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 To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as guaranty against imposition.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.

Terms of Advertising AND JOB WORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at **$1 50 per square** for three insertions, and **50 cents per square** for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square). All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

BUSINESS NOTICES set under the head of local news will be charged invariably **10 cents a line** for each insertion.

A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements.

JOB PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors; Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPUBLICAN OFFICE has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Poetry.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY EUGENE H. MUNDAY.

As I loitered through the village,
I saw children at their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine,
From a penny pipe of clay.
I had passed them with a greeting,
But their gladness charmed me so,
That I turned to watch their bubbles
Sailing through the summer's glow.

Though they seemed not half so brilliant
As in boyhood I had blown,
When the smallest of my bubbles
Held a rainbow of its own,
Yet my little friends grew merry
As each tinted, air-blown toy
Floated upward, and the baby
Clapped its chubby hands for joy.

And the girl—her arms outstretching,
As if begging them to stay—
Said, "I'm very sorry,
They so quickly fade away."
But her brother looked right manly
As he shouted with delight,
"It is easy, very easy,
To blow others just as bright!"

And he blew with such good fortune
That, before his task was done,
You might count a score of bubbles
Floating gally in the sun.
Then her eyes with pleasure sparkled,
As the crystal phantoms played,
And she quite forgot her sorrow
That they each so quickly fade.

And she paused where I was resting
In the shadow of a yew,
And in tones of laughing wonder cried,
"Can't you blow bubbles, too?"
And I knew not how to answer;
So I left them at their play,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine,
From a penny pipe of clay.

AUTUMN.

No sound but the beech-nuts falling
Through the green and yellow leaves;
And the rainy west wind calling
The swallows from the eaves;
No fading trees are shedding
Their golden splendor yet;
But a sunset gleam is spreading,
That seems like a regret,
And the crimson-breasted birdie
Sings his sweet funeral hymn
On the oak tree grim and sturdy,
In the twilight gathering dim.

AN ICE CAVE.—Nearly all the ice used on the Pacific coast is obtained from a never-failing ice cave in the Northern part of Oregon. This remarkable subterranean cavern, where the ice remains in a perfect state the year round, is situated on a stream known as the White Salmon, which empties into the Columbia river, on the Washington Territory side, about thirty miles below the Dalles. The entrance to this icy chamber is near the base of Mount Adams, which stands twenty miles from the Columbia, and whose melting snow constitute the waters of the White Salmon. The dimension of this cave are vast, extending many miles under the snowy mountain, and the scenery inside is supremely grand. The ice is found in columns formed by water falling from above and congealing as it falls. these columns are cut out in blocks and conveyed on pack animals to the Columbia river, and from thence are shipped to all the markets on the coa

WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school house on every hillside and in every valley over the earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of Peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven—*Rufus Stevens.*

IN regard to the town of Jackson, Ohio, where all the voters, 400 in number, voted the Democratic ticket, the New York *Commercial* remarks:

"We had occasion to travel through that portion of Ohio a few years since, when a colporteur informed us, as the result of his observations and inquiries, that but one in thirty of the people could read, while on an average only one in fifty five possessed a Bible.' No action is required to enforce that text.

THE Philadelphia *North American* is glorying over a mile of Nicolson pavement on Broad street in that city, and exhorting the powers that be to continue the good work the whole length of the street. If this were done Broad street would be one of the finest promenades in the world. It is eleven miles long and many of the handsomest public and private buildings adorn its sides. At present it is disfigured and ruined by a net work of iron rails.

A terrific gale occured on the Labrador Coast on the 9th instant, and so far as heard from some thirty vessels have been totally wrecked. Also, an immense amount of property and forty lives lost. Wharves, boats and fish oil on shore were washed away. Steamers are leaving St. Johns with relief for the sufferers, there being over one thousand people left destitute.

IN Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher presented to the congregation an appeal to assist a Union lady in Charleston, South Carolina, who proposes to remove the three hundred and eleven dead Union soldiers now lying in the Potters Field there, to Magnolia Cemetery, and erect a monument over them. A collection of fifteen hundred dollars was made.

