beat, Alabama Treaties, swindling Foreign Laws, and Ku Klux military heir policy of the public lands upon the taxes of the

people. [Applause and much excitement as his audience were many of them Radicals.]

Mr. Train here took the chalk and marked out the break of party, and smashing of rings. Eight States had made eight senatorial breaks on Grant, and with fearful facts he nailed Grant to the mast head, giving the amount paid by Cabinet officers to Grant for their places, and polishing off the Grinnells, Creswalls, Murphys, Hodges, and bribe-makers with strange accuracy, closing the picture by saying that the President went into the White House a pauper and comes out a millionaire. [Sensation and applause.]

ORGANIZE THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

When my Omaha boys were sent to guard the dead body of Chicago, and Barney Aaron, Bill Tracy, Jim Munday and Jim Brown were caught stealing the coffin plates, [sensation], the Omaha soldiers, having no faith in Chicago Judges, quietly hung some of these land pirates on a lamp-post, or shot them with their backs to the wall. [Sensation]. How can one murder make a scamp—millions a saint? Why make a jail bird of a poor woman who steals a loaf of bread to keep her child from starving, and allow Tweed and Grant, Fisk and Corbin, Butler and Hodge, [sensation], Greeley and Bailey to sit in the Prosecution boxes of all the Churches. [Sensation and applause.] Is not the partaker full as bad as the thief? [Yes.] People of America rise then and strike down the robbers and hang the Judge! (Applause). Ask that Cabinet officer, that Senator, that member of Congress, that officeholder, these questions: What amount did you spend to get your office? What is your salary? Your mileage? How is it then that you were poor when elected and yet spent in advance all your pay, that you have been enabled to build palaces, own property and live like a Prince? (Applause). *I will tell you: you have robbed the people! make over your property to the poor wretches you have defrauded and*

*prepare to die! (Loud cheers.) May God have mercy on your soul! (Excited applause.)—Orchasky City News.**

* ENTERPRISING.—It is claimed that no short-hand reporter can keep pace with George Francis Train; but it will be seen that we have a pretty accurate synopsis of his last night's speech.

THE COMING MAN AND THE TREATY EMBROGLIO.

PAY OR FIGHT.

ENGLAND EATING THE LEEK.

COSTELLO AND WARREN EPI- GRAM.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Swallow the dose, you know the rations,
When forcing them on weaker nations;
Down with the pill! right or wrong,
They were weak but we are strong.
Down on your knees! down your eyes,
'Tis time that you apologize:
Lord Stanley cowers with all his cheek,
Now America makes you eat the leek.

Your foe is no barbarous Theodore,
He has kicked and whipped you twice before;
In eighteen-twelve and seventy-six,
He made your Charon cross the Styx!
Down, bully, down! and lick the dust!
Perfidious Albion! Land accursed,
Your bragging voice is mild and weak,
Now America makes you eat the leek.

Your murderous track the wide world o'er,
From Barret's grave to India's shore,
Like the dotted trail of a wounded man,
Is marked with blood—deny it who can?
Your Nemesis incarnate fiend of hell,
Appeared when the Fenians rang the bell.
With vengeance banished, soon they'll ven-
geance wreak,
When America makes you eat the leek.

Old Pantaloon! sans teeth, sans eyes,
A demon worthy of your size
Awaits you—say your prayers, 'tis time,

Calcraft will expiate your crime !
 While the glad tidings o'er the nations roll,
 May God have mercy on your soul !
 Six months ago you heard me speak,
 I said I'd make you eat the leek !
 GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.
 Four Courts' Marshalsea, August, 1868.

Foreshadowing Tweed and Sweeney's Downfall.

MR. TRAIN'S WARNING TO TAMMANY !

FROM A FRENCH BASTILE.

Cell 13, Department C, Bastille.

Lyon, France, Nov. 24th, 1870.

Citizens Peter B. Sweeney and Wm. M.
Tweed, New York :

Public men need no personal introduction ; we know each other ; that is sufficient acquaintance for me to say, that if the Democracy will adopt my Pay or Fight Platform, success is certain in '72. Europe will soon be in a blaze ; Prussia will be crushed by France—Another Moscow. Russia will wipe Turkey off the map. Egypt, independent. Hungary will overthrow Austria. England, to stop internal revolution will get into a marine war with Russia. — Ireland will rise. — Revolution will roll in England. The French Republic will break. Spanish-Italian Monarchies, and establish the Universal Republic. The European National Debts will be swept away, American Alabamas taking letters of Marque from Russia, will crush English commerce,—And Fenians will land in Ireland.—That secures Republic there. Now then for Tammany :—You must go with the tide or sink ; should Grant's party adopt my Platform,

nothing can beat them ; you must first act and now. Head them off with a grand mass meeting for the Republics of France and Germany. That draws the German fire for helping France. Show the same talent in National matters you do in Local, and success is certain. I am a good lover as well as hater ; I stand by my friends. Should my ideas again be ignored in '72, I shall repeat '64 and '68. Should they be admitted I am with you for Victory ; but you must commence by putting Tweed in Belmont's place. The Republicans will be desperate, and will use the Treasury as Napoleon did to save themselves ; but if you and I pull together we will make it a Sedan for Grant. A word on business—If you doubt my monied power, drop in at Omaha and see if I really own 5,000 *lots* there. Another thing, I shall introduce horse railways in the cities of France : a 500 per cent. affair—shall count you both in.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

[*Courier-Journal*, Nov. 16, 1871.]

TRAIN ON CHICAGO.

Terrible Picture Of the Doomed "City of Sin."

A Storm of Ridicule and Invective, Facts and Fun.

Louisville and Kentucky Come in for a Share,

AN ELOQUENT PERORATION.

Mr. Train had received his baggage last night, and was evidently in a happier mood. Dressed in perfect taste, he came upon the stage at the appointed time, and saluted his audience with a satisfied smile that was an omen

of something good in store for his hearers. And his speech did not belie his looks. He talks like chain-lightning, generally flashing from one subject to another in the most unaccountable manner, erratic and incoherent, but always shrewd, pithy, and humorous, and sometimes eloquent. A crowd upon our columns prevents our giving much more than the main feature of his lecture—his disquisition on Chicago; but we cannot refrain from adding his remarks referring to this city and State, and the eloquent peroration. The hall was well filled, his appearance was greeted with loud applause, which also frequently interrupted the course of his remarks. On the subject of Chicago, Mr. Train said:

THE DOWNFALL OF CHICAGO.

Mr. Train—The greatest calamity, outside of civil war, that has ever visited our shores, fell upon us in the destruction of Chicago. [Sensation.] Chicago, the Prairie City, the Young Giant, of Twenty years growth, the center of a score of railways, where a hundred trains a day bring all the world. [Applause.] Chicago, the Eldorado of the corn country, the city of churches, rings and combustion has again marked itself in history as the champion city of fires. Overtopping all other fires in the world it has surpassed all other towns in its marvelous growth, enterprise and assumed wealth [sensation], all its banks, all its insurance companies, all its newspapers, all its railway palaces, all its Sherman and Tremont Houses, all its downtown churches, all its magnificent palace stores, all its public buildings are in ashes, and balloon buildings are being put up for new kindling wood. [Sensation.] Six miles square of wealth—stone and iron—ten thousand houses in ashes and one hundred thousand human beings homeless, houseless, on the prairie. [Sensation.] Sum up the great fires of the past, and, all told, this eclipses them all.

CHICAGO ON THE BLACKBOARD—THE FIRES OF THE WORLD.

I stood in Moscow, in the Kremlin, and surveyed the ground where the fire destroyed Napoleon's hopes.
Damages say.....\$20,000,000

I surveyed the space, the other day, in Yaddo, where so many miles of buildings were swept away.....	8,000,000
I visited Constantinople, and where the fiend of flame leveled so many buildings.....	5,000,000
In our own land are the leading fires in my mind:	
Now York, 21st September, 1786, 493 houses.....	5,000,000
New York, Aug. 7, 1778, 360 houses.....	4,000,000
New York, Dec. 16, 1835, 698 stores.....	18,000,000
Pittsburg, 1845.....	5,000,000
St. Louis, 1849.....	5,000,000
San Francisco, '49, '50, '51, several fires.....	10,000,000
Portland, July 4, '68, the fire-cracker calamity.....	10,000,000
Add for all other fires in America, great and small.....	20,000,000
Now add the gigantic fire in London, in 1666, where 14,000 buildings fell.....	50,000,000
Aggregate.....	\$150,000,000

This was two centuries of disaster. Out here, in less than two days, we have wiped out, according to report, twice this fearful loss, say \$300,000,000, of accumulated wealth, labor and industry, and \$3,000,000,000 credit. [That's so.]

Mr. T.—Did you really fortell its doom?

Mr. Train—Yes.

THE FATAL PROPHECY.

Who can account for this power of fortelling events? This marking out the future! For ten years the papers of the world have had in their columns my predictions—published speeches—foretelling the great events that startled mankind. [That is so.] The building of the Pacific railroad, the saving of the Union, the downfall of McClellan, the assassination of Lincoln, the impending panic [Wallstreet speech] so near at hand, the downfall of Napoleon, the breaking up of Tammany, and the wiping out of Grant, the death of England's Queen, and the English Republic are simply questions of a few months' time. [Sensation.] Two hundred American audiences have seen me map out on a black board the destruction of the "Doomed City of Sin," by the melting of the mountains of ice overflowing the Lake Superior into Lake Michigan and sinking Chicago. [Sensation.]

THE EFFECT IN THE WEST.

That question is suggestive. Bond and mortgage on fire proof, stone and

iron buildings, built on valuable lots, rented at high rates, with insurance in many offices, was the pet security of the shrewd New England capitalist! Now, all is gone. Building, insurance, —and even land not worth half its cost. Chicago men had all their fortunes in Chicago. Nothing outside. Does the lightening strike the same tree twice? Does the cannon ball hit the same spot again? Will Chicago Phoenixize herself? Perhaps; but meanwhile trade will run in other channels. More western cities will build up under the misfortunes of Chicago. Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, Omaha, Sioux City, will pick up the wreck of those millionaire merchants. Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis already feel the change in the current of trade. The men of millions will settle down farther west, where his thousands will give him position again. [That's so.] Omaha will be the new Chicago.

WILL CHICAGO BE HERSELF AGAIN?

Mr. Train—No! Chicago for many years, if ever, can never be as of old. [That's so.] The city was an accident—the accident of a Government fort and a system of prairie and lake unknown before. It was situated in a swamp, and periodically has been raised to shut out Lake Michigan? [Laughter.] The stench of its putrid rivers was miasma, malaria, death! [Sensation.] Its grave-yards are as well stocked as those of New Orleans, where rest all my family, or that of Lone Mountain cemetery, San Francisco, which Californians count in the census. [Laughter.] No one at one time was allowed to vote there who had not the ague. [Laughter.] Chicago, like adultery, was the right thing in the wrong place. It was built up by Eastern capital that was never returned when the panic of fifty-seven smashed fifteen hundred banks! [Sensation.] The Chicago people were rich in what they owed. In the midst of life they were in debt. [Laughter.] They had always lived off of other people, making Chicago a warehouse for Western grain and provisions, and a bank of deposit for all labor.

Three grand staples that help to build up Chicago are untouched—the grain trade, the cattle trade, and the lumber trade, and when we remember that two hundred freight and passenger trains go in and out every day, and all these railways must rebuild their depots, the tap of the trowel and the sound of the hammer will in another year be heard ringing the music of well-paid labor through an army of forty thousand workmen. [Loud cheers.] So don't let any of us go back on the death-stricken city. [Applause.] Let us admit that our donations and our sympathy were only an emotion of the soul, while our hopes of picking up the Chicago trade is an emotion of the pocket. [Laughter.] Toledo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee smack their lips over the future, and it is fearful to see the suppressed satisfaction in their faces as they push forward the supplies, expecting for every dollar donated they will steal a hundred of Chicago's business. [That's so.]

WHAT MADE CHICAGO.

Millions of square acres of prairie land, and millions of emigrants to turn it into corn and wheat, and pork, and wool, made Chicago. [Cheers.] I organized, in 1848, the Pre-paid Passenger and Small Bills of Exchange System, as chief of the Boston and Liverpool packets; which has turned three millions of workmen into America [cheers], and when I first visited Chicago, in 1850, where there were but twenty-eight thousand people, a trifle more than the city of Omaha, which is now the Louisville of the new North, and the Chicago of the new Northwest [applause], where as great fortunes can be made in land to-day, as there were in investing in the Prairie City a score of years ago. Chicago was built up with foreign capital and foreign labor. [Applause.] Some fifty thousand miles of railway in America, and one hundred thousand miles of telegraph made it the Eldorado center. [Applause.] A column of young men flocked there, and they sprung up with the growth of the whole land.

WHAT IS REQUIRED TO REBUILD THE CITY.

But to rebuild it requires all this railway activity, all this gigantic Emigration, all the Civil War Profits of Shoddy Contracts. [Sensation.] All the National Bank Swindles; [That's so], all the New York Stock Rings of Tracy, Ogden, and Vanderbilt; [sensation], all the subsidized Press Combination to sell out the Western Manufacturing to England through Free Trade and the Horace White Story combination of English interests; [applause] all the hundred Churches of Fashion, mammon and money, [sensation] where God is ignored for sensation, sensuality, and hypocrisy. [Applause.] All these things will be requisite before Chicago is herself again. [That's so.]

THE LARGEST ACTUAL LOSSES WERE
FOREIGN.

There were twenty-four Illinois insurance companies, capital five millions and seven millions assets, while there were eighty-four outside of Chicago, or foreign insurance offices, with thirty-five million capital and seventy-three millions assets. [Applause.] The home offices, of course are bankrupt, and the foreign offices must be nearly swamped [that's so] in spite of their cheerful telegraphs telling people to draw for all their losses. Hence there is as much suffering out of Chicago as within! Again, as Chicago was a store-house for the Western grain, the outsiders actually suffered more than insiders. [That's so.] Once more. Most Chicago securities are owned abroad—that loss comes on the foreign capitalist—and her store-houses were packed with goods on credit, all of which was owed to the East! [Sensation.] Hence the foreign loss is greater than the home loss, for most of the so-called palaces were mortgaged on the seashore. [Sensation.]

GROWING RICH BY THE PROVIDENCE OF
FIRE.

Many a palace millionaire in Chicago, who was hopelessly bankrupt, will go down to history as the princely mer-

chant ruined in the great fire [sensation]; many a forged document, many a false deed, many a ring-swindle paper has most fortunately been destroyed. [Sensation.] No Chicago paper would report my experiences of the jail any more than the subsidized press of New York would notice my denouncing the Tammany swindles a year before the New York Times thought it would pay to steal my thunder. [Applause.] The Chibago fire wiped out four thousand grog shops, two thousand gambling hells, one house of prostitution [laughter], two assignation places [laughter], and one hundred churches. [Sensation and applause.] I would rather be a live heathen than a dead Christian, and religion in Chicago was only Mammon! [Applause] Many a rat hole was filled up, many a crime smothered, many a swindle left unexposed by the burning of this modern Sodom and Gomorrah!! [Sensation.] What had I done that their papers should have villified me for five years but simply tell the truth about the corruption I found in their city? It was by accident I discovered the poor naked wretch that was daily being tortured by their brutal system in the court house jail. [Sensation.] See epigram Holy City of Chicago.

A voice.—“How about the railway monopoly?”

Here Mr. Train branched off, as he will not be coherent to answer a question.

MR. TRAIN.—The recent election of the directors of the L. and N. R. R.—old directory unsatisfactory management—spent \$100,000 to re-elect themselves. [Sensation.] Now more insolent and overbearing than ever. Monopolies will perpetuate themselves despite the wishes of the people. [That's so.] Look out for the L. and N. R. R. The Jeffersonville road, which means Tom Scott, controls the great bridge, to the injury of the people. Don't want any other road to cross the bridge—another monopoly. Look out for railroad monopolies, as I told you yesterday. [Applause.] Your courts—try a man two or three times—if he's got money—and if he

don't want to hang—and he don't generally—get political influence—brought to bear and pardon by the Governor. Know how it is, Kentucky, yourself. (Laughter.)

Look at your new jail—jobbery—imbecility (laughter)—cost \$150,000—could be built for \$20,000. (Good.) Shame to civilization—prisoners ought to sue the city for damages. Another job of political trickery. (That's so.)

Official rats you see are running;

Fire the Revolution gun;

Clear the track! the Train is coming,

The Reformation has begun.

Wake up, people! Death to Kings!

Down with Party! smash the Rings!

(Cheers.)

SWITCHING OFF ON KENTUCKY'S WEAK POINT.

Did not Kentucky have in April, 1870, in her cells at Frankfort, the last man imprisoned for seventeen years for freeing slaves, and his sentence was for ten years more? In 1863, sentenced for seventeen years. Pardoned, May, 1870. (Yes.)

When Christian women and prison congresses let prison women suffer all that Kentucky dyspepeia can inflict.

The next President of America, who never loses sight of any woman whipped for any crime, stands up for his mother's sex. (Cheers.)

Did not Governor Stevenson pardon this man to stop the mouth of a half-crazy correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*? (Yes.)

The practical Dorothy L. Dix, the philanthropist Howard, and the people's champion of reform are the real, woman's rights, worth all the Revolutions and other suffragists in the land. (Applause.)

THE WAYS THAT ARE DARK AND THE TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

(A voice, "Give us an explanation of the fire.")

MR. TRAIN.—How can I, unless to say that everything is reversed. Right is wrong; white became black, and topside is bottom up. How explain the strange infatuation of the

Chicago shoddy lords building palaces of limestone that burned like kindle-wood? (Laughter.)

How explain the stone vaults that were fire proof burned to cinders; and iron safes that were not fire-proof turned out their contents without a scorch? How explain the singular incident that the jails are standing, while the schools and colleges are in ruins? (That's so.) Sodom, you see, is nothing, Gomorrah is nowhere, and Babylon is only a dead beat. (Laughter.) Belshazzar or pious old Lot, or saintly old Abraham, could not get a cot at the New Sherman House to-day. (Laughter.)

SAVING THE HOUSE OF OGDEN, THE GOOD.

Who can explain the strange fact that the stone and mortar habitations on the North Side are heaps of rubbish, while Ogden's wooden mansion, although surrounded by a sheet of fire, has not even the paint thereon blistered. Never before was such strange contradictions. Business men lost their heads. Fire engines were burned, while the hose was not injured. The tar-cemented wooden pavement proved itself fire-proof; and how can you explain that the iron and marble buildings around it were ash heaps, while that North Side Green House stands untouched; not even a glass crushed by the heat of the flames. (Applause.) The whole battalion of fire fiends went out on a Fourth-of-July-spree, or else why is it that the solid masonry of hotel and bank, palace and public hall were ground like powder, while whole barrels of liquor, full to the brim, were dug out of the ashes, the iron hoops and wooden staves not harmed in that fiery furnace. The Bible imps that escaped from that fearful fabulous flame would not have lived five seconds in that Chicago fire. (Applause and laughter.)

PROVIDENCE DESTROYS THE CHURCHES AND SAVES THE BROTHELS.

Is the race to the swift, the battle to the strong? Providence seems to have befriended the harlots and burn-

ed up the churches. (Laughter.) Providence for once was at discount. The devil was everywhere playing poker with the sacred wine pitchers. (Laughter.) How can any one explain the reason the Almighty should burn out all God's sons and save the daughters of sin? (Laughter.) You laugh, but I do not exaggerate when I tell you that the churches were nearly all down and the brothels are nearly all standing. (Sensation and applause.) While the apostles are all houseless, the Magdalens are all sheltered.

OFFICIAL PLUNDERERS AND LOCAL COWARDS.

How shall we explain the bewildering state of the authorities, calling on the national military to protect themselves from what? (That's so.) This red-coat-sabre-thrust-bayonet style smacks of Bourbon, Bonaparte, Pope and Brigham Young, prosecuting Ku Klux bills, Alabama treaty swindle, General Sheridan's raids, and the Piegan massacre. (The audience, by death-like silence, suppressed applause or laughter, seemed to experience a succession of electric shocks.) Did you notice the double-barrelled Providence of the Mayor in the first proclamation in announcing the "terrible affliction of Providence," "the fires are raging," and ending "by the bountiful goodness of Providence the flames have been assuaged." (Laughter.) Thus calling on Providence when the devil was sick and forgetting him when the devil was well, seems to be a Christian institution. (Laughter.) But the severest thing yet done by this Puritan Common Council and Evangelical Mayor is his proclamation appointing *Sunday as a day of prayer*. (Laughter.) Artemus Ward says that was slightly sarcastic on the Holy City of Churches. (Applause.)

How explain Governor Palmer's singular position impeaching Sheridan for Federal usurpation, after *thanking him for his promptness in sending troops*. (Laughter.)

THE HOLY RING OF CHARITY.

What will they do with the sub-

scription fund? Why Chicagoize it. (Applause.) Form at once a new ring. The Holy Ring of Charity. Medill was elected Mayor on the strength of it. (Laughter.) England paid half a million—or about one cent each as conscience money for murdering a million of our sons in the civil war (sensation), and settling up three thousand millions of debt (That's so, only a penny each), and Europe subscribed half a million more. America came down for three million, making, say four millions in all, by way of advertisement. (True.) Now who will get this? Will the broad Gage become the broad-gouge as in the Fisk-Gould Erie case? (Laughter.) Will not the money be used to elect a new municipal ring? (Yes.) Will they not dole it out taking notes on demand for building material, and holding this paper to select the Council, and thus keep the money in their own hands? Will not red tape drive the people mad, and the committees soon be cutting each other's throats, while they pick the people's pockets? (Sensation.) why is it that they let the money remain where it was subscribed instead of depositing it in the devastated city? Are they waiting to pack the cards and load the dice? Have they not already pitched the Mayor and Council overboard—and taking up new men for the offices? What is this but forming a new ring? (Look out for breakers.) When the rains descend the winds blow and the winter storm beats upon the homeless and the destitute, then comes recriminations, I pity these poor committees. It is a thankless task—and many a good man will fall under the burden. (True—and a voice—will Chicago come up again?)

GALVANIZING A DEAD HORSE INTO LIFE.

Yes, but not the same Chicago as of old—with new palaces you will find new men—can a dead horse galvanize itself into life? It will be a new Chicago, but it will require time. This rebuilding the city by magic is absurd. The Cincinnati gentleman who paid a

thousand dollars for a special engine to see the ruins before the city was rebuilt was ahead of time. (Loud laughter.)

HOPE TURNED INTO DESPAIR.

The concentrated energy of twenty years organized labor and capital was destroyed in twenty hours! Can this be again created in twenty months? (No.) The men I saw after the fire were stupefied with disaster—drunk with the shock of the blows, like men stimulated with whiskey; they said we will build and be greater than ever. But it is a sad thing to see a man whistling at a funeral—it looks heartless to see a man smoking a cigar while sitting on a corpse. (Sensation.)

Those temporary shanties going up so rapidly reminded me of Julesburg and the balloon towns at the end of the U. P. track, where whiskey was sold and gamblers most do congregate (sensation); but I looked for better things in Chicago. (Applause.)

ANOTHER SAN FRANCISCO.

That long row of balloon warehouses on Michigan avenue reminds one of San Francisco and Sacramento in 1849—tinder-boxes to be wiped out with a single lucifer match in less than twenty minutes. (Sensation and "That's so.") Two or three Chicagos of such material will be in ashes before the city of palaces will be itself again. The struggle of property is just commencing. Having fixed the court-house, Board of Trade and post-office, central lot-owners feel safe, but the West Side, with the Sherman and Potter-Palmerites, and Drake and the Tremont House, will soon be at loggerheads, and already fifty per cent. can be marked off of most real estate. (Sensation.)

HOTELS, RUM-SHOPS AND NEWSPAPERS WILL

PAY FOR A WHILE.

