

EXTRA POST.

Democrat Salt River Excursion!

Incidents of the Annual Voyage to the Old Stamping Ground.

Vain Attempts to get in the Mayor's Office—The Democracy and the Police—What Happened to the Democratic Kite Flyers--A Steamboat Collision--The Old Canal Boat Knocked into Fragments--Rescue by the Broken-Backed Citizens--Off for Salt River--Rally Round the Flag.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, October 10, 1871.



That Ticket will Not Admit You Here.

Here, gentlemen, you see a beautiful chromo-lithograph of the Mayor's Office, at the door of which stands the Genius of Philadelphia. To that illustrious and classic Quaker approaches Captain James S. Biddle, with the Democratic ticket in his hand, who is informed that it will not admit him. Mr. Biddle is followed by Mr. Barger, Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Price and Mr. Fry, who are greatly put out because they can't get in. Upon a tree is the Genius of Justice, who presents them with a ticket which they can use. This is a very superior work of art, and its accuracy can be depended upon.

HO! FOR SALT RIVER!

Grand Democratic Excursion.

ANNUAL FALL TRIP.

Come one! Come all! Ample room in the storage.

The celebrated old canal boat "DEMOCRACY,"

which during the war enjoyed the patronage of the party, has just been dug out of a sand-bank, and will sail to-day, Tuesday, October 10, for

SALT RIVER.

This is the swiftest, speediest and safest route. Buy your tickets from this line, and you will reach Salt River by sundown, without fail. No stoppages. This is the LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

The jackasses and mules that pull it are selected for the speed with which they travel on this route. To add to the attractions of the trip, the

CITIZENS' REFORM BAND

will perform appropriate music, led by Prof. Thomas Webster. The following will be the

PROGRAMME.

"O tell me, Shepherd, why so sad," dirge, by Professor James Page.

"We may be happy yet," trumpet solo, by Prof. Postington.

"Down Among the Dead Men," bass solo, by Horace Stanley Hare. [By request.]

"The Days when we were Hard Up," duet, by Professors Sheppard and McLaughan.

"We would not Die in Autumn," waltz, quick time, by the whole band.

"Kicked out of that Saloon, Boys," baritone solo, by Prof. David W. Sellers.

"Book Me to Sleep, Mother," sentimental ballad, by Lloyd P. Smith.

"Three Blind Mice," trio, by J. J. Ridgway, Edward Hopper, and Henry Perkins.

"Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound," mazarke, by all the passengers.

"The boat howed down by weight of woe," solo, by Professor James Biddle.

"Salt River Requiem," sung by the whole Democratic party, accompanied by the Citizens' Reform Band.

Tickets for the excursion can be had at any of the election polls, excepting those in charge of the police. It is to be distinctly understood that although these tickets carry the bearers to Salt River, on no account will they bring them back again.

The above is the programme of the Grand Democratic

SALT RIVER EXCURSION

which takes place to-day, and to which the attention of the public is requested.

This excursion was originated by Squire McMullen, Sam Josephs, Chief Mulholland, and other experienced managers of the old canal boat, at the Washington House, last summer. They have been recently assisted by Hon. Thomas Webster, Captain Robert E. Corson and Colonel James Page, who were determined that the excursion should take place, and who have greatly contributed to its success. Mr. Furman Sheppard, the police force and Dr. Isaacs also gave important aid. But to the

REPUBLICAN VOTERS

of Philadelphia the complete triumph of the trip should be ascribed. Their fidelity and energy were irresistible, and they sent the old canal boat off, freighted with all the Democratic candidates, with every wish for a speedy passage, and a long stay at that celebrated Democratic watering place.

The longer they stay the better will it be for Philadelphia. The agony of their absence can be easily endured. We can do without a Mayor who cannot control his police. We can spare a police force that has become notorious everywhere for neglect of duty, for brutality and cruelty; that has not only permitted, for a year past, a Reign of Terror in Philadelphia, but has itself established and maintained that reign, and has made life and property unsafe by day and night. We can spare policemen who last evening stood by in the Fourth ward and saw colored men by scores attacked, beaten and shot, and who refused to arrest the outlaws. We can

spare, just as well, a District Attorney who WILL NOT DO HIS DUTY, who refused to prosecute the criminals of his own party because he needed their votes and influence. We can spare this SLEEPING SHEPHERD, who lets the wolves worry the sheep, till, fortunately, to prevent further destruction and slaughter,



A Man Comes to the Rescue.

