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# The Waynesburg Republican.

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### Original.

#### FOR THE REPUBLICAN. THE STREAM.

BY L. HARBOUR BELL. Up in Monongahela's vale, There ran a purring stream— No paper heard a lover's tale, Or lulled a poet's dream.

Sweet violets grew on its brink, And gentle kindred flowers— And warbling birds dropped down to drink, From over-hanging bowers.

The merry mimosa thickly hid, In happy sportive schools; And troutlets strove in vain to hide, In deep, but crystal pools.

Its sparkling dex, a sand of gold, So radiantly shone; They seemed to try the stream wave told, Flows from beneath the Throne.

Alas! alas! 'tis altered now, Mankind has curst its shore— The birds have flown from every bough, The fishes sport no more.

The violets from off their stems, Have fallen to the ground; And all the lovely forest gems, Lie scattered—dead—around.

The golden sands are dully silted, The stream is black with death; And near it stand two fens of crime, Whose insensate laze the breath.

Here lashed fire of rain glow; Here nature's godly grain Is changed to endless human woe, For mercenary gain.

Here is a fiery drought distilled; That dith with horror teem; And here the deadly pools are filled, That poison all the stream.

It sent the fishes to their graves— Alas! too oft, as well, It makes men brutish and slaves, And hurries them to hell!

Ye more, it makes them demons here! Weak child hood sables in rain; In vain the mother's andling fear, Though tears descend like rain!

And this, too, in our godly land, Which God delights to give, Unnumbered favors from His hand, And bids us "go and live."

Yet still our rulers and our laws, Made by the people's will, Lessen this lack, infernal cause, Of wickedness and ill.

Is this a great, free nation's choice? Of learned and christian men? Have we forgotten Sodom's voice? Woe be unto us then!

Monogahela! by thy side, My lips were taught thy name, O'er father would I then have died, Than had I fished with some!

The Raiders.—When I first entered the prison there was an organized band of prisoners, mostly Irishmen, who followed stealing, robbing, and even murdering to obtain more than regular rations. One would think a common sympathy would have held the prisoners in friendship, but selfishness was the predominating faculty here.

These Raiders would mark a prisoner who had any money, a good cooking vessel, good clothes or blankets, and at night would rush upon him and rob him, and if resisted, would kill him. During the month of June the number of the gang was increased, and the amount of robbings and murders increased. Sometimes one of them would be caught and roughly beaten, but their superior organization generally enabled them to conquer. They even had whistles by which they called themselves together to a scene of riot. Every one who did not belong to their band lived in dread of death. Night was often made hideous by the screams of their victims. Thus these horrors were added to our torments, making the prison a perfect pandemonium.

### Select Reading.

#### THE GREAT KENTUCKY CROW ROOST.

One of the most remarkable sights in Kentucky is the crow roost, seven miles from Lexington, on the Danville pike. The roost is so old that the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the blue-grass region runneth not to the contrary. Many years ago the roost was nearer Lexington, but as the trees were cut away the crows moved southward, always seeking the next piece of timber. At present there are no large forests in the country near the city, and many pieces of timber have been called into requisition to lodge their black highnesses. Hundreds sleep in the open fields for want of a limb, and the wrangle over a desirable bed in a tree top is something fearful.

By the amount of cawing and jawing done every evening, we should think the question of reconstructing the roost, or removing it altogether, was under discussion. Whether the crows will ever abandon their ancient roost is a matter of some doubt, but judging by the fact that hundreds, if not thousands, have already given up the trees and roost on the ground, we incline to the opinion that when there are no more trees all will content themselves with a bed on mother earth. A gentleman who lives near the roost, and who has a fine leucist grove near his house, was surprised one evening to see it black with crows.

For a time it all went well, but the roost became popular, and every evening there was a wrangle to see who would get it. As the desirable place would hold only a few hundreds, and there were some thousands who nightly applied for lodgings, the noise and confusion became intolerable. Sometimes in the middle of the night an overloaded limb would break, and then a battle would ensue, lasting not infrequently till daylight. Tired out with the din that banished the idea of sleep one night the old fellow and his son sallied out with shot guns and slew some hundreds of their annoying visitors. Next morning the crows were all gone, and returned no more to that grove.

The other evening we drove out to the roost, and witnessed a sight we shall not soon forget. It was four o'clock when we arrived on the ground, and already the crows had begun to arrive. At sundown they were coming from all directions, and long lines continued entering the woods from every quarter until dark. Each flock had its liner or leader, who flew over the tree-tops till he found his roost, when the head of the column lighted, the rest circling round and round and winding themselves about the chief.

