

Terms of Publication.

The Waynesburg Republican, Office in Sayers' building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at \$1 per annum, or \$100 if not paid within the year. All subscriptions and accounts may 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interest, and intended for the public attention, of this kind must invariably be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication, but as a guarantee against imposition. All letters relating to business of the office must be addressed to the Editor.

Poetry.**A COLLEGE "POEM."**

The following "poem" comes from Wheaton College, Illinois. Some of the Latin is rather original, but it requires only a moderate familiarity with the language to get a tolerable understanding of the "lingo":

TALE OF A POSUM.

The possum was lit by the lux of luna,
And twas a possum most opportune;
To catch a possum or a coons;
For six was scattered o'er this mundus
A shallow nit et non profundus.
On sic a possum with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coons;
The corpus of this possum canis
Was full as long as octo span is;
Quam had his dog; boons, clever,
Some used to say in statum jecum
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a kudos.
Circum self from stem to sternus.

Uuis canis duo puer,
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam huc trio unquam fuit,
If there was I never knew it.
Hic bonus domus had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a ratus,
Amabat plus to tree a ratus,
Amabat bene cassa a cattus.
On this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Nunquam stet a starving ratus,
Nunquam chased a starving cattus,
But curcurrit or intenus,
On the truck and on the scents,
Till he treed a possum strongum
In a hollow knunko logum.
Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit helium.
Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of possum to seure,
Quam venerint, one began
To chop away like quisque.
Soon the axe went through the truncum,
Soon he hit it, per, ceter, chunkum,
Combat thickens, on ye bravus!
Canis, puer, bite, et stavus;
As his powers non longus tarry,
Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieb,
Down to Hades spirit fleth.
Joyful puers, canis bonus
Think him dead as any storus.
Ait his corpos like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe who'll blossom
Into heroes when with possum
They arrive, na rabunt stoy,
Plenus blood et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Sampson, Cesar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanezar!
Tell me where est the gloria,
Where the honors of Victoria,
Quam at dominum narrant story,
Pleous sanguine, tragic gory,
Pater priestis, likewise mater,
Wonders greater youngly frater.
Possum leaves thanas in the munus—

We the people of this nation
Killed a beast we called secession,
And 'tis known the ugly creature
Seemed a possum in each feature;
What the moral is, you can guess it,
So it's useless to express it.

Select Reading.**THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.**

Its Origin and History—the Red Shield—the Power and Wealth of the Rothschilds—Their Operations with American Bonds—The Rothschilds and the Pope.

Come with me to the eastern part of the city—the old town—where you will discover scarcely a sign of modern architecture. The streets are narrow; the houses lean towards each other from the opposite sides of the way, as if they were friends about to fall into each other's arms. It is the Jews' quarter. The doorways are crowded with women and children—all bearing the unmistakable features which, the world over, characterize this historic people—rejected of God, despised of men, persecuted as no other nation has ever been, scattered everywhere, yet retaining their nationality, endowed with a vitality which has no parallel in the human race.

We turn down the Jadengasse, the Jews' alley, from the chief thoroughfare of the modern town. In this street, one hundred and twenty-four years ago, lived a dealer in old clothes who had a red shield for a sign, which in German reads Roth Schild. It was in 1743 that a child was born to this Israelite. The name given to the boy was Anselm Meyer, who also became a clothes dealer and a pawn broker, succeeding to the business of his father. By degrees he extended his business, lending money at high rates of interest during the war of the last century, managing his affairs with such skill that Prince William the Landgrave made him his banker. When Napoleon came across the Rhine, in 1806, this clothes dealer was directed to take care of the treasures of the Prince, amounting to twelve million dollars,

The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

VOL. XI.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1867.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NO. II.

Terms of Advertising

JOB WORK.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and \$0.50 extra for each insertion thereafter. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

PRINTING. NEWSPAPERS will enter the head of local news will be inserted in invariably 10 cents a line for each insertion.

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

A Printery of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors: Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, etc., of every variety and style, printed at and for the lowest rates. The Register of the Printery has just been re-filled, and everything in the Printery line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

The Editorial Train.

The burdens of newspaper life are thus pointedly set forth in the *Home Journal*:

It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and heart—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow. The judge may adjourn his court, the school and the work-shop may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features and turn friend and strangers from the door; but the journalist may forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gaily and freshly, as a newsmonger on the trike of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour, by Providence, on his brains as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of. The public looks upon an editor's labor as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave, in his opinion, that it was "easy to see the white man now."

