

menced, having for its object the Abolition of the Disgusting Custom of Eating Offal. For a long time the Discussion of this Great Question was carried on, and the Doves waxed most Eloquent upon it, delivering Speeches in season and out of season from every Stump in the Forest, and making out a Clear Case against the Carrion Eaters. Notwithstanding their Excellent Speeches, and their Commendable Enthusiasm, however, they made very little Progress with the Cause. The Condors or the Buzzards remained at the head of affairs, and the Carrion Feast went on without Interruption. This greatly puzzled the Blue Jay, and in his perplexity he applied to the Owl for an Opinion on the Matter. "It is very simply Explained," replied the Owl, with a cynical Blink of his Eye. "Take a seat beside me on this Limb, and tell me what you see over yonder." The Blue Jay looked in the direction indicated and replied, "I observe a Condor and a Dove going along arm in arm, and also a Buzzard and a Dove in the same affectionate relation." "Exactly," responded the Owl. "This is Election Day, you know, and the Doves are going to the polls to vote the Ticket of the Carrion Parties. All their Eloquent Speeches go for Nothing. Nothing counts but Ballots. They thus undo in One Day the work of the other Three Hundred and Sixty-four." "I see," said the Blue Jay, as he looked on in Astonishment and Pity.

MORAL.—Liquor Parties care nothing for Talk, so long as they get the Votes.