The truth of this picture no one can mistake. There sits the Shepherd at the foot of his tree, while the wolf, with his cap and billy, is devouring the unoffending lamb. Well may the Shepherd hide his face in his hat. Perhaps he is only pretending to sleep. But, see who comes in the distance. There is no sleep there—no delay; it is a

MANN

who is in earnest, and who will soon scatter the wolves and dismiss the incapable Shepherd. The likenesses are not very good, but the attitudes are characteristic of energy on one side and supineness on the other.

The other master of the wolves, or rather their servant, is to go to the

SALT RIVER CEMETERY.

In this spacious grave-yard many Democrats will be entombed, but none of them will have a more undisturbed resting place than Daniel M. Fox. You see in the beautiful picture his political grave, with the inscription, and into that grave a large number of wild geese and nice ducks are disappearing in hot haste. This is because



A New Broom Sweeps Clean.

Do not be afraid; the grave will hold them all. The ducks with policemen's caps on are scampering very fast, and with reason, for

STOKLEY HOLDS THE BROOM, and he wields it with energy. You cannot see Stokley's portrait because of the great length of the broom, which keeps him out of the picture. Nor can you see the portrait of Fox, because Fox is in his grave. But you can see a great victory, for that, you know, "is in the wood."

PHILADELPHIA WANTS JUSTICE, and has wanted it for a long while. Now we are bound to have it. Colored men want relief from the injustice of Democratic policemen who club and shoot them, and from Democratic aldermen who send them to prison without just cause. In the following cartoon our artist has unfortunately made Justice with bandaged eyes. He knew

that she has been blind so long that he made her so, although in the extended hand we see that the scales have fallen from her eyes. We are to have no blind Justice, but Justice with both eyes wide open, quick to see the evil deeds of all criminals, and to punish them

IRRESPECTIVE OF PARTY.

The Justice this Salt River Excursion of the Democracy gives us will be "even-handed," as Shakspeare says, and one of her seats will be that of the District Court. Here is the seat of the District Judge, from which justice will be dispensed without money



And Without Price.

for the excellent reason that it will be dispensed with Mitchell.

And now in pursuit of the Salt River party, which, with its noble crew, sails on with wind and tide, not forgetting the donkeys, we come to the solicitors for the City Solicitorship. Mr. Barger's officious friends, who are not likely to be officious, have accused General Collis of getting behind a tree. They will find their own candidate up a tree, and a very thorny one. They will also discover that their Barger is in a Bad Boat, his barge being swamped by



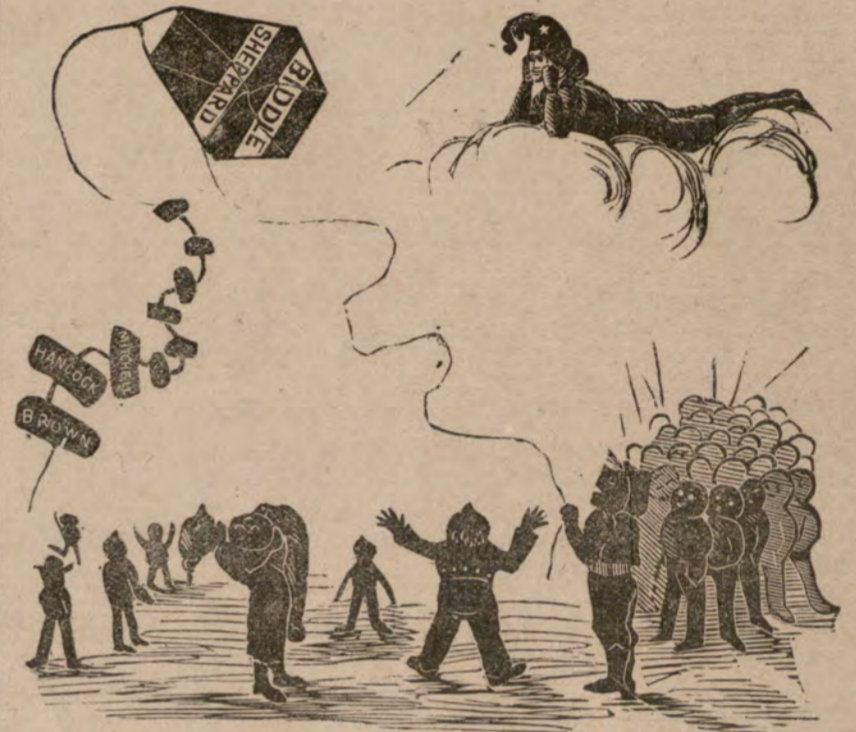
A Collision.