Everybody should go and see the fallen metropolis. No such sight was ever seen by mortal man. For a time the hotels will be crowded, and newspapers crowded with advertising. I counted twenty-two columns in the *Times* and twenty-six in the *Tribune*. Babies lost and houses stolen, bank-

rupt, insurance companies and insolvent banks, advertising to pay in full, tell the story. If banks are solvent, why offer to pay depositors fifteen per cent.? If insurance companies are reliable why refuse to disgorge the eighty per cent. not paid up? [Sensation.] Gage paid \$175,000 for the new Sherman House, while it was surrounded with burning buildings, and Drake bought the only hotel with an elevator in the "Doomed City of Sin." [Laughter.] Poor Smith of the *Tribune* must be heart-broken to see the project of his life in ashes, the Pacific Palace Hotel, such a fearful wreck. How can Potter Palmer, Field, Leiter, Farwell and other na-bobs be solvent, unless the insurance is paid? Had they outside money? [No.]

NO HEROES BORN IN THE FIRE.

Strange to say that there were no heroes born in the panic-stricken population; no grand mind stepped before the wall of fire and death, and nobody fell with honor in the combat; nobody seems to have had any head and nobody any tail. [Laughter.] Unless the tale of woe. That night's agony is told in the records of fifty premature babies upon the prairie. [Sensation.] The old scenes of crazed men throwing priceless mirrors out of the windows and running down stairs with a pair of boots, were re-enacted. [Laughter.] The steam fire engineers were busily dipping up pails of water, until some practical man over the river shouted out: "Why the h—l don't you put your suction pipe in the river?" [Laughter.] How strange it seemed, while walking through the ruined city, to see the whirl of the prairie chicken and hear the call of the quail. [Sensation.] They cannot wait, they so want to reclaim their own again. Save those, the only live inhabitant I saw that day was the dead fire. [Sensation.] There were no hearses and no wedding carriages in the streets that fatal Sunday. Set a thousand Barnum's Museums on fire, and you can realize a shadow of the wild Chicago on fire.

FIRST IMPRESSION AND LAST.

When I went into Chicago on the

Alton railroad I passed through five miles of lumber yards, elevators, factories, shops and houses, which cheered me on my way, and I said Chicago still lives. [Applause.] This beautiful city of the prairie is not yet dead. The metropolis of palaces and forest of nerves may be scotched, but is not killed. [Applause.] Stiff upper lip and never say die was my remark. Don't be discouraged, for here is a city of 200,000 souls on the West Side that has not been touched by the flames [applause],—a city that could gobble up Lawrence, Kansas, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, Nebraska City, Lincoln, Omaha, Sioux City, Clinton, Dubuque, and Davenport, and then have fifty thousand population left to start another Louisville [applause], so don't talk to me about Chicago being played. This was the first impression, but when I got on board a street car and rode through the wreck it made my heart sick. The more I saw the sadder I felt, and the feeling that oppressed me was that it would be years before the City of the Lake would be as it was of old.

SEEING THE TERRIBLE SIGHT FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

I saw no change in prices, no fifty dollars for a carriage, no extortion—five cents in a street car, five cents on a Wabash omnibus on the South Side, and five cents on a Lincoln Park stage, does up the ruins for fifteen cents, less than one glass of bourbon. So everybody should go and see the city of flame. Having the reputation of a millionaire on my five thousand Omaha lots, which make me a land pauper, I can afford to be economical. [Laughter.]

DISASTER MUST BE FASHIONABLE TO CREATE MUNIFICENT SYMPATHY.

All the world and the rest of mankind poured in supplies for ten days. But even *three millions* is only a few dollars each for the hundred thousand homeless Chicagoans [sensation]; that cannot rebuild Chicago. Fashion is contagious. I frankly admit I sent my contribution because it was fashionable. [Laughter.] But as all

end in cents, in a few days the Chicago Moscow was only a nine days' wonder! All charities are selfish. Bonner subscribed to catch the papers; Clews the National banks; Jay Cooke the National loan, and St. Louis to catch the Chicago trade. [Sensation at these self-evident truths.] No small disaster attracted the benevolent then. What though the wilderness was on fire in the Green Bay country? What though a thousand burning corpses were in the morgue at Mainstee and Peshtigo? [Sensation]. What though millions of acres of timber were wiped out by the fire fiend? Nobody thought of this, for Chicago was all the fashion, and thousands of nonentities got their names in the journals [applause], while a new Ring was formed in Chicago out of the fund, and all the committees are already quarrelling over the spoils. [Sensation and applause]

CHICAGO BY MOONLIGHT.

Remarking what Scott said about Melrose Abbey, I wandered out with Mr. Richardson, of the Burlington road, to see the moon shine down upon the City of the Dead. It was a magnificent sight. The morgue and minarets of St. Petersburg and Constantinople, the spires of Delhi and Lucknow, the pagodas of China and the temples of Japan, the palaces of Alhambra or the obelisks of Alexandria, all these tumbled into one city, under the "bright silver light of the moon," could not have produced a more startling effect! [Applause.] It was simply gorgeous beyond description, as the moonbeams peered down upon you through the eyeless windows of the beautiful Pacific, the frowning masonry of the *Tribune* building, and the dark, sepulchral halls in the Court House, you seem to feel as if standing beneath some ancient ruin. [Applause.]

Your Balbeck and Babylons, Palmyras and Thebes had come again to life, and the Ninevehs and Carthages of old had been at once transformed, in all their ruined glory, to the New World. [Applause.] There are the Baths of Nero, Titus and Diocletian, and there stands boldly out the walls

of the Coliseum. [Applause.] What majesty of ruin! what grandeur of destruction! All that was required to finish the picture was the flight of the bat and the screech of the owl. The tall chimneys brought to mind a hundred columns of the Vendome, and the ruined palaces of the Fields and Farwells, Bowens and Potter Palmers, made the ruin of the Tuileries, the Palace of Justice and the Hotel de Ville in Paris look contemptible, and the spectator could not but feel that the Almighty Power that made the universe, that swallowed the cities of Lisbon and Lima in an earthquake, and wrapped Chicago in a sheet of fire is the organizer of the world's Commune and Chief Magistrate of the Universal Republic. (Loud applause.)

A COMMON COUNCIL CONUNDRUM.

If 3 cats catch 3 rats in 3 minutes, how many cats will it require to catch 100 rats in 100 minutes? (Laughter.)

I found an alley on First street, between Market and Jefferson streets, Louisville, in course of being paved or repaired. Mud and water were the principal features of inconvenience; it recurred to me that the repairing was a work that should not be unnecessarily delayed—public convenience was incommoded; hence I looked around to see how it was progressing. I found the paving stones already delivered, and in abundance, but only a single laborer employed, with an antiquated-looking colored constituent attending to his calls. (Laughter.) Here were two men employed on a piece of public work which should have had a dozen laborers. (Applause.) It was and is for the public convenience that it should be done at once. It would cost no more. Let us see: Two men to do sixty days' work, at \$1 per day each, for twelve days, \$120. Now you would have had the work done and forgotten for nearly two months by the exercise of a little energy and brains, at no additional expense, thus conducing to the public convenience. I commend the rat-and-cat proposition to your City Council. [Laughter and applause.]

HE TALKS OF HIMSELF.

I would not that you should fall into a popular error in reference to myself. Many persons attribute to me simply an *impulsiveness*, an *impressibility*, as though I were some crazy comet, rushing madly through-out space [laughter], emitting coruscations of fanciful colored sparks, without system, rule or definite object. This is a popular error. I claim to be a close, analytical observer of passing events, applying the crucible of truth to every new matter or subject presented to my mind or senses. [Applause.] When I go into a country I gladly listen to the ideas and plans of the intellectual men of the community as eliminated in general conversation. I likewise sound the masses and laboring classes. Familiarizing myself with distinctive views of each, I am the better enabled to ascertain where the shoe pinches, and judge more intelligently of the adequacy and appropriateness of any proposed remedy.

THE MAN FOR THE SOUTH.

Even in your city I have eliminated from the flow of casual conversation much food for thought. I have sought to fathom the very depth of Southern *feeling*, *sympathy*, ground of future hope. I talked till midnight with these men—Col. Harris, Preston, Robinson, Johnson, Jones and the rest. You have some men of great intellect and profound thought among you, whilst you have others merely sensational, vague or routine. [That's so.] There is a feeling of deep depression and gloom throughout this Southern land. It has buried itself deep in the Southern heart. It is difficult to renew hope and concert of action. The just complaints of your people are as endless as the lamentations of Jeremiah. [True.] Yet, puerile complaint is no remedy for the evil. You require a rallying point—a confident, self-reliant leader, who has sympathy and identity with you all—a man who does not propose to move you through your political fossils, by placing a coal of fire on their backs as upon the ter-

rapin, but by impressing you with the energy of his own nature and self-reliance, and once more warming into life the generous sympathies of your nature, incite from your gloom once again to lofty aspirations. [Applause.] I am your man. [Cheers.] I have studied, and believe I know the public necessity of the moment, and have schooled myself to fill the bill. (Good; go in, George! The man and the occasion have met! You want talent, integrity and patriotism in the supreme executive head of the country. I invite investigation as to my claims! You want sobriety, industry and morality in the exemplification of the character of your public men. I challenge an accusation against myself. [Applause.]

Strange times are those in which we live, forsooth,
When old and young are taught in falsehood's school,
*And the one man that dares to tell the truth
Is called at once a lunatic and fool.*

(Sensation.)

THE ROMAN SOUTH.

But you must not be cast down or lose your manhood in the gloom overspreading our common country. Brave and heroic peoples have before you bowed the neck and bent their backs to the servile yoke of oppression and tyranny, but anon some spark of inspiration from some unexpected cause has sufficed to illuminate the souls of men with heroic thought and action, and the strong arm of the people have swept away all degrading fetters as so many cobwebs. (Applause.) Recall the history of Rome; what a great and heroic people they were. Yet we find in the Dictatorship of Sylla, which was an usurped authority, that he proscribed citizens in such numbers and from such mercenary motives that Caius Metellus ventured to put these questions to him in the Senate: "Tell us, oh Sylla, when we shall have an end of our calamities? how far thou wilt proceed and when we may hope thou wilt stop? We ask thee not to spare those whom thou hast marked for punishment, but we ask thee to spare some from anxiety for

those whom thou hast determined to save." Sylla replied that, "he did not know whom he should save." Then replied Metellus, "let us know whom thou intendest to destroy." Sylla answered, "He would do it." [Sensation.] Can you in the South conceive a more degraded servility and loss of manhood than is thus exhibited among the heroic Romans? Is it not now the same in Carolina? [Yes.] Will such language ever be addressed to Ulysses in our American Senate? Who can answer? Unless some check be applied to the encroachments of the Grant family, or to the growing pusillanimity of our people, we may expect him to act as Sylla did. [True and That's so.] Who immediately proscribed eighty citizens to death, and, as the public expressed indignation, he followed it with an additional list of 220 more, and a like number on the third day. [Sensation.] Then he told the people from the rostrum that "he had now proscribed all that he remembered, and such as he had forgotten must come in some future proscription." [Sensation.] The Klux bill is the Roman counterpart. [True.]

The cowards, hypocrites and flunkies,
The mincompoops and dead-head donkeys
At crack of whip, like India monkeys,
Says *Saint Domingo*. (Laughter.)

The people driven like sheep and goats,
Through party rings by whisky bloats,
Have got the signal to change their coats,
For *Saint Domingo*. (Applause.)

With hand in treasury what can daunt
Fabens, Sullivan, Baez and Grant?
Who cares for honest Sumner's rant
In *Saint Domingo*. (Applause.)

The Saint Domingo swindle will be carried. [Oh!]

You all admit the existence of fraud, rascality, villainy, in every shape and form in the administration of our government. You all groan beneath the inflictions of wrongs, oppression and outrages of every conceivable character. I ask you, in the language of the Roman Senator, Caius Metellus,

WHEN SHALL THESE CALAMITIES CEASE?

Does Grant tell us? Can you imagine? Think, and tell me what, or where, is the limit of your patience and endurance? Can you fix in your

mind when you will cease to bear and forbear? Or will it require some startling event such as the violation of Lucretia by Tarquin to fire and arouse the latent retributive justice of an outraged people? [Sensation.] Have the people become so utilitarian and material as to be lost to all exalted thought and aspiration? Shall we wait supinely until Prince Fred Grant, or some one of our royal house of Dent, shall forcibly outrage and violate the chastity of Astor's daughter, some of our wives and sisters [sensation] before we shall combine in the power and dignity of our manhood, and with one concentrated, engulfing wave of the *great people*, wash off this cancerous, putrid sore, which is now sloughing on the body politic. [Loud cheers.]

The storm is passing—hail the sun—
The rainbow circles all the sky,
Man's God-like race is not yet run—
Virtue decrees that vice must die.

Hallelujah! Smash the Rings!
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!
[Cheers.]

Down with all this wire-working, circumlocution of politics; once more to the front with honest integrity, capacity and loyalty *to the people* [applause], who *alone* are the *source* of power. Think for yourselves—confide in one who has never violated a single confidence. Should I fail to cleanse the Augean stables, impeach me, hurl me out of place and cover my head with the indignation, disgrace and anathemas of an infuriated, deceived and outraged people. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.]

Mr. Train announced that he would to-night (Thursday) "preach his epigram sermon on Paganism, the devil's stronghold and the following hundred topics: "The world! the flesh! and the Devil!" The old stories of the Bible compared with the beautiful character of the Saviour. Five thousand people turned away at Cooper Institute, N. Y., the board of trustees refusing Mr. Train permission to deliver his lecture.

Subjects—A bombshell among the
Lovers. The religion of a thou-

sand millions of people before the Christian Era; Confucius; Budha; Zoroaster; Mahomet. Was Moses a murderer and a thief? Was Aaron's pork speculation checkmated by that order prohibiting Jews to eat pork? Adam and Eve and their sewing machine. Ought Noah to have been entrusted with the Ark. How about that death-bed swindle of Jacob where Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage? An eye-opener for the bigots—true education, morality, temperance, religion. The beautiful character of our Saviour, who *practised* what He preached. Thirty thousand preachers ask to walk up to the Captain's office and settle. The Turkish bath. The great medical reform.

Man's superiority over animals consists in lying and playing the hypocrite; do good to men and see them graduate as scoundrels; debts of gratitude, like debts of gambling, nobody likes to pay; medicine is not drugs; recitation is not acting; patriotism is not love of country; paintings are not pictures; neither is Theology religion; infidelity is not believing nor disbelieving, but professing to believe what one does not believe.

Subject—The Lawyer, Doctor and Clergyman. The long-faced sermon will be preached: Why-stand-ye-here-all-the-day-idle?

Fearful exposure of the New York subsidized press on the Tammany frauds; ninety-two newspapers receive \$5,000,000 hush-money from Tweed.

—o—

BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

THE WHITE SLAVES OF ENGLAND.

No such slavery exists in the world as that in the United Kingdom. The Rich live off the Poor. Bastards, Paupers, Prostitutes, Informers created by the nobles, and the slaves taxed to support the aristocracy, the German Princes, and the Foreign Throne. Is a Briton a man and a Brother? As England did so much to liberate our blacks, ought we not to do something to free her whites?

EPIGRAM ON CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.

ON SEEING IN A PREMIER'S SPEECH THE OLD
WORDS, "BRITAINS NEVER WILL
BE SLAVES."

Where millions never go to school
The grown-up man becomes the tool
Of princely fools and lordly knaves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Where sixty thousand drunkards every year,
Victims of whiskey, gin and beer,
Like dogs are thrown in pauper graves,
Britains never will be slaves!

Where a dozen nobles own the land,
Who wonders at such a pauper band!
Twelve hundred thousand English braves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Where Teuton Princes fatten off the Crown,
Like *Tomahawk*, jealous of good John Brown,
Scatter the earnings which the Saxon saves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Where Yelvertens, D'Eresbys, Eardleys, Shelleys
shine,
And church, press, bench, all shield their crime,
Vice reigns supreme—while virtue craves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Mid Jamaica, Magdala, and Sepoy cries,
Official frauds, and diplomatic lies,
Liberty's in chains where Scully raves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Sell Denmark, toady France, Bully, Brag,
Boast, Bluster, about Britannia's rag,
The *Green* exalts, the *Red* depraves,
Britons never will be slaves!

Loud cheers for Erin! the flag of Ireland raise!
To the grand music of the Irish *Marsellaise!*
Nova Scotia signals o'er the Atlantic waves,
Britons never will be slaves!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Your Courts' Marshalsea, August, 1868.

Mr. Train is the Candidate protect-
ing Three Thousand Millions of Capi-
tal, invested in Cotton Factories, Iron
Foundries, Woolen Mills, &c., employ-
ing Two Millions of Workmen.

THE MAN OF DESTINY SAYS, OMAHA
IS THE GREAT CITY OF
THE FUTURE.

Population, 1856.....	0
1870.....	30,000
1880.....	100,000
1890.....	400,000
1900.....	1,000,000

[From the St. Louis City Times.

George Francis Train.

A SINGULAR METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

The People Getting to be as
Crazy as he is.

Twenty Different Speeches in Twenty Days

The Development of Almost
Supernatural Powers.

EVERYBODY ASKING WHY HE DON'T
BREAK DOWN.

HIS 754th MASS MEETING AT PARIS,
ILLINOIS, ON THE 10th INST.

Immense Demonstrations All Over the Country.

Train Leagues Forming Everywhere.

HE THROWS CHICAGO OVERBOARD
AND BUILDS UP ST. LOUIS.

Magnificent Defence of the Irish

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

If the St. Louis papers spend a thou-
sand dollars in short hand reports of
Mr. Train's speeches, five columns in
the *Democrat*, THE TIMES should not
be backward in following the trail of
this modern locomotive. He seems to
be developing new power. His cam-
paign this year is all impromptu. The
audiences call upon him for subjects,
and he fires away for two or three
hours on every conceivable question
put to him. He never hesitates. His
mind is the British Museum. His
memory all nature. His vocabulary
the catalogue of all knowledge. We
predict that in less than six months
his name will be in everybody's mouth.
Even now they seem to talk nothing
else. Our exchanges are full of Train
—and he is off to organize the South,
Louisville, on the 14th inst., then
Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, Sa-

vannah, and Charleston. We look for ovations all along the line. As he said he should never return our way, we must try and keep the run of him as he passes meteor-like through the world.

Here are some extracts of his recent speech.

TWO THOUSAND MILLION'S CREDIT WIPED OUT BY THE CHICAGO FIRE.

Question—Was the Chicago fire as large as supposed?

Mr. Train.—No, but large enough to wipe out *all the national debt of the world*, when its dimensions are understood. (Sensation.) Out of 23,000 acres only 2,900 were burned over—13,900 homes out of 60,000, were in ashes,—94,000 people thrown out in the cold, out of 300,000. But that wipes away some *two hundred millions* of actual rental and property and *two thousand millions of credit!* (That's so.) 2,300 stores, 30 hotels, 160 manufacturing establishments fell; but there are 47,000 houses still standing, and in the West district alone there are 1,600 stores, 600 manufactories and shops, 60 churches, and 3,500 saloons! (Applause.) Which are you applauding, the few churches or the many saloons? said Mr. Train. (Laughter.) The breweries stand, and all the brothels. (Sensation.)

DOWN CHICAGO, UP ST. LOUIS.

Mr. C.—What do you think of Chicago's future?

Mr. Train.—It will always be a great city, but its prestige is gone forever. The ring is not broken. It was a Western Tammany. (True.) Whenever the journals of a place blackguard and slander "The Next President of America," (applause), there is sure to be some hidden fraud. (Laughter.) Their infamous subsidized press still fire their stink pots at a man they had better have made their friend. Interest or Fear has always been my war cry: So let it go out to the Nations—Chicago goes down—St. Louis goes up! (Applause and hisses.) Look at the swindle of their Insurance Companies; assets and liabilities, twenty to one! The whole thing was putrid with crime. (Sensation.)

THE HOLY CITY OF CHURCHES.

From the two Union League Wigwams—all along through the shoddy contracts—the whiskey ring, the grain ring, the county bond ring, the *Times-Tribune* ring, the south side Park ring, the National Bank ring, all bound together by the pulpit ring. Chicago was a gigantic fraud. (Sensation and applause, and some hisses.) My epigram on the holy city of Churches was only prophecy. For ten years they only insured, to get the insurance. (Oh!) Do you doubt it? Here is the record.

THE SWINDLE OF CHICAGO INSURANCE

before they commenced the fire, (Laughter). Since 1863 there have been in Chicago 3,110 fires up to the beginning of the present year, as the following official figures show:

Year.	Fires.	Losses.	Insurance.
1863	186	\$ 355,660	\$ 272,500
1864	193	651,798	485,300
1865	243	1,216,466	941,692
1866	314	2,407,973	1,646,442
1867	515	4,215,332	3,427,288
1868	468	3,198,617	1,956,851
1869	490	1,241,151	841,392
1870	700	2,305,595	2,052,971
Total,	3,110	\$15,612,599	\$11,624,439

Ask New York and Hartford if they ever made any money out of Chicago. Even before this great disaster. (Applause.)

HOW CHICAGO WILL RE-BUILD ITSELF.

That Phoenix is a dead beat. Two thousand editors have been digging up that little bird, but (Laughter,) Phoenix and editors don't build up cities. (That's so.) Money, credit, confidence and greenbacks mean business. Chicago has neither. Suppose you, Mr. Chairman, were a merchant prince wiped out by the fire—come to New York owing me \$100,000, and want \$100,000 more of goods to start again. This would be the conversation.

Mr. Train.—You say everything is gone, building, goods, and no insurance, and you owe me \$100,000 with nothing to show for it, that you propose to build a *ballon* warehouse on a \$50,000 lot, already mortgaged, and take my goods out of this fireproof warehouse in New York and put them into your uninsurable building

which is only kindling wood, in order to make enough out of the new credit which I give you to pay the old debt. (Laughter.) Well, Mr. Potter Palmer, I like your proposition, but I must consult my partner—can you not make it convenient to call again, say some time next week? (Laughter.) And this is the capital that is going to Phoenixize Chicago. (Loud laughter.) Read Governor Bross' speech in New York! Read the pitiful calls of the Chicago press for help! Read the proposition to have congress come to their assistance! Notice that instead of \$10,000,000 sympathy donations, it has already stopped on \$3,000,000. Wait till the coming financial crash lays bare the rottenness of its so-called solvent National Banks? Wait till the cooked reports of the soundness of her merchants have been probed?

CHICAGO MAKES TRAIN HER ENEMY.

Chicago was practical in its theories and theoretical in its practice. They took in money, but never paid out. Like Topsey, it grewed, (Laughter), when its mouthpiece, the press, accused me of burning the city through the *Internationale*, and its leading journals continue to call me names; they prolong a fight with a man who can advertise them more than they can advertise him. (That's so.) I am willing to leave it to the people there, if I have not been treated badly by these blackguard slanderous journals. (Yes.) I wield a terrible power to-day. The Commune still lives. The Fenian is a fact, and the *Internationale* means throwing overboard the tea in Boston harbor. (Applause.) I can not only sow the wind, but I can control the whirlwind. I can not only plant the storm, but I can manage it after it is under way. (Loud applause.)

Why did the panic-stricken Governor call in Federal bayonets to shoot their unarmed Attorney General Grosvenor? Banquo's ghost will be a perpetual nightmare in Chicago.

SAINT LOUIS WILL BE THE CONTINENTAL CITY.

What about St. Louis?

Mr. Train.—In making acknowledgments the other day for unexpected hospitality (after official discourtesy), to press, people and friends for the ovation extended to the next President, I predicted one million population in 1900. (Applause.)

They must denationalize old fog-ism and centralize young Americanism! (Applause.)

Four columns of live thoughts in the *Democrat*, instead of passive editorials in the *Republican*, which means whistling at a funeral, or setting on a corpse.

