The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS, FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—*Lincoln.* EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Terms of Publication.

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in Sayers' building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at **$2** per annum, IN ADVANCE, or **$2 50** if not paid within the year. **All subscription accounts** MUST **be settled annually.** No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for IN ADVANCE, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as guaranty against imposition.

All letters pertaining to business of the office must be addressed to the Editor

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Poetry.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you—
Come near, I would whisper it low.
You are thinking of leaving the homestead—
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia—
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard—
The goods are first high, and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer—
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great West has its inducements,
And so has the busiest mart;
But wealth is not made in a day, boys—
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy—
They take in their thousands or so
Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions—
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest—
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey,
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profits should come rather slow;
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys—
Don't be in a hurry to go!

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

There was a plebeian called Andy,
Who sometimes drank sugar and brandy;
But the law he o'er-reached,
So he soon got impeached
And that's what became of poor Andy!

There was an old fogy named Thomas,
Whom he the War Office did promise;—
But said Stanton, "I'll stick!"
So out he did kick
This poor old *ad interim* Thomas!

Select Reading.

GETTING IN AT NIGHT.

The door was locked when I got home, said Tom, and how to get in without waking the governor was the difficulty. I know he would give me particular fits if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was a few feet below the windows. One of them I knew to be fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of the governor's wife arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room, but I knew the bed was in the corner furthermost from the window, and I hoped to be able to get in and through the room without awakening her, and then I should have a comparatively easy time of it. So, getting a plank from the neighboring boardpile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket and "coned." All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse suspicion in the morning, to remove the plank: so dragging it up I threw it off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me two or three squares, and who immediately set up the most awful whine a hound ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced as if he intended to split his throat at it, and a woman in her nightclothes appeared at the window across the street. I knew I was safe so far as she was concerned but if any one should come to our window the candle would give light enough to have discovered me. Nobody came, however, and the lady after peeping up and down the street for a minute or two popped in her head and retired. The mocking bird still kept up its eternal whistle, and it was full half an hour before he and the dog settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang in, and with my legs dangling out, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in the room, for I was sure I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute I cautiously drew up one leg and then the other, drew them around, and putting them down on the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was withdrawing them when another yell broke forth at my feet; the old maid jumped from her bed crying "murder!" and the mocking bird started again. A little darkey was lying on her back under the window; and I had stepped on her face, and of course, woke her up. I decided in a moment what to do. The house would be aroused, and I would be caught to a certainty unless I could get to my room before the Governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was screaming; so I started for the door in three steps, struck a chair, stumbled over it, of course, making the awfulest racket you ever heard in the hours of night in a peaceful house. The nigger and the old maid screamed louder than ever; the mocking bird whistled louder than a steam whistle, and they fairly made a chorus as loud as Julian's.

I reached the door, however, and quietly and swiftly opened it, and just got into the hall in time to see the old gentleman open the door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the governor, reached the door, opened it, and went in, and in the meantime there were all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much of it. The little darkey was too much frightened and too sound asleep at the time to tell the truth, and the upshot of the business was that they concluded that she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving her a sound shaking and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors from the window, went back to his own room again.

"So far so good." I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room, which was in the second story of the brick building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started.

Boys, did you ever try to get up or down a pair of stairs at midnight without without making a noise? You may try it all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough, you are sure, to awake everybody. I had got nearly to the bottom, when a little dog came trotting up the entry toward me, yelling furiously. A suppressed "come here, Zip!" silenced him, for he recognized me, but the little fellow started the mocking bird, and all the dogs in the neighborhood, having learned to take the cue, of course, joined the chorus for a third time.

I ran along the passage, reached the door, and unlocked it just as the Governor, aroused for the second time, opened his door and seeing a man coming from the house by the back way of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though; I opened the door, sprang out, made for a door that opened into a room below mine, and had just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my bed went a brick and a voice that I knew belonged to the next door neighbor, Tomkins, joined with the Governor in the cry of thieves! thieves! murder! murder! I was safe though.

Running up stairs I "shelled myself" quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed, sound asleep in half a minute.

Wasn't their a row though? I never heard so many dogs in my life before—the mocking bird of course, was outdoing all previous efforts—the chickens began to crow—Tomkins next door, was hallooing "Thieves" and calling the Governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of noises and talking among the neighbors until, at length the old gentlemen's voice was heard in the yard calling "Tom! Tom!"

Tom fortunately was sound asleep, snoring.