Very Sensible.

A lady, young, lovely and intelligent, called on a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rush of blood to the head. "I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse. "Why, I have taken Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Strubrig's pills, Sand's sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's lozenges and—" "My dear madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all these do your complaint no good!" "No!—then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient. "Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eying her from head to foot—"take!" repeated he, after a moment's reflection, "why take off your corsets!"

Profits of Farming.

We do not suppose there is a man anywhere quite so stony-hearted that he does not enjoy caresses from a loving wife. It is a good thing to be loved and petted, and no man is above it. But some men think so much of this that they get nothing more, when they choose a companion for life, and some women know the power of caresses so well that they employ it artfully, and neglect all other useful attainments. The result of which is any number of ill-assorted matches and a deal of unhappiness.

It certainly is a good thing—the romance and poetry of love. By "moonlight and starlight" is not a foolish myth. The billing and cooing are never to be despised, nor ought petting and caressing to fall into disrepute. It is only a stony heart that can affect disgust at these things. But be not blinded by such allurement. Soft words are not all that will be needed. Caressing hands and flashing eyes will not suffice to make a happy home. Look for accomplishments of mind and the culture of refined thought and education in practical matters, without which the most romantic love will in time grow dim and cheerless.

New York Gazette.**Suited to a T.**

The very common expression, "To suit or fit to a T"—that is, to suit exactly, to fit perfectly—is said to be derived from the so-called T-square, a peculiar sort of ruler, having a cross-piece at one end, which gives it the shape of a capital T. This instrument is much used by architects and mechanical draftsmen in drawing their plans. By placing the cross-piece against the straight edge of a drawing-board, and drawing the pencil along the edge of the upright ruler, a true perpendicular line is insured, while a true right angle can be made by continuing the line along the edge of the adjacent horizontal arm. Parallel lines are also made by means of the cross-piece, which is sometimes arranged so as to be set at different angles. As the T-square is often used to test the accuracy with which lines and angles have been drawn, it is altogether probable that the proverbial phrase, "Suited to a T," refers to, and originated in, this fact.

**N
E-W
S**

Importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term newspaper.

A TELEGRAM of twenty words, including the address and signature, can be sent from any part of Switzerland to any destination within the limits of the country, for one franc (twenty cents). The telegraph is a Government institution, as it should be all over the world, and the tariff is fixed by the Federal authorities. Next year the ruling price is to be ten cents.

THE Washington Chronicle says that there is no danger of Surratt or any other Democrat being found guilty of anything in Washington City. The "lost cause" has friends enough there to control any Washington jury. The Chronicle adds that "Surratt is more likely to get a clerkship in one of the Departments in a few weeks than he is to be hanged for his crimes."

THE Salt Lake Vidette, of the 26th ultimo, says: Colorado River has risen so high as to back up the Gila River, causing the destruction of Arizona town; warehouses, stores, hotels and residences were swept away. The loss is estimated at three hundred thousand dollars.

THE Cincinnati Times suggests the following ticket for Republican support in 1868:

For President—Hon. Edwin M. Stanton. For Vice President—General Phillip H. Sheridan.

LOPEZ has been assassinated in Mexico. He deserved no better fate, and has met but a just reward for his betrayal of Maximilian. Of all crimes treason is the one most universally condemned.

AN old toper's conundrum: "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have upon the coat of your stockings?"

GEN. GEORGE B. MCLELLAN is spoken of as likely to be called to the head of the War Department.

BANKRUPTCY is the bankrupt. Jacob Barker, of New Orleans, cost \$1,300

Original.

For the REPUBLICAN.
HUMILIATION A REMEDY FOR MORAL
DISEASE.

which he invested so judiciously that it brought large increase to the owner, and especially to the manager.

The banker died in 1812, leaving an estate estimated at five million dollars—not a very large sum these days—but he left an injunction upon his five sons, which was made binding by an oath given by his sons around his death bed, which has had and still has a powerful influence upon the world. The sons bound themselves by an oath to follow their father's business together, holding his property in partnership, extending the business, that the world might know of but one house of the *red shield* (Rothschild).