St. Louis wants manufacturers. Missouri is macadamized with untold mining and agricultural wealth. (Applause.)

Missouri shall be the headquarters of the New Departure of the people, and St. Louis the banner town of the "Train League." (Hear.)

Emancipation, Revolution, Reformation, is the order of progress.

Irishmen who believe in the champion of your people will rally round the *Democrat*, the only paper except their only organ, the *Celt*, that reports their leader without a sneer! (That's so.)

When the *Democrat* led off the public sentiment against the Mayor's uncalled for insult, its editor made a man who never forgets a kindness, the everlasting friend of the great Central City of our Continental Republic! (Loud cheers.)

TRAIN DEFENDING THE IRISH.

Stop thief! says the Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly, Hall, pirates! and Blanche, Fry and Sweetheart of the satellite Democratic Press, try to rescue these jail birds by crucifying the Irish. Listen to some of the blackguards: (Here Mr. Train quoted from some Democratic papers, placing the Tammany fraud on the shoulders of the Irish.)

Abuse the plaintiff's attorney; but the old dodge won't work. The leaders of Democracy are native born Americans who were elected on Irish shoulders to power, only to kick down the ladder on which they mounted. (That's so.) Political blackguards, official demagogues, who never did an

honest day's labor in their life. (Applause.) Who will build up poor panic-stricken Chicago? the native born American Democratic politicians, or the broad shouldered, much abused, always insulted, d——d Irishmen? (Applause.) Even the Tammany thieves are American born, even though of Irish parentage; and the editor of the *Express* is elected by Irish votes. (True) Ireland's record at Bunker Hill, Concord, Lexington and Yorktown say nothing of the Irish Brigade under Meagher, and the Fenians in the war. (Loud cheers,) cannot be wiped out by throwing the swindling Tammany ring frauds on this hard working race of laborers, who have bled and followed the lead of the rottenest party ever launched, (Applause,) unless it is the Republican party! (Laughter) Whatever paper says a kind word for my Irish boys shall have the Irish patronage. I am the leader of this abused race, and will not see them slandered. (Loud applause.)

TWEED'S PASSIVE POLICY OF THE MISSOURI
REPUBLICAN.

Mr. I.—What about the *passive* policy of the *Missouri Republican*?

Mr. Train.—Like everything done by the Democratic party since they fired into Sumter; it comes after the birds have flown, the horse is stolen. (That's so.) I took the New Departure when Beauregard bombarded Anderson. (Applause.) Have you forgotten that fishball story? "Sall, don't eat that doughnut, there is somethin' dead in this!" Democratic nomination is *death*. (Laughter.)

1860, Secession, Charleston, Breckenridge—positive boil.

'64, McClellan, Chicago, War candidate on peace platform—comparative boiler.

'68, Seymour, New York, Bondholder on greenback platform—Superlative burst. (Laughter.)

What can you do with a party that believe when they die they will go to General Jackson? (Applause.)

PASSIVE POLICY IN THE PRESENT—(ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

Reform Platform—Resolve, "Impo-

litic" Tammany withdraws because convicted robbers.

Resolve, "Politie," Reform delegation withdraws because Tammany does.

Resolve, "Centripetal," The saints shall inherit the offices.

Resolve, "Centrifugal," The Tammany thieves are the saints. (Loud Lugahter.)

Convention harmonious.

Will Tilden and his so-called Reform Company sit in the same Assembly with Tweed? Of course they will. *Tweed's head man was in the Republican office when in St. Louis. There is a white man in the fence. (That's so.)*

The same cards with a new deal.

PASSIVE POLICY IN THE FUTURE.

Democracy stinks. Place Tweed, sixty millions steal, on ballot box and the voters will carry out the Passive Policy. The *Republican* must take in its sign, as the reformer said to the temperance lecturer with the red nose. (Laughter.)

EPIGRAM ON THE SCULLY LANDLORDS.

EPIGRAM.

WHY IRELAND IS THE LAZARUS OF NATIONS,
OR THE KIND-HEARTED LANDLORDS OF
ERIN, AND UNGRATEFUL TENANTS
TRY IN TIPPERARY.

They own the wheat and corn you've sown,
The new-made hay your hands have mown,
Your cradle, bridal-bed and grave;
You're born, and wed and die a slave.
They own your past and future life,
Your sons, your daughters, and your wife.
The birth-place where you past your lot,
And body, mind, and soul, they've got,
Your father's bones beneath the sod,
The chapel where you worship God;
Sun, air, earth, water, they can fleece,
Birds and beasts, in heir three weeks' lease,
And finally end your mortal strife
By a foreclosure on your life!
Would I could light the patriot fires
That burn so fiercely in your sires!
I'd rather live in civil war
Than die in chronic martial law,
Or rather die in felon's cell
Than live in such a Christian hell!

CHARLES FRANCIS TRAIN.

Four Courts' Marshalsea, August, 1868.

(From the *Memphis Appeal*, Nov. 27.)

TRAIN.

**HIS SERMON ON THE WORLD,
THE FLESH AND THE
DEVIL, PREACHED TO
AN INTELLIGENT
AUDIENCE.**

**HE IS VERY UNORTHODOX
ON THE MARRIAGE RELA-
TION, BUT GIVES SOME
EXCELLENT SPECI-
FICS FOR HEALTH.**

**He goes for Grant, for the Lawyers, the
Doctors, and the Clergymen, and
everything else that comes
in his way.**

**Extraordinary views in Vaccination—
Marriage—Moses and the
Prophets.**

Train appeared as a preacher in the Assembly Hall last night to the largest audience he has had yet in Memphis. He preached a heterogeneous, cosmopolitan sermon on every possible subject under the sun, except potatoes and cocoa-nuts. He started out by saying that "party" in the United States was killed by Tweed and Grant. Tweed killed the Democracy, and Grant choked off the Republican windpipe. He then went on to show the beauty of woman suffrage, when the polls would be weeded of drunkards, pothouse politicians, rowdies, shoulder-hitters and thieves, and woman should preside at the box on

the stage of some elegant hall, with bouquets and music, and the whole affair would be wound up with a ball—a light touch of terpsichorean excellence—instead of a fight. (Laughter.)

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

All the great men of the earth, he said, had their own theories of how to achieve success in the world. Demosthenes said the way to success was "action, action, action." His old friend Danton said that the secret consisted in "*Paudace, Poudace, toujours l'audace.*" Bulwer said it was gained by "enthusiasm, enthusiasm, enthusiasm." The Irish patriot, Sheridan Knowles, was of the opinion that "earnestness, earnestness, earnestness" was the royal road to success. "But," said Train, "my theory is 'honesty, honesty, honesty.' I would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and the whole sermon of to-day is just the reverse of that—"you must not," they say, "tell all the truth."

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

Having been requested to speak on religion, he divided it into the above three heads, which were represented by the lawyer, the doctor and the preacher—the lawyer being the personification of the world, the doctor of the flesh, and the preacher of the —; well, he did not exactly say the word, but the audience understood it. Taking

THE DOCTOR,

first, he disintegrated him in the pestle of one hand, using the other as a mortar. He presented them as leeches, which, like one-horse mayors, it was impossible to shake off the community. He compounded their pills without sugar-coating, and showed the fallacy of the practice of all systems of medicine, except that of hygiene—abstinence from alcoholic drinks and tobacco. He spurned the old-fogy doctrine of inserting putrid matter, from a syphilitic child, probably, into the pure blood of another child, and advised people if

they did not desire to be poisoned to make the doctors write the prescriptions in English instead of Latin. He traced the science of medicine from the time of Esculapius to the present day, and wound the whole profession up by advising people to take care of themselves, and have as little as possible to do with doctors.

THE STUPIDITY OF BRAINS IN THE PRESENCE DOCTORS.

M. D. means money down—and merchants, bankers and brokers, who would feel insulted if advised how to construct a railway, build a factory or launch a ship—the moment they get “a cold” surrender their individuality to some little one-horse doctor, who puts two small white pins on the end of their tongue to blow up six cigars, four glasses of whisky, a dozen fried oysters and three hard boiled eggs. (Loud laughter.) Hence, the Faculty, presuming on man’s ignorance regarding the laws of health, are peopling our graveyards before their time, advising the wearing of flannel, leather, cotton or silk next the skin, which acts like a coat of varnish, closing up the seven millions of breathing pores, preventing the three-fifths of what we eat from passing through them, and thus clogging the twenty-eight miles of arteries, canals and sewers in the body, producing *plethora abdominalis*, which is the precursor of paralysis and death. (Laughter.)

A blunder is worse than a crime; so these physicians must be fools or knaves—foolish not to know that the Turkish or hot air Irish bath is a universal panacea, curing ninety-five chronic cases of all kinds of disease in a hundred; knaves, if knowing it, they advise their deluded patients not to try it, saying “It will do for some, but it is not adapted to your case,” thus sending our people to eternity for the sake of a fee. (Applause.)

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR.

It is time man should be his own doctor, and know that he should wear linen next to his skin, sleep with windows open, never drink at meals,

never exercise immediately after dinner, always wash all over every morning in cold water, never take any medicine for any disease, never sanction vaccination or the speculum, never read in bed, sleep in daytime, or eat late at night; but the moment the flesh becomes flabby, the head achy, the throat inflamed, the stomach disordered, the bowels extended, bringing the hæmorrhoids and low spirits, go at once and take twelve Turkish baths in succession, and if not restored to health send the bill to George Francis Train. (Loud applause.)

THE LAWYER

was next analyzed. His circumlocutory style of drawing up papers. Where he was sued by the ward, was ably represented by a description of the manner in which his old hat, with all its appurtenances, would be made over to another party. A lawyer, who could not be an honest man from the very nature of his profession, was traced in his course from the little office in a picayune, one-horsetown, to the White House, and then being turned loose on the community to teach the rest of mankind how to steal.

THE PREACHER

next came in for his part. The different religions of the world were alluded to, and by statistics it was shown that, according to the belief which had been crammed down the lecturer’s throat when he was a boy, that none but Christians could go to heaven, there would be one thousand millions of pagans alone to go to hell.

A modern, insipid, varied sermon was given, which kept the audience in a roar.

Having asked the audience if he should go on, hundreds of voices shouted, “Aye;” one voice shouted, “No.” “Well,” said he, “you can go out.” (Great laughter.)

THE NEXT PRESIDENT’S SERMON TO YOUNG AMERICA.

Don’t drink. Don’t smoke. Don’t chew. Don’t take snuff. Don’t swear.

Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't cheat. Don't deceive the girls that love you. (Loud cheers and laughter.) Don't be afraid of man or the Dent dynasty. (Cheers.) Be self-reliant. Be just and fear not. Be generous when you are rich. (Good.) Be kind and true to your friends. Think not of yourselves. (Cheers.) Strike out. Step out of the ranks for promotion — lieutenant — captain — colonel — general — marshal. Look at Grant at the top of the ladder, even without much brains. (Laughter.) But take heed lest ye fall. (Cheers.) Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Concentrate. Remember a trip hammer in snowflakes of iron on a ten-acre lot has no force, but, consolidated in one mass, it comes down with a fearful force upon a pile. (Loud cheers.) Study hard. Application is success. Success is work. Stick to your aim. The bull-dog never lets go. (Cheers.) Face your enemy. Never run. Learn to spar, to fence, to swim, to wrestle and fire a rifle. (Loud cheers.) Look to the American republic and Irish nationality and European liberty — (loud cheers) — and not to breaking the law by shooting policemen in Cork, or ku-klux honest men in Carolina. (Sensation.) Go away from home if you wish to get on in life. Strike for independence, but don't remain in the great cities. (Loud cheers.) Go west—Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado—and put your money in your purse. (Cheers.) Be true to yourselves. Never borrow—never lend. Don't depend on friends. Keep out of debt. Organize your Train Lagues in every ward. (Applause.) Remember acorns grow to oaks. Drops make ocean, and grain by grain the coral insects make the island oasis. (Loud cheers.) Get up early and go to bed early. Eat meat once a day. Sleep with windows open. Nothing like bread and meat diet. (Laughter.) Set these noble members of the press and distinguished ministers of the gospel the example of temperance and sobriety. (Loud laughter and applause.)

HEAVY ON THE CHURCH.

Train was particularly severe on the

causes of the failure of our civilization; our society was rotten to the core. The people are robbed and crucified between two thieves—the Church and State. He said that a thousand scullions of hell have in the last decade sunk ten billions of dollars and disunited the American people by their crimes. [Sensation and cheers.] He sees that forty thousand whining hypocritical divines have, in the name of God, morality and liberty, instigated these assassins and robbers on to their diabolical work, and chanted mass and cried amen—[sensation]—forsooth at every shriek of the victim, as they pocket half of the proceeds.

He sees that the country is cursed by rings and monopolies, and sustained by a blackguard, venalized press. [Applause.] He knows that the two great parties of the country are being run by the above classes, and are consequently no longer worthy of public confidence; that Grant, as well as the Democratic party, are both owned by England, who has bought and paid for them in sterling. [Applause.]

Of all this, and much more, does Mr. Train see, and he demands, in tones of thunder, that the shackles shall be broken; that woman shall be exalted to her true station [good]; that these psalm-singing, whining, hypocrites and political thieves shall be exposed and sent to corn-fields to earn an honest est living. [Applause.] He insists that these two great store-houses of crime—the Republican and Democratic parties—be strewn to the winds and their very names effaced from the memory of man. [Hear.] The man that can, with his hardihood, denounce these monstrous abuses, is a hero of no small caliber, and deserves to be our next President. [Loud cheers. and vote again carried.]

He gave his theory of how hell is filled, showing to his own satisfaction that not more than 3,000,000 go to heaven annually, or rather every thirty years, while 12,970,000 go the other way. He salted the lawyers in captivating style, and also excoriated the doctors, showing they were all frauds. He was death on the missionary schemes of the churches. He found

two Christian converts at Fou-Chow-Fow, in China, after a work of seventeen years and an expenditure of untold quarters that have been extorted from the pockets of old maids and frightened children.

A Voice—"Isn't Grant honest?"

Mr. Train—Honest, Iago, yes, (laughter); honest in accepting bribes; honest in removing good men for bad; honest in macadamizing the office with the dynasty of Dent (laughter); honest in the swindling conspiracy with Aminidab Sleek Corbin, where "Sis" received that twenty-five thousand dollar check from Fisk [sensation]; honest in furnishing Seneca stone for the capitol building [applause]; honest in giving Rawlings credit for campaign brains, and Stanton Campaign orders; see Stanton's dying declaration to Sumner [sensation]; honest in pledging his word to Johnson when accepting secretary of war and subsequently denying it, [that's so]; honest while holding military position under Andy and conspiring against him [true as gospel]; honest in being a pauper when Yates gave him his commission, and being a millionaire now [hisses and down with Grant]; honest in forming a copartnership with Fabens, Sullivan and Baez to divide Saint Domingo among the Dent family [laughter] at the expense of the American people [applause]; and honest in sending hisson in a national ship with the general of the army to flunk to foreign despots. [Hisses, and down with the army.]

WHY THE NABOB OF DENT SHOULD BE DETHRONED.

Yes, honest in selling out the nation's honor in a swindling treaty, defrauding the Gloucester fishermen [shame], butchering the Pagans on Quaker Christianity [hisses], and sacrificing the soldiers in holding back homesteads! [That's so.] And most honest in paralyzing agriculture, trade and commerce in a financial system, pronounced by Thad. Stevens a swindle on the people in the interest of Bloated Alabama bondholders. [Loud applause.]

GOING BACK ON HIS WORD AGAIN.

Has he not appointed more of his relations to office than all the presidents since the time of Washington? Has he not been the recipiant of more presents than all the seventeen presidents that have preceded him? [Yes.] Did he not say in his Baltimore report (October 24, 1866) to Johnson that there was no need of military interference outside the national law; that he would not so act [yes]; and has he not given the lie to this opinion in Texas, Louisiana and Carolina? [Yes.]

MAYOR JOHNSON.

Some one here handed Mr. Train a printed slip, in which it was alleged that the success of Mayor Johnson's administration was due to revenues extorted from gambling hells and bawds. Mr. Train read the following note:

"MEMPHIS, November 25, 1871.

"GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN:

"Dear Sir—Do you think a man who licenses a place called a keno-room, where they succeed in enticing enough of the workingmen to realize a profit of \$23,000 a year, is a friend to that class, or that he deserves their votes, or to be Mayor of a city like Memphis? Don't you think that it is about as bad as the Tammanyites of New York? I do. They play, according to a low estimate, \$156,000 in one of these establishments in this city, and the proprietors charge fifteen per cent. for the privilege of counting the money paid, and I believe Mayor Johnson charges the proprietors of this one establishment three hundred dollars a month for the privilege. If you are the friend of the laboring man you will denounce this gigantic swindle. There are three licensed establishments in this city.

"A LABORER."

Mr. Train said that this was no doubt the fault of public opinion. The laws are wrong, but it is an infamous thing, and on behalf of the workingmen some action must be taken at once. [Cheers.] Public opinion—the pul-

pit—the press—must act. It is disgraceful that you should depend on licensing gambling hells to pay all your debts and raise your credit. (Applause.) Another thing: I am told you get one hundred dollars a month from houses of prostitution. (Sensation.) This is infamous. (Loud applause.)

But I don't see that it is the fault of the Mayor; if it is, up with a new man; but if not, don't put it to his debit. (Applause.) There should be but one candidate; no trading; no cautions; no combination. If this committee of 105 is packed, do it over again in the public square, and the people will stand by their leader. (Cheers.) Another thing: have I done you any wrong? (No.) Have I not always stood by Memphis? (Yes.) Did I not always talk your bridge since DuPre gave me the facts at your board of trade? (Yes.) Do you not get your money's worth in my lectures? (Yes, and applause.) Then why place me on the same footing as you do your gambling hells and houses of prostitution? (Sensation and cries of shame.) Why put me on the same platform as a box of snakes, or a two-headed calf? (Laughter.) You have charged me for five lectures in April, \$182.50 license, and these three lectures, \$79.50, making \$262 for the privilege of introducing some new ideas into the town. (Shame.) This is an outrage on knowledge to place a man who likes you on the same footing with a malformed dog. (Loud laughter.) These ordinances or laws under which your Mayor acts, or which makes action necessary, must be repealed.

SHAKESPERE DOWN ON VACCINATION.

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

Dr. L.—What do you think of vaccination?

Mr. Train.—It is criminal, murder, a shame to science, manhood and Christianity. (Sensation.) The idea of that old villain quack Jenner, having his

old filthy body in stone, there in Trafalgar Square. The idea of taking the diseased matter out of a cow thrown off to protect the animal's life, and inserting it in the blood of a healthy child, to drive away some other disease in the far off future. [Sensation.]

The leprous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enemy with BLOOD of man,
That, quick as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor, it doth posset,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
And thin the wholesome blood.

[Applause.]

. SYPHULUS FIGHTING SCROFULA.

There is no taint in my family for generations. Yet, in the ignorance of the age, some little one-horse doctor, for a small fee, takes the filthy matter out of another child's arm, whose ancestors may have been rotten with the syphulus for generations and inserts it into my blood (shame), and it depends upon the strength of my constitution whether I live or die. Half the children are pitted by this infernal process before they are seven years old. (Fearful sensation.) These doctors must have the conscience of a thousand devils. (Laughter.)

I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak
With most miraculous organ.

Would to God that I had similar power to rouse them. (Applause.)

MARRIAGE IN THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Mr. W.—What do you think of marriage?

Mr. Train.—Marriage is a civil contract which takes a most unmanly advantage of a woman. (Laughter.) It makes her a slave. Society organized against her prevents her from getting an honest living. She has but two chances when chafing under the man patented marriage tie. She must submit to man's lust or brutality, or die of starvation or prostitution. [A sickening sensation of a terrible truth.] The husband, not satisfied with crushing her mind—nauseating her senses

with tobacco and rum—claims her body night and day as his property, even when maternity is on its way to creation. (Laughter.) An unnatural act that no animal on four feet ever commits. (Worse from Dr. L.)

Nine times out of ten the woman submits to the caresses of marriage with absolute loathing. (Sensation.) She plays the hypocrite because society, backed by the church, makes her a coward for bread and butter. (Applause, and unmistakable signs of that's so from the eyes of the leading ladies of the town who listened to these startling statements.)

When marriage allows a woman to have the same wages as men and keep her maiden name, there will be a rainbow in her clouded sky. (Applause.) Why should she be compelled to murder her own offspring? (Sensation.) Fratricide and infanticide is death and damnation. (Applause.) Partiality is not half so brutal as intercourse during pregnancy. (Sensation.) When women vote they will own their own bodies as well as souls. (Applause.) I know not which is most offensive to the Creator—the unnatural celibacy of the Catholic priest or the Rabbies large family indulgence of your puritanical Protestant clergymen. (Sensation and applause.)

THE COMING REVOLUTION—THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.

Should ballot box put asunder what school-house has joined? Should fear within and falsehood without mark our society for ever? Is the tree less than the fruit? Is woman always to bear man to enslave her? [No.] Is not our marriage system making woman promise to obey infamous? [Sensation.] Who made her the slave? Who, man, the master? Who gave the Sickleses and McFarlands power to murder for alleged infringements of the married tie? If husbands can kill the paramour, why have not the wives the right to shoot the mistress? [Sensation, and they have, from an excited woman in the gallery.] Where prostitution is licensed, why should not the men submit to examination as well as the women? [Sensation.] If igno-

rance caused this inequality, should not knowledge give the remedy? Is not present light better than past darkness? Why should the old fornicators and adulterers of the age of concubines, always have Solomon and David held up to us every Sabbath by the pulpit as saints? [Applause, and that's so.]

A Voice—What do you think of Moses?

MOSES WAS A TAMMANY FRAUD.

Mr. Train.—Despotism is crime. The pulpit is a tyrant. *Moses was a thief!* Thou shalt not steal, and then stole all the Egyptian towels. [True.] *Moses was a murderer!* Thou shalt do no murder, and then killed an Egyptian and hid him in the sand. [Laughter.] *Moses was an adulterer!* Thou shalt not commit adultery, then gave the bad disorder to his sister Mirriam. [Sensation.] He broke all the commandments in every act of his life. [Applause.] Why then force down our throats his infernal precepts in order to cover up the fact that the church is only a money making concern? [Sensation, and so it is.] Moses was a Tammany fraud. [Laughter.] A Saint Domingo swindle! [Loud laughter.] When I was wise enough to know that Moses made God instead of God making Moses, [Oh!] I began to open my eyes to the whole of the Mosaic history of creation.

ADAM WAS A UNION LEAGUE SNAKE OF THE RING.

Mr. Martin.—Do you think Adam was a man of honor? [Laughter.]

Mr. Train.—No. Adam was a snake. No brave man would have laid the blame on woman. [Applause.] But the Adam plan has lasted through all time of making woman bear all the censure. [That's so.] Moses seems to have made everything before making woman, and then only makes her out of a man. [Laughter.] He made some kind of a concern the sixth day, "male and female created he then." [Laughter.] Here was a Doubled Barrel Creation, just finished into a

woman, till the eighth day. [Applause.] The Garden of Eden allegory was made into a religion to enslave woman. Suppose I had been in Adam's place, would I have proved myself such a cowardly dog, as to lay the burden on Eve? [Laughter.] No! had anybody come peaking around the *Rose Bushes*, and asked me if I had partaken of the forbidden fruit, I would have immediately said: *Yes, I did it—What in H—l are you going to do about it?* [Loud and uncontrollable laughter, lasting for several minutes, Mr. Train in vain trying to talk down the storm he had raised.]

—O—

Mr. Train Marks his Judges for Life—Three Months
for this

EPIGRAM

ON THE

SIAMESE TWINS.

Or Coke and Blackstone on the Irish Bench.