THE coal trade of Pennsylvania increases yearly each year. It is stated that five hundred and fifty thousand tons more of anthracite coal have been sent to market this year than during the corresponding period of last year.

Select Reading.

A TALE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

By John Quill.

This is a thrilling narrative of a noble North American Indian.

It is also the simple story of a woman's love.

And it is a touching illustration of the power of paternal affection.

As well as a tale of bitter and terrible revenge.

It is also first-class in every respect, and warranted to keep one year in any climate, and it is a number of other things, which I won't mention, because I don't want to tell the anecdote before I get to it. For I once knew a man who undertook to write a preface to his book, and when he got through he couldn't tell whether to make a book of the preface, or a preface of the book, and he lost his reason, and became a straw-haired lunatic trying to decide.

Out in the prairie dwelt an Indian chief named Fiery Nose, and Fiery Nose had a daughter, over whose head sixteen Indian summers might have passed.

Now it will be necessary, you perceive, that this copper completed young maiden should have a lover, in order to give this story the proper degree of interest. So she had one, and his name was Buffalo Bull, and he was an aged brave, some years her senior, and he wore knock-knees and goggles, and was related to a red haired tribe of Indians who ate the bread of idleness, excepting when they were compelled to work for a living. Buffalo Bull was a fine old brave, and he always hit directly from the shoulder and considered it no disgrace to drink nine fingers of fire water at one time, and wear crape on his hat when his first wife died.

He also had a cow-lick in his hair.

The old aborigine Fiery Nose, hadn't the slightest idea in the world that such a venerable old savage as B. B. sprung in the knees and spavined as he was, ever thought to marry his daughter. But, strange to say, that was the very indentical thing upon which Buffalo had set his heart.

So he called one evening at the family mansion of Fiery Nose, with the intention of murdering him in a peaceable and friendly manner, and then eloping with his daughter, the Fair Prairie Flower.

On that very night Fiery Nose sat in his library with his war paint on, trying to balance his scalp account, which was one scalp short, and the Prairie Flower also wore paint, and sat reading Tupper's inspiring poems, under the chandelier in the front parlor.

When Buffalo Bull came in, he went back into the library, and entered into conversation with the old man, for he had rare conversational powers, and spoke his native tongue with a facility that was at once admirable and remarkable.

"Will you take a pipe?" asked the hospitable Fiery Nose; "do, take one," handing him a coil of gas-pipe. "I have some tobacco that has a stamp on it, and it consequently must be good. It was grown in Paducha."

"Why don't you use the Mud Turtle brand?" observed Buffalo Bull. "Every paper you buy has a million dollar bill in it, and you can get it for five cents. It is an excellent investment for your surplus earnings. Let me advise you to get some."

"Ah, I will," said Fiery Nose. "Prayhaire," said he to his child, "go around and buy me two papers of Mud Turtle tobacco. You'd better ride. Get a quarter's worth of tickets, and you may buy "yellow jack" with the change."

The fair Prairie Flower kissed her aged parent until his colors began to run, and then she went out on her errand with a small hat over her eyes.

"Nice girl, ain't she?" said Fiery Nose; "I've had a great deal of trouble bringing her up, but I am amply repaid, and I attribute all to the fact that I raised her with yeast powders. I got the best, and they did the business."

"She is a fine girl, and no mistake, and she seems good, too. By the way, how are you getting along over at your Sunday School?"

"Tolerably, thank you," said Fiery Nose; "tolerably. I make them an address, and play a few tunes on the melodeon every Sabbath afternoon; but I can't attend to it properly, you know."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, you see, I am constantly interrupted. Here last Sunday, while I was right in the midst of a touching hymn, a pale face came down the road, and I was obliged to go out and murder him. He ran, but I told him that he'd got to die, and if he didn't want to go out on the fly, he'd better succumb at once."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he came up and apologized for running, on the ground that he wanted to see a man. But I was mad, for you know I am lymphatic, with a tendency to apoplexy, and I don't like to run."

"Right enough, too."

"So I gripped onto this fellow like a double-headed terrier, and then I scalped him, and let him go. He asked me what I thought he ought to do, and I told him I would advise him as a friend to use hair restoratives warranted not a dye, and to shake the bottle, and run it well in."