Jumping from my bed I raised the window, rubbed my eyes and looked partially frightened (which I wasn't) and asked:

"Why, father what in the world is the matter?

"There's thieves in the house," was the reply; "get your gun and come down—be quick."

"He's in the room below you," halloed Tomkins; "I'm certain of it; I saw him as he ran down and threw a fire-brick at him. I know he didn't pass the door, Mr. Jones."

I was directed to look out for myself; the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tomkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there were a dozen or more men in the yard armed with guns pistols and sticks.

The Governor led the attack; opening the door he called:

"Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel. If you attempt to resist, I'll blow your brains out,"

Nobody came, however.

"Watch the door while I go in;" and I was told to look sharp and shoot the rascal if he came up stairs. A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

"He's up stairs then!" cried Tomkins, "for I'll take my bible oath he didn't pass the door."

So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no burglar there. The strictest search, even looking under a boot did not show the faintest trace of him.

The yard was examined, then the house and everybody was tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to sleep on my post (but I did,) under the penalty of flogging.

The articles missing, on a thorough investigation the next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. Thimble turned up in a day or two, being discovered under the carpet, but the pies have not been accounted fo even to this day. On oath I coul have given very material testimony as to the deposit of the stolen property, but the case didn't come before any court, and I remained quiet.

Didn't the local editors loom though? One of them elongated himself through a half column, and headed the article "A Diabolical and Attrocious attempt at Burglary and murder!" describing with graphic particulars the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss L——and her servant, complimenting the coolness of R. Tomkins, Esq., perorating with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the policemen.

It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchman used to stop at our front door and listen during his rounds for a month after. The excitement died away, though, after a while. But I'll never forget the night I tried to get in without making a noise.

OHIO.

Great Damage by the Storm—Singular Freaks of the Wind—A Railway Train Blown from the Track—Buildings Change their Base, &c., &c.

CINCINNATI, March 17.—The storm in this vicinity this morning was very severe, and caused great destruction to property in the city. Several buildings were unroofed and others blown down. At Camp Washington a new frame house was blown down. The residence of Captain Patterson, near College Hall, was unroofed. At Mount Airy the roof of the church was entirely blown away. Two new frame houses, almost completed, and located at the head of the street on Vine street Hill, were thrown to the ground. On the farm of Dr. Wise, near Mount Pleasant, the orchard was entirely destroyed. On the premises of J. M. Noble, in the same vicinity, over one thousand trees were uprooted, and the fences blown down in every direction.

The bridge over the canal at Longview Asylum was lifted from its fastenings and deposited in the canal. The barn on the farm of William Taphorn, near Mount Pleasant, was turned completely around on its foundation.

The train on the Indianapolis and Cincinatti Road was lifted from the track, leaving the trucks standing. John Eagan, conductor of the train, was severely hurt, and several passengers badly bruised.

At California several houses were unroofed. A Methodist Church at Elizabethtown was blown down. A large brick mill located at the same place was also completely demolished, causing a heavy loss.

We also learn by passengers that a large number of houses between this place and Indianapolis were unroofed by the storm and otherwise injured, but we have heard of no accidents to the person of any one. Parties arriving from all sections inform us that the forests adjoining the track of the railroads on which they come are despoiled of their finest ornaments—the tallest and finest trees—so that the damage throughout the country must have been enormous.

A brewery at Newtown, Indiana, not far from Lawrenceburg, was almost entirely destroyed. The barn of Rev. Dr. Williamson, at Anderson's Ferry, six miles from Cincinnati, was blown down, and a carriage which was inside broken in two. The loss will probably reach $2,000. The roof of a large stone house near Andrews was carried off, and falling near the railroad track, and demolished all the telegraph wires adjoining. None of the inmates of the building were injured.

The boats at the wharf were swung round in every direction, yet no serious damage was done. Several barrels of oil were upset on the texas of the Alaska, and falling on the roof, stove it in in several places. Below the bridge the Dove No. 2 was swung round and narrowly saved from being carried away. The C. T. Dumont came in this morning, having narrowly escaped being wrecked on the river. The storm was violent, and the waves were running high. All the packets under way were tossed about unceremoniously, to the great fright and discomfort of passengers. The Boston, Telegraph and R. R. Hudson were compelled to weather out above. The lady Grace, Spray and Carrie Williams being below the Water Works, were torn from their moorings by the gale, and carried across to the Kentucky shore where they landed among a lot of coal, damaging some seriously. The United States, though also out in the storm, escaped injury, as she was running with the wind. The Dumont, however, took it broadside and went over to the leeward on her beam ends. The waves washed and rolled over her forward deck, and one of her firemen stood waist deep in water. On the leeward side near her boiler, the foot boxes stood two feet in water. The officers describe the gale as terrific.