Promoted for their Tory sins,
This ignorant pair of Siamese Twins,
Know as much of law as a row of pins,
These "Daniels," George and Miller.

When two old crones commence to caw,
With pensions sticking in their maw,
The Bar may bid good-bye to law—
And Judges George and Miller.

There's judgment in a barn-yard fowl,
There's wisdom in a backwood's owl,
There's talent in a jackal's howl—
But none in George and Miller.
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

—O—

[From the Sioux City Daily Times.]

Chas. Collins, Editor and Publisher.

December 26.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN'S FOUR GREAT MASS MEETINGS IN CINCINNATI.

THE AGE OF TELEGRAMS!

Carl Schurz and Breckenridge in Train's
Cabinet.

Welcome to General Cluseret.

Orders to the Internationale to Parade—
Blood for Blood.

Donations toward Expenses.

Important Telegram to Grand Duke
Alexis!

The Epigram Inspiration of the Greatest
Genius of this or any other Age.

The Women of Memphis, like the Women
of Kansas and Wyoming—The
hereos of their own Emancipation.

Fifty Thousand Dollar Libel Suit
Against the Cincinnati Commercial.

Murat Halstead Epigrammed to Death.

The Most Extraordinary Newspaper
Controversy in America.

The Infamous Suppression of the Omaha
Train Ligue Newspaper.

A Million Dollars Damages Against
Government!

782nd Presidential Mass Meeting—
Presidential Course of 1000 at
Cincinnati, Dec. 18, 1871.

The Press of both continents are
talking George Francis Train to-day
more than any other Emperor, General,
Queen, Statesman, or public man.

We are often taken to task for talking so much Train, but our exchanges have nothing else that is lively. The selections we make to-day from his great mass meetings in Cincinnati will, we think, show on their face a power of genius and statesmanship such as cannot be duplicated in history. We have thrown these items together as we find them, and they will be a rich treat to the thousands of readers of the TIMES.

PRESIDENTIAL TELEGRAMS WEIGHING THIRTY
OUNCES TO THE POUND.

At the close of this remarkable speech, which kept the audience enchained for over two hours and a half, the speaker read the following telegrams, which he said he had sent during his stay in the city. The first was to the Senator of the Senate and Speaker of the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature. It runs as follows:

Disregard disability. Make Breckinridge President. Will guarantee Kentucky Cabinet appointment.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

[Applause.]

The second was to General Carl Schurz, and read thus:

Duplicate Jefferson City Departure in the National Convention. I will guarantee Missouri a Cabinet appointment.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

The third was congratulatory on the arrival of General Cluseret in New York, and shows how well Mr. Train can keep a secret. It seems when all thought that Cluseret was dead, the next President was corresponding with him in Spain.

Citizen Vincent, *alias* Dosoft, *alias* General Cluseret to arrive from Spain, via England, in the Prussia, about December 6.

Welcome Home!

Out of the jaws of Death!

Out of the mouth of Hell! (Sensation.)

Welcome back! *Bon voyage* to Mexico.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

The fourth dispatch had reference to the recent attempt in New York to prevent the parade of the Internationale, and looks like a peremptory order from a chief. It was addressed to the head-quarters of the Internationals, and reads thus:

Thiers must not stop honest men! *En avant!* Bismarck, Thiers, England, may own the Government, but not the people! Parade Sunday! Liberty or death! Blood for blood. Check endorsed. (Cheers from the working-men.)

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Next President America.

His next telegram appears to have been addressed as a warning to the Grand Duke Alexis. It runs as follows:

Monarchical ovations demoralize republics, humiliate patriots and make Americans the laughing stock of the despotic world. (That's so.) But the Grand Duke's courteous hospitality at Peterhoff in '57 influences me in suggesting the unwarrantable slander of the Russian Minister in the President's message is an official insult to the Emperor Alexander. (Sensation, and that is the way I look at it from Mr. Caldwell.) Cataczy is a gentleman, and right in the controversy, or your father would not permit him to accompany his son on his American tour.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

The next of his dispatches was addressed to Gov. Campbell, of Wyoming Territory, and, as might be expected, relates to the veto of the repeal of the Woman Suffrage law in that Territory. It runs as follows:

You are a trump. So are the women. (Laughter.) They must be united—to a man. (Laughter and applause.)

NEXT PRESIDENT OF AMERICA.

The next was a donation to Internationale:

M. M. Banks Francois and Federal Council. Internationale working-men, 68 Grand Street, New York City.

Presidential Headquarters,
Burnet House, Cincinnati, Dec. 16. }
Cashier City Bank, Please pay Internationale donation parade expenses, fifty dollars. Interest or fear. Mar-

tyr's blood is liberty's seed. (Applause.) Our country the world. Our religion do good. Vive Victory. (Cheers.)

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Next President America.

RAINBOWS FOR THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

His telegram to the women of the South looks like business.

Mesdames Lide Meriwether, President Train Ligue, and Vincent, Vice President, and ladies of the Ligue.

Presidential Headquarters,
Appeal Office, Memphis, Tennessee. }

Elect Johnson President of Ligue Mayor. Insist on voting under corporation clause. Our Northern woman lecturers seeking notoriety or money are not in earnest on suffrage. Aristocratic Bescon street, Julia Howes and Democratic Wall street Woodhulls, and government officials' wives, Sherman's Dalgrenes would destroy the glorious cause but for my working men. Fenians gave me nine thousand votes in Kansas, and Internationale guarantees victory. Southern women checkmate military despotism, and save the Republic while Southern men are sleeping over the Lost Cause.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Next President America.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE ON THE PRESS— OUTRAGEOUS SUPPRESSION OF THE TRAIN LIGUE.

During the progress of his remarks, Mr. Train alluded to the suppression of the *Train Ligue*, a newspaper published at Omaha, Nebraska, concerning the circumstances of which we publish the following interview, the reading of which created great excitement, and resolutions were passed denouncing this extraordinary proceeding.

Reporter—Mr. Train, what is the cause of the suppression of the *Train Ligue*?

Mr. Train—I have received the following telegrams and letters from the publisher concerning it.

LETTER FROM THE BONA FIDE EDITOR OF
THE TRAIN LIGUE.

Presidential Headquarters,
Omaha, Dec. 13, 1871, 2 P. M.

To MR. TRAIN:—Inclosed is an order from Washington. It is shadowy and blind. The old Star Chamber Spanish Inquisition, despotic style, as you will see by comparing letter and sections. Regarding exchanges, in chapter 10, article 18, it says:

To entitle a publication to be classed as a newspaper, in regard to postage, and to be allowed the privilege of an exchange with other publications, it must be printed in numbers, at short stated intervals of not more than a month, conveying intelligence of passing events, and must be sent to bona fide subscribers.

Answer of publisher—

1. It was printed in numbers regularly every Saturday. The suspension came with number three, having on the head lines:

DOWN WITH KINGS!

Train and the people against Grant and the Thieves. (Laughter and applause.)

SMASH THE RING!

Platform, 1872; 1. Beat Grant; 2. Beat Grant; 3. Beat Grant. (Cheers.)

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

2. *I was the regular publisher.*

3. The *Tribune* and *Republican* building was the regular printing office where the *Train Ligue* was printed pending my purchasing type, press, etc. It was published and mailed from the Presidential and publishing headquarters, Metropolitan Hotel, pending negotiations for the Cozzens House.

4. It was duly mailed to some 5,000 exchanges, with *Train Ligue* printed on the wrapper.

5. The bona fide subscriptions were pouring in from all quarters. *Four hundred in three days* from Omaha and vicinity alone. The *Train Ligue* would have had *one million subscribers in six months*, and this valuable property is destroyed by official mandate of the Emperor. (Shame! Down with military despotism.)

SUPPRESSION OF THE TRAIN LIGUE BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The following, in a large placard, is posted up on the Metropolitan Hotel, the Presidential and Publishing Headquarters of the *Train Ligue*—the third number of which made its regular appearance last Saturday:

The *Train Ligue* is suppressed by Government orders.

GEO. P. BEMIS, Publisher.
(*Omaha Tribune and Republican*, Dec. 14.)

The people are enraged. Indignation meetings called. The Omaha subscribers are furious. The Union Pacific Railway employes protest in public meeting. GEO. P. BEMIS, Publisher *Train Ligue*.

[Telegram.]

Presidential Headquarters, }
Springfield, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1871. }
To the Postmaster-General, Wash-
ington:

Why have you suppressed the Omaha *Train Ligue* newspaper?

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Next President America.

[Telegram.]

Presidential Headquarters, }
Anderson, Indiana, Dec. 14, 1871. }
To the President of the United States,
Washington:

Shall hold Government responsible for one million dollars damages for suppressing the Omaha *Train Ligue* newspaper. [Cheers, "And you have got them."]

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Your Successor in Office.

Reporter.—Have you any reply?

Mr. Train.—None direct. The letter from the Postmaster-General, you see, is directed to the Postmaster at Omaha, and in a direct evasion of the law. This telegram has just been handed to me as you entered:

Presidential Headquarters,
Omaha, Dec. 16.

Geo. Francis Train, Presidential Headquarters, Burnet House, Cincinnati:

Grant, Omaha, Hitchcock, Postmaster, Internal Revenue Ring demands, on behalf of the Government,

two cents each for fifteen thousand exchanges for the three issues. *Three hundred dollars.* The people terribly excited at this uncalled for outrage. Military despotism everywhere. God save the Republic.

GEO. P. BEMIS,

Publisher of the *Train Ligue*.

The following actual figures have been received since the telegram:

Omaha Post-office (Jeel T. Griffin, P. M.), Omaha, Dec. 13, 1871.

Geo. P. Bemis, Publisher *Train Ligue*, Dr.

To postage on three issues of the *Train Ligue*, 4,304 copies each, sent to publishers of newspapers, in all 13,122, at two cents.....\$262 44

Forty-nine (less five) directed to individuals..... 88

Sixty-three papers received from publishers..... 1 26

\$264 58

DEAR SIR:—I am instructed to ask you to call to-day and settle above.

Respectfully,

J. T. ALLEN, Chief Clerk.

(Don't you pay it.)

Reporter.—Have you a copy of the suppressed journal?

Mr. Train.—Yes. This is the last number, and here are the former two. You will notice that they are in every respect newspapers, except in the elaborate reports of *murders, rapes, seductions, prize fights, and advertisements of obscene quack medicines, that ought to bring a blush on the cheek of any virtuous family.* [Loud applause at this sarcastic allusion to the immoralities of the religious press.]

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* thus editorially alludes to this military despotism.—[Ed. TIMES.]

Geo. Francis Train has been made the victim of a government outrage. For some time past he has been publishing a small weekly paper at Omaha, entitled the *Train Ligue*. It was devoted to Mr. Train's Presidential interests, and contained, from time to time, more savage truths about Grant than any public journal in the land. The Administration, stung by its arrows, has suppressed it by denying

it transmission through the mails. *Ulysses must feel his weakness when he resorts to such arbitrary and illiberal means as this to crush opposition.*

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND HIS VICTORY
OVER THE PRESS—TERRIBLE BATTLE BE-
TWEEN AN EDITOR AND THE NEXT PRESI-
DENT—THE GIANT AND THE PIGMY.

We compile from the Cincinnati papers the records of one of the most extraordinary debates in the history of journalism.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE AND HIS CRITIC.

A debate has lately occurred between that acute editor whose noble criticisms on the President's message have been the subject of our profound admiration, and that perennial candidate for the White House, whose boast it is that he has secured the support of a million Fenians, and the Legislatures of Kentucky and Tennessee. We believe Mr. Train also counts on the support of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, though, as that influential journal has already pronounced for another gentleman whose chances of the presidential succession seem as good as those of Mr. Train, it is difficult to believe that George Francis is not reckoning without his host. We believe that Mr. Train could easily obtain the assistance of the Columbus Journal; but it would be hardly worth his while to ask for it, for what would the assistance be worth after he had procured it?

The discussion between the *Commercial* and Mr. Train was begun by an able editorial which appeared in the columns of the *Commercial* on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Train to Frankfort.

The *Commercial* said:

The Frankfort Legislature shut out Comanche Bill and admitted the accomplished lunatic, Train, whose epigrams are as pointless as his speeches are ridiculous.

There was nothing striking in this. It was simply a Commercial argument, entitled to the same respect that is

usually entertained for the pungent paragraphs that appear in that powerful paper when any matter of public importance is under discussion—such an argument, for example, as the *Commercial* frequently used during the debate on the vacation of Egglestone avenue. But Mr. Train was endowed with more combativeness than Mr. Charles Kilgour, and he replied at once to the *Commercial*'s charges. He said:

You miserable snarling dogs,

Who cares for your scurrilous pen?

You talk to a city of hogs,

I TO A WORLD OF MEN.

(Loud laughter from the entire audience.)

It will be observed that both the learned disputants began the debate with the *argumentum ad hominem*. The *Commercial* chose this, however, it being the only method of reasoning with which it was well acquainted. We think Mr. Train came off second best in this preliminary discussion; his reply was general, while the attack was individual and particular. But George Francis rose to the level of his lofty theme before he was through, as we shall see, and proved himself as thorough a master of personalities as the editor of the *Commercial*. Encouraged by its first success, the *Commercial* returned to its subject with this weighty observation.

A person by the name of Train, announced to speak on the "Old Fogies of the Bible," appeared last evening with a small blackboard and a large lump of chalk. He seemed to be a cheerful sort of idiot, with a blasphemous opinion of the Prodigal Son.

We can only express our hearty admiration for this brilliant stroke. (It is quite up to the best of the *Commercial*.) Train rejoins thus:

Vile press without a parallel,
Organ meet of fiends of hell;
Lies thy trade—thy common sense
Bribery and brutal insolence.
From Cincinnati to either sea,
Rot-Gut Whiskey stinks of thee!

(Sensation and wild applause at these palpable hits.)

The presidential candidate begins to see the manner of man he has to deal with, and in the third and fourth lines of his eloquent reply he makes a palpable hit. The Commercial, in its answer, shows the effect of Train's sledge-hammer logic, and replies somewhat feebly; reiterating former charges. It says:

The cheerfulness of the frantic idiot, of the name of Train, does not prevent his howling.

Train mounted the stump in Springfield and proceeded with what he called "a terrible excoriation of the apostate Commercial." We have space for only two or three of his epigrams. He said:

Living off of others' brains
Your niggard pay your manhood stains,
While pocketing your blackmail gains,
Yourat Bedstead.

(Laughter.)

A man's fair name you would decry,
Refusing letters in reply,
Dirty Blackguard! G. says you lie,
Yourat Bedstead.

(Applause.)

Without the manhood of the Turk,
Starvation prices for your work,
Always using assassin's dirk,
Yourat Bedstead!

(That's so.)

Steeped in editorial crime,
Spattering everyone with lime,
I will make you come to time—
Yourat Bedstead!

(Applause.)

We trust that this is not to be the end of this debate. It is very instructive. It has proved Train's fitness for the White House, and the Commercial's capacity to conduct a discussion. The only reason we see to apprehend its termination is the likelihood that Mr. Halstead may engage the services of Train as one of his corps of accomplished writers. Train would make an admirable Washington correspondent for the Commercial, as anybody can see. In the interests of metaphysical research and logical discussion, however, we venture to hope Train will refuse any offers Halstead may make him.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette, Dec. 15.)

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE COMMERCIAL AND GEORGE FRANCIS — REJOINDERS AND SUB-REJOINDERS.

Yesterday morning the Commercial ably replied to the poetical arguments of Mr. Train thus:

A person by the name of Train has been on exhibition as a blasphemous idiot in Springfield, Ohio. Admission twenty-five cents.

Last night we received from the individual who is maintaining the other side of this great debate the subjoined dispatch:

Presidential Headquarters,
Anderson, Ind., Dec. 14.

Over his grave is it fair to laugh?
Let us weep as we write his epitaph;
Poor Yourat Bedstead, see his paper die:
Down among the dead men let him lie!

(Loud laughter.)

NEXT PRESIDENT OF AMERICA.

The discussion between the Commercial and George Francis continues. It is hard to say which is getting the better of the other in the argument—the man who is generally supposed to be a lunatic, or his opponent. The only points in favor of the former are the fact that he has kept his temper, while the able editor has not; and that Halstead shows a little disposition to run away from the contest he provoked, by attacking the Gazette. Now we are not to be drawn into the discussion. We have not the peculiar ability the Commercial has in this line. The Commercial must be content with Train.

(From the Daily Gazette, Dec. 16.)

THE COMMERCIAL TRAIN DEBATE—NO SIGN OF AN END.

(From the Commercial)

A blasphemous idiot of the name of Train has succeeded, through his affinity with the accomplished, intellectual ass who manufactures leaders for the Gazette, in being advertised in the editorial department of that paper.

Train's reply came as soon as the words of his accomplished opponent had been read. He telegraphed:

Presidential Headquarters, Stillness House,
Anderson, Ind., Dec. 15.

Poor Bedstead is the dearest best,
"Blasphemous" idiot to repeat,
Laugh Cincinnati when it comes to pass,
Commercial's *Dogberry* writes himself an ass.
(Laughter.)

Gravelotte Yourat, "don't bodder I,"
Here lies a liar, let him lie.

(Cheers.)

NEXT PRESIDENT AMERICA.

LATER.—It would seem that a person by the name of Halstead, recognizes that he has been defeated by the "blasphemous idiot" in the celebrated debate between them, for an advertisement of Mr. Train's lecture at Melodeon Hall this evening, was refused at the counter of that truly independent paper, the *Commercial*, last night. Inasmuch as Mr. Halstead has publicly avowed that his only object in publishing a newspaper was to make money, it may be supposed that Train's epigrams had sunk deep into his heart before he could have consented to relinquish the amount which the advertisement would have yielded, rather than permit its insertion. This is sad.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE ENTIRE CINCINNATI PRESS.

It seems from the newspaper reports, that Mr. Train made battle against the entire Press, they having attacked him in detail, and the *Enquirer* and *Gazette* having come to time, he suppressed all personalities therein, and concentrated his batteries with crushing effect upon the *Commercial*. We continue to quote:—

[Ed. *Times*.]

The blasphemous idiot of the lecture, and the intellectual ass of the *Gazette*, are in copartnership.—*Commercial*.

Rejoinder of the Man of Destiny wiping out the *Commercial*, and marking its editor for life, who will henceforth be known as *Yourat Bedstead*. This Rejoinder should stop the debate.

THE HISTORY OF YOURAT BEDSTEAD.

You were born on Paddy's Run,
You robbed a hen roost once for fun,
And stole a little school-boy's gun,

Yourat Bedstead.

[Laughter.]

Once on a time it came to pass,
A pretty girl in your Bible class,
Wrote you down a stupid ass.
Yourat Bedstead. (Laughter.)

When blackguard journals, with one accord,
Sneer at speeches that all applaud,
Look out for some stupendous fraud,
Tammany City Press. (Sensation.)

[Here that portion of the epigram, reflecting on McLane, Farran and Bross, of the *Enquirer*, recited Sunday last, in Cincinnati, to the great Mass Meeting, at the Melodeon Hall, is suppressed, as they have the good sense in their report not to go back on an old friend, who may be President.]

Intimidating Judges on the Bench,
About that fair Columbus wench,
Bone boiling Si Kilck's dead hog stench,
Yourat Bedstead. (Great Laughter.)

Cincinnati *Commercial*, Chicago *Tribune*,
Both paid to play the free trade tune,
And kill the shuttle and the loom.
Yourat Bedstead.
(Hisses from the sons of toil.)

Interest or fear all history teaches
The way to stop one's frantic speeches,
Is putting a patch upon his breeches,
Cowardly City Press. (That's so.)

[That portion of the fearful satire on Deacon Smith, Romeo Reed and Glenn of the *Gazette*, is suppressed, they having admitted acknowledged facts, in a column leader, Tuesday morning, shaking hands in a friendly way with the next President.]

Murat in Finance we call Murar,
Who never dropped his pen in tar,
While smelling the battle from afar.
Gravelot City Press.

(Laughter and "lash him, George, he has no friends," which created much merriment.)

Gravelot! when making your gory bed,
With "fourteen miles of Gallic dead,"
Proves Halstead's blood is fierce and red,
Plucky Yourat Bedstead

(Loud laughter and excited applause.)

Noting some signs that never lie,
Seeing your party about to die,
You eat the leek with humble pie,
Yourat Bedstead. (Bully for you.)

Cincinnati! Ohio's fair daughter,
Still pouring down the putrid water,
From Deer Creek's rotten Small Fox slaughter.
Epidemic City Press.

(Terrible sensation at suggestion so forcibly put.)

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Why don't you pay that money lent
To start your paper, which you spent
In Washington when on Poker bent,
Yowat Bedstead.

(Loud laughter at this well-known Thad
Stevens' propensity.)

A newspaper, like a window pane,
Is brittle as a piece of cane,
And easily smashed when attacking Train.
Yowat Bedstead. (Applause.)

Buy the *Enquirer* and *Gazette*,
The *Commercial* will shortly be let!
For once your master you have met—
Yowat Bedstead.

(Cheers at having some man bold enough to
speak the sentiments of the long time libeled
people of Cincinnati.)

The way to block your little game
And send you down to endless fame,
Is to stamp you with the future name,
Of Yowat Bedstead.

(Laughter and cheers, and "We will call him
that.")

One would have supposed that this
would have reminded the editor of the
Commercial of the extraordinary man
he had to deal with. He never re-
members a time when Train came out
second best. Did he not carry Ne-
braska, as a State, against Morton, Mil-
ler and Poppleton?

The other day Grant and General
Angur arranged to remove the bar-
racks from Omaha. Train came out,
called a public meeting, and said he
would burst West Point if attempted.
The barracks remain at Omaha. A
few weeks ago Council Bluffs was
jubilant over the Union depot on
their side.

Train rushed up again, spoke to
16,000 people in Creighton's Hall, and
threatened to destroy their securities
in Europe, and put the road in the
hands of a receiver in less than ninety
days, for the one million dollars they
owed him. This was telegraphed all
over the country. This despatch, cut
from the Cincinnati papers of Dec.
18th, shows another Train victory:

* * * * *

Murat Halstead, who has published
at least three score of Train's speeches
with handsome editorial comments, to
our knowledge, ought to have shown
more tact than attacking the intellec-
tual giant of our age—the Byron of

our time. There is nothing in "the
hours of idleness," or "English Bards
and Scotch reviewers," more terribly
sarcastic. But let us go on with our
extracts.—[*Ed. Times.*]

It must be remembered that these
fearful epigrams were read and adopt-
ed at Mr. Train's great mass meeting,
at the Melodeon—and the whole of
Cincinnati was in a roar of laughter.
Mr. Train always stating that of
course the personalities against Hal-
stead were all a joke, and nothing bet-
ter could be expected from a "blas-
phemous idiot." The matter soon be-
came serious, and the *Commercial* came
to time, publishing the epigrams
themselves. We make this extract
from a four column report.—[*Ed.*
Times.]

"Up to his time he had made none
of the damaging allusions to the local
press, which his audience had inferred
from his flaming posters, he meant to
completely demolish. Indeed, it is
possible that had not somebody in the
audience reminded him of his promise
of that kind of richness, he would
have passed the matter over altogeth-
er. The gentle reminder stirred him
up, however, and he proceeded to
substitute the editor of the *Commer-
cial* for the prodigal son of his pre-
vious lecture, as an object of feeble
attention.