"It did credit to your head and heart," observed Buffalo Bull.

"He said so, and concluded by giving me his hand, and asking me if I wouldn't bury the hatchet."

"Did you signify your willingness to do so?"

"I did, and the ceremony came off at the cemetery. The friends and relatives of the family were invited, and the Episcopal service was read at the grave. No cards, however."

"What! No seven up in the carriages going to the funeral? Why, I thought that was the regular thing."

"Oh, yes; we had that, of course. But I mean no cards of invitation."

"By the way, old boy," ejacalated Buffalo Bull, "speaking of your daughter, she's a regular straight-out, gamboge-skinned, aboriginal angel, no discount on her. She's a nobby bit of calico; and, while I think of it, I understand young Grizzly Bear, the festive brave of the Algonquins, has viewed her with a critic's eye, and passed her imperfections by, and concluded to go for her. How sayest thou?"

"He has, has he? Well, permit me to remark that he has probably shinned up the incorrect tree. Him? why I'd just as leave marry her to some wooden-headed cigar store Indian, I would, upon my sacred word of honor as a gentleman."

"She's too good for him, peradventure," observed Buffalo Bull sententiously.

"Venture your whole pile on that, me boy. She wears low-down bonnets, and has her linen embroidered, she does; besides she chews gum, and has a four-ounce ring through her nose. No girl like that's a going to fling herself away, is she? Well, I should think not. Not while her pa can dabble his hands in gore, at any rate, I reckon."

"But, my friend," observed Bull, with a trembling voice, "how much these ebulitions of youthful affection remind me of my childhood days. Look at me while I weep; listen to these *bona fide* tears as they patter in the spittoon. Oh where, where are the friends of me youth! O where are the loved ones gone?"

"I give it up," said Fiery Nose, after a few moments calm and patient thought.

"Don't you recollect how we used to go out on the trail and capture little children and gouge their eyes out, and chop 'em into bits, and then come home and learn our catechisms and knife our next door neighbor, and then pray to the Great Manitou before we went to bed. Ah, those were happy, happy days and we were hilarious little Injins', weren't we? But now all these things are mingled with the irrevocable past, you can just bet they are."

"Why you're drunk ain't you?" asked Fiery Nose, "you're talking first-class drivel. Where do you get you're fire water? I'll have to get Senator Yates to come and lecture you on temperance."

To this Buffalo Bull deigned no reply, but pretending to see something on the top-not of Fiery Nose, he asked him to stoop a minute while he picked it off. He then clandestinely jerked out his scalping knife and lifted his hair, after which he jabbed the knife into his vitals, and threw him on the grate to die.

Just then Prarie Flower returned with the tobacco, and perceiving at a glance that her parent was reduced to a cinder, she observed to Buffalo Bull that it seemed to be pretty well up with the old man.

"Hm-n, yes," said he; "but a thought strikes me—will you be mine."

"Well, I don't know; let me see what your income tax was last year."

"I paid tax on two horse blankets, Barlow knife and thirty-seven scalps. Besides, I love you to distraction. Come to this loving heart, rest on my bosom, rest. Say, will you?"

"I am ever thine own," said Prairie Flower, as she nestled against his hunting shirt.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
He said, "I do not care a cent,"
She said, "I'll bet he finds he's sold."

Thus were these two aboriginal savages made happy in the fullness of each other's love. She grew old and ugly in time, and he, in the depth of his unspeakable affection, used to sit up day after day smoking on the front door steps, while she hoed corn and wheeled home potatoes in a push cart, until at last she was called home to the happy hunting ground, and he immediately put fresh crape on his hat and began browsing around for another girl.

But does not this teach us all a lesson, that—that—teach us, I say, a lesson that we—that we, I say, may—let that pass, however, doubtless it does teach us a lesson, but it's of no consequence.

JACKSBURG, on the Pacific railroad, must be a lively place. A letter from there says: "Whiskey here is of the 'jack-plane' brand, cutting a shaving off the stomach at every draught. Every person goes armed, carrying one or two navy revolvers with a large bowie knife, which they do not fail to use, often without provocation."