On one tree only two or three crows sat who kept up an incessant cawing, and every now and then one would quit the tree, and after flying to an approaching flock, would return and apparently report to an old fellow who sat on the topmost branch, and never quitted his position, but kept flapping his wings and constantly grumbling about something. He may have been the king of all the crow nation. At times the venerable cuss spoke in a highly excited and guttural tone.

We drove up quite close to the trees, bending beneath their weight, but these birds, usually so shy, did not mind us much until my companion initiated the explosion of a gun, when a scene that beggars description followed. Instantly cries arose from all parts of the wood, and thousands of crows flew into the air, circling round and round us, cawing vociferously. At times the noise was so great that, although sitting side by side in the buggy, we had to speak loudly in order to be heard by each other. Having raised great distress among our black friends, we drove off, but for miles saw flocks in the air still coming to roost.

HELP HIM. "My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crocheted work. "I should be glad to, if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it will be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long dull lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling the whole day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his great easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper, as it can only be enjoyed in a country house, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

### QUESTIONS FOR REPUTATORS.

I. Supposing you had, last year, been involved in a great difficult lawsuit, on whose issue not only all your property but your character was at stake, and which you could not thoroughly try without raising \$5,000 in cash, and suppose you had advertised for this money, saying, "If any one will lend me the \$5,000 I need, I will pay him \$10,000 if I win my suit, and thereupon some one had loaned you the money and you had therewith gained your case, how much would you owe that creditor until you paid him?"

II. Supposing that, having thus obtained the requisite means to prosecute your suit to a triumphant issue, and won it, you should feel moved to stigmatize the lender as a Shylock, usurer, robber, descendant of Judas Iscariot, &c., &c., would you not have abundant reason to suspect your own integrity and honor?"

III. Supposing that you had been laboring under heavy embarrassments through the last three or four years, and had thus been impelled, because you could do no better, to make six long notes of \$1,000 each, and intrust them to a broker to sell for your account, and he had sold them at different times for \$1,000, \$800, \$800, \$700, \$600 and \$500 respectively, according to the goodness of your prospects and your credit when they were severally negotiated, and supposing that you had thereby weathered the storm and re-established your fortune, and supposing that these notes were about to fall due, how much would you owe the holders respectively? and on what principle would you require any reduction from the fees of their several demands?"

IV. Supposing that the holder should present one of these notes for payment, and it appeared that it had been sold repeatedly for more and then for less than had originally been paid for it, as your prospects happened at the moment to be darker or brighter, and that the last holder, believing your good, had paid \$950 or \$980 for it, how much would satisfy your obligation to him?"

V. Supposing you should say to him, or to any holder of one of those notes, "Sir, I have fixed my property so that no one can get a legal hold of it, and now I will give you, in exchange for my note which specifically and incontestably draws six per cent interest per annum in gold, another note for \$1,000 drawing no interest at any time and payable at my own convenience if ever; and if you don't see fit to take this, you shall never be paid anything whatever," could you ever thereafter look into a mirror without confronting the reflected visage of a very mean, shameless villain?"

VI. Supposing you had thus advertised your true character to the whole world, and had thus destroyed your own reputation and credit, would your debt have become a fraction smaller, or the obligation to pay it a shade less, than it was before?"

VII. Would you not, on the whole, look up with respect and admiration to your neighbor, who, being similarly indebted, should say to his unfortunate creditors: "The long and short of the matter is that, being a bold and straight-out scoundrel, I will never pay you one cent; and, if you don't like that, you may help yourself the best way you can!"—Tribune.

NASSY MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE. Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby having been called into Ohio to assist in the expulsion of some children of African descent from a district school into which they had been admitted by a New-Hampshire school-mistress, returned in a damaged condition, in consequence of an adventure which he relates as follows:

We reached and entered the school house. The school marm wuz there, ez bright and ez crisp ez a Janooary mornin'—the skolars wuz ranged on the seats a studying ez rapidly ez possible.

"Miss," sez I, "we are informed that three nigger wenches, daughters of one Lett, a nigger, is in the skool, a mingling with our daughters ez equal. Is it so?"

"The Misses Lett are in the skool," sez she, rather mischevously, "and I am happy to state that they are among my best pupils."

"Miss," sez I, "pint em out to us?"

"Wherefore?" said she. "That we may bundle em out!" sez I.

"Bless me!" sez she I really cood not do that. Why expel them?"

"Becoz," sez I, "no nigger schv contaminate the white children in this district. No sech disgrace shal be put onto 'em."

"Well," sez this aggravatin skool marm, wich was from Noo Hampshire "put 'em out."

"But show me wich they are."

### THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman and she unconsciously to herself grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight forward business man and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes, actions, always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, through bright scenes, soft utterances and pretty pictures so will they grow. Teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape hanging baskets. Allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest woodlots, show them where they can best view the sunsets, rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise," by for them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them then the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.