"He started out by saying that the
people of Cincinnati were completely
cowed down by the city press, which
was managed by a set of men who
knew nothing and could learn nothing.
The very first thing he meant to do
when he became President, was to es-
tablish a college for newspaper edi-
tors. The newspapers of Cincinnati
had no right to refuse to report his
speeches. He was the exponent of
morality, the champion of temper-
ance, and, withal, a man of genius.
When he came along, instead of pub-
lishing column upon column of dis-
gusting stuff about prize fights,
rapes, seductions, and quack medi-
cine, it was a duty they owed their
patrons to print and circulate his
speeches. Cincinnati editors were

not going to be permitted to abuse him any longer—calling him a lunatic and an idiot. He meant to learn them better manners than to play the assassin, and stab an unoffending guest in the back. He had done nothing to offend Mr. Halstead of the *Commercial*, yet that person had abused him shamefully. He would get even with him, though. That terrible and irresistible power of epigram, which he had called forth in his British bastiles, was a weapon with which he could crush any editor that ever stepped in his path. The best way to get at a newspaper editor was through his pocket and through his belly, and that was to be done by the stoppage of the patronage. Mr. Train pathetically urged his hearers, in the broken voice of a deeply injured man, to quit taking the *Commercial*, and stop their friends advertising in it, while he completed the work of annihilation with his terrible weapon of epigram composing.”

Mr. Train wound up his lecture by reading the following efforts as demonstrating the terrible power he has called into existence:

[Here follow several epigrams quoted above from the *Gazette*.]

The editor of the *Gazette*, who resembles John Bishop Hall, not as a prophet but in person, is expected to assist at the *premium idiot festival* this evening.—[From the *Commercial*.]

The man of destiny continues to show his IMMENSE resources:

Addicted to every sordid vice,
Insatiate Bedsteads, will not one suffice?
One at a time, my festive friend Yourat,
Did she not give you Tit for Tat?

Wordsworth's idiot story] was something new;
[Laughter.]
Why call this immense audience *idiots* too?
Next President America.

The howling idiot Train, and the walking philosopher, the immortal J. N., are still at large. Though very noisy, they are harmless.—[*Commercial*.]

THE NEXT PRESIDENT'S HISTORICAL REJOINDER.

My name is Scott, you stupid Coon,
You may as well come down,
Or I shall make you very soon
The laughing stock of all the town. (Good.)

The meanest cur in all the pack
At Gravelotte frightened out of mind,
Fearing they'd shoot him in the back,
Buckled his breast plate on behind.
(Loud laughter.)
Next President America.

An uncle of George Francis Train has made oath that his notorious nephew is a lunatic, and has asked to be appointed guardian over him. It must be a powerful sense of duty that prompts him to assume such an incumbrance.—[*Commercial*.]

BUSINESS FIRST, FUN AFTERWARD—MR. TRAIN'S POETICAL REJOINDER.

The libel suit which Yourat swallows
For fifty thousand greenback dollars,
Will make the "lunatic" win the game,
When the jury decides the "idiot" sane.
Next President America.

Walk up to the White House and settle.

Prose Epigram—I have sent the following note to Mr. Halstead.

Presidential Headquarters,
Burnet House, Cincinnati, Dec. 16, 1871.
Murat Halstead, Editor and Proprietor of *Commercial*:

An uncle of George Francis Train has made oath that George Francis is a lunatic, &c.

Presuming that you are aware that this paragraph is an unquestioned libel, I demand that you immediately retract it under your own signature, in a manner satisfactory to my relatives and friends, or papers will at once be served on you for \$50,000 damages. [Loud cheers, and you have him now.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.
Business first, fun afterwards.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

COMPLIMENTARY TO CINCINNATI.

Idiotic Festivities.

The number of well-formed heads at both performances was remarkable, and is only to be accounted for by the unfeeling curiosity that finds the same gratification in the raving of maniacs as in the hideous distortion of malformation, and the impotent fury of caged beasts of prey.

EPIGRAM AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GEORGES.

*Yourat the First was reckoned vile,
Viler Yourat the Second;
And what "Idiot" ever heard
Any good of Yourat the Third?
When from Cincinnati the Fourth
Descended, the devil's cheered,
The Yourats ended.*

[Loud laughter.]
Next President America.

ONE THING MEANER—THAT IS EDITING THE COMMERCIAL.

We are told all about his imprisonment in British jails and French bastiles, in consequence of the meanness of spirit of the American people, which would suffer the best of their citizens to be picked up by the collar and the slack of the breeches and thrown into a foreign dungeon; and showed how he bearded the British Lion in his den, and bullied him into giving him his freedom. How he managed the French, he did not say. His deductions from his European travels were, that to be an American citizen is to be the meanest thing on the face of the Earth! !—[Commercial.]

YOURAT CASIBIANCA BEAD-STEAD.

*Yourat stood on the blackguard's desk,
While Epigrams flew around his head;
Poor Bedstead! what a shattered wreck!
Who wonders your nose and eyes are red!*

*A prison song perhaps you'll sing
When the fraud leaks out in Whiskey Ring;
(Sensation.)
Although New York has got the lead,
Your Tammany game may discount Tweed!*

The Gazette tells you in words of thunder,
Report, You Rat or else go under.
Your calling names, your "Idiotistic" cries,
Will not deceive the men who advertise!

(Applause, and, That's so.)
Next President America.

YOURAT BEDSTEAD DON'T KNOW WHO WINS.

It is often hard to tell who has the best of a joke, and of all times, the hardest when our idiotic friend of last night holds forth. At his performance one is puzzled to decide whether it is the audience laughing at George Francis, or George Francis making game of the audience, or the audience laughing at themselves. George Francis gets decidedly the best of it, and boasts of making thirty thousand dollars a year out of his lecturing business.

THE RED HAIRIED MAIDEN OF THE BLUE MIAMI.

BIOGRAPHICAL EPIGRAM.

*Do you remember that boyish gawk
Who came from Paddy's Run,
To sell the Enquirer his Indian talk,
And got discharged ere his work was done?*

(Laughter, and That's so, from one who knows.)

*That ten column local on the Red Head Maid
And the Blue Miami would never have paid*

(Laughter.)

*Will you sell your soul for the miser's dollar?
In order to wear John Sherman's collar.*

(Sensation.)

*Do you think you can save your party's neck
By that twenty thousand senatorial check.*

(Laughter and that's what's the matter.)

*Have you forgotten that voting board;
Was it in the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Ward
Where your dim light so shineth,
When going where the woodbine twineth!*

(Loud and continued laughter.)

*Your Yourat writers are as blind as bats,
Your Bedstead office is a nest of rats!*

(Loud applause at this palpable hit!

BACKING DOWN.

A note from George Francis Train (next President of America) pronounces the Springfield Republican's story that he has an uncle who has made oath that he is a lunatic, and asked to be appointed guardian over him, an "unqualified libel." If the story is not true, it shows that George Francis is unhappily not the nephew of a man capable of taking care of him. A sensible uncle would see that such a fellow was protected from the indecent exhibition of his infirmities. —*Commercial*.

IN GOOD OLD TIMES.

His weaver was hung in his yarn ;
His *Miller** drowned in his dam ;
And the devil clapped his paw
On the editor's jaw
With the blackmail under his arm.
(Laughter and applause.)

Stop printing your infernal lies,
'Tis time that you apologize.
In this paragraph you try to hedge ;
But I have you where Tony had the nedge.
(Loud laughter.)

The fact is you've upset the kettle ;
Your only show is to call and settle.

(Loud laughter throughout the immense audience.)

* Name of associate editor.

EPITAPH.

In life he lied while he had breath,
And strange to say *lies* still in death.
A rat he lived, U Rat he died,
On the perjured Bedstead where he *lied*.

NEXT PRESIDENT AMERICA.

STILL CALLING SCHOOL-BOY NAMES.

A singularly correct lithograph was displayed in the Fourth street window of the *Gazette* counting-room, yesterday afternoon, of the blasphemous idiot of the name of Train, associated with a printed announcement that he was to appear in his celebrated character of the orator of two hemispheres. Sure enough, at the appointed time last evening, the brief, lucid interval of the wretched being having expired, the person resembling the

photograph presented himself before a select audience at the Melodeon Hall, and proceeded to orate.—*Commercial*.

THE LAST NAIL IN THE YOU-RAT BEDSTEAD COFFIN.

—
EPIGRAM REJOINDER.
—

Presidential Headquarters,
Burnet House, Dec. 19.

He never says I gamble, lie or steal,
But my *Poker exposures* make him *squeal*.
(Laughter.)
He never says I smoke or chew or drink,
But my *example* ought to make him think !
He never says I ruined a woman, shamed a child—
Had he a conscience it would drive him wild !
(Sensation.)
He never said that I ever took a bribe,
Or *blackmailed women* to enrich my tribe !
(Applause.)
My mission emancipates the Press and makes thought free ;
It may frighten others, but it shall not bully me.
(Good cheers.)
Would you like disclosed your partnership with White
And let your British conspiracy see the light.
Take care, You Rat, or the Internationale
Will hang you high as Haman with your English Pal !
(Loud applause.)

The entire audience adopted all the epigrams, and agreeing by vote to drop the *Commercial* and take the *Enquirer* and *Gazette*.

We have waited anxiously to see the *Commercial* of the 18th, and it is silent as the grave, with Train's advertisement for that night, saying that he should continue the debate on *Yourat Bedstead*. The controversy is remarkable from the fact that all Cincinnati backed the respective champions. As it stands now, Murat Halstead lies dead upon the floor, and Train is whispering in his ear. We have not given the whole of the debate, but enough to show that it is the most remarkable victory an individual ever won over the press in this country.—
[Ed. TIMES.]

TELEGRAM REJOINDER.

The reason that George Francis Train converts Halstead into Bedstead is that *he* may have something

more easy to *lie* on.—[Dayton Journal.]

What has Halstead done to the Journal that they should say this thing?—NEXT PRESIDENT OF AMERICA.

Mr. Train in one of his handbills illustrates the enterprise of the Cincinnati Press in this wise :

The great mass meeting ovation by the merchants on change, where Mr. Train spoke over an hour on national finances, and the evening panic is reported as follows in the four papers, showing by their acts their respective enterprise, wealth and reportorial staff.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

HE SPEAKS TO THE SOLID MEN OF CINCINNATI.

About half-past 12 to-day George Francis Train made his appearance on 'Change, when his recognition was followed by a general demand for his views on himself. Yielding to the request of every one present, Mr. Rowland, President of the Chamber of Commerce, introduced the distinguished visitor, who was received with great applause. Mr. Train considered it an unexpected meeting, but in no manner expressed any gratification thereat, unless it may be assumed that the opportunity afforded that gentleman a chance to utter denunciations against the editor of the *sui generis*. After devoting some ten minutes to a careful consideration of Mr. Halstead's capabilities as a bully, Train called for a blackboard and a piece of chalk, with which to solve the financial muddle, in order to show the merchants of Cincinnati how a champion idiotic (as Yourat Bedstead calls him) ciphers. At the close the irrepressible speaker was enthusiastically applauded and nominated for the Presidency.—[Chronicle and Times.]

The Commercial says, George Francis Train did a ten minutes' job of slobbering on 'Change, yesterday. His hair was specially soaped for the occasion.

The Cincinnati Gazette having no city reporters and no shorthand writers, they of course are silent, not having been aware that four mass meetings had been held in the Melodeon till they saw it in the Enquirer, but the latter paper appreciating Mr. Train's ability, makes the following comments in its issue of the 17th:

STORMING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

The Workingmen have the Power to Break all the National Debts in the World.

The Coming Financial Crash. Great Ovation from the Solid Men of Cincinnati.

Not satisfied with polishing off the newspapers, bombarding the doctors, excoriating the lawyers and politicians, reproving the preachers, advocating the workingmen, championing the women in his several mass meetings, duly reported in the Enquirer, the people's candidate for the Presidency dropped into the Merchants' Exchange about one o'clock yesterday, and on being recognized by ex-Congressman Eggleston, and others, a loud shout came from all parts of the room for a speech. Surely Mr. Train cannot go back on Cincinnati after such an ovation. He tried to dodge the speech on the ground of never speaking to a dead-head audience, but the merchants carried him bodily to the tribune, and the President of the Chamber introduced Mr. Train in a few complimentary remarks. His name was received with loud applause, showing that there is one place where he is the most popular man in the country. Mr. Train called for a large blackboard, to show how well a champion "idiot" [laughter] and "lunatic" [continued laughter] could cipher on the National Finances. Several voices sung out, "Chalk on the wall," and for over an hour Mr. Train made some startling figures. There they are over the Speaker's desk, if any body wants to

see them; they speak for themselves.
We only have space for a few points
in his six-column-an-hour speech. *
* *

Here follows a five column report of
his speech.

Mr. Train then shook hands with
the entire Chamber, and may be con-
gratulated in having the solid men of
Cincinnati indorse the Man of Des-
tiny.

PAYING OFF HIS JUDGES.

EPIGRAM

ON THE

IRISH BENCH.

THE ANTI-IRISH IRISH BENCH.

THE ROTTENNESS OF ENGLISH JUSTICE.

No fair play in England is a proverb.
Law is only for the rich—the poor
have no chance. The moment you
touch the Englishs hore YOU BREATHE
FOUL AIR. No American can get a ver-
dict in England. Belonging to a good
old stock, our people always prove
themselves game. Justice dies—but
Epigrams are eternal, as will be seen
by the embalming of the Dublin Mum-
mies, by a Political Prisoner in a Debt-
or's Prison.

Where Juries like hounds all hunt in packs
With Castle spies and party hacks;
A Yankee Eagle in a British cage,
England's bragging lion so did enrage,
A Fenian twist on his Orange tail
Sent the howling brute to the Ebbw Vale.
The flunky Press, less free than French,
Of course backed up the Irish bench.

Fitzgerald brothers, lest they should fail,
Threw out a *Sprat* to catch a whale;
And briefless Martin and Q. C. Dowse
In mountain labor brought forth a mouse.
Peacock Miller, Shoonen Keogh, and eye-glass
George,
Conspired for costs my chains to forge;
Where official corruption and legal stench
Culminates on the Irish Bench.

No negro slave, nor serf, nor boor,
Would change his lot with the Irish poor,
Were he some brutal Saxon lag,
Or what is worse, a Celtic stag,

Or Editorial carrion kyte,
Or e'en a bankrupt Irish Knight,
Justice he might expect to wrench
From a fellow-feeling on the Irish Bench!

When bloody Tories and "brutal Whigs"
Make Judges of gowns and whigs,
And Scully Landlord Absentees,
Or Place-hunting "Sham Squire" M. P.s,
And England's Lord is Ireland's Jove,
Any informer, pimp or cove,
Ben drunken Croydon's cast off wench!
Can buy a Pension off the Irish Bench.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

September, 1868.

Geo. Francis Train owns 5,000 lots,
a hotel, and 10 houses in Omaha—
1,000 lots in Council Bluffs—and 7,000
lots and a hotel at Columbus.—*Cork*
Herald.

TRAIN'S HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION.

BEING 2500 ALTERNATE LOTS.

Price Lots Farnham St., 22 ft.
front..... \$10,000
Price Train Lots, 25 ft. front,
and 1-4 mile, near the Grand
Union Depot..... 400

(From the *Omaha Bee*.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN IN LONDON.

Letter to his Private Secretary.

LANGHAM HOTEL,
LONDON, Aug. 14th.

Dear G. P. B., *Presidential Headquar-*
ters, Omaha:

Arrived 12th. Leave for Geneva
via Paris to-morrow—and return to
sail in "Baltic," new steamer of
"White Star Line," 15th proximo from
"Cove," (Queenstown), arriving in
New York, 25th, unless stopped.

Four weeks baths at Blarney, no
doubt saved me. Have gained all I
lost in French prison. Now weigh 198
nett. All your letters to July 22d re-
ceived.

All panic on this side. Telegraphed Dana from Dublin, 10th:

"Lectures! Riots! Revolutions! Republics!

"NEXT PRESIDENT AMERICA."

All Europe is volcanic. Immense mass meeting to-day in Park to sympathize with Dublin riot.

Sent you copy of telegram from Giant's Causeway that I sent to Thiers, Gambetta and Naquet, regarding French immigration to Nebraska—all in the interest of Omaha and the State. The O. F. Davis map from U. P. R. R. Co., showing and marking Valley, Sherman and Greeley counties as a most suitable location for a large colony of Frenchmen, etc., is received—Also maps, letters, printed matter from the B. & M. R. R. Co., through Mr. Cowles, which I shall bring before the National Assembly of France at the earliest moment. G. F. T.

Will write from Paris.

—o—

[From the Southern papers.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S EPIGRAM.

Reply to Horace Greeley, and the
Infamous Ben Butler Ku-
Klux Gang.

Recited at the Memphis Theatre,
Sunday, April
19, 1871.

YOU LIE, YOU VILLAIN! YOU LIE!

(H. G., in N. Y. Tribune, in reply to Bryant, of the Post, and Raymond, of the Times.

EPIGRAM.

Ring out, ring out your fiendish bell,
Shriek and scream your murderous yell!
Sired by Satan, your dam is hell!
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Base of heart and false of head,
You filled our land with patriot dead,
Hate, vengeance, war, now mark your tread,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Hail Memphis, fair city of the South,
Free from crime, poverty, drouth,
Yet vilified by foulest mouth,
He lies, the villain, he lies!

The last ditch and lost cause
For courage won the world's applause,
Hence we crush you with our hellish laws!
They lie, the villains, they lie!

Infernal fires of fanatic light
Made our civil war as dark as night,
'Twas perfide Albion made us fight.
You lie, you villain, you lie!

For shame, ye slanderers of the North,
How long will ye still bellow forth
Your savage, hell-born ku-klux froth?
You lie, you villain, you lie!

I love this beautiful sunny land;
Cheer, boys, cheer! give me your hand,
Together we'll smash this pirate band.
They lie, the villains, they lie!

Your Tribune writers that now infest
The Southern land like rinderpests,
Are carrion birds that foul their nest;
They lie, the villains, they lie!

How I your slander mills despise,
That grind out all these ku-klux lies,
With bitter memories and broken ties,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Why don't you let the South alone,
You dirty dogs that bark and groan,
Like jackals fighting o'er a bone?
You lie, you villain, you lie!

With vandal appetites and fiendish lusts,
Who wonders that your virtue rusts—
No honest man your honor trusts.
You lie, you villain, you lie!

The whites in chains while blacks are free,
You miserable, canting Pharisee—
How you'd adorn a ku-klux tree!
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Your infamous carrion birds of prey
I hope will live to curse the day
They made the South a Botany Bay.
You miserable villain, you lie!

You old South-hating Tribune owl,
You Radical wolves that nightly prowl,
In Treasury box with hyena's howl,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

While Fish and Sumner fight o'er ducks,
Grant and Butler organize ku-klux—
Demagogues that are not worth shucks,
They lie, the villains, they lie!

Dear South, forget the bitter past—
Forgive! It cannot always last;
The Northern lights have burned too fast.
You lie, you villains, you lie!

Venomous reptiles—hiss, rattle, bite,
In your Christian love of what is right,
Changing God's bright day to hell's dark night,
You lie, you villains, you lie!

How disgusting to hear your Puritan braves
Calling brothers savages, demons, knaves,
After filling half a million graves,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Cotton will yet prove the corner stone,
North will ne'er fight o'er money'd bone;
Our bankers will "let the South alone,"
You lie, you villain, you lie!

These lovely Southern mothers and happy
Southern girls,
These beautiful children with wealth of golden
curls,
Are Southern diamonds, emeralds, pearls,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

The outraged negroes, like turtles in the sun,
Are sleeping on the cotton bales long ere their
work is done,
Waiting in bodily fear to hear the ku-klux gun,
Ben Butler lies, the villain, he lies!

The ku-klux halter and assassin's dagger,
Masked white shrouds, red-eyed, ku-klux swag-
ger—
Is your drunken Northern carpet-bagger,
Who lies, the villain, who lies!

No bloodhound cry o'er ku-klux bars;
No croaking *Tribune* raven jars
Our mocking bird and morning stars.
You lie, you villain, you lie!

Be patient, my boys! keep cool
No wretched military rule
Shall make you or the North a fool.
They lie, the villains, they lie!

Your readers well may start and wonder,
Who know your object is theft and plunder,
While damning the South with ku-klux thunder,
You lie, you villain, you lie!

God bless the South! my nature craves
Companionship with this race of braves—
Protect them against the lying knaves,
Who lie, the villains, who lie!

Stand your ground—don't say die!
I see the rainbow in the sky.
Cheer up, my boys! Farewell, good-bye!
They lie, the villains, they lie!

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

Next President America.

Peabody Hotel, Memphis, April 8, 1871.

THE ATLANTIC EXTRA.

MR. TRAIN'S THIRTY-EIGHTH TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The Atlantic Extra is the title of a pamphlet gotten up in most elegant style, printed in colors, containing the journal of the first voyage of the steamship Atlantic across the ocean on the trip when George Francis Train made his recent journey to Europe. The Atlantic Extra was edited by the Rev. A. A. Willets, D. D., of Philadelphia, who with other dis-

tinguished individuals was also a passenger on this the first trip of the new steamer. The pamphlet contains an account of the proceedings of each day, addresses and epigrams by Geo. Francis Train, and gives an epigrammatic history, by Mr. Train, of the sail, history of steam, history of the "White Star Line," history of the passage, and resolutions. The Fourth of July celebration being a prominent feature of the trip, in which the Rev. Dr. Willets and Mr. Train took prominent parts, Mr. Train being the orator of the day, the voyage was made one of more than ordinary interest. The pamphlet has upon its title page a beautiful photograph of the ship as it floats upon the ocean. Taking the affair altogether, it must have been an event almost equal to the great opening of the Union Pacific Railroad to the "hundredth meridian," when Mr. Train and the most prominent members of the United States Senate were conspicuous among the number. We are indebted to Mr. Geo. P. Bemis (Mr. Train's secretary) for the pamphlet referred to.—(Waltham, Mass., Sentinel, Sept. 1st.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

HE TELLS HOW IT WAS HIMSELF.

On the cars for Nunda,
Lecture, Dec. 20.

To the editor of the Express:

A pleasant reminder,
And a happy rejoinder.

The irrepressible George Francis publishes that if his "star speaks as reliable as it usually does, he will never lecture again." May that star ever prove reliable.—Courier, Dec 20.

Ingratitude is man's strong point. But do you not think, dear Courier, that this is crowding the mourners, when the last two lectures in Buffalo were arranged by the aforesaid Courier, and entire proceeds thereof, \$250, were handed to Messrs. Warren & Johnson, to pay Susan B. Anthony's bill of printing for the woman's suffrage cause.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

[From the Southern papers.]

The Next President and the Great Mass Meeting with the Negroes of Memphis.

**THE BLACKS FACE TO FACE
WITH THE WHITES.**

**AN EXTRAORDINARY NIGHT
WITH THE COLORED
PEOPLE.**

**SOME TERRIBLE TRUTHS ABOUT
THE SCALAWAG AND CAR-
PET' BAG ARMY OF
LOYAL LEAGUE
BUMMERS.**

**The Negroes Rally for
Train !**

*The Memphis Avalanche, the Bourbon
Democratic Grant organ, Throw-
ing Dent Dynasty Dirt on
the Ovation.*

**THE "APPEAL" THE ORGAN OF
THE PEOPLE.**

*The Man of Destiny Elects Mayor Johnson
President of the Train Ligue of
Memphis, in four Mass
Meetings at the As-
sembly Rooms.*

IMMENSE AUDIENCES !

**THE NEGROES CAUTIONED
ABOUT INAUGURATING
A SAN DOMINGO AND
HAYTI MASSACRE.**

**IRISH, GERMANS, AMERICANS AND
NEGROES MUST SHAKE HANDS
OVER THE THREE PLANK
PLATFORM :**

**1st. BEAT GRANT.
2d. BEAT GRANT.
3d. BEAT GRANT.**

**THE WORKING MEN HAVE THE POW-
ER TO BREAK ALL THE
NATIONAL DEBTS
OF THE
WORLD.**

**RUN ON THE SAVINGS' BANKS EMAN-
CIPATES LABOR FROM
CAPITAL.**

**BANKS ALL BREAKING IN
NEW YORK !**

**THE INDUSTRIAL BANK
SYSTEM RECOM-
MENDED.**

The Memphis papers are full of the Negro mass meeting. The *Appeal* and *Ledger*, the organs of the people, give fair reports. The apostate *Avalanche* writes a column of sneers, saying there were more whites than blacks present. The *Appeal* has given two and three column reports, but the *Avalanche* having no short-hand writer, makes up its loss of enterprise in abusing the plaintiff's attorney.