A DEMOCRATIC caucus in eastern Pennsylvania demanded of the convention that it should run a soldier for a certain county office. The proposition was favorably recived, but on inquiry no Democratic soldier could be found in the county.

GOV. COX ON PAYING U.S. BONDS IN GREENBACKS.

During the campaign in Ohio, which has just closed, Gov. Cox of that State, made a speech at Cleveland, in the course of which he referred to the proposition recently started by the Democracy to pay off the United States bonds in greenbacks, presenting a view of the subject that we consider well worthy the attention of our readers, and of no class more than those who work every day for the support of themselves and families. We extract from his speech the following pointed remarks which every candid man should carefully ponder. After a discussion of general principle the Governor said:

"There is no possible way to avoid the conclusion that if we make our paper currency five times as great as it now is, it cannot, at the very best, be worth more than one-fifth as much as it is now. That is to say, each five dollar bill is now. As a matter of fact, the experience of the world shows that it would be very much worse than this. When once it has become evident that a Government has turned its back on sound principles of currency and committed itself to excessive issues of irredeemable paper, the depreciation of that currency is out of all proportion to its amount, and it soon gets to be almost entirely worthless.

"The present currency, treasury and bank notes, were reported by the Secretary in the last official report I have at hand, at a trifle under seven hundred millions. In round numbers we may call it that. As the depreciation which is inevitable upon a new issue of notes affects all alike, this present currency will have depreciated four-fifths, and will, under this Democratic financiering, be worth at best only one hundred and forty millions, the remaining four-fifths of its value having disappeared. Now, I think there is no young mechanic or farmer here that would be troubled to answer the question who has lost the balance of five hundred and sixty millions. This part of the currency, you will remember, goes into no bondholders' hands. It is already in the hands of the people, and it is in the people's hands that it depreciates. You, my young workman if you have been putting part of your earnings in the savings bank, will find when you draw it out, that you have been the loser of four-fifths of the whole amount. Every man and woman who holds the currency will have lost that portion of their money. It will have gone from them as absolutely and inevitably as if a *Democratic* tax-gatherer had gone around and collected from the people the whole five hundred and sixty millions.

"But how is it as to the rest; the vast sum of more than twenty-two hundred million? It would depreciate to the same extent, and the loss to somebody would be seventeen hundred and sixty millions. Who bears it? The bondholders, say the Democratic orators, and curse the bondholders. In bringing the matter to this, we at least pluck away the mask from these gentlemen, and show that their pretense that nobody is to lose, and that they don't mean repudiation, is a deception and a shame."

As for repudiating or paying in irredeemable currency, which is the same thing, the bonds held by hundreds of millions by foreign bondholders, the Governor said:

"If it were some bagatelle of ten or a dozen millions, a kind of Mississppi repudiation, they might stand it, but when it comes to a thousand millions or thereabout, I strongly suspect that the four great powers together might persuade even Vallandigham and Thurman that it was cheaper to pay. Just try to imagine, you business men, a war for the sake of repudiation; a war to make Government creditors take irredeemable Treasury notes for their bonds, when you have just made those Treasury notes nearly valueless, and taken pains to destroy in advance the only credit by which you could possibly carry on a war. The country swamped by this immeasurable inflation and ruin of the currency, and a war with the whole civilized world on your hands! Who would these gentlemen borrow from to pay the cost of such a war? What kind of faith would they pledge for payment? And if they tried to raise the means by taxation, how much easier would it be for the people to pay the taxes and to fight in the cause of knavery and swindling, than it would be to pay the debt itself like honest men? Depreciation does not take place immediately upon the issue of currency, but it is always a gradual process, the lowest point not being reached till all the channels of business, big and little, are filled by the new inflation.

