

VALLANDIGHAM LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

This voluble, irrepressible individual was emphatically the elephant of the Philadelphia Convention. How to get him off of the hands of that body was the all-absorbing question. He was worse feared than the Cholera or Small-pox. He was alternately importuned, threatened, coaxed and flattered, for a long time to no purpose, but at last "Val" had to yield to the enormous pressure of Randall, Weed & Co. The following parody, written several years ago, by a gentleman of this place, is not altogether inappropriate :

A donkey sick lay by the road,
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
While near him sat an old tree toad;
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
And as he turned himself around,
And roll'd in agony o'er the ground,
The toad struck up this dismal sound,
"Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—

He turned himself around and 'round,
And roll'd in agony o'er the ground,
While from the toad came the doleful sound,
"Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

"What makes thy face so awful long?"
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Thus ran the burden of his song,
"Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"
From 'thine Ohio home' away,
A million voices bid thee stay!
And now 'the devil is to pay,'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—He turned himself, &c.

"What groans of anguish do I hear?
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Why should'st thou quake with mortal fear?
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
In Canada thou'lt have a home,
Or in Secesh thou still may'st roam,
Or toddle off to 'kingdom come;'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—He turned himself, &c.

"What makes thee hang thine ears so low?
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Ah! mortal prospects fail below!
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Thou'rt nary 'Tribune' now, alas!
But simply this—a used up ass,
And like thy kin, can 'go to grass,'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—He turned himself, &c.

"The adage gives each 'dog his day,'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
With demagogues the same's the way,
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Thou'st staked thy card and failed to win!
The way thou'rt 'used up is a sin!
Thou'rt 'not good lookin' and can't come in!
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—He turned himself, &c.

"Ye ancient proverb sayth that 'fools,'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
'Should never meddle with edge tools,'
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!
Still thou hast served a purpose well
To prove that rogues can't always 'swell,
So now departing saint—farewell!
Vallandigham! Vallandigham!"

CHORUS—He turned himself, &c.