THE DAILY EAGLE.

READING, PA.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE DAILY GAZETTE.

Having transferred the subscription list of the *Daily Gazette* to that of the *Daily Eagle*, we will endeavor to so conduct the *Eagle* and the *Weekly Gazette* that subscribers will lose nothing by the change. We will spare no trouble nor expense to make them complete and reliable news journals, and first-class family papers, and we hope the late patrons of the *Daily Gazette* will aid us in so doing by a continuance of their patronage, which we intend to merit.

All business relating to the Daily or Weekly *Gazette* will be settled at the *Gazette* office, to which the *Daily Eagle* has been removed for the present.

SUPERFLUOUS BORES.

One of the definitions which Webster gives to the word Bore is, "to weary by tedious iteration." Mr. Webster was right so far as he went, but had he lived in our day, we think he would have improved somewhat on the word. Of all Bores, the greatest is the editorial. At all times, under all circumstances, and without regard to feelings or business, we of the editorial profession must submit to being bored. If the most of these bores were of the class which is relating a story, would make each particular hair of our heads stand on end, we might possibly be prepared to tolerate the bore, but it is a constant and tedious repetition of the old, old story, without any adornment or fanciful imagination. Plain and unvarnished is their tale, but "long drawn out." Getting angry, and hurling your wrath at them, has hardly any effect. The Editorial Bores are, without exception, insensible to ridicule, impervious to attack. They "pursue the even tenor of their way," and good natured editors, who do not supply to any extent with the stuff of human kindness, listen to their tale, the crux never begins, countenances, however, exhibited. It is hardly necessary for us to particularize our Bores. A student of human nature will tell by the countenance of any one whether he is being bored or not. We do not believe it possible for any one in the editorial ranks to disguise his horror and dread of this species of the genus homo! We are very certain that we cannot. You can tell an Editorial Bore the moment he enters an office by his supercilious air, and his "one word, if you please, sir; my time is very precious." You may say that you are fully aware, but that matters not to him. That one word in most cases is a terribly lengthy one to the afflicted editor. He will talk learnedly to you upon almost every topic, and when he is through the wonder with the patient editor is, what the fellow has been conversing about. But we must not become prolix on so unprofitable a subject. We have had our fill of Editorial Bores, and from any more such may the "Good Lord deliver us."

There is an "humble individual" at Washington whose "hands of political life have rarely not out!" who is now opening for an engagement for any official position, from Alderman to President. With the Constitution in one hand and the flag bearing a star for every State in the Union in the other, he is confident of his ability to give satisfaction. His address is "Andrew Johnson, White House." Letters may be addressed in care of Mrs. Cobb.—*Journal.*

How cozy it is that this self same "humble individual," whose "hands of political life have rarely not out!" gives the Radical party so much concern for his future existence on this sublunary sphere. The Radicals, however, will never forgive Andrew Johnson for having been invested his oath of office and the Constitution of his country. Hence their dirty hints at his humble birth and the position he held early in life. We hardly expected to see so indecent an allusion as in the last line of the above paragraph from a paper of so much character as the *Journal*.

The Woman's Journal and the Taxes.—Once in a while there appears in Mrs. Susan B. Anthony's paper, *The Revolution*, a stinging paragraph in reference to the policy of the Radicals. This is one of her latest and best:

"The laboring masses have one privilege left. They can get up at Five-Twenty in the morning and work till Ten-Forty at night, to earn money to pay Seven-Thirty interest to the Bondholder. The Bondholders get up at Ten-Forty, take dinner and wine at Seven-Thirty, entertain themselves until Ten-Forty at night, when they retire, chuckling over the fact that they have no road or state taxes to pay, and then offer thanks to the Radical thieves in Congress, for the privileges they enjoy over the laboring millions. Can you see it?"

The Public Debt.—The public debt statement for December 1st shows a total of $2,646,711,154. Cash in the Treasury, $106,679,320, of which $88,425,474 was coin. The total debt less cash in the Treasury, according to the Treasury computation, has increased $11,202,292 since November last.—*Journal.*

One month since the election of Grant, and the National debt has increased $11,202,292. Besides this, money is tight, the banks are not discounting, and business is almost at a standstill. Pleasant prospects for the future, certainly. Let come in, with the *Journal's* [illegible] "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!" "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!" "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!"