"Suppose you force upon the country this vast amount of currency which the Democrats propose, how much of the loss by depreciation will come upon the first receiver, and how much upon the country at large? The man who gets pay for a thousand dollar bond starts the currency in circulation immediately, not waiting for it to depreciate. He pays his debts with it, and shrewd capitalists will have sense enough to make debts in advance when they see the danger coming; for we must not forget that no matter how much the currency may go down it will pay for the machinery you have made and sold months before, for the goods you have sold and delivered, for all the manufactures you busy shops have turned out, and all the produce and live stock the farmers have contracted to sell. The greater part, by far the greater part, then, of the loss by the depreciation would necessarily come upon the community as a whole, and not upon the bondholder who first receives the bills.

"From whatever point of view examined, we still find ruin for the country, and for the whole country, following from this insensate and dishonest scheme.

"But, it may be said, if the burden come back after all upon the people, why object, since they will only have paid off their own debt?

"The objection would be that, instead of paying off the debt gradually, and as the country is able to bear it, it would be done suddenly, which could not be borne by any people in the case of a debt of such a size. We may pay the debt, we will say, in thirty or forty years, without extraordinary suffering, but to pay it in three or four would be beyond our power. The same Democratic orators, when they had other points to make, have been accustomed to asseverate that the debt was nearly or quite as great as the whole value of property in the country, and they will be the last men to advocate payment when once the people see clearly that their attempt at repudiation would not only be immediate payment, but such payment as a knavish trader has to make under the sheriff's hammer; a payment which is infinitely worse than an honest settlement with his creditors.

"Not only would such a scheme result in taking the whole amount out of the people, but instead of discriminating in favor of the poor, they would suffer most in proportion to their means. By the laws, State and national, which the Union party have made, the income and the fixed property of the poor man is exempt from taxation. This principle of discriminating in favor of those who are the least able to bear the public burdens, runs through our statutes and is a prominent and marked feature in them. But I have already shown that in a depreciation of currency the loss is on him in whose hands the money is, and the poor man has no favor. The banker or trader sees the changes of the money market first, and it will be the mechanic who is little versed in premiums or discounts, the farmer who lives out of reach of daily press-current, who will bear the greatest proportion of loss, relatively to their means. This Democratic plan, then, among all other sins and mischiefs, has this additional one, that it could not be more cunningly devised to force immediate payment of the whole public debt, by first getting it into the hands of our own people and then repudiating; and this is the precise way of all others which will be the most ruinous and bear the hardest upon the poorer classes."

FORT PILLOW.

Rebel General Forrest Disposed of.

A while ago the rebel General Forrest "broke silence" in his own defense in connection with the Fort Pillow butchery. He put in the claim of injured innocence, asserting that there was no such killling—no such butchering as had been represented. Mack J. Leaming writes to the New York *Times* a communication, which disposes of these statements. We quote as follows:

Not desiring in the least degree to be egotistic, or to subject myself to that charge, I deem it proper here to state the rank and position I held at the time of the capture of Fort Pillow in order the better to enable the public to judge of the opportunities which I had of knowing the facts as regards the Fort Pillow affair—if I may be allowed the expression—and for no other cause. I was the first Lieutenant and adjutant of the Thirteenth West Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Major W. F. Bradford. Major Bradford commanded the Garrison most of the day, Major J. F. Booth, who was the ranking officer, having been killed about 9 A. M.

As Post Adjutant I had charge of the correspondence which took place under the flag of truce sent in by Forrest, about 3 o'clock P. M., relative to the surrender of the garrison. That correspondence, as published in the report of the Congressional Investigating Committee, is substantially correct, with but one exception, viz., it omitted to state the threats which Forrest actually made in both the communications, in these words, to-wit: "If this demand is not complied with, you must take the consequences." Having confidence in our ability to hold the fort until reinforcements arrived, we refused to surrender, never dreaming that pending negotiations under the flag of truce, Forrest by violating all rules of civil warfare, had treacherously gained positions from which he could successfully assault our works.

This, however, proved only the prelude to the chapter of horrid atrocities which he and his friends had in store for the Federal garrison after its captur That the massacre of our troops which followed was deliberately premeditated and planed, I believe, as I believe in the existence of a just God, who will punish the perpetrators of this wholesale murder of unarmed and many of them wounded men. I was myself deliberately shot down after I had surrendered, and while lying on the field where I fell saw a number of wounded men deliberately shot. All this occurred after the fort was in entire possession of the Rebels, and when our men had entirely ceased to offer resistence.

These atrocities were renewed early the following morning morning, when two unarmed, helpless wounded Federal soldiers were shot within thirty feet of where I was lying at the the time. I at the same time heard shooting going on all around the fort, but this occurred in my immediate sight and locality.

In conclusion, I would say that I have by no means a desire to present my personal wrongs and sufferings before the public, and but for the fact that I am the only surviving officer of my regiment— the only regiment of white troops that participated in the defense of Fort Pillow—I should have remained silent upon this occasion.

VISIT TO A DISSECTING ROOM.

Philadelphia is conceded to be the medical metropolis of the Union; and medical colleges most numerously abound here. Hence dissecting rooms, and hence the "resurrection" business. The price paid resurrectionists for a subject generally is from fifteen and twenty dollars: what price is paid at the County prison we cannot say. The colleges are largely supplied with the bodies of abandoned women, many of whom have been known to sell themselves for this purpose before death, for the sum of fifty dollars! A writer who has been visiting one of the dissecting rooms, furnishes the following account of what he saw: "It is about sixty feet in length, by twenty-five in breadth, with tables three feet in height, arranged on each side, some thirty in number; on these are placed the dead bodies. To get to the room you go up several flights of winding stair and knock at a little door in a dark hall, which admits you into the anteroom where the students put on their long black dissecting gowns. You see a long marble trough where the students wash after the work is done. You raise a little trap-door in another part of the room, and looking down, all is darkness below; you look down into a vault which descends from the fifth story, sixty feet below the level of the ground. Into this the debris of the dissecting room is thrown consisting of muscles, hearts, lungs, etc., that have been examined and are of no more use to the students. It makes one fairly tremble to see them pitch human brains and hearts down this deep, dark vault, and how many have gone the same way? You open another door and the brilliancy of the gas light dazzles your eyes for a second, merry peals of laughter resound through the room and four students are dissecting each cadavera. At one table stands the demonstrator, explaining the anatomy of the brain. Around him are crowded eight or ten students. He points out cerebrum, cerebellum, and various lobes. He takes a scalpel, cuts the brain horizontally through the centre with the utmost precision. You look and there see many veins branching from a main one like the branches from the body of a tree. It resembles a miniature tree so closely that it is called the tree of life. Looking around, what a variety of bodies you see that were once as full of life as you or I now are—all ages, all sexes; all colors, all sizes, are represented—old grey-headed men and women, young girls and children. A girl, who in the soft delicacy of her alabaster skin, in her black hair which, perhaps not many months before, was worn in graceful curls, in the beautiful symmetry of her form and well-developed limbs, still retains marks of beauty. A young man, in the springtime of manhood, lay not far off; he was, indeed, a fine specimen of the genus homo, in his large and muscular limbs. In contrast to this giant was a little child, not two years old, though she was thin, puny and bearing marks of ill usage, yet in her innocent, pale, waning appearance, she looked pretty in the sleep of death.

THE MAN OF INDEPENDENCE.

The independent man is not the man who never listens to advice—who is satisfied with his own wisdom, and merely wishes "to be let alone." The independent man is not the man who considers it necessary to be blunt and sharp with every man with whom he deals, who prides himself on curt answer, and on caring little for other people's feelings. The independent man is not necessarally the man who cares nothing for the opinion of the world. On the contrary he may be very courteous to the opinion of the world, he may treat it with the greatest respect and try to confrom to the world's wishes as long as he can do so without compromising his own opinions. He may be very careful to temper his remarks and answers to the feelings of those around him. He may not only treat his equals with courtesy, his superiors with respect. He may listen to advice respectfully, even if he does not follow it. He may even have a fair suspicion that his own wisdom is liable to fail, and be glad to listen to the opinions of other men, or even to that of the despised "world." Our ideas of the independent men are often confused with those of the bluff self-sufficient, conceited, men who wish nothing from other men except that the start out-of-their-way modern Diogeneses who manage to get a reputation for "independence," on what is really rudeness, and frequently impertinence. These men are not independent of themselves and their own vanity.

The truly independent man may be the most agreable of companions. He listens to your advice, but assumes all the responsibility himself if he takes it. He is not forever agreeing with you. He advances his own ideas and gives you a chance for discussion. He treats you with courtesy, sometimes with abruptness, perhaps, but you have a confidence in what he does and says to you which is of itself agreeable. In business the independent man confides in his own judgement for every final decision, and his "final" decisions are usually his first decision. But this by no means precludes his hearing other men's ideas with courtesy and profiting by them. It is usually your independent man who is straight forward and prompt in business transactions. We do not want brusqueness, nor rudeness, nor incivility, independence is always acceptable, be it in business or in companionship.

REPUDIATION.

The Democracy are squarely wheeling into rank, on a platform of repudiating the National debt, by passing an act to pay the Government Bonds in paper instead of coin. Mr. Pendleton, in a speech, which is endorsed by the Democratic press generally, in speaking of the interest on our bonds, says; "These forty-eight millions annually should be saved. The five-twenties should be paid in greenbacks as they mature, or as fast as they can be done without too great derangement of the currency."

The Boston *Post* has not yet been brought to the new party platform, and says: "A dollar is a metallic substance of real value—not a promise on a piece of paper; therefore, when Government promises to pay one thousand *dollars*, it engages to pay *actual dollars*; not *promises* but *dollars*. These dollars are made of gold and silver."

To this the Pittsburg *Post* answers that there is to be one kind of dollar for the rich bondholders and another for the poor soldier. If the bonds were all, or nearly all, in the hands of rich bondholders, the argument would amount to this: "Justice does not require you to pay your debts if your creditor is already rich." Poverty may be a very pretty thing in poetry, but are we ready to assume that when a man becomes rich he forfeits his right to collect debts due him? In this country where men generally make their own fortunes, and where the poor struggling boys of thirty years ago are the capitalists of to-day, a party must have a slender mission that hopes to live by fostering a mean jealousy, in the poor, against the rich. We urge our boys to industry and economy, and the gurgeon held out to them is wealth. Shall we tell them that in gaining it they lose their right to enforce contracts? This is the doctrine of the *Post*. The Goverment contracts to pay a dollar, then says to its creditor, "If you were a poor man I should pay you; but you are rich and can afford to lose the dollar, therefore, you have no right to claim payment, so I shall pay that promise with another." Would the *Post* advise carrying this principle into the transactions between individuals?

But its assumption that the bonds are in the hands of rich men is without foundation. There are few men, or women, who have a few hundred dollars saved, and have not invested in bonds. Our circulating medium of the national banks is founded on bonds—the national faith pledged to redeem them. When our currency does not stand on a metalic foundation, it is little better than Confederate paper. The money in the pocket of the poor man, as well as in the vault of the rich, goes down to its value as waste paper, or, at least, is depreciated to a ruinous degree. As money goes down, the price of everything goes up. Wheat is always weighed against gold and the price of labor. A bushel, or a gold dollar, is the average worth of a day's work of an unskilled laborer. No change in the money market makes any material change in these relative values, in years of ordinary plenty; and if you take away confidence by annulling the coin payment of interest on our bonds, you take away the value of the money already in circulation, and only increase the labor of paper makers, engravers and printers in manufacturing promises to represent dollars made of other promises.

But in a national point of view, anything but the honest payment of our debt, in honest coin, is ruin, present or prospective. No one believes we could have borrowed the money necessary to carry on the war, if those loaning it had not believed we would pay in coin. We kept up the value of greenbacks by taking them in payment for bonds, which we promised to pay in coin. If we fail to keep that promise, where should we go for the means to carry us through any future war? The question answers itself in the returning echo, "Where?"—*Pitts. Gazette.*

ON election day a fight occured in Little Lake, Mendocino county, Idaho, between two families named respectively Coast and Frost. Five of the Coasts were killed and three dangerously wounded. Two of the Frosts lost their lives. An old feud said to have existed between the families was pretty effectually wiped out by this vendetta.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania will now stand Read, Agnew and Strong, who have voted with the Republicans, and Thompson and Sharswood, Democrats.