

GEN T—How now, thou secret, black and midnight hag!
 Take off thy hands,—or like an antlered stag,
 Ill tear thee all to pieces! Like a stricken deer
 I'll bound away, and leave thee trembling here!
 [Exit] [To Gen K.]

DIANA—But don't O Kite, sleep on without annoy,—
 Sleep on in quietness, and wake in joy.
 Dine and brack angels fight on Bucktown's side,
 And Tiger falls in height of all his pride!

GEN K—Gib me another wound, bind up my hooss,
 Awakes & rushes F.
 And let me rush along my bloody course!
 Methinks dar be six tigers in de field—
 Five hab I slain,—de oder's shins I've peeled!
 I've sent dem down to hell, and, ha! ha! ha!
 Des n' tell de debil dat I sent dem dar!

DIANA—Hold, dar,—hold! hold!—pray do not go no
 farther!
 O, why did you commit such horrid murder?
 GEN K—Murder?
 DIANA—Murder! ah yes; you needn't scowl—
 It was a murder,—murder 'twas most foul!

GEN K—Alah, hush, my gal; my brain wial fear is
 weening—
 Dar, soft now, Dine,—you see I was but dream-
 ing—
 What! Bucktown soldiers! O what did you come
 from?
 And whar, O whar, d'ye get dat flask ob rum
 from?
 [Snatches bottle from Corporal S.]
 And is dis rum?—ley told me, when a boy,
 It was de queen ob liquors,—and gobe joy
 To him dat drank it. Down, rum,—down to hell,
 —[Drinks.]
 I send de dar to make my cholic well!
 Corp S—To ploody uel!—he trinks mine spirit
 down,
 To keep his spirits up;—I'm tons up proud!
 GEN K—My valiant army, now dry up your tears—
 And—let us hab de music ob de spheres;
 Wid melody we'll bliterate each sorrow,—
 Lets lib to-day, for we must die to warrow!
 [The Minstrels sing and dance.]

GEN K—A heavy dizziness does now come o'er me.
 [Auntie holds up a dagger.]
 Is dat a dagger I see before me?
 I see de dar, but yet I cannot touch dee:—
 O dagger, com! O come and let me clutch deel
 [Grabs it.]

Corp S—[To Gen K.]
 Or else you'll make you reel and stagger!
 Corp B—He's done de state some services, dat you
 know,—
 Den let him hab de dagger,—let him blow.
 GEN K—And say besides, dat in dis city once,
 Whar a malignant, brack and woolyhead dunc
 Lathered a Dutchman, and traduced de state,
 I send de dog,—I took him by de pate,
 And smote him dus! [Stabs Corporal S in the
 hat.]

Negroes beat Corp S and exent leaving Corp
 S on the floor.—Eat, Gen Tiger

GEN T—A—tonishment! The blackbirds all have
 flown—
 And here's the Corporal, as cold as stone!
 Awake! or with a shower I will scouse thee;—
 [shakes him.]
 Arise, awake! ho! Corporal; arouse thee!
 Corp—O is it you I see before me stant!
 It is—it isn't—'tis, or I'll pe tamt!

GEN T—For what intent on this floor dost thou lie?
 Where now is Kite,—why didst thou let him
 fly?

Corp—Hold, Sgen'ral, hold!—you'll injure your di-
 gestion.
 Vere now ish Kite? O yes tat ish te question,
 Vile I was stanting sentry mit te toor,
 He came upon me like a hungry poar,
 He strapped me mit a tagger—ten te rest
 Pegan to vollop me like all possess't—
 Ten out te door tey cut a straight shirt-tail,
 Ant—here's pech you ant I mitin te jail

GEN T—More pity that the Tiger caged should be,
 When Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty,
 Go, fill Polkopolis with dread alarms,
 And raise de bloody cry, 'To arms! to arms!
 Cram de artillery with fatal chowder,
 And gorge your cartridges with ball and pow-
 der!
 Load up your guns up!—make all Bucktown
 roar,—
 Cry havoo, and let slip de dogs of war!
 Exeunt,

Wabash Scratches.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
URGENT REQUEST.
 LAFAYETTE, INDIANA:
 Monday Morning,.....March 27, 1848.

ELECTED.

