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| the beautiful drama of top, thi ins |  |
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| guetion of the hills that loke eierna |  |
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|  | uceess is eertain! Gallut Whiss of the Ceutre |
| thing in the looe which |  |
| again, Clem | defeat should befall us, the blane shall not <br> you! |
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| Her |  |
| had A fetirial on this grounds near Was | Tak |
| on the late thor of Joly. Mr. Galer repilied to | rally |
| amece your |  |
| ment mould tiod could |  |
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|  | Don't let tiem |
|  | Yest lot the Whig |
| ment of my prouds for the eieibration of our |  |
| national anniversary affords me gr They are at your service as long a | secu |
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| \%oso | ques |
| If I had entertained the slightes |  |
| companied by an elogient spoch, | been done the old States in the disposition of |
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| A simploexpresion of my, thanks, at |  |
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| gentleman was promenading a fashionable ittle fellow called out, | fore it will be too lat by the men in power |
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| of the poor man. God only knows w |  |
| Sen | Pre Let the batale ory of the Whigsob Dock |
| had the floor of h |  |
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|  | dor that we may hate an oppotetibity yididree. |
|  | sing our friendo onee maro before the Eleetion. |
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