We boil down the twenty column speech on finance and labor, into TRAIN LIGUE space, from the *Appeal* and other accounts.

This was the correspondence that called the meeting :

MEMPHIS, November, 26.

"To George Francis Train, the People's Candidate for the Presidency :

"As you have addressed Germans, French, English, Irish and American audiences on your way to the White House we think it no more than fair that you should address the colored men. [Applause.] As our citizenship is now acknowledged in court and legislative hall, could you not give us a lecture for the benefit of getting up a public library? We are willing to pay your usual charge, and hope you will give us a friendly answer. [Good for the colored brother].

"COMMITTEE OF COLORED CITIZENS."

(Mr. Train's Reply.)

OVERTON HOTEL, November 27.

DEAR COMMITTEE OF COLORED CITIZENS—Of course I will. We must meet face to face. I intend to be President, and as your race numbers 4,000,000, and the Anglo-Saxon American race is only six millions, so large a vote is not to be sneezed at. [Applause, and "Go for them."] Wednesday night is the only night disengaged. My usual charge is \$100; I will speak for \$50—which omits one-half; five hundred of the boys at ten cents each pays the bill. I will talk on labor, manufactures and what you must do in the future for your schools, colleges and churches. But you want something more to develop your energy—foundries, factories, mills. [Applause.] You must help me burst up this specie-paying Alabama commission, who are taxing you to death. [Sensation.] Come out and shake hands with the Next President, and we will burst up the whole scalawag carpet-bag army that is only using your fingers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. [Cheers.]

,NEXT PRESIDENT OF AMERICA.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

His plan of allowing the audience to choose subjects is wonderfully captivating. His vocabulary of knowl-

edge—his museum of facts—seems to be inexhaustible. The audience voted unanimously to have him return and carried all his extreme views by acclamation. These rough sketches on several subjects give an idea of his style :

* * * * *
THE WORKINGMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

MR. TRAIN.—The story is old as the hills—work! work! The whip and the scourge. The Grecians, a thousand years before J. Christ organized the first Commune [sharp sensation at not mentioning the entire name of the first Communist leader], broke from the slavery of the individual to the slavery of the State. The Roman workingmen five centuries later fought the same battle in Italy, work in those days always meaning chattel slavery! This slave era covers thirty centuries! [Sensation.]

THIRTY CENTURIES OF SLAVERY.

It was the battle of the ages, life or death, with the partial downfall of the slave owner in the bloody struggle of Danton and Robespierre, two of the purest patriots that ever belonged to the Internationale! [Loud applause.] Can you believe it? Workingmen only commenced receiving wages three centuries ago. Then only Travelicks, the De Silvers, the Bradlaughs, the Troups, the Hodgskins, the Horace Days—the Odgers of that age—forced that much from the Popes and Kings and feudal Lords of Europe.

IGNORANCE OWNED BY KNOWLEDGE.

Labor strikes then meant civil war. Give us bread or give us death. [Applause.] Food in summer, starvation in winter. Knowledge made the employer—ignorance the slave. Wealth came with the one—poverty with the other. ["'Tis always so."] For fifteen years I battled for the workingmen to show that labor was capital. [Applause, and "That's so, Georgie," which remarks created much laughter]. Ninety per cent. of all labor is capital. Ten millionaires absorb ten thousand workingmen! Does not the

workingman always trust the employer? ["Yes."] Does the laborer get his pay in advance? ["No."] Then it is simply ignorance that makes him a serf and knowledge that makes his employer a master. [Sensation.]

WORKINGMEN LOANING THE CAPITALISTS MONEY.

What master pays his slave every day? How many pay every week? Most employers settle every month. ["That's so."] Do you not see that the laborer loans the capitalist the money to keep him—the workingman—in chains? [Sensation.] This arises from stolid stupidity of ballot, organized by party. Workingmen should not be Catholics or Protestants, Democrats or Republicans, Germans or Irishmen; but should pull together irrespective of creed, party or nationality, to be Americans and co-partners in their own labor. (Applause.) When I am President in 1872, I will put this all right with the people. (Loud cheers, and "You will be, sure.")

LET US WIPE OUT THE NATIONAL DEBTS OF THE WORLD.

How? Easy enough. Let the workingmen stop loaning money to the capitalists. ("Oh!") The only hope now rests with the workingmen. Their salary is in the savings banks. ("That's so.") Withdraw your deposits at a certain hour next week and you will break the governments of all nations. Look at the Tweed. (Sensation.) The product of your labor is loaned out to the so-called rich to keep you in the galleys. Call for the money to-day and it is not there. Look out, my friend, or you will be out in the street. (Sensation.)

THE POVERTY OF THE RICH AND THE WEALTH OF THE POOR.

Open your eyes, you stupid idiots, and count your riches—all the gold of all the Gerards, Stewarts, Astors, McCormicks, and Vanderbilts, would not aggregate *one thousand millions!* While the workingmen and women in America are worth *thirty thousand*

millions! (Loud applause.) The workingmen, Mr. Mudge says, of New England, are the leading loaners of money in Massachusetts. (Oh!) Why say oh—statistics show that they have five hundred millions in the savings banks alone. (Applause.) Let them stop loaning to others, and commence lending to themselves. (Applause.) Draw your savings and down tumble the national debts. ("Good!") Down go the thieves—the armies and the public thieves. (Loud applause. A white voice—"What will we do with the deposits?")

THE INDUSTRIAL BANKING SYSTEM OF GERMANY.

Mr. Train.—Do with the money? Why, adopt the wonderful system of Schultze Delitsch, who inaugurated the Industrial Banking System of Germany. He made the stockholders in their own labor, and there are two thousand of these banks, with a capital of eight millions of dollars. (Loud cheers.)

The Central Industrial Bank of Berlin can loan you a couple of millions any day, all belonging to workingmen. (Loud applause.)

* * * * *

He next tried a little

ELECTIONEERING FOR MAYOR JOHNSON,

whom, he said, he had met in Nashville for the first time a few days ago, and had since learned he was a very honest man, who had improved the credit of the city.

(The old citizen, sotto voice—"Let the city take care of itself.")

"My colored friend over there says that what I am saying is all true," exclaimed George Francis triumphantly, amid merry peals of laughter, as the citizen aforesaid is unmistakably white, and an English-Irish Scotchman at that. Leaving Johnson,

TRAIN SWITCHED OFF

on the national banks, which he demonstrated with figures to his own satisfaction, if not to anybody else's, were the greatest swindling institutions under the sun.

THE SKELETON IN TRAIN'S CLOSET.

As usual, he took a dig at the McClellan Convention of 1864. This is a sore point with him. He went to that convention a self-elected delegate from Nebraska, then a territory, and was refused admission, an influential member of the Democratic National Committee remarking that they would have plenty of mal-contents in the convention without having a natural born lunatic among them.

A DARK SHADOW.

Having for the thousandth time declared he would be the next President of the United States, he told his colored brethren that it was quite evident that some influence had been at work to keep numbers of their race away from the meeting that night, when I only charged you ten cents, and the other night I charged a dollar. Can any of you colored men tell me the reason of this?

A colored citizen—Because you called us “cocoanuts” in the newspapers. (Roars of laughter.)

“COCOANUTS”—A STUMPER.

Mr. Train.—What? When did I call you that? Was that in the *Avalanche*?

Colored citizen.—No, sir. It was in the *Appeal*. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Train.—(Dumbfounded.)—In the *Appeal*, did you say?

Colored citizen.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Train.—I never called you such names. Ah, here is Mr. Mulroy, the *Appeal* reporter. Stop one minute. Mr. Mulroy, did I call those colored people “cocoanuts” in the *Appeal*?

Judge Mulroy.—Yez, did it in a funny way, be way of illustration. Yez, was sphakin ov cocoanuts and petaties. Och, go on wid your sphakin and lave me alone.

THE WICKED AVALANCHE.

With a hop, step and jump, he went across the stage, and picking up a copy of the *Little Rock Gazette*, exclaimed with a grand flourish: “They took seven hundred dollars over there

for my two nights, and here is a six-column report of my speech. Look at this six columns. You will see it in the *Appeal* to-morrow. All in favor of this report appearing in the *Appeal* to-morrow say aye. (Cries of aye and loud laughter.) I tell you the *Avalanche* only gave me eight lines of a report, and then gave me a “leader” a column long, saying I was a humbug. That paper is afraid to report the truth, I tell you. All in favor of the *Appeal* will say aye. (Mixed ayes and noes.) I tell you to drop the *Avalanche*. Drop that paper. (A voice—“I drapt it twelve months ago.” Great Laughter.)

IN GREAT DEMAND.

I have over two hundred invitations to go to other cities, which I cannot accept. They took in seven hundred dollars at my two lectures at Little Rock, and I am here lecturing to you to-night, my colored friends, for

TEN CENTS A HEAD,

just to pay the expenses of the hall. (Laughter.) Yet the *Avalanche* says that all I am doing this for is to make money, but I want to tell you that you cannot expect anything else from the *Avnlanche*, as that paper has sold out to General Grant. (An old citizen—“That’s a d—d lie;” and roars of laughter.)

PROTECTION VERSUS FREE TRADE.

He said the imports amounted to about \$4,000,000,000 in ten years. This was equal to \$3,500,000,000 in labor, the other \$500,000,000 in raw material. That is what we pay to puff up the bloated aristocrats of England. Why not make your own goods here? Why make buckwheat, send it over to England, and have it sent back made into cakes? Would it not be better to cook them here? (Laughter.) The body has been emancipated, said Train, but the mind is still enslaved. A few bondholders of the country hold 30,000,000 people enslaved here in these United States. We are nearly as bad as they are in England, where 60,000 drunkards die

every year; where one man in nine is a pauper; where the life of a hare or pheasant is more valuable than the life of a man, for the owner of the pheasant and law says: "shoot the man but save the bird." (Sensation.)

MONOPOLISTS RUNNING THE COUNTRY.

Our legislators are all tools of the monopolists. The Pennsylvania legislature is owned by Tom Scott. Fisk controls New York; and so is it everywhere—monopolies run the States. Phillips says a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania rose up in his place the other day and said: "If Tom Scott has nothing before this house, I move we adjourn." The Democratic party was aristocratic and the Republican party was Democratic. The Democrats always want an aristocrat on their ticket. The other party put a democrat. I understand that here in Memphis the hard-shell, caucusing, primary-meeting democrats oppose Johnson because he is a workingman. You see how it works. (Laughter and cheers.)

HOW NATIONAL BANKS ARE STARTED.

He then showed how a man might start ten national banks on nothing and then find himself chief of \$15,000,000 out of which he made millions a year, while you pay the taxes. The working men pay all this money. The rich paid a thousand dollars to the poor man to go and get shot, if by any chance he got back again, he found that he had to work to pay his own bounty. (Laughter.)

WHO DOES THE FIGHTING?

That is the way of it, mind you, all the time and everywhere. Those bloated, rich, non-tax paying, grinding bondholders don't fight. They quarrel and then send others to fight, while they stay at home and coin their blood-drops into dollars. Napoleon and William, mind you, had a fight; they quarrelled between themselves; but did they go fight? They took half a million French and German troops and made them kill each

other. They are living still. (Laughter.) They are all humbugs. The capitalists force the workingman to give them 'loans. At the end of a month he pays the poor man that has been working for him, thus forcing him out of a loan of his wages during that time. Then, the loan business is not over. The poor man, after earning his money, tries to save a little and put it into a savings institute. Next day the rich man goes to the president of the savings institute, and they have a close conversation in the back parlor. Says the capitalist; "How much money have you left over, eh?" Banker—"Ah, let me see; about \$200,000!" Then he loans that \$200,000 to the capitalist, and they make money out of the poor man's savings together. The fact is, said Train, the poor man is the real capitalist, but the rotten, corrupt, tyrannical state of society enables those who do no work to reap all the benefit and to suck the blood of the poor. All those in favor of making me next President, say aye. A universal and emphatic shout proclaimed the preference of the audience. "Ah," said George, looking over at our reporter, "you see how it is." Another laugh followed. When the mass meeting was organized, he gave his opinions of everything and everybody, with his usual facility and vim, and brought forth the usual cheers. He said that the country was ruined by heavy taxes. I find up North, he continued, that half the property is advertised in the papers to pay taxes. Here you are in Memphis, with a clique or ring who are in favor of spreading this state of things, and want to oppose Johnson for Mayor of Memphis, because he is for putting down taxes and saving the people. You must cut loose from all cliques, parties, caucuses, rings and primaries. They are the death of the liberties of the people. It is there where all devilment is concocted. Keep away from them.

"NOT FROM YOUR POCKET."

There was one gentleman among the audience who annoyed the speaker all the night by all manner of questions. At last he asked George if he could

tell a good greenback without a counterfeit? "Not from your pocket," replied Train. The laugh was loud and long, and the gentleman did not open his mouth any more.

EIGHTEEN SEVENTY-TWO.

The lecture was highly appreciated and cheered throughout, and the audience promised to vote for George Francis at the next election.

Mr. Train here jumped from the platform to shake hands with his new constituency, saying, amid loud applause, that he knew he could capture the negroes, as he did the French at Marseilles, in a single speech.

THE MEETING THROUGHOUT.

This is the fourth mass meeting in Memphis impeaching Grant and electing Mayor Johnson, who is President of the Train Ligue. People have come an immense distance to hear Mr. Train, and there is little doubt but that he will carry Tennessee, negroes and all. His speech was unreportable, as every few minutes he made them show their ivories and roar with wild laughter at some negro story, or negro sermon, taking them off in the most inimitable manner. If he would use the cork, he could beat Chrystie, Bryant, Arlington, and the whole regiment of minstrels at their own game. We are satisfied that he can have 20,000 Nigs in a public square and make them vote any way he wishes. The same proofs shown in France, England, Scotland and other nations, was demonstrated last night. The terrible labor that he is going through may be seen by the fact that he spoke last night in Little Rock, Arkansas; to-night, here in Memphis; to-morrow, Paris, Tenn.; Friday-night, Franklin, near Nashville; and Saturday night at Shelbyville, Ky., near Fairfield; all these places being hundreds of miles apart.

EPIGRAM.

On the "New Departures" in the "Atlantic."

[On the Passengers calling for resolutions friendly to Capt. Murray and the White Star Line, Mr. Train immediately wrote the following on the back of his Bill of Fare, dedicated to Mrs. Captain Murray, the American wife of the British Commander.]

HISTORY OF SAIL.

If Vespuicus, Columbus, Cabot, Standish, Cook and La Perouse,
Could join our party on this Ocean Cruise,
These Ancient Mariners, roused from startled dream
Might lose their reason in this age of steam.
These storm-worn Sailors, these old time boys,
Knew nothing of our *White Star* joys.
To cross the ocean with a three months' mail.
Was a wonderful feat in the age of Sail;
But now we make it in nine days' time.
Since the *second advent* of the *Collins'* line!

HISTORY OF STEAM.

Inman, Guion, Cunard, Fulton, Watt,
Are sea marks never to be forgot;
But the new found system, where sea-sickness disappears,
The Ocean traveller hails with loudest cheers.
Smooth as a lake—we breakfast, lunch and dine,
In these *Palace cars* of the *White Star Line*!

HISTORY OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

Ismay, Imrie, Howland, Wolf, and Sparks
Win all the stakes in building these Steam-yacht barques.
Four hundred two and thirty feet in length, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Three thousand horses measuring
well their strength,
Push through the water, thirteen
knots an hour,
Four thousand tons to prove their
giant power!
Yet the grandest marvel ever seen
afloat,
*A sailor's finger steers this Mammoth
Boat.*

HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE AND THE RESO-
LUTIONS.

WHEREAS, no Steamers e'er make bet-
ter time,
Than these *floating palaces* of the *White
Star Line*,
And WHEREAS they give you a daily
chart,
To mark your voyage from the hour
you start,
And Theatre, Concert, Church, and
Legislative Hall,
Songs, Recitations, Speeches, a pro-
gramme for us all
Each night is organized in the grand
saloon,
Where *athwart ship* cabin gives *forty
feet of room!*
And the *Tableau Vivant*, with its sixty
lights,
Opens the debate on *Woman's Rights*.
While the National Airs and Patriotic
Tunes
(*The cleanest napkins without stewed
prunes!*)
And three meals a day, instead of
five,
Keep all our passengers alive;
And WHEREAS, obliging officers, and
attentive crew,
Do everything that men can do,
RESOLVED, we the voyagers, one hun-
dred and thirty souls,
In honest Bumpers fill our flowing
bowls
To *Captain Murray*, may he always
shine,
As Admiral of the White Star Line!

[Loud and continued cheers.]

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

Author of the Green Back plan of
avoiding Repudiation. The Head
Centre of the Woman's Rights

Revolution and Organizer of the
French Commune.

Steamship "Atlantic,"
Off Ireland, July 10, 1871.

(Unanimously adopted in Mass Meet-
ing assembled, amidst the loud-
est cheers and warmest
congratulations.)



MISSOURI, KANSAS, NEBRASKA,
ILLINOIS, OHIO, KENTUCKY
AND TENNESSEE BLAZING
WITH TRAIN
LIGUES.

From the first organized Train Ligue
of America.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Banner Town of
America,

Nov. 25, 1871.

To Geo. P. Bemis, Private Secretary
to the next President of America,
Presidential Headquarters of the
Train Ligue, Omaha:

The first organized Train Ligue of
America sends greeting to their fel-
low pioneers of reform in Nebraska.
It is too late to send delegates, but we
are with you in spirit. The work
goes bravely on with us, and we bid
you God speed. [Loud cheers.]

C. M. PARKE,
C. A. MARSHAL,
CYRUS STEWART.

Executive Committee of the first or-
ganized Train Ligue in America.

From the first organized Train Ligue
in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Banner Town of Nebraska,
Nov. 25, 1871.

To George P. Bemis, Private Secre-
tary next President America,
Omaha.

The Train Ligue of Lincoln, the
Banner Town of Nebraska, sends
greeting to the outpouring of the

People to-night in Omaha. Success to the Omaha "Appendix," success to the Train Ligue organ; success to her mass meetings; and success to our American Rienzi in his march to the White House. Lincoln solid in 1872. [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

L. E. CROUSEY,

Chairman Executive Committee of the first Train Ligue organized in Nebraska.

From the Train Ligue Number 2, of Missouri.

SEDALIA, Mo., Nov. 25.

To George P. Bemis, Private Secretary next President America, Omaha:

Missouri is in a blaze for George Francis Train for President in 1872. The Train Ligue here already numbers upwards of five thousand members. Send the Red Flags of Liberty at once. [Immense applause.]

J. WEST GOODWIN, President;

J. J. FRY, Secretary;

W. H. HOLMES, Treasurer,

Executive Committee of the Train Ligue of Sedalia.

From the Proprietor of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis.

CONTINENTAL HEADQUARTERS OF ALL }
THE TRAIN LIGUES OF AMERICA, }
Southern Hotel, Nov., 25, 1871.

To Geo. P. Bemis, Private Secretary next President America, Presidential Headquarters, Omaha:

Train has convinced our people that he is terribly in earnest and sound on all the great political questions of the day. Give him a rousing meeting to-night, and strike out square and fair for the Presidency. [Loud and excited cheers.]

CHARLES P. WARNER,

Treasurer Train Ligue of St. Louis, and Chairman Executive Committee,

From Train Ligue Number 4, of Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 25, 1871.

To George Francis Train, next President America, care Geo. P. Bemis, Private Secretary, Omaha:

Flags arrived safe. Over twenty-five hundred have joined the Ligue here. The Irish are all to the front. The ladies are organizing a Ligue here—they are going solid for G. F. T. [Loud cheers.]

JOHN MCCAFFERTY,

President Kansas City Train Ligue and Chairman Executive Committee,

EPIGRAM ON THE COMING REVOLUTION.

DEDICATED TO THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

Loud cheers for Eighteen-Forty-Eight!
When Vesuvius shook the Throne and State,
And Kossuth, Mazzini and Lamartine,
With Ireland's chieftains, wore the Green.

Revolution new life gives,
Freedom's earth begins to quake—
The Monarchy *Dies* the Republic *Lives*,
Can Ireland sleep when Spain's awake?

Loud cheers for Schamyl and Ab-del-Kader,
And Dost-Mahomed, the Punjab raider;
Loud cheers for Washington and Lafayette,
Ireland is not conquered yet!

Revolution new life gives,
Independence is the stake—
Tyranny *Dies* where Liberty *Lives*,
Will Ireland sleep now Spain's awake?

Loud cheers for Hofer and William Tell,
Ring out wild bells the Despot's knell.
Kings are flying. *The Queen is gone!*
All hail the New Republic born.

God save Ireland. Never fear,
But we will soon a nation make,
Sound the Tocsin—cheer on cheer—
Can Erin sleep when Spain's awake?

Another Kingdom's dying groan
Would rouse Fitzgerald, Emmett, Tone.
Go shake the tomb where courage lies,
With eternal cheers for the next that dies.

Revolution new life gives,
Rotten Thrones begin to shake,
Slavery Dies where Freedom Lives,
Can Ireland sleep now Spain's awake

Let earthquake or tornado welcome soo
Some whirlwind, volcano or typhoon.
To rouse the Spirits of Fontenoy,
While all the mountains resound with joy!

Hail the lightning in the skies—
Accomplish what you undertake—
A thousand years of vengeance cries—
Can Ireland sleep when Spain's awake?

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Four Courts, Marshalsea,
October, 1868.

(From the Sioux City Times.)

IRELAND CHEERING FOR HER CHAMPION.

A VOICE FROM DUBLIN.

THE IRISH TIMES.

The large circulation which the Sioux City Weekly TIMES has acquired amongst Irishmen, not only in this country, but in Ireland, has long made its columns the recognized medium for disseminating their views and opinions on all subjects pertaining to their interests, either as Irishmen or as adopted citizens. By many our paper is looked upon as the IRISH TIMES of America. Recently the Dublin Irish Times made an uncalled for and vindictive attack upon George Francis Train. The author of the following immediately replied to the attack of the Dublin Irish Times, but that paper refused to publish it, whereupon the author knowing of the large number of intelligent readers which the Sioux City TIMES has in Dublin, Belfast and other leading cities in Ireland, sent us the rejected communication, which we gladly publish, as showing the strong hold which Geo. Francis Train has upon the affections of the liberty-loving masses of the Irish people.

[We have mislaid the article which called forth the annexed.—ED. TIMES.]

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS DEFENDING TRAIN.

DUBLIN, Dec. 30, 1871.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH TIMES:

SIR:—You were good enough to devote nearly a column of editorial matter in yesterday's issue of your paper, reflecting upon the character of honest Geo. Francis Train, the next President of America, in 1872. Now, as that gentleman, perhaps, knows nothing about your observations, perhaps you will, in the interest of justice and fair play, afford me a small space that I may have an opportunity of expressing my feelings and the opinion of nearly 17,000,000 of Irishmen, and, however, all over the world, as regards the reputation of that eminent, but much abused man, a man whose name is a household word in every family, I believe in the world, and whose fame is known to the uttermost bounds of the earth. I don't want to be his trumpet blower, when I state that there does not exist on the face of this habitable globe a man that is possessed of nobler qualities of heart and brain, and whose genius and intellectual powers are matchless than that of honest Geo. Francis Train. I say it without the least fear of contradiction, that he is destined by an all-wise Providence to fill an important position in the affairs of his country, and that position he will occupy despite of the machinations of his enemies, in 1872, as President of America; for he has done more to diffuse knowledge among the masses of his countrymen than all the political demagogues that ever existed since the Independence of America was declared.