The sons were true to their oath. Nathan went to Manchester, England, as early as 1797, but afterward moved to London. Anselm remained at Frankfort. James went to Paris, Solomon to Vienna, and Charles to Naples, the five brothers thus occupying the great financial centers. Nathan, in London, amassed money with great rapidity, and the same may be said of the others, the wars of Napoleon having favored the business of the house. Nathan went to the Continent to witness the operations of Wellington in his last campaign against Napoleon, prepared to act with the utmost energy, let the result be as it might. He witnessed the battle of Waterloo, and, when assured of Napoleon's defeat, rode all night, with relays of horses, to Ostend; went across the channel in a fishing-smack—for it was before the days of steam—reached London in advance of all other messengers, and spread the rumor that Wellington and Blucher were defeated. The 20th of June in that memorable year was a dismal day in London. The battle was fought on the 18th. Nathan Meyer, of the House of Red Shield, by hard riding, reached London at midnight on the 19th. On the morning of the 20th the news was over town that the cause of the allies was lost, that Napoleon had swept all before him. England had been the leading spirit of the struggle against Napoleon. The treasury of Great Britain had supplied funds to nearly all of the allied Powers. If their cause was lost what hope was there for the future? Bankers flew from door to door in eager haste to sell their stocks. Funds of every description went down. Anselm Meyer was besieged by men who had funds for sale, but he was not in the market, he too had stocks for sale. What would they give? But meanwhile he had scores of agents purchasing. Twenty-four hours later Wellington's messenger arrived in London; the truth was known. The nation gave vent to its joy; up went the funds, pouring, it is said, five million dollars into the coffers of this one branch of the house of the Red Shield.

Though Frankfort is comparatively a small city—though it has no imperial court—it is still a great money center, solely because that here is the central house of the Rothschilds and other bankers. The house of the Red Shield is the greatest banking house in the world—the mightiest of all time. Its power is felt the world over—in the Tuilleries of Paris, in the Ministerial chambers of Berlin, in the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, in the Vatican at Rome, in the Bank of England, in Wall street, State street, and by every New England fire-side. The house of the Red Shield, by the exercise of its financial power, can make a difference in the yearly account of every man who reads these words of mine. Though Anselm Meyer has been half a century dead—though several of his sons have gone down to the grave—the house is the same. The grandchildren have the spirit of the children. The children of the brothers have intermarried, and it is one family animated by a common purpose, that the world shall only know one *red shield*.

The house, at an early stage of the national triumph over secession, has done and to restore the status of the rebellion, with the South to dictate terms to the nation. If it does not mean this, what do they mean by going before the people at an election canvass with the doctrines that include all this, and that have no meaning but this? If they do not mean this, will they disown some of the doctrines that comprehend it? They have either to admit that Democratic success means to restore the status of rebellion, or else to admit that the war of national defense was just and constitutional; that secession is a crime; that slavery is legally abolished, and shall no more exist; that the States Governments by levying war, lost their legal existence; and that the legal tender notes and the bonds issued for the public defenses are legal, and that this public faith must be sacredly kept; and in admitting this now they confess an abominable, traitorous course all through the war of national preservation.

THERE is something very sad in those memorable words of Aaron Burr: "If I had read Voltaire less the world would have been wide enough for me and Hamilton."

GENERAL Thomas, Hancock and Meade, have declared themselves averse to taking Sheridan's place, because they know he is best qualified for its

THE way that an Earl calls a Duke a liar in the British House of Lords was illustrated in a recent debate as follows:

"I beg to call the attention of my noble friend, the noble Duke, to an observation which my noble friend the noble Duke is reported to have made, and which my noble friend the noble Duke will find upon reflection to be inconsistent with strict veracity."

EXPERIENCE is a torchlight in the ashes of our delusions.

How a Frontiersman Fights Indians.

A Denver-letter in the Cincinnati Gazette has a story of frontier life: My last letter closed with the arrival of our party at Godfrey's ranch, on our westward journey. The ranch is about midway between Old Julesburg and the Platte and Denver City. As this is a noted place, and its proprietor a "character," I propose to dwell a while.

"Old Godfrey," as he is called by travelers and himself when he is at his ranch, and "Old Wicked," when he is on his travels, is a man about sixty years of age, above the average in stature, well built and firmly knit, his shoulders slightly bent by time and hardships and wounds received from the Indians, who are his only neighbors, and who never visit him to take tea or drinks socially, but always call when they think their force strong enough to take his cattle, his goods, or the scalp of the old veteran, or of some or all of his family. His watchfulness has so far thwarted them and protected his household treasures; but they often run off his stock, and he as often succeeds in getting even with them. The ranch is built of sod taken from the surface of the prairie, being about two feet thick at the bottom and one at the top, the height being about five feet; near the top loopholes are frequent, affording range in all directions. Through this wall, opposite the front door, is an opening about three feet wide, and bags of sand lying near to barricade the same.