Our late candidate was unanimously elected by the county court convention, Judge NALLEN presiding. Sheriff Wan-
 toa has been appointed a committee to accompany him to the white house at Jef-
 fersonville. We always predicted that
 WRIGHT would conquer might, and now
 we know it to be so.

Laus Deo!

WANTED—A Microscope, one that will
 magnify 100,000,000 time, to discover
 the wit, if there is any, in the 'Wabash
 Scratches.'—Locomotive.

It is very strange that the editor of the
 Locomotive should need such an instru-
 ment as the one above alluded to; for we
 have it from a reliable source that CHAR-
 LES has furnished him with twelve glasses
 a day for some time back, each one of
 which was strong enough to enable him
 to see double!

A HEAVY BLOW.

A Pennsylvania Colonel, a very partic-
 ular friend of ours, is very fond of telling
 stories, of which he is invariably the hero.
 The only fault about some of them is that
 they are highly colored; in short, he
 always 'draws ye longe bowe.'

'I was once in Harrisburgh,' says the
 Colonel, 'on official business. During my
 stay a horse race came off near the capitol,
 and as I am rather partial to horse racing,
 I went to see it. Just as the horses were
 bout starting, some fellow insulted me,
 by jostling me rather roughly. Now, you
 know I don't often fight, but when I strike
 why then I do strike—so I up fist, and
 hit him a blow that sent him against the
 fence, into a field, carrying with him nine
 sections of posts and rails. The fellow
 laid a short time, then raising himself
 into a sitting posture, he looked wildly
 around him. "Gentlemen," said he 'has
 this storm done much damage? Did the
 lightning strike any body but me?'"

IDENTIFICATION.

Can you tell me where Mr. Smith lives,
 mister? there are a good many of that
 name in these parts; my name is Smith.
 'Why I don't know his t'other name,
 but he's a sour, cross, and crabbed sort
 of a fellow, and they call him Crab Smith.
 'Oh—I s'pose I am the man.'

"CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME"

The gasometer which propels the India-
 napolis Locomotive, says;—

'The Wabash Scratches has lately made
 its appearance at Lafayette. The disease
 is contagious, and proves fatal in many
 instances, particularly to morality and
 decency. We would suggest to the au-
 thorities of that Village the propriety of
 sending a delegation of their wise men
 (if they have any,) to consult with our
 Fathers on the best mode of getting rid
 of this loathsome disease; they having
 succeeded in running the the small pox
 from our city, are competent to devise a
 plan which, we doubt not, will succeed
 admirably.

Your 'Fathers' had better finish the
 work in your own city, Mr. Gasometer,
 before they attempt to extend their bene-
 volence. If we are to believe your late
 physician, there is a more dangerous dis-
 ease extant amongst you than the small
 pox. We allude to the green sickness.
 There, dont be alarmed, mister elder.—
 Squashes dont take it, and therefore you
 are perfectly safe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, February, 24th, 1848.

MONSIEUR REQUEST:—You have got me
 into von ver band preserve—pickle, I
 mean. You know I tell you I vas intend
 to abdicate in favor of you. Ah ha! I
 had not abdicate von leetle minute before
 ze peoples begin to talk about ze Repub-
 lique form of government. Zey commit
 one, tres, several outrage on my Palace,
 —zey brake open my parlor and trow all
 ze furniture into ze street—zey knock in
 ze heads of my wine barrell, and drink
 up all my brandy. Sacre!

My Guardes National all act ze desert
 wiz me, and shout 'Vive la Republique—
 down wiz Lewy Flip and ze Scratches.'

Ze popular opinion is too strong for me.
 Diable! I must make ze ver long track,
 and leave ze country of my birt.

May bumble bee I will come to ze Uni-
 ted States. Will ze Scratch party make
 ze grand demonstration ven I shall come?

Ze great city of Paris getting ver warm
 —in tree, four days he will be too hot to
 hold me; so I vill write ze next lettare
 from some where else.

Bon jour,
 LEWY FLIP.

Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a
 word as any in our language. The first
 two letters of it are male, the first three
 female, the first four a brave man, and
 the whole word a brave woman.

TURN OUT NO. 1.

The members of Fire Company No. 1,
 will hold a meeting on to-morrow [Tues-
 day] evening, at Mulford's shop.