

Without constraint we publish the following short prediction, coming to you from our dear friends in the city banks. That those in considerate of human nature in it, nobody can deny.

JO ABEL'S M. LAWYER.

We praise thee, O Abel! We now know you to be sound on the go.

All Yankee land doth worship thee, everlasting old joker.

To have all office-seekers cry aloud, "Hail, joker," and all the powers thereof.

To these Stanton and Welles continually do cry, "Bully, bully, bully boy with a scissoreye."

Washington and Illinois are full of thy majesty and pride.

The glorious company of Political Generals praise thee.

The godly fellowship of Postmasters praise thee.

The noble army of contractors praise thee.

The gay Republican institutions through out all Columbia do acknowledge thee.

The father of an infinite proclamation, thine admirable, true, and only policy.

Also, Brevet Lieutenant General Whiff Scott, the Conqueror.

Thou art the King of rail-splitters, O Abel!

Thou art the everlasting son of the late Mr. Lincoln.

When thou lookest upon thee to run for the Presidency and deliver the Union, thou didst humbly thyself to stand upon the "Chicago Platform."

When thou didst overcome the sharness of election, thou didst open the White House kitchen to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of Uncle Sam in the glory of the Capitol.

We believe that thou shalt not come to be re-elected.

Nevertheless we pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast kept from "Jeff. Davis" and "Foreign Intervention." Make us to be remembered with thy favorites in office everlastingly.

O Abel! Save thy people and bless thy parasites! Govern them and increase their salaries forever!

Day by day we pull thee.

And we exalt thy name forever in the daily papers.

Vouchsafe, O Abel! to keep us this day without a change of Generals.

O Abel! have mercy on the army of the Potomac!

O Abel! let thy mercy be upon us as our trust is not in Stanton.

O Abel! for thee have I voted, let me never be drafted.

ONE OF THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—Some years ago, a lady noticing a neighbor was not in her seat at church, on Sabbath, and on her return home, stopped to inquire what she did. So punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friends addressed her with: "Why, la; where have you been today, dressed up in your Sunday clothes?"

"To meeting."

"What day is it?"

"Sabbath day."

"Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day. Well, I did not know, for my husband has got so plagued stings he won't take the paper, and we know nothing. Well, who preaches ed."

"Mr. B—"

"What did he preach about?"

"It was on the death of our Savior."

"Why, is he dead? Well, all Boston might be dead, and we know nothing about it. It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the paper. Bill has almost lost reading, and Polly hasn't quite mopped again, because she has no poetry or stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of onions and potatoes to market, I am resolved to have a newspaper. Exchange."

PAPER BULLETS OF THE BRAIN.

A Rich "Gonk"—To call Abe Lincoln "Honest old Abe."

A Conundrum for the President—Is any body hurt?

A Musical Tread—When "old Abe" puts his foot down."

A Pattern of Honesty—Simon Cameron.

A General Without a Victory—The man who "parts his hair in the middle."

A Victory Without a General—The triumph of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

A Syracuse paper says that a "colored lady," attired in the height of fashion, sailed into a store and electrified the clerk by inquiring if he had one of "them hoop skirts with a digestible bustle."

In one of the papers there is an account of the marriage, by the Rev. John Guites, of Mr. John Post, to Miss Sophia Raels. If this match don't make a fence of the first rate quality we should like to know what will.

There are men who chew misfortune as asses chew thistles.

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