

Terms of Publication.

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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, NOVEMBER 20, 1867. NO. 22.

Terms of Advertising.

FOR WORK. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at 10 per square for three insertions...

Poetry.

When I was a little maid, I waited on myself; I washed my mother's tateens, And set them on the shelf.

nance to whiz, whiz, down in the bottom of the hollow stump. I tried to look down to see what on air it could be, but the holmer was so narrer I couldn't get a chance to look, an at once it popped into my head that there were a rattlesnake in the stump.

THE RIGHT OF COLORED PEOPLE TO ENJOY CARS.

Judge Agnew has just delivered an opinion which settles a vexed question, and, in our judgment, takes the right ground on a subject involving nothing more than a social right.

ARON BURR.

When Aaron Burr returned to New York city to practice law after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedidiah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of promoted meetings in his family church.

SELECT OF JAY COOKE.

Mr. Jay Cooke, about whose personal history and circumstances prior to the war so much has been said, and who is again before the public in his recently published defence of the national banking system, was born in 1822, in Sandusky, Ohio.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

From the cradle to the coral— From the sunny days of youth— We are taught the simple moral, Still we doubt the moral's truth.

Secret Reading.

A down-sadder thus relates an adventure he had while traveling on foot in one of the Western States. "Well, you see back here about a mile beyond the Nockyussoff creek, I was walking along as happy as a lark, looking about over the prairie and thinking how beautiful the All Seeing had made the world and what awful water this side world raise, when I soon big drove of cattle just one side. I wur admirin' how fat an slick they wur, an' lookin' at their good pints, when an almighty great brindle bull jumped up out'n the tall grass, and began to shake his all-fired big curly head an' bother an' switch his tail an' paw the ground over his back. I concluded it wud be best to let on like if I wur afraid, an' so I began to whistle, 'kake her down, kake, an' I'd slip past the blasted old cow; but just as I got uppeast, he begin to snort an' begin to licker me in the side with his dry nos. I put in a few quick steps 'bout then, but was alkaid to run, cos I knowed if I did he'd feel encouraged. Puffy soon he begin to come on a trot, an' then I let out in a kind of center. Then he riz to a lope, an' sein' it wur no use waitin' for him to quit, I just leaved these clogs of mine an' came down to best time. I looked 'bout for something to climb, but there I wur in the cussed prairie and not a pen stick to be seen nigher than a mile ahead—how I did want to stop right there an' cuss the blasted prairie. I gin a glance over my shoulder an' see the everlastin' cuss with his nose down an' his tail up, contain' jist on the dead lay down, and I let my legs count another notch. The chase went nigh an' neck till I got near the creek, when I see that the bull were only 'bout a hundred yards behind me. Lord Jehosafat, but I felt queerish when I was sartin he were gainin'; it gave me such a sker that my heart seemed to dissolve in dish-water, and my legs kinder lost their feelin', so I could see a lot of rods ahead a little ways, an' ef I could hold onto three minits longer I'd be em. I looked back, and the sufferin' Moses, of the bull war'n' within twenty feet of me, his eyes all green and his nostrils lookin' like I mite a put my head in them, as if he were a hot steam boiler. I got almost to the creek when I found the timber war on the opposite side from me, an' the bull so close I could almost feel his breath on my cheek. I thot of my famer's in that offid time; sez I, 'Faewell, little Jed, an' you, Sarrer Ann, my gentle companions.' Jist at this instant I see a stump right on the bank of the creek, an' made a spring for it, expecting to get on top on't, but it happened to be holler an' I landed inside. I jist had room to squeeze down in it an' git my head below the top, an' not a darn bit too soon wur I in, for as my topknot went down, Mr. Bull's head came up whack agin stump till every thing jingled. "You better be lave I felt thankful I wur housed at last; and the old cuss of a bull, wasn't he disappointed! Lord, how he did rave round that stump, switch his tail, paw the side, and beller. I peeped up at him, jist to see how he were gettin' on but I kalkerlate I peeped down agin offid sudden, for I hadn't nore'n a git my head up till his horns comes a straddle on it, and his skull hit the stump like a maul. The little incident convinced me that the best thing I could was, in the langwidge of Wheeler, to lay low, watch the black cnicks and elaw polk-root. Jist as I'd made up my mind not to pas up my head agin, I felt the offest pain take me in the leg. I never see an' at the same time it com-

Good Business Men.

To me, one of the most admirable things in the world is business punctilio. I think it is rare to find very bad men among thorough business men. I do not say that a good business man is necessarily religious, or even necessarily without vices, I mean that it is simply difficult to be strictly honest in business, and sensitive in all matters pertaining to business engagements and thoroughly punctual in the fulfillment of all business obligations, and at the same time to be loose in morals and dissipated in personal habits. I have great respect for those rigid laws of the counting room which regulate dealings between man and man, and which make the counting room as exact in all matters of time and exchange as a banking house—which ignore friendship, affection, and all personal considerations whatsoever—which place neighbors and brothers on the same platform with enemies and aliens, and which make an autocrat of an accountant, who is, at the same time, strictly an obedient subject of his own laws.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

THE HOPE OF MAN.—Final success—the joy of life's ripe harvest, is the goal of our hopes. No wise or thoughtful man will live merely for today. The pilgrim who seeks a home is not content to linger and loiter for the mere flowers beside his way. The sower looks onward to fields white and ready for the sickle. Wisdom has regard to the grand issue. The triumph or pleasures of to-day is transitory. We want a hope that does not sink with the setting sun. The true success of life is that which does not fall the evening of our days and leave them to blight or barrenness. We want the shout of "harvest home," that will not die into silence with the falling breath, but makes the passage to the grave a whispering gallery where heaven and earth talk together.

THE ITALIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ITALIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO held a meeting and passed resolutions condemning the action of Victor Emmanuel Napoleon. A subscription for the benefit of Garibaldi was opened and some two thousand dollars collected to be forwarded to Italy to the United States Minister Marsh, together with a letter thanking him in the name of the Italian population there, for the sympathy shown Garibaldi.

PAN HANDLE RAIL ROAD SOLD.

PAN HANDLE RAIL ROAD SOLD.—The Pan Handle Railroad was sold on Wednesday week before last, in Pittsburg, to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, for the sum of one million nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The chief competitor was a Mr. Ellis, who, it is said, was an agent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

THE VIRGINIA LETTER WRITER SAYS.

A VIRGINIA letter writer says of Mesby: "He looks the lawver even less than the warrior. Dressed in careless, easy, Virginia style, with white slouch hat, a dust-stained, bob-tail coat, milk and molasses colored pants and vest, (the latter minus two or three buttons,) a badly adjusted false front tooth, a figure of medium size, close shaven, sunburnt, youthful face, slouched shoulders, quiet, taciturn, un-demonstrative in manner, it was not quite easy to believe that he was the individual whose name and dare-devil achievements figured in the papers almost daily during the war.

THE GREATEST "HOME RUN" EVER MADE.

THE GREATEST "HOME RUN" EVER MADE by base ballists, was performed recently by a lot of young men at Hannibal, Missouri. Some wicked person put croton oil in their refreshments.