At Glendale the residences of William Proctor and H. W. Hughes were considerably injured, and a new unoccupied mansion belonging to Judge Morse was almost entirely demolished. The course of the storm was in two currents, from Northwest to Southeast and expending its greatest fury in the surroundings of the city. Though not of long duration, it raged with great fierceness.

ON reading Gen. Geo. H. Thomas' dispatch declining the appointment of Brevet General, Grant remarked: "Just what I expected from Thomas. He is a good soldier."

From the TOLEDO BLADE.

NASBY.

The Corners Sympathizing with the Irish—An Interruption from Joe Bigler—He Makes a Diversion.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky,)
Febrooary 17, 1868.

Ther is located in the Corners about 12 or 15 sons uv the Green Ile uv Erin, which is called the green ile, I spose, becoz uv the case with which the grate majority uv em are managed by the Dimocrisy. To fasten these voters and hold em to us, it wuz considered advisable that some akshen be taken by the Dimocrisy uv the Corners, in the matter uv Irish liberty and English oppreshun. The ijee originatid with Deekin Pogram; and Bascom, Capt. McPelter and I, consentid. We met at the church, and I made, ez is the custom, the leadin speech. It wuz a subjick that is easy to speek upon, and I flatter myself I did it justis. It's easy to talk uv liberty, for ther's suthin inspirin in the word. That's the reason why the Ablishnists hev alluz hed the advantage uv us in the matter uv speekers. They hev all the advantage uv sentiment; but halleloogy! uv wat avail is sentiment when yoo hurl it at a lazy man? Uv wat good is it to talk uv liberty to a man who don't like to work; who hez a taste for draw poker and mint gooleps, and who kin force fifty or a hundred niggers to work for him! Yoo mite ez well fire paper wads at a iron-clad. That's where the Dimocrisy hev em in Kentucky. Everybody here hez a dislike for work, and a likin for mint gooleps, but nobody haint got no sentiment.

Still, we hev no objecshun to talkin uv liberty at long range. We hev no objeckshun to it in Ireland. In fact, we are willin to admit that in Ireland it is a pretty good thing.

I spoke elokently on the subjick. I held up sich uv the rongs endoored by the Irish ez I cood conveniently remember; spoke feelinly uv wat they hed suffered, wuz a suffrin, and probably hed yit to suffer; and demanddid that the Corners unite in a expreshun uv sympathy with em, ez those most certialy entitled to it. I wuz applaudid to the eko, and Bascom riz. He hed a series uv resolusaens, which he begged to submit, ez follers:

Wareas, We hev red in the noosepapers, or hev hed red to us, which is the same thing, sole-movin accounts uv the horrors now afflictin Ireland, on account uv the oppreshun and tyrany practiced upon em by the bloated aristocrats and pampered sons uv luxury uv England; and

Wareas, The Corners feels for the wictims uv oppreshun, and weeps at ther woes; therfore, be it

Resolved, That the holdin uv the Irish in bondage in Ireland by the English, is a reproach unto the civilizashun uv the 19th ceatury.

Resolved, That the taxin uv the Irish without givin uv em a voice in the government, the forsin uv em to support a government in the runnin uv wich they hev no voice, and the other outrages too tejus to menshun, which is bein continyooally inflicted onto em, stirs our blood with indignashun, and we hereby extend our sympathy to em.

Resolved, That we demand uv the goverment uv the Yoonited States, that stops be immejitly taken to releese Amerikin sitizens uv Irish descent now languishin in English prizens, and that, if neels be, to assert the dignity uv the Republic, we go to war in this coz.

The resolooshens wuz about bein yoonanimously adopted, when that miserable cuss, Joe Bigler, riz. He sed he hed a remark to make. He approved uv them resolooshens. He beleved in em. Taxashen without representashen wuz ojus—it wuz tyrany—it cood never be endoored; and he cared not where it wuz practist, it wuz abhorrent to every lover uv liberty. He shood cheerfully vote for them resolooshens, but he desired to make a little addishen to em.

I remarkt that amendments wuz in order.