With all steam on, this fast and powerful boat strikes Barger's barge with terrible force. The unhappy candidate of the Democracy is precipitated into the river, and drifts down after the excursion. Is it inquired what Collis was doing up Salt River? What ignorance! Did he not want to "salt" the Democracy, and has he not been assaulted enough in this canvass to give his opponents a dose of the same kind?

And now, fellow-citizens, we come to one of the most terrible disasters that ever happened to the Democratic party, since Lee surrendered and Jeff. Davis escaped the gallows. We come to the moment when, on Tuesday, October 10, 1871, the Democratic ship of Philadelphia was so completely shattered and sunk. On board were all the candidates, paddling away for the port of office, when suddenly the

FLAG OF THE UNION

was seen displayed on the Republican Fort Lincoln. A trumpet summoned the ship to surrender, but its captain was too frightened to respond. Then came a



The Democratic Kite and Republican Tags.

Here, fellow-citizens, you see the result of the efforts of the Citizens' Reform Association. In the foreground is perceived the Broken Backed, Bogus Reformers, flying the Democratic Kite, with Biddle and Sheppard thereon inscribed. Hon. Thomas Webster holds the string. The little fellow with buttons on his jacket is Mr. Caleb Needles. Biddle is seen holding up Sheppard, who is in a state of collapse. In the distance the Deluded Dupes are seen Distressed at the Downfall of the Dilapidated Kite. You see that the Republican candidates, tagged to the kite, prevent it from flying. Reclining on a sunlit cloud is seen the

GENIUS OF LIBERTY,

(a splendid likeness) who is much amused at the ridiculous spectacle.

flash of lightning, a tremendous report, and then an immense bombshell, labelled

TEN THOUSAND MAJORITY,

came crashing in, and knocked the unfortunate boat into splinters. This was undoubtedly



A Square Hit.

Never was there such a scene. Captain Biddle and his flag went up and then came down; Mr. Sheppard jumped into the smoke-stack; McCandless plunged into the briny wave; Mr. Fry jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire; Ramsey was rammed into a corner; Hays disappeared in a haze of smoke; Isaacs found that as "Professor of the Eye and Ear" he could neither hear nor see, and there was general consternation and scattering. What would have become of the party it is impossible to tell had it not been for the barge of the

CITIZENS' REFORM ASSOCIATION, which, not being quite ruined, came to the rescue. The Reformers could not let the excursion be incomplete. They rowed to the scene of disaster, and fished up the struggling candidates in the water. You see in the appended photograph Thomas Webster holding up Furman Sheppard on a boat hook, Henry C. Lea dragging out Mr. Perkins by the arms, and the rest struggling as they

can. The boat is all ready to sail, and the party is



Saved For Salt River.

And now they are all gone. Let summer gales attend the daring voyagers, and wait them safely to their distant destination. Farwell, Fox, Adoo, Biddle, Bye-bye, Sheppard. Au revoir, Price. Da da, Ramsey. Good-night, Barger. Take care of yourself, Fry. A good time, Woodward. Be happy, Hays. Keep your gun up, Isaacs. To all the rest of you boys, bon voyage. It is a long trip; but the Republican party has

PAID YOUR PASSAGE, and you can take much delight in the prospect of a long political vacation. The Republican party does not go with you, but remains to rally around the Old Flag, to know that Law and Order is restored in Philadelphia, and that Pennsylvania is safe for Grant in 1872.



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