THE GREAT REFORMER OF THE AGE.

He has reformed abuses, broke up rings, and demonstrated to the world the corruption, the vice, and perfidy of party politicians in America, and has set an example of honesty, of temperance, and of moral worth, and the abstention from habits and practices too common among the ruling classes of every country. Of course, people may call him a lunatic, a charlatan, a

mountebank, and other opprobrious names; but let those who apply these foul epithets to him, and are free from such reproaches themselves, throw the first stone.

BENDING THE KNEE TO POWER.

The time is fast approaching when some of those wise persons will be currying favors of him when he occupies the White House. But he will not be purchased with gold or silver, like some of his predecessors in office. He will be the right man in the right place. It will be the imperative duty of every Irishman in America to rally round, and have him triumphantly returned their President in 1872.

COMING RAINBOWS OVER IRELAND.

Then Ireland may rejoice, for the day of her deliverance from British tyranny will be at hand, and the cause of Republicanism will revive new life and vitality, and will spread like wild fire over the whole surface of Continental Europe. And America may boast that she at length found an honest man who will guide her destinies to a glorious and successful issue. The second George Washington, the greatest moral, social and political reformer the world ever saw—Geo. Francis Train.

Yours truly,
F. T. BEEBE.

EPIGRAM

ON

THREE CHEERS FOR THE FAMINE.

A Voice—"Three Cheers for the Famine,"

Mr. Disraeli—"Well, you have given three cheers *for things before this* THAT HAVE NOT DONE SO MUCH GOOD AS THE FAMINE."

(Disraeli at Aylesbury.)

It makes the blood of manhood boil,
To see the Saxon serpent coil,
Around these children of the soil,
Three Cheers for the Famine!

Two millions perished for want of bread,
No Irish *Green* around their bed,
The very clay was draped in *Red*,
Three Cheers for the Famine!

We live as slaves, but die as braves,
In exile or beneath the waves,
Or drop down into Paupers' graves,
Three Cheers for the Famine!

Not dogs in kennel or hogs in pen,
But Irish children, women, and men,
Starved to death in bog and fen,
Three Cheers for the Famine!

See that young girl with fading eye,
Good-bye, mother, Please don't cry,
Good-bye, father! Let me die,
Three Cheers for the Famine!

God in Heaven will give you cheer,
Death will dry starvation's tear,
Good-bye, brothers and sisters dear,
Three Cheers for the Famine!
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE TRAIN LIGUE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

At the Popular Price of \$1.00 per Year.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF THE PEOPLE.

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GEORGE P. BEMIS,

Omaha, Nebraska.

P. S.—Advertisers are referred to Warren, Johnson & Co., Courier office—he printed 150,000 copies in last edition.

(From the Little Rock Gazette, Dec., 1871.)

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

STORMING LITTLE ROCK.

**ANOTHER STATE GOES SOLID
AGAINST THE DENT
DYNASTY.**

*An Immense Dollar Ticket Audience Un-
animously Nominates the Man of
Destiny for 1872.*

**A MORAL STEAM ENGINE IN
ORATORIAL BREECHES.**

**THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH
IN HUMAN FORM.**

**A TALKING GREAT EAST-
ERN.**

**THE INTELLECTUAL PHEN-
OMENA OF THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY.**

**HE DESTROYS THE MEMPHIS AVAL-
ANCHE—MAKES THE FORTUNE OF
THE APPEAL—WIPE OUT THE
LAWYERS—SMASHES THE AR-
KANSAS SCALLAWAGS AND
CARPET BAGGERS AND
MAKES LITTLE ROCK
SHAKE WITH A NEW
SENSATION.**

**AN IMPORTU EPIGRAM ON AR-
KANSAS ROBBERS.**

**SWINDLING PLAYED OUT IN
THIS COUNTRY.**

**TRAIN AND THE PEOPLE
AGAINST GRANT AND
THE THIEVES.**

THREE-PLANK PLATFORMS CARRIED :

First—BEAT GRANT.

Second—BEAT GRANT.

Third—BEAT GRANT.

He came, he saw, he conquered. We heard of him, we read of him, and now we have seen him. What other man in the world can draw out such a mass meeting at a dollar a head? What other man can hold an audience three hours as Train does? and this two nights in succession?

If Little Rock has Train on the brain, there is a reason for it. The whole country is getting to be almost as crazy as he is, and our town don't know whether it is a foot or a horse-back to-day. Something has happened since Monday. "What do you think of Train?" is the stock question on every corner. We give but a synopsis of some of his local hits during both nights.

* * *

A Voice: Who will be the next president?

Mr. Train: I shall. Destiny fore-shadows it; Fate decrees it; the People award it. (Applause.) As the steel to the star, the river to the sea, I am moving toward the White House. (Cheers.)

Here Mr. Train spoke at least ten columns, showing his qualifications on a blackboard; showing the break-up of party; the nepotism of Grant; the usurpation of the government, and the demoralization of the country. * *

A voice: Why has the Memphis Avalanche attacked you?

Mr. Train: Because my back is turned; because they have sold out.

stock, lock and barrel to the enemy. (Sensation.) As Dean Richmond found it cheaper to buy up a republican legislature than to elect a democratic one, so Grant prefers to five-twenty the weak-kneed democratic southern press than to establish radical journals. (Sensation, and look out for rats.) The *Avalanche* has seen the upas tree, and will be known no more forever.

FIVE-TWENTIES FATAL TO JOURNALISTIC INDEPENDENCE.

The Saints have met in council. The radical New York *Tribune* has opened fire in a column of abuse, November 22. The democratic *Avalanche*, five days after, in Memphis. ("What is up?") Strictly temperate; my spiritual nature overshadowing the sensual man; having the quality of being; the intuition of the woman with judgment of the man. (Applause.) Combining the theory of the philosopher with the practical business man, my nature detects fraud at sight. When papers assail me, fear predominates—some ring is organized. (True.) It was so in New York; in Chicago; in San Francisco. (And you beat them.) Frauds cannot exist in the sunlight of free speech and independent press. Corruption bonds could not save Tweed, neither can five-twenties in Memphis save Grant. (Laughter.)

BREAKERS AHEAD.

Beware of man-traps and spring-guns in Arkansas. Ring the signal bell in Tennessee and Arkansas. The south is in danger. The treasury is their upas tree. Watch that rat hole. The cat is out of the bag. (Laughter.) Government bonds are more demoralizing than federal bayonets, and both united crush all manhood. (Sensation.) Was I the enemy of Memphis? ("No.") Why should the *Avalanche*, then, call me "*Foot-jack actor*," and "*Mountebank performer*?" (Shame.) Did I not, before their leading merchants, bankers, brokers, twice, in their Chamber of Commerce, map out bridges, union depots, railways, and the manifest destiny of Memphis? (Yes.)

ALWAYS FIRE AT A MAN IN THE BACK.

Is it for this unselfish advocacy the *Avalanche* calls me a "*disgusting clown and stupendous humbug*?" [Cries of Shame, and Sold out to Grant.] Have I not, at home and abroad, before some two hundred audiences, advertised their city more than Memphis can advertise me? [Yes.] Why, then, attack me the moment my back was turned? [Contemptible.] Silent Saturday—silent Sunday; but Monday they thought I was off for Arkansas. But on Wednesday this chicken will be home to roost in Memphis. [Laughter.] As the boy said to the man that was going to be hung, "I wouldn't like to be you, mister." [Laughter.] What, drink a man's wine; accept a man's hospitality, and then try to push him into the river! [For shame!] Will the southern gentlemen indorse the *Avalanche's* midnight stab? [No.] Will the southern ladies of the Bluff City, who so largely attended my lectures, approve of insulting the departing guest? [Not much!] Then show your manhood and womanhood in Little Rock—because the papers reach Arkansas—to the cry of *Down, Avalanche! up, Appeal!* [Cheers.] Stand by your friends. Although Memphis may go back on me, I can never go back on Memphis. [Bully for you!] When pagans once break bread, no Christian malignity can make them strike their friend.

LIVE NEWSPAPERS AND DEAD JOURNALS.

What was the object of the attack? Was it jealousy of a rival newspaper, whose superior reportorial enterprise gave three columns instead of three lines? [Yes, that's what's the matter!] Is it that the *Appeal* has thirty columns of advertisements and is rich, while the *Avalanche* has but fifteen and is poor? [Laughter.] Am I to blame because the one has fifteen thousand subscribers, the other but fifteen hundred? [Good! and applause.] Ought I to be censured because the former is printed on good paper, employs five reporters, and is edited by a remarkable trio of men of intellect [applause] while the latter cannot afford short-

for all advertisements, yet solicit dead-head tickets [laughter], and write a column editorial criticism on the speech they have not the common manhood to publish. [Shame! and Down, Avalanche! up, Appeal!]

ROOM FOR THE LEPER.

Under martial law strange things are done. How can you account for editors who were in my room at the Overton yesterday as friends, and grasp my hand and wish me God speed (with ladies on their arms at the lectures) and then fire stink-pots at me the moment they say good-bye? [Shame.] Have my thunderbolts gone too deep into the radical camp? Is the Dent dynasty really afraid that Grant and the thieves may be swept into infamy by Train and the people? [Yes! Cheers. And we will do it in Arkansas!]

A SCENE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Is the Avalanche so intimately associated with the Brownlow-Seventy-two-Thousand Dollar legislature, and the military satrapism of Carolina, that my attacks on the Grant kingdom of San Domingo makes them fear for the imaginary flesh-pots? They call names; I only insinuate. Editors don't take such risks unless there is a white man in the fence? [That's so!] Citizens of Memphis! To your tents, oh! Isreal. There is a possibility of your being sold in the house of your friends. [Sensation, and it looks so!] A newspaper is as brittle as a mirror, and can be smashed in an hour.

The frosts of winter were fitting that
As through a cotton city passed
A bummer, who bore, above all price,
A banner with this mean device,

"Sold out?"

(Laughter.)

"Try not that dodge," the people said;
"Has all your southern honor fled?"
The old salt river is deep and wide,
But loud that traitor voice replied,

"Sold out!"

(Applause.)

DOWN, AVALANCH! UP, APPEAL!

Should it turn out that the Avalanche has gone over to the enemy, drop it as

hand writers, use miserable paper, and is edited by gentlemen who take pay you would poison and appeal to justice, manhood and right. [Loud cries of we will!] It is infamous to cut the hose-pipe when your house is in flames; but suppose you happen to discover under the mask that those who are doing it are your own relations. Keep your eyes open, citizens of Little Rock and Memphis; it is time to raise the danger signal! [Loud applause.]

AN IMPROMPTUE HIT AT OUR LOCAL AFFAIRS.

Desiring to demonstrate the campaign he proposed in France as against the Germans, the boy who had been engaged to clean the blackboard was dilatory in his movements, when Mr. Train got off the following impromptu epigram on the city of Little Rock:

THE CITY.

Who struck William Patterson?
Who threw that starry lance?
Was it Mayor Catterson,
Or Chief Policeman Vance?

(Laughter.)

That draft was drawn at sight,
Which did the city shock,
Oh, how that bloodless fight
Has startled Little Rock!

But the Bridge (firm of Brooks & Hodges
Is the best of all your railway dodges.

(Loud laughter at this local point.)

After this, he perpetrated the following

EPIGRAM ON THE STATE.

Between minstrels and Brindle-Tails,
Who fatten off the spoils,
Waiting his turn to rob the mails,
Your Tammany serpent coils.

(Sensation.)

While scallawag and carpet-bagger
Are stealing your wealthy state,
And tax snake your people stagger—
Don't take the Train too late.

(Cheers.)

Or else your beautiful Arkansas
Will shortly bleed with martial law.

(Sensation and down with the Dents!)"

* * * * *

HOW THE RADICALS HAVE MULTIPLIED
OFFICES AND OFFICE HOLDERS IN THE
SOUTH—AN ILLUSTRATION.

The facts given apply as well to Arkansas as to Memphis, and *visa versa*. Does the *Avalanche* defend all this? Were they badly hit when I attacked the lawless and the subsidized Press? (Yes, you touch them on the raw.) There are eighteen magistrate's courts in Memphis, with 60,000 people—one justice, two constables and two shysters, and an average of five litigants always in attendance (laughter)—ten persons perpetually idle and wasting their own and the substance of the public. Employed, each would be worth \$2000 per annum; but this sum is lost, and the public pays the \$2000 in fees and stealages [that's so!], so that the loss is \$4000 on each person, or \$40,000, aside from rents, on each daily justice's court. [Laughter.] There are eighteen of these, or \$720,000 lost per annum to public wealth [sensation]; two federal (district and circuit), two chancery, two law courts, and one criminal court. The chancery courts pay fees to clerks of not less than \$25,000 each, and there are ten lawyers and as many witnesses; time and money all wasted, and the two chancery courts [shame] of the attaches were employed in some productive pursuit, lose us each \$100,000 per annum, or \$300,000. [Sensation.] The criminal courts pays its clerk \$30,000 in fees. It has an exploded barbarous grand jury system that costs \$25,000. [That's so.] Its bogus black-mail-levying system of indicting bawds and gamblers, that the district attorney may make \$25,000 per annum—[True, and down with the grand jury!]
—its grand and petit juries—thirty-six men—its forty attorneys and judge and clerk cost \$300,000 or more per annum. [Infamous!] There are three hundred and fifty lawyers, soakers, wine bibbers, clever fellows, who cost the people \$25,000 per annum, and could produce this sum in any honest business, a loss on each of \$5,000 or \$1,750,000. [Loud applause, and cries

of: Give it to them, George!]

The amount stolen by those who buy and sell members of the legislature, and sell the office of United States senator to the highest bidder [sensation and dissent]; who have issued millions and millions of state bonds, and only 100 miles of road built since the war. [Loud laughter.]

CIVILIZATION AMONG THE PAGANS.

No lawyers among the Mormons, none in India, none in China, none in Japan [cheers]; but America is macadamized with Judge Bernards, and the attaches of the kingdom of James Fisk, jr., in the tripping of the Mansfield-gum-shoe opera. [Loud laughter.] Apply this picture of law in Memphis to every city, county and State; double it, triplicate it, quadruplicate it, and then go in again on that sum and place Tweed, Sweeney, Hall, Hoffman, Field, Bailly, Hodge and the ring of the empire of *Nepot* around it, and you will get a slight numerical army of drones in the hive of American industry. [Loud cheers.]

TRAIN GOES FOR THE CARPET-BAGGERS.

Are you all serene at Little Rock? [No!] Is there not a wholesale distribution of railroad charters and subsidies by the million, amounting to \$8,000,000, for which there are but a few miles of railroad? [Yes. You hit the nail square.] Is not the turmoil and trouble created by Clayton and his opponents with a view to blind the people to their machinations and movements? [Of course it is!] Do not these stealings of the radicals, not only in Arkansas but throughout the entire South, amount to over \$220,000,000? [Yes, and Shame.] Are not the usurpations of power, the Star Chamber infamous militia, the Inquisition murder by court martial of the people of Crittenden and other counties, evidences of military despotism more terrible than that of France or Russia? [Yes!] Does not this course perpetuate enmities, increase anarchy, and spread distrust everywhere? [True, and applause.]

THE DOWNFALL OF A GREAT STATE.

If this tyranny continues what will become of the wonderful resources of Arkansas, and her grand agricultural wealth? [Sensation.] But this is the least part of that from which her citizens will profit by the people throwing off the yoke. (Applause.) Her mineral resources are extraordinary. They only need development. (Cheers) To develop them properly the railroad system must be perfected, and speedily. (Applause.) If those who are now controlling their construction do not hurry the work, it must be taken out of their hands and given in charge of those who will. (Cheers.) We must have railroads, and I will help you build them if you will rise and liberate the South from the Dent family. [Loud cheers.]

CONSTIPATION OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

As mercury goes through the clogged physical constitution like a thunderbolt, so is the quicksilver of the Train-League-Dent-Grant Revolution going through the constipated mind of the apothetic American people like lightning through a gooseberry bush! (Loud laughter and applause.) Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee are blazing with the new departure of the people to the universal music of the Train-League. (Cheers.)

THE IMPENDING CRISIS IS UPON YOU.

Would you have this Republic exist but in name; your wealth undeveloped, commerce perish, industry paralyzed, taxes and debts increased; your name tarnished; incompetent, bad men have sway; treasury depleted, anarchy triumphant, civilization endangered, soldiery subjugating, liberties trampled down, the South degraded, debased and desolated? (terrible sensation) go on hugging the chains of slavery, and support the party in power. *Grant is your man.* (Loud hisses, and cries of: Down with the Dents!)

Would you have your liberties perpetuated, your rights respected, your name honored, industries fostered, commerce cherished, markets enlarged, trade expanded, taxes reduced, expenditures retrenched, wealth developed, improvements expanded, the sword sheathed, soldiers disbanded, and the South made prosperous? [Cries, Yes!] Then *Grant is not your man.* [Loud cheers.]

If you would insure this, throw overboard incompetent, venal, corrupt partisans. [That is the way.] Dismiss politics and politicians; run a sponge over the memories of the past—begin anew [all right]; choose new men and new measures. Speak, write, think, and vote for yourselves. Form Train Leagues, that you may succeed; call into service capable, honest men, who will dare to do right. [Applause.]

Then, ye Southerners, let one loud Appeal to the People, bring sunshine again to the South, by producing an Avalanche of scallawags, carpet-baggers, bummers, and politicians. [Applause.]

SHOWING UP THE MINSTREL SWINDLERS—
TAMMANY OUTDONE.

Has not the debt of Arkansas increased since the State was reconstructed—three years—over \$16,000,000? [Yes, and sensation.] Did not your first reconstructed legislature saddle on the State a debt of \$1,125,000 she never owed—known as the Holford bonds? [That's so.] Prominent men of the radical reconstruction party were paid heavily to do this. [Yes; damn them.] Was not \$11,400,000 voted to railroads by the people, and yet, not one mile built with it in three years? [Yes; shame.] Were not \$750,000 given to the Little Rock and Pine Bluff road—20 miles of iron laid down—now taken up, and not a mile of road in operation? [Yes! Sensation and down with the Minstrel Thieves.] Were not \$450,000 given to the Mississippi and Ouachita road, last year—1,500 hands discharged without payment—and the president come to Little Rock to assist in

electing Clayton senator? [Yes; those are facts.] Then appointed, by Grant, governor of Idaho? Gone five months, and resigned, and then came back to Arkansas? [Sensation! and show them up, George.] Has not money enough been spent on the Memphis road to build two good roads, and still not a decent road? [Yes! That's what's the matter.]

A Voice—"Have you heard of our ballot-boxes tuffing?"

Mr. Train—Yes; who has not? Why not call it by its original name—Tammany repeating! [Applause.] Were not Brooks, Hodges, Whipple, Catterson, decapitated for showing up his fraud? [Yes.] After disenfranchising the citizens, by burning the registration books in the Hot Springs district, did not these hell-hounds of the devil's dynasty put in eleven hundred fraudulent votes to put a satrap of Grant's among the senatorial thieves at Washington? [Sensation, hisses, and cheers.] Did not Boles receive a majority of 2,100 votes for congress, and yet the minion of Ulysses gave the certificate to Edwards, the parasite of Clayton? [Sensation, and yes, true as gospel.] Did he not go back on the negroes, by shutting out my two colored brothers, Butler and Green, who were elected to the legislature by seventeen hundred majority? [Yes.] Are not our courts a farce, so far as justice is concerned? Is not the bench a Judge Bernard-Jim Fisk political machine? [Yes.] Who indicted the colored justices because anti-administration men? Clayton, Hadley, Oliver, Tammany & Co., were the tea party. [Laughter.] Did not Clayton appoint the legislature that elected him to the U. S. senate? [Yes, everybody knows it.] Did he not register in and register out, and count in and count out, republican and democrat alike, according as they were pledged to vote for or against him for senator? [Of course he did; read McDonald's letter.] Was he not connected with the most stupendous election frauds in the last election, according to the grand jury? [Hisses and cheers.]

THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

The people are waking. The recent election was Grant's downfall. There is daylight next November in your Train League Rainbow. [Cheers.] Did not the Minstrel champion disfranchise five hundred of his own troop in this election because against the Dent family? [Laughter and yes.]

You are worthy of the League by surrounding the polls and compelling an honest election. [Cheers.] You don't intimidate well. Stand up face to face with a coward and he will admit that he is a thief. [Bully for George.]

THE MINSTRELS HAVE GOT THE HADLEY DISEASE.

Did not Clayton telegraph Hadley the day after Mayor Catterson's election to declare martial law *instantly*? [Laughter and Hadley had the belly-ache.]

Mr. Train—That's so; the same old disease which he had when he emigrated from Rochester, Minnesota, as auditor. [Loud laughter.]

This is a great mass meeting, and I ask this question: Did your senator, while governor, as ex-officio commissioner, acquire stock in all roads receiving state aid? [Cries of yes.]

Then why don't you impeach him? He is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. [Applause.] All those in favor of impeaching the senator who has done all these things say "aye."

[Loud cries of "Aye," and a few "Noes."]

Look at your credit two years ago—eighty cents—now forty to fifty under the reign of Clayton the First. [Sensation.] How about the \$2,250,000 of levee bonds, and yet no levees built? [That's so.] What does it mean? Where is Thomas? [Laughter.]

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH CONVICT LABOR?

The following letter was handed up to Mr. Train:

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 28.

Geo. Francis Train, Esq., next President of America—In your lecture you requested all who had wrongs to redress to lay them before you, that you might put them right. As a laboring man, and in the interests of the laboring classes, I desire that you protest against the infamous practice of working penitentiary convicts outside the prison walls, contrary to laws of the State of Arkansas, and to the serious detriment of laboring classes in this community. [Hear.]

Mr. Train—Occupation is happiness. Convicts must work for their board. Workingmen who pay taxes cannot afford to keep prison thieves in at their expense. [Applause.] Many convicts have better food and lodging than most laborers. [That's so.] Our friend there seems to know how it is himself. [Laughter.] Why, then, support idleness? You import four thousand millions European trash every year, three thousand five hundred millions of which is the pauper labor of England and Europe, which comes in competition with your own bread and butter. [Applause.] When I am President the workingmen of America shall have all this, for I will make them manufacture the woolen, cotton and iron in this country. [Loud applause.] Then our poor, half-starved workmen, under the free-trade, specie payment policy, will be rich, and not jealous of convict labor. [Cheers.]

THAT IS WHAT'S THE MATTER.

I think I understand your position. You are poor and proud. [Laughter.] You were led into a war by England and got wiped out by America. [Laughter.] You lost your State and overboard went your capital. [That's so.] Your plantations were heavily mortgaged. You had no ready cash, and just in these dark days the border ruffians, jayhawkers and dead-beats came down among you like carrion kites among the caged eagles. [Loud cheers.] The military came in partnership with the thieves and stole your lands, stuffed your ballot boxes, swindled your peo-

ple, robbed your treasury and crushed your vitality with the bayonet. (Applause, and that's so.) But never despair, my boys. Close up around your leader and your dark days will be the brightest of your history. So rally, Arkansas, to the cry of "Down with the Dent dynasty and up with the republic of the people."

A Voice—What shall we do with the thief?

Mr. Train—

HANG HIM TO THE FIRST TREE.

When a loafer steals a poor man's mule,
Out W st we have a golden rule
Of justice—wild, quick, stern but cool,
We hang him.

(Applause.)

Now public office means private fraud;
The people should with one accord,
Take Bat the nation's cheese has gnawed,
And hang him.

(Continued applause.)

The wretch that would the treasury rob,
Through Clayton swindle or Domingo job,
Making the widow and the orphan sob,
Hang him.

(Loud applause.)

THE STAR CHAMBER INQUISITION—LOOK
OUT FOR THE DRAGONADES.

A Voice—Why do you think we are in danger in Arkansas?