The same is true of Church or Political Organizations—of Communities—or Nations. When their selfish bigotry, their haughty insolence and their crushing oppression can no longer be endured, *Humiliation* is the effective remedy. The proud must shed their gaudy feathers; the insolent become tame; they are imprisoned and fined for the most trivial offenses. They cannot own any real estate in the city; cannot build, tear down or remodel any dwelling or change their place of business without Papal permission. They are in abject slavery, with no rights whatever, and entitled to no privileges, and receive none, except upon the gracious condescension of the Pope. In former times they were unmercifully whipped and compelled to listen once a week to the *Christian* doctrine of the priests. But time is bringing changes. The Pope is in want of money and the house of the red shield has money to lend on good security. The house is always ready to accommodate Governments. Italy wants money, so she sells her fine system of railroads to the Rothschilds. The Pope wants money, so he sends his Nuncio to the wealthy house of the despised race, offers them security on the property of the Church, the Compagna, and receives ten million dollars to maintain his army and Imperial State. That was in 1865. A year passes, and the Pontifical expenditures are five millions more than the income, and the deficit is made up by the Rothschilds, who take a second security at a higher rate of interest. Another year is passed, and there is a third annual vacuum in the Papal treasury of six millions, which will quite likely be filled by the same house. The firm can do it with as much ease as your readers can pay their yearly subscription to your weekly *Journal*. When will the Pope redeem his loan at the rate he is going? Never! Manifestly the day is not far distant when these representatives of a persecuted race will have all the available property of the Church in their possession. Surely time works wonders.—*Boston Journal*.

WHAT A DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS MEANS.

The Cincinnati Gazette refers to the fact that the Democratic party is hobbling along tied to the corpse of its record of cowardice and treachery, grasping at every and every means to keep itself from sinking out of sight and paints what a Democratic success means, thus:

Democratic success, as interpreted by the doctrines of the party, means to undo everything that the national triumph over secession has done and to restore the status of the rebellion, with the South to dictate terms to the nation. If it does not mean this, what do they mean by going before the people at an election canvass with the doctrines that include all this, and that have no meaning but this? If they do not mean this, will they disown some of the doctrines that comprehend it? They have either to admit that Democratic success means to restore the status of rebellion, or else to admit that the war of national defense was just and constitutional; that secession is a crime; that slavery is legally abolished, and shall no more exist; that the States Governments by levying war, lost their legal existence; and that the legal tender notes and the bonds issued for the public defenses are legal, and that this public faith must be sacredly kept; and in admitting this now they confess an abominable, traitorous course all through the war of national preservation.

ZEB.

LETTERS FOR CALIFORNIA.—Persons having correspondence with California should mark on their letters or newspapers the words "via Panama," and continue to do so until the Indian hostilities over the Plains are suppressed. According to the regulations of the Postoffice Department, all letters not marked "via Panama" are sent by the overland route, and the Indian outrages render their safe transmission doubtful.

THE OLD SLAVE WHIP.

The rebel planters of Tennessee, or conservatives, as they call themselves, are discharging such colored men as they had in their employ, for voting the republican ticket at the late election. They had better have a care what they do, for there is a movement on foot to confiscate the property of every man who was a rebel during the war, and who now abuses in this way the clemency of the Government in permitting him to retain his estate, which was clearly forfeited, and who now makes it an engine of oppression to loyal men, by discharging them from employment for such a cause. Slavery, as an institution, was swept out of existence by one sovereign act of the nation, but the spirit of slavery lingers long, and can only be killed by compelling it to strike its fangs into its own vitals.—*Pitt. Gazette*.

Palace Cars.

Sancho Panza's blessing on the man who first invented sleep, should be graciously entailed on the gentleman, his heirs and assigns, who first provided sleeping accommodations for the weary railroad traveller. Sleeping cars were invented by Mr. Woodruff, one of our best known and best esteemed citizens. They were introduced on the Pennsylvania railroad, and answered so well that other roads adopted them. A company, with a capital of a million and a quarter, was formed, to place the cars everywhere. Of course, up came new improvements, and other patents, which for economy's sake were brought up. The "silver palace car," about which so much has lately been said, is thus described: