The Waynesburg Republican.

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

VOL. XI. WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1868. NO. 28.

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 To ensure attention favors of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as guaranty against imposition.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

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head
"Go it by all means, go it fast,
Go it while leather and horse shoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. O, go it, of course—
Go it as fast as ever you can,
But don't slop over my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find some day
That keeping an eye to windward will pay.
A horse may run a little too long,
A preacher preach just a fraction too strong,
And a poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write and regret it in after times;
Keep the end of your effort in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

"Don't slop over The wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

"Don't slop over. Great Solomon
Once went a little too far with his fun.
Louis Napoleon, as we know,
Slopped over on Max in Mexico.
Horace Greeley and Jefferson D.'
And Hinton Helper and old J. B.'
And Andrew Johnson, the great'l wont,'
All slopped over—take care you don't.

"Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach to the highest shelf,
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the need of such as you,
Climb, of course, but always stop
And take breath this side of the top:
And so you will reach it in wind, and strong,
Without slopping over. Thus ends my song."

—*Exchange*

Original.

For the REPUBLICAN.

PRISON LIFE.

BY A PRISONER.

There are three days most noted in a Soldier's life, the day of battle, pay day, and the day on which he musters for pay. The day after our arrival at Bunker Hill being the last of the month, the troops were mustered. No advance was made. May 1st, in accordance with a time honored custom, people everywhere move on this day. We therefore moved. On our way we passed the battle ground of June 15th, 1863. Gen. Milroy's forces, when retreating after two days fighting with Buell's corps, were here attacked at daylight by a body of rebels concealed and fortified in a wood, and were scattered in every direction. As we passed along we thought, our time will come next.

We marched through Winchester with flags streaming and drums beating, but the whites only looked down from their windows upon us with scowling faces, forgetful of the time when we drove the rebels out of the town, and they came and begged for even crackers to eat. In pleasing contrast to these were the smiling faces of the negroes, who, as it was Sunday, were dressed in their gayest clothing, and as we passed them, showered down blessings on our heads. It is strange, that with all their ignorance, they knew enough to welcome Union soldiers. We halted two miles south of town on the ground where the battle between Milroy and Buell began, and where I first heard the *ping* of a rebel bullet. Here we remained eight days, which time was spent in drilling and picquet duty. I went over the old battle ground, and helped to bury some of our regiment who were killed and hastily interred. The groves of many rebel soldiers proved our men had fought well. But I suppose all traces of those groves are now obliterated. No doubt the spirit of avarice has descrated the resting places of those brave men, and the plough-share turned up the soil above them. But they will all awake together. Let us revere their memories.

"Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the Blue, under the willow the Grey."

While here we learned that Grant had crossed the Rapidan, and was moving "on to Richmond." We knew something was to be done, and that hard work lay before us. On Mondays the 9th, of May, we again set out to march. The troops were in fine spirits. I remember a captain of Gen. Sullivan's staff, formerly Lieutenant in our company, riding past us so gaily. He was killed at Cedar Creek.

At noon we arrived at Cedar Creek, since made famous by Sheridan's victory, and the "Ride" made immortal in verse by the poet Read. The bridge at this place was burned, and we were delayed a day. Then we marched to Woodstock, 15 miles. We passed Fisher's hill, that every soldier of the valley will remember.

The valley grows narrower as we go southward, and here the mountains are plainly seen on both sides. The land is not so level nor so rich as at the mouth, but it is the most beautiful country my eyes ever beheld. I am glad to know that since the war this country is being settled by Pennsylvania farmers. Under their honest, industrious hands, the once Slavery-cursed valley will soon become a paradise of freedom.

In the meantime the circle of three was faring sumptuously on the products of the land. We now began to speculate about the campaign. It was seen that we were moving up the valley in order to threaten Lynchburg and the railroad, and thus draw away a part of Lee's forces from Richmond. An army under Gen. Crook was moving up the Kanawha valley for the same purpose. But it was a dangerous position for us. Lee could at any time send a force through the gaps in the mountain behind us, and force us to retreat down the Kanawha, leaving Baltimore and Washington uncovered. And nearly this same result occured when Hunter made his raid on Lynchburg. But the utmost confidence was placed in Grant. We felt sure, too, that our beloved Lincoln would be re-elected by an overwhelming majority. One thing was certain, the soldiers would vote for him. In our company but one man was for McClellan, and he *could neither read nor write.* I afterwards found that the rebel soldiers were a unit in favor of "the great commander."

Early on the morning of the 13th, our Reg't. set out on its way southward. Some cavalry had gone in advance of us. We marched seven miles and halted. Here a slight skirmish had occured the day before, and it was reported that Harry Gilmore was wounded in the back. This, I believe was not true. In the evening it commenced to rain, and kept on during the whole night. In the morning we marched back to our former camp at Woodstock. At evening the booming of cannon was heard. Imboden was at New Market, twenty miles up the valley. The 1st, New York cavalry had gone up the Suray valley beyond the mountains on our left, to get in his rear. As a result, they were surprised and nearly all captured.

[In my former article, the sentence, "*Our* Regt. had not marched much," should have been, "*One* Regt. &c."]

For the REPUBLICAN.

FROM CARMICHAELS.

MR. EDITOR:—By the perusal of some of your recent articles on the improvement of our county seat, my thoughts have been led in the same direction, not only in reference to Waynesburg, but, also, the rest of the county. It is a pleasure to know that the spirit of improvement is abroad, even if the blame must rest upon the Radical or progressive party for disturbing the placid waters of indifference and neglect which we have hitherto floated on to our own disadvantage. The time, we hope, has come when many of our old fogyish notions are to be thoroughly aired and ventilated. Associations in every sphere of life have a tendency, largely, to mould and develop character. Therefore, many persons can readily grasp an idea with the eye that to their ear is incomprehensible. We say that there is much of duty in the idea that our county seat should be made the home of learning, the model of good taste, and the firm patron of refinement, so that every man, woman and child who visit the county seat shall carry home with them some idea of refined taste and good breeding rather than a load of bad whiskey, bad manners and worse morals. Much good might be done in this way at our county seat; but is it necessary for all other parts of the county to await the sluggish motions of the county seat to set an example? By no means! Then why may not the East end lead off? Her citizens of wealth at this age of the world should not be so parsimonious as to begrudge the small pittance of a few hundred dollars for some public benefit, say a *Town Hall*, which is very much needed in Carmichaels. But if there is not enough of public spirit in us to use our money at home for a small and sure interest, instead of sending it West, and losing both principal and interest, let us at least have some of the necessities attended to. Now, Carmichaels is situated in one of the fairest portions of God's green earth. Then why not expend enough of common sense to make it conform to the harmony of nature? The land, naturally, just rolling enough to drain well, is so disfigured by improvement that a stranger in passing along the side-walk on a dark night, would have to exercise almost as much care as though he were clambering over the Rocky Mountains, for in stepping high like a blind horse, to avoid curb-stones, steps and offsets, down comes his foot in a puddle of water, and spirt goes the mud and water in his face, eyes and mouth, and if he is not a very pious man, out comes the filth with a curse on men who are so indifferent to the requirements of common decency. He goes to his stopping place with soiled clothes, riled feelings and his good opinion of the place and people materially lessened, and if ever he speaks of the town it will be with a "but" or an "if" or some mental reservation, or perhaps compare its citizens to the hog in the parlor. Come, citizens, council, or officers, why not have these things attended to at once, the openings in the pavements filled up, and the crossings of the streets made so that ladies can go out without a ferry boat, or without wading over boot-top (and army boots at that) deep in mud, or being compelled to go to church with their skirts under their arms, to appear decent when in the house of God? Those improvements all go to make strangers desire to come among us, and to make us think all the better of ourselves. We cannot associate with good society without becoming better. We cannot be surrounded with refinement without becoming more refined. Nor can we go very far in mud and filth without becoming muddy, filthy and losing a portion of our self-respect. Hence, we so often see crime, debauchery, misery, ignorance and filth as boon companions, stalking the earth with brazen face and stolid men as though they owned the soil, and virtue, self-respect, intelligence and refinement were only intruders.

G. W. D.

A SCHOOLBOY being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents!" echoed the schoolmaster. "What sort of definition do you call that?" "I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so in the advertisement down there at the show." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

WHY is a rifleman in ill health like a revolver? Because he is a sick-shooter.

Carrier's Address to the Patrons of "The Waynesburg Republican."

ADDRESS.

KIND PATRONS: I rise to address you
And first, by way of a prologue, God bless you
May health and wealth, may peace and pleasure
Rich and rare and without measure,
Fill every heart with joys abundant,
Till joy itself becomes redundant,
Till sixty eight with pleasures even
Shall far exceed old sixty seven.

PATRONS: Now and here, in this time and place,
Committee of the whole, on the human race.
What has been done and yet remains to do
To elevate mankind and give it broader view?
What nation born? what progress in the right?
What moral revolution has broke upon the sight?
Has civil war in China already run its course?
Have Pagan crimes in India been overcome by force?
Does Turbaned Turk still war with classic Greece?
Has she abolished slavery or instituted peace?
If she has not the writing on the wall
Proclaims, henceforth there is no Turk at all.
Has noble "Gari," or the fiat of the Fates,
Made Rome the capital of the Italian States?
Or, has Napoleon, a dark, designing man,
Sent in his minions and overthrown the plan?
Traitor to God, his country and the laws,
Thus to desert the right and help the devil's cause.
Bismark has won imperishable renown
By adding state to state and adding town to town.
Till many scattered hamlets and far disjointed lands
Came at his word, and as with iron bands
He bound them all in one. A nation born.
Fenians, learn that all mankind are brothers;
Claim this yourselves—concede it unto others;
Think and act upon this rule and find
You have the help and hopes of all mankind.
"In hoc signo vincimus!" and so be strong,
God will support the right and overthrow the wrong.
England, long the mistress of the seas,
Patron of all arts that adorn and please;
Though she supplied money, guns and ball,
We met—we fought and conquered both and all!
And when heroic Grant the rebel hosts o'erthrew
Copperheads looked black and Johnny Bull looked blue.
Little thought he, the brood he sent to fright
Would soon return, and roost at home at night.
When Cromwell reigned, England's fame arose;
Was loved by friends and dreaded by her foes,
But she now lies so low, and is so mean, and base
That sharers in her friendship are partners in disgrace.
And henceforth too, and from that fatal hour,
England ranks, a sordid, third-rate power.

But let me turn your thoughts to other climes
Where dwell a people in these latter times
Whose lands extend from Cancer to the pole;
Against its shores two ocean's surges roll,
Blest with a climate of perpetual spring,
Flowers of richest hues and birds of every wing,
With spreading prairies and with misty mountains,
With noble rivers and with silver fountains.
But a single blot, a death spot on the face
Of this fair land is dark and deep disgrace.
Slavery, the dread incubus, grew and spread
'Till many thought the rights of man were dead,
But in an evil hour it reached its gory hand
To spread its pall o'er all this glorious land,
The web too frail, the tissue would not hold,
Though that was wrought of sinews, this was wrought of gold
The Dagon monster fell, wiped out the nation's blot,
Itself and its defenders are both alike forgot.
Forgotten! no! Their names shall have a place
In catalogues of crime and records of disgrace.
Farotherwise with those who battle for the right
Theirs shall shine forth in floods of living light.
There, first, and highest on the scroll of fame
Stands one bright, peerless and immortal name,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
With hosts of others, loyal, brave and true
No better men no country ever knew.
Though these true men are dead, some still survive
To keep the flame of Liberty alive
Our grand and noble Congress, a brave, heroic band
Stands like a wall of fire around our happy land.
Our fervent prayer is, long may it wave
O'er lands of the free and homes of the brave.

But I must stop. I have no more to say,
And bid you all a HAPPY NEW YEAR DAY.

"THE CARRIER."

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR, FOR 1868.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.
—	—	—	1	2	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
26	27	28	29	30	31	—	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	29	30	31	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.
—	—	—	1	2	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	1	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	—	—	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	31	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

JULY.							AUGUST.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.
—	—	—	1	2	3	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
26	27	28	29	30	31	—	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30	31	—	—	—	—	—

SEPTEMBER.							OCTOBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.
—	—	1	2	3	4	5	—	—	—	—	1	2	3
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
27	28	29	30	—	—	—	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	Sa.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	—	—	1	2	3	4	5
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
29	30	—	—	—	—	—	27	28	29	30	31	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

THE Republican, WAYNESBURG, PA., —BY— James E. Sayers, EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS:

ONE YEAR.....$2 00
SIX MONTHS.....1 00

PRINTING, PLAIN AND FANCY, EXECUTED IN GOOD STYLE AT LOW RATES.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF WAYNESBURG. Opens.....9 o'clock A M. Closes.....3 o'clock P M. DISCOUNT DAY.....TUESDAYS. D. BONNB, Pres't. J. C. FLENNIKEN, Cashier

GEO. S. JEFFERY, NOTARY PUBLIC. All business pertaining to the office attended to promptly. Office with P. & A. Telegraph Co., east of the Court House.

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MR. JACOB HOOVER, Announces himself competent and willing to do anything in the line, (shoeing horses excepted.) He is an expert and will warrant satisfaction. Shop near the Planing Mill. 1311-tf

A. & B. CAMPBELL, Jr., Retailers in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc. Stock full and of latest date. None are better able to please. Campbell's corner, Waynesburg, Pa.

E. M. SAYERS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. In addition to other business will attend to all cases in Bankruptcy that may be entrusted to his care. Office, opposite Drug Store of G. W. Roberts & Co.

JNO. M. WINGET, Boot and Shoe manufacturer. The best of stock always on hand. Repairing done in good style and at reasonable rates. Work warranted. If you want a consult your own interests you will give him an early call. Shop near Cotterell's Tannery, Waynesburg, Pa.

FRANK McGURGAN, Dry Goods, Trimmings and Notions. The best stock yet bought by anyone, to be found at his store. Complete in every particular and purchased since the decline in prices. He allows none to go away dissatisfied. Go and see him. Room, west end of Minor's building Waynesburg, Pa.

ALEX. WALLACE, At his elegant gallery in Allison's building, is prepared to execute Photographs, Ambrotypes Cartes de Visite, etc., in with a finish and exactness attained only by expert artists. Drop in some fair day. Waynesburg, Pa.

T. BRADEN & CO, Saws Axes, Iron, Nails, Planes Augurs, Tools, of every description. Agricultural Implements, Saddlery Hardware, Wooden-ware and Wicker-ware Everything. Call and see. Opposite First National Bank, Waynesburg, Pa.

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WM. BAILEY, WATCHES AND JEWELRY. MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE. Keeps on hands always a choice and select assortment of Watches and Jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. 41:37-1y.

N. H. McCLELLAND, At his Grocery, has everything pertaining to an establishment of the kind. Grain bought at ruling prices and consignments of freight for export respectfully solicited. Room a few doors west of Creigh's Drug Store, Waynesburg, Pa.

SAYERS BROS. Ten Mile and Camp Ground Coal Works in full blast. Coarse coal always on hand. Orders may be left with Geo. S. Jeffery, Telegraph Office, Waynesburg, Pa.

M. C. & H. BELL, Has got a full stock of Boots & Shoes consisting, in part of Ladies fine and heavy Polish Boots ladies' overs, men's custom made kip & calf Boots, mens overs and an endless variety of childrens Boots & Shoes that they will sell very low for cash.

G. W. ROBERTS & Co., Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and everything that is usually found in a first class establishment of the kind. Reduced prices. Room in Sayers' building east of the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

N. CLARK & SON, Men and Boy's Clothing ready-made or made to order. Collars, Searfs, Neck-ties, Cuffs, Handkerchief's, Suspenders, etc., of good quality and latest styles always on hand. One door west of "Adams House," Waynesburg, Pa,

BLACK & PHELAN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Promptness and efficiency, is their motto. Office in the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

WM. WALLACE, Has on hand a full stock of Family Groceries, Confectionery, and Notions. All of which he proposes to sell at the very lowest figures. One door east of "Worley Hotel," Waynesburg, Pa.

R. W. DOWNEY, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Soldiers Pensions and Bounty claims collected. All other business promptly attended to. Office in Ledwith's building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

L. K. EVANS, Is rapidly closing out his elegant stock of Dry Goods consisting of the best of everything in the line. It is pleasure to show Goods and none go away disappointed. Minor's Store Room, Waynesburg, Pa.

WM. BERRYHILL, Is selling his superior assortment of Boots and Shoes at greatly reduced prices. Work made to order on short notice, and substantially done. Repairing a specialty, call on him. Mechanic's Row, Waynesburg, Pa.

W. SCOTT & CO, Family Groceries, Candies, Provisions, etc., cheapest and best. They kindly solicit the patronage of the public. Stand, that of the old "Farmer's Grocery," Waynesburg, Pa.

CHARLES HICKEY, Still continues to do tonsonial for the public in the best style imaginable, at his old Stand, No. 5, Campbell's Row, Waynesburg, Pa.

AMALGAMATION—SOCIAL EQUALITY.

The Rev. Mr. Butler, a colored preacher, addressed the Kentucky Colored Convention, a few days ago, in these words:

"The future of this country depends not so much on what party is in power, as it does on the removal of all disabilities; they weign down its people. Then and not until then, will the country have peace. We don't ask for social equality. I never saw the white woman yet that looked so well, in my eyes, as a good brown colored woman. And if it wasn't so we don't need their social equality, because our friends the white folks, have kindly managed it so that we have every shade to choose from, the deepest jet black to the purest white. [Laughter.] And as there are no ladies present, allow me to say that the practice of social equality has not been on our side, but on the part of the whites, who in their dark and devious ways, were not always able, let us charitably suppose, to tell them from white. This social equality has not been sought by us but they have run after us; and we are now emancipated and free, they haven't stopped.

A voice—"We'll stop it when we get the testimony."

Yes, that's so. They had better not come my way, even now. We say to them, let us alone; we don't want any mixture. If they had left me alone I might have known what color I was; but as it is, my greatest trouble is to keep my hair just right. Don't talk about social equality. If I was a white man in Kentucky I would hide my head; I wouldn't mention it with so many evidences standing around my social equality. We don't want any more of it. Keep on your side of the line and we'll keep on our side and in the course of time we'll get back where God left us."

There is more fact and sense in these brief paragraphs than in all the declamations of Democratic orators and newspapers, touching this subject.

According to the census of 1860 there were 582,782 mulattoes in the United States; of these 410,557 were slaves. Of 172, 125 who were free by far the larger part had probably obtained freedom in consideration of the fact that their fathers were white.

Most of this amalgamation was not voluntary on the part of the blacks. It was coerced in consequence of ownership. Nor was much of it sheltered by the sanctity of marriage. A few of the white amalgamators like Col. Richard M. Johnson, whom the Democrats elected Vice President, made a wife of the black woman whom he selected to be the mother of his children. But this was a rare instance. The most of these nearly six hundred thousand mulattoes were of illegitimate parentage and this without the consent of their mothers, in any proper acceptation of the meaning of that word consent. This is not out of the ordinary course of events. Give any man, or any set of men, arbitrary power over their fellowmen, and it will certainly result in tyranny. Alexander of Russia was once complimented by being styled a faithful guardian of his subjects. He quickly replied that if he had really earned that distinction his subjects ought to congratulate themselves on the existence of a fortunate accident. Such rulers did not often happen under succession by prescriptive right. Extending this thought farther, it may with equal cogency, be affirmed that no set of men ever had by law and social usage full and undisputed control of the persons of hundreds or thousands of women, but they abused their power to gratify their lusts; and it has mattered little or nothing what the color of the women has chanced to be.

We have shown that the greater part of this amalgamation was in the Southern States, where the slave-owners and their sycophants were supreme. So far as those States are concerned the Republicans can prove an alibi. They were not there. The Democrats and Conservatives presented such potent inducements that all men of Republican proclivities found it expedient to keep North of the Mason and Dixon's line. If they ventured beyond, Vigilance Committeer equipped with hempen ropes and tar and feathers were certain to be much too earnest in their attentions to render a stay agreeable or safe. It must be admitted, therefore, that the Republicans, if not absolutely, are comparatively exempt from participation in this matter.