Mr. Train—Because, when a gamecock breed feels the steel spur in its vitals it destroys manhood and kills individuality. (Sensation.) Worn out with the war, fortune gone, hope has darkened into despair, and you take the heel of the usurper more kindly than Hungary, Poland, or Ireland. (That's so.) Sherman goes abroad to talk with Bismarck and Gortschakoff about the *Emperor Ulysses the First*. (I thought so.) Sherman is a bold, bad man. He burns cities like a bandit, and moves his staff already like an emperor. (You hit him square.) Here in Arkansas you are worse off than Carolina or Texas. There the robbers have no bold leader. Here they are led by brains and courage. Look out, my boys, or your liberties are gone forever. (Applause.)

ORGANIZATION OF THE JAYHWAKING GUERRILLAS.

Is not the Grant-Clayton league a fact? (Yes.) Have not the "Royal Blues" met in the Executive Chamber? Did not Foster come to Little Rock to work the local machinery at this election? (Yes.) There was blood in the air that day. (Sensation.) The league men of Blue have only to shoot into an editor's office and martial law is on you. (Excitement and hisses, which were pretty general.)

Grant, said Train, deserves all this hissing (laughter); but it is time to know that your Minstrel boys cannot pack my mass meetings (cheers) as they do the Executive Chamber. Are the Royal Blues here to night in force? Is that the Grant-Clayton league that plays the viper and the goose there in the middle of the hall? (Loud applause and continued hissing.)

SMOOTH WATER AFTER THE TORNADO— UNMASKING THE BATTERIES.

Mr. Train, as calm amid the storm as Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, fired shot after shot into the scallawag and carpet-bag army.

Mr. Train—You have got one man who you cannot bully or bribe. (Applause.) I know you are on the eve of martial law and civil war. (Sensation.)

Who is Judge Hazledine? Is he not one of the high priests, an Englishman sent out here to produce another war? Did they not meet in the common jail at Wittsburg? A good rendezvous for such an infamous gang. Was not Editor Fitzpatrick present, and Sheriff Cole and Col. House? Are not many of these government legalized ku-klux-royal-blue-Clayton league conspirators the organizers of the infamous Knights of the White Camelia? [Sensation, as Mr. Train opened up old sores and seemed more familiar with our affairs than we ourselves.] These men in power are desperate adventurers. They commenced poor and are now rich. They will do any act to hide their stealings. (Applause.) So

rally, men and women of Arkansas. Turn your Train league on the three plank platform: First, beat Grant; second, beat Grant; third, beat Grant. (Loud cheers as the platform was carried by acclamation.)

LITTLE ROCK MASS MEETING PLANK.

Arkansas, once the land of France, portion of the fifteen-million-1803-Napoleonic purchase of Louisiana, with its grand rivers, forests, iron, lead and coal mines (applause); its enormous mineral wealth, magnificent cotton plantations and cornfields (applause); Arkansas, with its manifest destiny—ought not to have its bonds quoted at fifty cents on the dollar because thieves have stolen the country (loud cheers); and must act at once to impeach the Tammany swindles (continued applause, and We will) by rallying the people round the banner of our copartnership in the reformations in his three plank platform: First, beat Grant; second, beat Grant; third, beat Grant. (Loud hisses for Grant and cheers for Train.) And that failing—though federal bayonets and government greenbacks demoralizing the judiciary—we hereby, in mass meeting assembled, agree to organize vigilance committees all over the state to hang on a liberty tree all the border ruffians and jayhawkers who have assassinated the rights of the people. (Excited cheers.)

Mr. Train read that part of Grant's message which stands at the head of the Journal, and interlarded it with his own remarks. His comments will be found in parentheses:

THE PLATFORM OF THE MINSTRELS AT THE HEAD OF THE BRINDLE-TAILED JOURNAL.

"In conclusion, I would sum up the policy of the administration to be a thorough enforcement of every law—(through a legalized Ku-Klux-Royal-Blue-Clayton-league system of Arkansas) [laughter];—a faithful collection of every tax provided for—(to keep the Dents and Claytons at the government top) (laughter)—econo-

my in the disbursement of the same —(so save enough to elect Clayton to the Senate) [applause];—a prompt payment of every debt of the nation —(making the rich richer, the poor poorer) [sensation];—a reduction of taxes as rapidly as the requirements of the country will admit (and the wants of my family will justify) [laughter];—reduction of taxation and tariff, to be so arranged as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number (the greatest number being number one) [laughter];—honest and fair dealings with all other peoples (except the South) [applause],—to the end that war, with its blighting consequences, may be avoided (except in Texas, Carolina and Arkansas),—but without surrendering any right or obligation due to us; a reform in the treatment of Indians, and in the whole civil service of the country (torturing the Piegans to death instead of Sheridan's plan of massacre) ["Shame!"];—and, finally, in securing a pure, untrammelled ballot, where every man entitled to cast a vote may do so, just once, at each election — (2100 for Boles, and Edwards get the certificate from Clayton, and the Hot Spring ballot-stuffing) [loud applause],—without fear of molestation or proscription on account of his political faith, nativity or color" — (colored judges indicted in Little Rock, and colored legislators thrown out, and 28,000 white men disfranchised in Arkansas). [Cries of "Shame!"]

Mr. Train then made reference to the following

CORRESPONDENCE:

LITTLE ROCK, Nov. 27.

George Francis Train—Dear Sir: The undersigned have the honor to inform you that they are a committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of Little Rock to apprise you of the adoption to-day by that body of a resolution inviting you to address the Chamber at their hall, at such an hour to-morrow as may be designated by you.

You will permit us, in this connec-

tion, to tender you the assurance of our most distinguished regard.

We are, etc.,

GEO. W. BAXTER,
W. D. BLOCHER,
W. A. OBER.

George Francis Train, Esq.,
Next President of the United States.

REPLY.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, Nov. 27.

Messrs. Baxter, Blocher and Ober, Committee Chamber of Commerce—I like you. You like me. But the fact is, I am a showman, let out at so much a night to Tracy, of Memphis. Never speak to dead-head audience. Grant has played that out. The next President wants to shake hands with you all, but does it for money.

You are my friend, and I am yours,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Next President America.

EPIGRAM,

ON "DOWN WITH THE IRISH
M. P."

SEVEN CENTURIES OF IRISH HISTORY IN A
NUTSHELL.

(Dedicated to the 104 Members of Parliament from Ireland, who refused to second Mr. Reardon's motion to inquire into the illegal arrest of an American citizen, who has been incarcerated five months in a British Bastille, for a debt paid many years ago; the Judge refusing to receive the sworn affidavits before the British Consul in Venice and New York, of said payment, on the ground that they are not on the

regulation paper used by the
(Court.)

UP WITH THE GREEN, AND DOWN WITH THE
IRISH M. P.

St. Patrick, St. Brenden and Brian Born,
Drove the snakes, toads, and Danes in the sea,
Ere Saxon, Norman, and Cromwell's black
crew
Sowed the seed of the Irish M. P.

Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Emmet and Shears,
Chose to die on the red gallows tree,
Although their sad fate left Ireland in tears,
Than live as an Irish M. P.

John Mitchel, O'Brien, Martin, and Meagher
With O'Connell could never agree,
Thought exile or death were better by far
Than be placemen or Irish M. P.

Poor Kickham and Rossa, Luby, O'Leary,
With the Irish People's flag on the breeze,
Prefer English chains and dungeons, tho'
dreary,
Than exchange them for Irish M. P.'s.

Stevens, Mahoney, Savage and Gen. O'Neill,
The American Fenians and the Irish R. B.
Have no more faith in Dean O'Brien's repeal,
Than they have in your Irish M. P.

Let Father Lavelle and Archbishop M'Hale,
Or your "Soggarth Aroon," whose'er he may be,
Tell the Oburgh this election to take in its sail,
And save Erin the curse of an Irish M. P.

Costello, Warren, Mackay and Burke,
Who hail from the glorious land of the free,
Rather break stones than do the scavenger's
work
Which England expects from an Irish M. P.

Larkin, O'Brien, Allen, and Barrett the brave,
Were too Irish to sell themselves for a fee,
And said, as they dropped into martyrdom's
grave,
"God save Ireland" from an Irish M. P.

Up with the Green and hurrah for the Celt,
Let your Corydons, Masseys, and Darcy
M'Gees
Be the men to strike Ireland under the belt,
And furnish England with Judges and Irish
M. P.'s

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
Civis Americanus sum.

Four Courts' Marshalsea,
Dublin, July, 1868.

THE LIVE PLATFORM OF NEW AMERICA.

Representing twelve millions of
workingmen and women?—

The People's Candidate, 1872.

Capital, Five Millions.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF
1872.

One thousand Independent Public
Meetings.

PLATFORM OF THE TRAIN
LIGUE.

CIVIS AMERICANUS SUM.

GREENBACKS OR NATIONAL
BANKRUPTCY.

PAY OR FIGHT—WAR WITH ENGLAND—

NON INTERCOURSE—THE HIGH COM-
MISSION SWINDLE EXPOSED.

REDUCTION OF ARMY AND NAVY.

AMERICAN INDUSTRY—FREE TRADE
MEANS ENGLAND AND LOW WAGES.

UNIVERSAL AMNESTY.

NO FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.

SPECIE PAYMENTS ABOLISHED FOREVER.
DOWN WITH TAXES.

IRELAND FIRST—CUBA AFTERWARDS.

FREE BANKING—DOWN WITH MONO-
POLY.

DOWN WITH THE POLITICIANS AND UP
WITH THE PEOPLE.

PROHIBITION TO FOREIGN MANUFAC-
TURES.

COTTON FACTORIES SOUTH—WOOLEN
FACTORIES WEST.

DELEND A EST BRITANNIA.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

REPUBLICANIZE EUROPE—La Drapeau
Rouge.

PRESIDENTIAL TERM SIX YEARS.

SUCCESS TO STRIKERS.

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR BRIBER AND
BRIBED.

INLAND AND OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN PUBLIC
SCHOOLS SANS BIBLE.

THE DEATH KNEEL OF TAMMANY.

EIGHT HOURS' LABOR—CO-OPERATIVE,
GOVERNMENT POSTAL AND MONEY OR-
DER TELEGRAPH.

BALLOT TO BOYS OF EIGHTEEN.
 HYDROPATHY AND TURKISH BATHS IN
 GOVERNMENT SANITARY INSTITU-
 TIONS.
 VACCINATION PROHIBITED.
 ABOLISH ELECTORAL COLLEGE.
 DEATH TO OFFICIAL THIEVES THROUGH
 VIGILANCE COMMITTEES.
 LET BRIGHAM ALONE—ADMIT UTAH.
 NO MORE LAND GRANTS.
 CABINET OFFICERS IN CONGRESS.
 FRANKING PRIVILEGE ABOLISHED.
 REPUDIATION OR STARVATION.
 CHINESE EMIGRATION, BUT NOT COOLIE
 CONTRACTS.
 THE ST. DOMINGO JOB SHOWN UP.
 UNIFICATION OF NORTH AMERICA OR
 THE CONTINENTAL REPUBLIC.
 IMPEACHMENT GRANT.

—o—

SETTLING WITH THE IRISH JUDGES.

PAYING THE FITZGERALDS FORTY SHILLINGS IN THE POUND.

SIR,—The following letter of in-
 quiry remains unanswered :—

Four Courts' Marshalsea, August 7,
 1868.

SIR,—The Cork papers report you
 as having called me in your charge to
 the jury, in the case of Dillon v.
 Tucker (in which I was neither plain-
 tiff, defendant, witness or juror) an
unscrupulous adventurer. May I ask
 you, sir, if you did make use of that
 expression in connection with my
 name? Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

SIR,—Never having mistaken you
 for a gentleman, I did not expect a

prompt reply, and having experienced
 the absurdity of an American citizen
 seeking redress in a British Court
*(in an enslaved country, where dress-circle
 Corydons use a corrupt Parliament to ele-
 vate themselves to the bench which they dis-
 grace)*. I shall not serve a writ upon
 you for infamous slander, nor, should
 I meet you in the street, shall I take
 notice of your impudent remarks by
 slapping you in the face, or kicking
 you in your *honorable parts*, if you
 have any. Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

John D. Fitzgerald, Esq., one of the
 Justices of the Queen's Bench.

EPIGRAM,

ON A NOBLE FAMILY OF DUBLIN.

"*Unscrupulous Adventurers!*" your legal lore.
 Came, with your nutmegs, from a grocer's
 store.

"Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred,"
 How high, Fitzgerald, you hold your head,
 With lodgings up two pair of stairs,
 'Tis bad taste now to put on airs!
 Who wonders that such upstart trash
 Should call my speeches "Balderdash?"

MORAL.

When Plebeians try to play the nob,
 Patricians always detect the snob!

—o—

New York, Chicago, and San Fran-
 cisco, having culminated; the resi-
 dence of the future President of
 America must be noticed in this fly-
 ing sketch of a lightning voyage :—

OMAHA THE HUB OF THE CONTINENT.

THE ST. LOUIS OF THE NORTH AND CHI-
 CAGO OF THE WEST.

. You ask for a brief account of
 Omaha and its future; half way be-
 tween New York and San Francisco;
 half-way between the Atlantic and
 Pacific; half way between Paris and

Peekin ; Omaha on the World's highway is the New Chicago of the New North-West. Situated on the high bluff on Missouri banks. No overflow jeopardizes its future. The Grand River, navigable *two thousand* miles up to Fort Benton and *two thousand* miles down to New Orleans, connects Omaha with fifty thousand miles of Lake and River navigation, making it the St. Louis of the North.

THE GRAND RAILWAY CENTRE.

Eastern terminus of the two thousand mile Union Pacific, that entire range of two million square miles, contributes to build up Omaha ; *thirteen* trunk lines connecting with fifty thousand miles of wire, makes it the rising metropolis of the west. Shooting North, South, East and West, these railroads prevent possibility of cut off. Twenty millions capital already invested in the young giant of the prairies, guarantees, as formerly in Chicago, rapid fortune to small investors. Omaha to-day, is Chicago twenty years ago. *Don't again lose your opportunity.*

THE GREAT COAL, TIMBER, WHEAT, CORN AND CATTLE MARKET.

The illimitable coal fields in the west, and immense pineries and hard wood forests in the east, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, make Omaha by railway, the great coal and timber market of the interior.

Surrounded by an immense agricultural country, where drought, inundation and locusts are never known; Nebraska wheat commanding the highest price everywhere—Omaha must be the great wheat and corn centre in the country.

The greatest stock yard in the world for millions of Texas cattle, to be erected at Schuyler, will give an enormous business to Omaha, the distributing point.

THE MANCHESTER OF AMERICA.

The establishing of cotton factories, woolen mills, and iron foundries will create a great manufacturing city. Planted on the path of commerce—

the isothermal belt—the zodiac of empire, (near the geographical centre of the continent, at Columbus,) Omaha as the central City of New America, claims for Nebraska the National Capitol.

EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

Gaslight, water works, Nicholson pavements, grand hotels, street railways and a live TRAIN LIGUE newspaper, prove snap and enterprise; while churches and billiard rooms, theatres and bible classes are sure signs of modern civilization. Thus this Colossus of roads with one foot on the Rocky Mountains the other on the Alleghanies—one hand grasping four hundred million Europeans, the other eight hundred million Asiatics, give life to my prophetic words on breaking ground for the Union Pacific road, Dec. 2, 1863: "Paris to Pekin in thirty days; two ocean ferry boats and a continental railway; passengers for China this way." Every Excursion party will endorse this picture.—(Extract from Mr. Train's Sioux City speech, reported by the Sioux City, Iowa, Times.)

EPIGRAM ON SHAKERS.

BY CIVIS AMERICUNUS SUM.

Dedicated to Elder Evans, "the lion of the fold of Lebanon," who has been sewing Torpedoes on board the "Atlantic," and reaping bombshells.

Inspired to set the Nations Free,
The noble Prophetess Ann Lee,
Sent her disciples o'er the sea—

These Shakers.

She knew when founding our mighty nation
God gave liberty to every station,
When no Churchman signed that declaration—

These Shakers.

No English Bishop, or Irish Maynooth,
Could prevent this Priestess from telling the
truth
And shaming the devil with light forsooth—
These Shakers.

In all the lands who ever saw
A people who never went to law,
Or worship God through bloody war—
These Shakers.

They live for love and not for hate,
They separate the church and state,
Are always ready for debate—
These Shakers.

They never *smoke*, or *chew*, or *swear*,
They live upon the simplest fare,
But don't spend all their time in Prayer—
These Shakers.

They read and talk, and write and think,
They never spend their days in drink,
Are always ready when near death's brink—
These Shakers.

They are not free-lovers, but love to be free,
And are ready to die on a Martyr's tree,
In fighting down Christian Bigotry—
These Shakers.

All ready to go when their work is done,
These simple children from Lebanon
Believe that virtue is light from the sun—
These Shakers.

They make false prophets growl and quake,
And bigots snarl and groan and shake,
And quick as truth detect a snake—
These Shakers.

With Freedom's banner wide unfurled,
They turn the bolts against them hurled,
And fight alone the Bigot world—
These Shakers.

Hail, Elder Evans! give me your hand,
I am with your *Spiritual* band,
And hope to meet in the promised land—
These Shakers.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
*Champion of the Irish Republic,
and Next President of America.*

Steamship "Atlantic."
Off Ireland, July 10, 1871.

HOW MR. TRAIN PROPOSES TO INCREASE HIS FORTUNE.

(Cincinnati Enquirer, January 1, 1872.)

The following is the copy of a printed circular which is being sent to a large proportion of the free and unbiased press of the republic. By way of an especial favor it was handed us

yesterday by Mr. Train in person. We believe that we have already made amends to Mr. Train for the slander upon himself and uncle; if not, we do so now with pleasure. The story in relation to Mr. Train's uncle is wholly without ground. Mr. Train will please take our name off his black list, and we will give ourselves credit for \$50,000. We think Mr. Train has made a mistake in threatening courts and juries with the vengeance of the *Internationale*. There is no need of his backing up his personal power with such a terrible ally:

OMAHA, January 1, 1872.

To the Responsible Editor
and Proprietor:

Mr. Train has been too much occupied for many years in advocating his reforms to heed the outrageous slanders hurled at him by the American Press; but when it comes to a direct accusation of being *non compos mentis*, he considers it due his wife, children and relations (say nothing of the prominent position he holds as the independent candidate for the American Presidency), to take such action as will place him right before the people. The paragraph originally started, it is alleged, in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, and generally copied without comment by leading American newspapers, gives him this opportunity:

THE LIBELOUS PARAGRAPH.

"An uncle of George Francis Train has made an affidavit that Mr. Train is a lunatic, and has petitioned to be appointed his guardian," or words to that effect.

The infamous accusation of implicating him in the burning of Chicago through the agency of the *Internationale*, copied in the Chicago *Times*, St. Louis *Republican*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, New York *World*, the American organ of the Pope and the Romish Propaganda, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, and other leading papers, and circulated through the associated press by land and sea, together with this libelous paragraph, shows an or-

ganized plan of the government or interested individuals to try and damage Mr. Train before the country pending the next Presidential campaign.

As Fenian Chief, Organizer of the Commune, Presidential head of the *Internationale*, and having been nominated by the people at eight hundred mass meetings throughout the land for the Presidency, Mr. Train has been asked to take immediate action against his libelers, and instructs me by telegraph to request you to publish this letter within *ten days*, retracting the libel you have circulated, in such editorial language as shall be considered satisfactory to Mr. Train's legal adviser, or papers will be at once served upon you for \$50,000 damages.

For the information of yourself and attorney this letter has been approved by the best legal talent in the country, who has advised Mr. Train that any newspaper copying the aforesaid libel can make no defence against a verdict in his favor (any judge or jury attempting it in this corrupt age might probably be assisted in forming a correct opinion through the wild, but stern justice of the *Internationale*).

Please forward the paper publishing your retraction with a letter in your own handwriting, to reach Omaha as soon after the ten days allowed as the mail will permit.

Very respectfully yours,

GEO. P. BEMIS,

Private Secretary.

To Geo. Francis Train, the People's Candidate for the American Presidency,

Wiping Out Judge Keogh of Dublin.

EPIGRAM ON AN APOSTATE.

To W. K., Esq.

Do you remember that speech in Forty-Eight—
With Meagher and Mitchel against the State?
Have you forgotten your patriot song,
When—“Days were short and nights were long”

Who was it forged and stole in trade,
Before you became a Renegade?
When your business career all came to woe,
As “Keogh, Sadlier, Brandrom & Co.?” ;
When about Tipperary Bank you cried;
And all the firm committed suicide?
Since by hanging Fenians you earn your bread,
Say, is Sadlier alive or is he dead?
Judas Iecariot, that apostate sinner—
Sold his Saviour at the Apostles’ dinner—
So you in England on your country trod,
Lord Jeffries—Nerbury—“So help me God.”

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

AMERICAN PRESS CABLEGRAM TO 500 AMERICAN NEWS- PAPERS.

DUBLIN, July 22, 1871.

Geo. Francis Train is holding Presidential Mass Meetings throughout Ireland, and lecturing to overflowing houses.

A Cincinnati paper says that the location of the Union Pacific depot grounds at Omaha, in Mr. Train's property, will make him worth over \$100,000,000.

Mr. Train has had published more elaborate speeches in the newspapers of Two Continents during the past twelve years than any Emperor, King, Diplomatist, Statesman, Lecturer or Politician in the World.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT, 1872.
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL,

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1872.

ONE THOUSAND INDEPENDENT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

PLATFORM OF THE TRAIN LIGUE.

CIVIS AMERICUS SUM.

GREENBACKS OR NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

Platform—1, Beat Grant. 2, Beat Grant. 3, Beat Grant. Smash the Rings

TRAIN AND THE PEOPLE AGAINST GRANT AND THE THIEVES.

Pay or fight—War with England—Non
Intercourse—The High Commission
Swindle Exposed.

Reduction of Army and Navy. Ameri-
can Industry—Free Trade means Eng-
land and Low Wages.

Universal Amnesty.

No Foreign Embassadors.

Specie Payments Abolished Forever.

Down with Taxes.

Ireland first—Cuba afterwards.

Free Banking—Down with Monopoly.

Down with the Politicians and up with
the People.

Prohibition of Foreign Manufacturers.

Cotton Factories South—Woolen Fac-
tories West.

DELEND A EST BRITANIA.

Woman Suffrage.

Republicanize Europe—Le Drapeau
Rouge.

Presidential Term. Six Years.

Success to Strikers.

Penal Servitude for Briber and Bribed.

Inland and Ocean Penny Postage.

Compulsory Education in Public Schools,
sans Bible.

The Death Knell of Tammany.

Eight Hours' Labor, Co-operative.

Government Postal and Money Order
Telegraph.

Ballot to Boys of Eighteen.

Hydropathy and Turkish Baths in Gov-
ernment Sanitary Institutions.

Vaccination Prohibited.

Abolish Electoral College.

Death to Official Thieves, through Vigi-
lance Committees.

Let Brigham alone—Admit Utah.

No more Land Grants.

No more U. S. Grants.

Cabinet Officers in Congress.

Franking Privilege Abolished.

Reptudiation or Starvation.

Chinese Emigration, but not Coolie Con-
tracts.

The St. Domingo Job shown up.

Unification of North America or the Con-
tinental Republic.

IMPEACHMENT GRANT.

AMERICANS, RALLY!!!

Let us elect a man for President who does not drink, smoke, chew, swear, gamble,
lie, steal; who never held public office; who never played the demagogue; who has
always been right on great national questions, and who believes that he is an instru-
ment in the hands of some mysterious power to emancipate the people from the
slavery of party and the **FANATICISM of ages**; who challenges any one to find a
blemish on his reputation!

**ABOLISH ELECTORAL COLLEGE. VOTE DIRECT. WE, THE PEOPLE,
NOT I, THE KING.**