"Very good," sed Josef; "I move to add these:

Resolved, Also, that ez taxashen without representashen is unjust in Ireland, it is in Kentucky, and that wile this convenshun has her pocket handkercher out a weepin over the woes uv the Irish, it slings a teer or two over the unforchunet black citizens uv this State, who are bein taxed like thunder, but who aint permitted to vote at all.

Resolved, likewise. That while moistenin up over the Amerikin citizens uv Irish desent now in prizen in England, we give down a trifle over the four Amerikin citizens uv Afrikin desent now in jail in this county, who wuz imprisoned for no coz watever, ceptin knockin down impudent white men who aboozed their wives.

Resolved, moreover, That wile we condemn England for imprizinin American citizens uv Irish desent without coz, and tyranizin over em generally, we shel take sich steps ez shel prevent the same thing bein done to alarmin extent to Amerikin citizens uv Afrikin desent at home.

"These resolooshens," sed Joseph, I move ez a amendment. Uv course no one will object, for the principle is the same here ez there."

I replied breefly. Ther wuz a distinkshen. I feered Mr. Bigler did not understand the matter. Ther wuz a distinkshen, and it wuz not altogether on akkount uv the Afrikin's bein a black man either. Ef ther wuz a strong emegrashen from Afrika to Amerika, and the Afrikin emigrant cood give a vote after he hed bin heer five yeess, the Dimocrisy wood hev diffikulty in getin up sympathy for em. But it aint so, and hence I see no practical good in the amendment. I mildly but firmly object to addin these resolooshens to the regler ones reported by Mr. Bascom. The nigger is——

Bigler sed he expected it wood be objected to. But he wuz so well satisfied thet it ought to pass, thet he felt he must take extraordinary measures. He wanted every one to vote on the amendment ez he pleesed—he wanted every one to exescise his own jugment but he shood take the liberty uv puttin the moshen, and shood feel called upon to bust the hed uv every man who votid agin it.

Uv coarse that settled it. We all hev a regard for Joseph, for he duz alluz ez he sez. Every man in the room votid for it, and the Corners stands committed to nigger suffrage. Good Heavens! Can't this cuss be got rid uv?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.

THE LATE MR. PENDLETON.

Mr. Pendleton, says a cotemporary, who a while ago, was supposed to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination at the hands of the Democratic party, is no more. Horatio Seymour, who declines to be thought of for the Presidency, but whose friends are doing all they can for him, dealt the blow; and he did it remorselessly. The Pittsburgh *Post*, which in an inconsiderate moment swung out for Pendleton and his scheme of Rags and Repudiation, knows this, and therefore mingles with its grief for the defeat of its favorite, execration against the great New Yorker. And they who were led into the support of the ambitious Ohioan, go about the streets mourning for the late Mr. Pendleton.

Some of our readers may have read what Mr. Seymour had to say of Mr. Pendleton, and his scheme of Rags and Repudiation. The great New Yorker tells the little Ohioan that the issue will overwhelm the Democratic party, and that too, while it has "issues enough with the party in power" to win a victory. Mr. Seymour's disgust, therefore, for the new and distracting idea of Pendleton is quite beyond expression. Referring to the Pendletonian doctrine, Mr. Seymour says squarely, "it is enough that honor forbids this, even if we could stoop to aught that is less honorable." And he has some words which all parties and every class of men should remember:

"Our debt" he says, "is not due until fifteen years from now. How few who now discuss the question will be living then? In the meanwhile if the country is well governed, if there is economy in its affairs, and the rights and liberties of our people shall be unimpaired, our population will be increased from thirty-five to fifty millions; our wealth will be more than doubled. Then this debt will rest more lightly upon greater numbers and greater wealth than it does upon the depressed industry and disheartened spirit of the people at present."

Coming to speak more directly to Mr. Pendleton's scheme he says:

"It means we are to give the laborer for his toil a base currency. It means that the honor of our country shall be stained; that our business shall be kept in uncertainty and confusion; that the laboring man shall suffer by the increased cost of the neccessaries of life; that tax-payers shall be burdened by a Government proved to be corrupt and imbecile by this very depreciation of its money. We can't afford to speculate upon the nation's honor at so fearful a cost. If we come into power there will be no discredit on our currency, no speculation in paying our bonds in paper. I thank God the faith which we all hold as one man, seeks to level up, not to level down. While, therefore, we may differ as to the construction of the contract with the public creditor, we must not confound the position of those who think it right to pay in paper, but who battle to make that paper as good as gold, with the position of those who mean to pay not only in paper, but who are destroying the value of that paper. That is repudiation."