But we cannot help directing attention to another point. While there were 416,657 mulattoes in the Southern States, there were according to the returns of the elections, 434,826 men who voted Democratic tickets. Now we do not insist that either of the aggregates fully explains the other; but, considering all these circumstances, do what we will, the two will come into juxta-position. Nor is this aspect modified but rather placed in stronger relief, when the facts as to individual States are considered. For instance, in Virginia there were 79,776 mulattoes and 72,413 Democrats; and in Mississippi 20,365 mulattoes and 26,876 Democrats. Proportions so uniform would seem to have a definite relationship, and that not altogether recondite, to each other.

We commend, therefore, all northern Democrats and conservatives, who are afraid if black men are allowed to vote they will themselves be obliged to marry black women or at least to have mulatto children by such, to the consoling instructions of our black preacher.—*Pitts. Gazette.*

VIRGINIA.

Brutal Murder of a Negro at Hampton—The Murderer attacked by a Mob.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec, 25, 1867.—About one o'clock this afternoon, Thomas Lattimer, Deputy Sheriff of Elizabeth City County, who resides in Hampton, had some difficulty with a colored boy, some 10 or 12 years old, and a colored man came along and took the boy's part. Lattimer was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time, and, after abusing the negro a few minutes, deliberately pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head. His wounds were dressed by Dr. McLaughlin, and, although he still lives, but little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

As soon as Lattimer shot the negro he went into the house and locked himself in. The news among the freedmen spread rapidly, and soon a crowd of them began to assemble about Lattimer's house. Some of the citizens fearing a riot endeavored to quell the the excitement, but seemingly to no purpose. The riot act was then read but before it was finished stones were hurled through the windows, and a rush was made for Lattimer's house He endeavored to escape by jumping through a window, but was met by the mob and beaten almost to death. He was saved by the interference of two or three colored men, who carried him through the crowd to the jail.

The riot lasted half an hour. Guns, pistols, and stones were used freely, and several persons, non-combatants, were injured. Dr. Hope is reported to have been shot while dressing the wounds of a colored man, but his wound is not serious. As soon as the riot commenced a messenger was dispatched to the military post, about a mile distant and a guard was at once sent to quell the disturbance.

Popular Fallacies.

That you can receive $1 a day spend two and get rich.

That a man who can't pay for his breakfast, can raise the money to go into a circus,

That to do a man one favor, and then refuse him another, won't make him twice as mad as if you had refused him the first.

That when a friend presents you a hound, it will cost you nothing.

That when you buy on credit, knowing very well you will not pay, it is not stealing.

That every other man is to die except you.

That if you have a good cause in love, war, or law, pitch in, you are bound to win.

That you can play draw poker and lose so much and no more.

That there is one way, known only to yourself, to break a faro bank.

That when you buy a horse he will be certain to turn out as represented.

That if you always say what you think, you will win the regard of the entire community.

WHEN Aaron Burr returned to New York city to practice law, after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church. He attended from habit, always went late, disturbed the services by attracting the attention of the audience on account of his notoriety as the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason. Mr. Burchard resolved to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath when he came in and got about half way up the aisle, the clergyman pause in his discourse, and pointing to Col. Burr, said in the most scathing manner. "You hoary-headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgement!" The proud, defiant old man, standing erect as ever, with that perfect composure which never deserted him, and fixing his fine gray eyes on the occupant of the pulpit replied: "Mr. Burchard I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that the very meanest class of criminals are those who turn State's evidence!"

AS OUR MOTHERS DO.—An exchange says: "We were considerably amused the other evening at three little girls playing among the sage bush in a back yard. Two of them were "making believe keep house, a few yards distant from each other—neighbore as it were." One of them says to the third little girl, "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her, and then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and won't speak to each other just like our mothers do, you know. Oh! that'll be such fun!"

JUDGE RICHARD BUSTEED, of the United States Court of Alabama, was shot in Mobile Saturday by District Attorney L. V. B, Martin, receiving two severe wounds, neither of which is yet known to be mortal. Martin was under indictment in Busteed's court for alleged revenue frauds and extortion, and the difficulty grew out of this fact. Busteed formerly resided in New York city. Martin was arrested.