



Fire up Green! Fire! I say
That devilish Whig brigand Stratton,
is almost there - Stir up! - Put on
the Steam of our man is low -
O my Country! O! O!
For thee I raise my Sword on high
For thee I live - For thee I die -
Go ahead! Barst!
Till sooner smash than not be first.

'T is decreed by my Master, the
Captain, that there shall be more Fire -
but I fear I never shall be Chancellor.

Look out Captain!
There's a break ahead
we'll be thrown off
the track!

We're distanced the
Rail Road machinery
this time.

Here they are!
Three cheers for Governor
Stratton the Jersey bred
Jerseymen.

How long shall we go
on this tack, Captain!
It is almost time to have
the Engine reversed.

YOUNG
HYSON

Hurrah for Clay - for Frelinghuysen
for Stratton - and for all who go for men
of my Condition! Hurrah I say you
men with your own Servants there!

I have no faith in com-
mon people - they have
no respect for rank -
Thompson degrades him-
self by condescending to
be their Governor.

Read my friend, Thompson will
find the backs of the people a very
unsafe foundation for a Rail Road
I had rather trust to Stratton's
Old Jersey Wagon off roads.

Price 25 Cts

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No. 4

GOVERNORS RACE IN NEW JERSEY

Young Hyson riding over the backs of the people. - Stratton going ahead in the popular Jersey Style.

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