

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.  
SUPPLEMENT.**

[Published by Request.]

**JACK WILLS' PETITION.**

The following petition was sent to Hon. J. P. Knott and Hon. James B. soon after the passage of the fourteenth amendment, and was presented and read before Congress (then in session) and the facetious author, Jack Wills, a prominent lawyer of Lawrenceburg, Ky., was "relieved" by unanimous consent of the members. The recent debate at Washington upon the amnesty bill suggested the republication of the rhymes, as they are "to the point." The lines are too good to be lost, even admitting

That a petition sent in rhyme  
Won't always free a man from crime.

We advise the ladies all to keep a copy for their scrap-books, so that when the next anniversary of independence rolls round our great-great grand children can produce it as a curiosity:

Dear Knott, I thought as I had time,  
I'd write to you and Beck in rhyme,  
To let you know that I am well,  
As these few lines will surely tell.  
I also send petition signed  
By loyal men who were so kind  
As to indorse and recommend  
For clemency your wayward friend.  
Please put it through, and thus relieve

A rebel who past sins doth grieve;  
And you may tell each friendly Rad  
That though I was a rebel bad,  
My penitence is deep and true  
More than I dare express to you.  
When Jephtha, Judge of Israel fought  
The Amonitish hosts, and sought  
In prayer the aid of Israel's God,  
To drown his foes in their own blood,  
He made a vow he "hadn't orter,"  
And thereby lost his only daughter.  
This vow I'm sure old Jep repented  
Until he felt almost demented.

It all of Holy Writ be true,  
Old Pharo did the Jews pursue,  
With numerous hosts, intent on slaughter,  
Until he got neck-deep in water;  
With penitence, no doubt profound,  
His soul was filled before he drowned;  
And thousands evil ways have tried,  
Who felt repentance ere they died.  
But few have felt such deep contrition  
As he who sends you this petition.  
Some for their crimes get thrown in prison,

And some gets ropes around their "wizen";

Some after death are punished sore,  
Who never got their dues before;  
But he who with a gory hand  
Stirs up rebellion in the land,  
Against the best government under the sun

And fails in his purpose, is forever undone.

No prison for him! Let no gallows be built!

The red ocean of hell is too mild for guilt!

That pit of perdition, where the de'il and his kith  
Are weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth,

Is too full of pleasure! Let's unveil some new plan  
To punish and torture this rebellious clan!

Thus our law-makers said, and with cruel intendment,  
Went to work and concocted the Fourteenth Amendment.

A man can stand being hung or put into jail,  
Face the guillotine, too, without turning pale;

But just think, my dear Proc—and you are no novice—  
How a Kentuckian feels when he can't hold an office.

Old Spain's inquisition and the racks there applied  
To torture mankind may be thrice multiplied;

Then add gallows and jail and the tortures of hell,  
And the figures you get begin scarcely to tell

The miseries of him whose scale of descendent

Is laid down by law in this Fourteenth Amendment;

Not that he cares much for the Yankee blood spilt,

Or for those he has wounded or those he has kilt,

But his cup of misery he thinks full enough is,

When he knows he's proscribed and can never hold office.

Remorse and repentance express but contentment

When compared with the rule in this Fourteenth Amendment.

Why it's bad enough, Proc, when one can't get elected;

It makes him feel sorry, repentant, dejected,

But to say he shan't run—oh, ye gods, what contrition

Fills up a man's heart in this awful condition.

Such condition is mine, and it worries me sore,

And pierces my soul to my heart's very core;

And I am sure when your friends can see how I am grieved

They'll hurry up the cakes and get me relieved,

Oh! my country! my country! how I'd like to serve it,

In some good, fat office, for I know I deserve it;

You may tell your friends, too, I'll remember in prayer

Those who in relieving your friend shall take share;

And I'll here give a specimen prayer, by-the-way,

For fear they may think I don't know how to pray:

Thou ruler of both good and bad,  
Look down and bless each friendly Rad,

Who hastens forward with agility  
To free Jack Wills of disability,

May pleasure on his pathway shine,  
May he for office never pine;

May he never know defeat,  
Unless some Reb can get his seat;

May he live one thousand years,  
His eyes be never wet with tears,

Except it be with tears of joy,  
Of pleasure mixed with no alloy,

And spend his days in sweet contentment,  
Free from the d—d Fourteenth Amendment.

**CASTLES IN THE AIR.**

O bonnie, bonnie bairn sits pokin' in the ase,  
Gloverin' in the fire wi' his wee round face,  
Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?  
Ha! the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air.

His wee chubby face an' his tawny curly pow  
Are dancin' and noddin' to the dancin' lowe;  
He'll brown his rosy cheeks an' singe his sunny hair

Gloverin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon;  
He sees little godger puin' them a' doun;  
Ward whomlin' up an' down blezin' wi' a flare,  
Losh! how he lous as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?  
He's thinkin' upon naethin' like many mighty men.

A wee thing makes think an' a sma' thing makes us stare,

There are more folk than he biggin' castles in air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld;  
His chin upon his buffy han' will soon mak' him auld;

His brow is brent so braid, oh! pray that Daddy Care

Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.

He'll glower at the fire an' he'll keek at the light  
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night.

Aulder e'en than his are glamoured by a glare,  
Heads are turned and hearts are broke by castles in the air.

James Ballrntyne.

**Mark Twain as a Candidate.**

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the country wants is a candidate who can not be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the most about a candidate, to begin with, every effort to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any dark and deadly deed that I have secreted, let it prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I did tree a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his night shirt at the point of a shot gun and caused him to howl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if ever I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was 1859. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth this fact by asserting that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It is a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred to have some body else save her. I entertain that idea yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get suddenly over the fence and go for home.

I admit, also, that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands, and to improve our export trade with that region, I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be "Desiccate the poor workingman! Stuff him into sausages!"

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity, and proposes to be fiendish to the last.