Let the late Mr. Pendleton have a descent burial!

ON last Friday, as three gentlemen were crossing the Monongahela river, at Low's Mill, in Monongalia county, in a common flat boat heavily loaded, the boat sank in the middle of the river and drowned one of the men—Mr. George Carter—son of Notley Carter, who, becoming chilled through, was unable to swim to shore. The other two gentlemen, fortunately, swam to shere and escaped a watery grave.

A YOUNG lady possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked, in a jesting tone, but with an earnest glance, "she traveled on her good looks." A rejected lover being present remarked he "could now account for her never being far away from home."

MARK TWAIN ON THE SITUATION.

Mark Twain writes the Chicago *Republican* as follows:

WASHINGTON, February 25.—The ball is in motion. The Philadelphians send encouraging dispatches to the President. Chicago mass meetings tell Illinois Representatives to impeach. New York city threatens blood and slaughter in behalf of the President. Gov. Geary promises another uprising for Congress. And last, Mr. Gideon Welles is "standing by" with his redoubtable four hundred marines to rush to the Chief Magistrate's protection. It is time to tremble when Gideon's band is hitching up its trousers, shifting its quids to starboard and preparing to repel boarders! But Congress is in earnest, and may be the old salts will see service shortly. Gen. Logan says that if Congress quails this time, he wants an appropriation made to iron-plate the the members so that the nation can kick them from the Capitol to the White House without its wearing them out! Sound the tocsin! I don't know what a tocsin is, but I want it sounded all the same.

Gideon is not to be alone. Telegrams offering support and encouragement to the President are still arriving constantly. My position as Private Secretary *ad interim* to the Chief Magistrate gives me peculiar facilities for early learning their contents:

MAYSVILLE, Feb, 25.

Will one regiment of Irish be of any service to you? Answer.

There is a thousand, anyhow. The case looks healthy.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb, 25.

I can raise one thousand men to sustain you from my Second District of New Jersey, if necessary.

Not signed. From the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, doubtless. They own the Second District of New Jersey, and the other Districts also, I believe. However, it is a thousand more, in any event. This is cheering.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb, 25.

Go on! All the decent men in the metropolis will back you.

Well, that makes another thousand. We are all right now.

WHEATLAND, PA., Feb, 25.

Proceed with caution—but proceed. Garrison Fort Sumter. But do not provision it yet. Be cautious. Do not act with too much decision about things. Wait. PUB. FUSC.

I thought the old lady was dead. But she only sleepeth. Some one must wake her up, and tell her Sumter is battered down.

NIXO YOXO, CAL., Feb., 24

Mellican man welly good. You sabby Chinaman? No hab got, how can catch? Chinaman welly good man, John. Send you nine hundred Chinaman, heap smash up 'um Congress. HONG WO SIM YUP.

I know Chinaman too well. They are a nation of Pub. Funcs. They are not partisan enough in character. They would come here with their tubs and take in washing from both sides.

CINCINNATI, Feb, 24.

Die for ign boppulations fon Cincinnatti is mit you in dis clorious grieus. Speel your hant for all vot its vort. Make you shall—do vot you is—holt up your hat up, und shust go right along de same you never vos. You shall haf limburg, und lager, und pretzels—every dings vot you vants, at de lowest brice—greenbacks. Grisuses is de bincipies vot I goes in in for! Grisuses is de dings vot makes de droubles for de dam rattleies!

HANS VON KRAUT.

Wee gates, Hans. I don't know what "we gates" is, but I suppose it is the neat thing to fire the German heart with, in times of "grisus."

RICHMOND, Feb. 25.

We are with you, heart and soul! There are plenty of railroads leading from the South to Washington, and in your far-sighted sagacity you long ago put them all into my hands, and under my supreme control. Blessings on the singular policy which has given the North only one railway route to Washinton! Count on us. Men, money, and *transportation* are at your service. BEAUREGARD.

This is victory itself.

ALASKA, Feb. 25.

Thermometer at 78 deg. below zero, but Democratic patriotism at a hundred and sixty above. We are with you! Glorious mass meeting yesterday. Fowarded full proceedings. Bear ate the messenger. Ate the proceedings also. Since died, out proceedings and messenger so mixed up in stomach shall have to send all in a box.

C. GREEN ICEBERG.

Bear-steak, masticated messenger, and Democratic resolutions ought to make a fair enough feast in these hungry times. Proceedings generally contain "provisions," but this time the provisions contain the proceedings. The case is peculiar.

ST. THOMAS, Feb 25.

Hurrah! hur—

[Excuse interruption. Great storm just swept away this portion of the town]

Hurrah! hur—

[Excuse interruption again. Earthquake.]

Hurrah! hur—

[Perdition! Volcano let go under the house]

rah!

In haste, JOHN SMI—

John Smith, I suppose. Some new disaster must have interfered with him, and he could not finish his name. His part of the world has come to an end, maybe. However, with the help of Providence he got his hurrah out, anyhow. It is about all that the others have accomplished, so far, although they took more words to say it in.

DUBLIN, Ireland, Feb. 25.

God and Liberty! Star Spangled Banner! Erin go Bragh! Geewhillikins!

America for white men! *Tempus fugit!* Bow-wow-wow!

Down with the revolutionists! Death to demagogues! No sinking! Let every true patriot show his ear marks and be known by his voice!

Waw-he! waw-he! waw-he! waw-he!

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Now we *are* safe, since the Great Fenian Female Suffrage Ass is going to bray in our favor.

Things to be Remembered.

1. That the late rebellion, which cost our nation three thousand million of dollars, and hundreds of thousand of lives, carrying mourning into al every family in the land, was a Democratic rebellion, got up in the interest of slavery, because the party was defeated in a Presidential election.

2. That Democratic Northern politicians, from ex-Presidents down to members of Congress and Mayors of our largest cities, encouraged their Southern friends to rebel, with promises that the friends of the Union would "have fighting enough to do at home;" that "the war should not be South of Mason & Dixon's line, but here in the North," and that "blood should run in our own streets."

3. That the war once commenced was prolonged for years by the efforts of the Democratic party in the North to cripple the Government, to discourage enlistments, and in every practicable way to encourage the rebels in their desperate conspiracy against the life of the Republic.

4. That every single Democratic State except little Delaware, went into the rebellion; and that was only prevented from doing so by the strong arm of the Government.

5. That while the Democratic Congressmen, Governors and Generals violated their oaths, abandoned the flag of their country and went into the Congress and armies of the rebel Confederacy, not a solitary Republican from one end of the country to the other, ever turned traitor to the flag of the Union, or went into rebel Congresses or rebel armies.

6. That while the Republican party is now laboring to restore the Union upon the basis of impartial justice and the equal rights of all loyal men, the Democratic party is arraying itself against such restoration and striving by every means in its power to postpone reconstruction, as it did postpone for years the end of the war.

7. That the only restoration desired by the Democratic party is its own restoration and that of its rebel allies to place and power in the Government and nation.

TAXING NATIONAL BONDS.

Under our National Constitution not only have the States no right to tax national Securities, but Congress cannot constitutionally confer such a power upon them. The power to tax national securities is one of the attributes of national sovereignty which the States cannot exercise and Congress cannot delegate to them without violating that clause of the Constitution which makes the National Government supreme over the States in the exercise of all its degraded functions. The arguments against the expediency of taxing national securities are as strong as those against the constitutionality. It would lead to their taxation at different rates in the various States and consequently would drive them out of the States in which they are heavily taxed into which they are taxed less. As the bonds held abroad cannot be taxed, it would tend to drive a still larger proportion of our national debt into the hands of foreigners, and to increase the drain of gold necessary to pay the interest to our foreign creditors. The tax-payers would save nothing, as whatever might be the tax levied on the bond, it would be added to the amount of the interest which the Government has to pay and so would ultimately be collected from the present tax-payers. A loan which might be effected at five per cent, if subjected to a tax of one per cent can only be effected at six per cent, and the additional one per cent is paid by the tax-payer. Or if the loan is already negotiated, the taxation of the bondholder may accomplish a virtual repudiation of part of the interest, and a dishonest saving to the Government for the time; but when the Government is obliged to renew its loans, as it constantly must, any repudiation it may have been guilty of is charged against it by the public creditor, and forms an element in the terms on which he offers the loan. The experiment of sustaining the Government by taxing its own debts is a repetition of the vagabond's policy of living on the interest of what he owes. It has never yet been profitable or respectable.—*Tribune.*

"IF a girl refuses," says a rejected lover, "don't give up but try it again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice. I asked one female forty times, and at last she got to expect it every time I went, and sometimes would hallo out 'No!' from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house. This is unnatural, let me here remark."

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll flog you for an hour, I will," said a father to his son. "Father!" instantly replied the incorrigible as he ballanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."