OLD Squire Dison, the homeliest man in Nebraska, while out hunting lately, met a stranger, and after glancing at him, leveled his rifle at his breast. "Why, you aint going to shoot me?" exclaimed the stranger. "Yes," said the squire in relentless tones, "I made a vow years ago, that if I ever saw a homelier man than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot!" "Oh, well, fire away!" cried the stranger, "if I'm homelier than you are, I don't want to live another minute." The squire gave it up.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka a few evenings since. "What would you take me for?" "For better or for worse!"

A WESTERN editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his morning paper is always intolerably damp, says "that is because there is so much dew (dew) on it."

It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity—bad to hear him boast of it.

It is a bad sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes—bad to see them filling holes in the window.

It is a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his brow—bad to see him wipe his lips as he comes out of a cellar.

It is a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness—bad to see the husband used for firewood.

It is a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers—bad to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It is a good sign to see a man sending his children to school—bad to see them educated at the night school in the street.

GOUGH was the victim of a practical joke at Chicago lately. Nasby and the Fat Contributor called on him at his rooms in the Tremont House, having previously ordered "drinks for three" to be sent up there every five minutes. Gough stood it until four trays, properly laden, had arrived from the bar-room, when the cold water champion suspected the joke that was being played upon him, and insisted with admirable good nature that his guests should leave his room. "For if you don't," said he, "my reputation as a temperance man would be ruined before another half hour, if it is not now." They went.

"MARY, dear, could you leave your father and mother, and trust your fate with one who though poor would devote his life to your happiness?" "Yes Charles, oh yes." "Well then I'll speak to my friend Tom Waldron about you. He's going West, and would doubtless like to make such an arrangement with some one." Charles barely escaped the broomstick by a precipitate flight.

TOURISTS coming to the Territory now from the East prepare themselves with clothing sufficient to brave the frosts of a Siberian winter, but find their mistake upon arriving here, and experiencing weather so very warm that "summer wear" is the most comfortable. "Whew! how hot it is," Denver (Colorado) News.

A crazy fellow in a Missouri town declared that he was sent on earth to redeem all things, but one of the audience carried a Confederate note to him and made him confess his inability to go as far as that.

WHEN a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes-line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

### THE GRANT-HANCOCK CORRESPONDENCE.

General Grant to-day transmitted to the House additional correspondence in relation to the removal of certain members of the city Councils of New Orleans. It appears from the papers that the members joined in a memorial, in which, among other things, they said they were removed by special order for having proceeded to hold an election for register of New Orleans, in contempt of an order from the headquarters of General Hancock. They remark:

"When General Sheridan reconstructed the City Council, he did an act of justice to the newly enfranchised citizens of Louisiana and of the United States, by appointing a few representatives of their race as members of the common Council. By removing the aforesaid members, not a single representative of that numerous class of newly made citizens remain to defend their rights and interests in the government of a city to the prosperity of which their labor, capital and industry so largely contributed."

On the 21st of February, Major General Rawlings, Chief of Staff, wrote to Major General Hancock, by order of General Hancock, acknowledging the receipt of Gen. Hancock's letter in response to telegrams from the General commanding the army dated the 8th ultimo, in the matter of the removal of certain aldermen and assistant aldermen of the city of New Orleans, for contempt of a military order. He also acknowledges the receipt of the memorial of aldermen and assistant aldermen. Gen. Rawlings says in conclusion, after setting forth all the facts in the case:

"On assuming command of the District, you announced in General Order No. 40, dated November 19, 1867, that it was your purpose to preserve peace and quiet in your command, and that as a means to this great end, you regarded the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances. Also that when the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Under this state of facts, the City Council of New Orleans might reasonably have presumed it to be their right and duty, especially under that order, your order No. 40, to fill the vacancy in office of Register; it appears they did from your report in this case, dated February 15, 1868. The same fact, too, in connection with the printed proceedings embraced in your report of February 15, 1868, precludes the presumption of any intention of contempt of the military authority by the members of the city councils. The case of the Jefferson city councils is not deemed a parallel one, in this, that they had not their right questioned in similar cases, nor the order of the department commander to justify their military authority intended by the board of aldermen and assistant aldermen of New Orleans, relieved by special order No. 28, dated in February, and a proper administration of the reconstruction acts not requiring their removal, said special order relieving the aldermen and assistant aldermen herein named, and the appointment of others in their stead is hereby disapproved and revoked, and the members of such board of aldermen and assistant aldermen removed by it are hereby reinstated, and will resume their duties of aldermen and assistant aldermen of the city of New Orleans the same as if said order had not been issued. You will please carry this into effect."

On the 37th of February, Major General Hancock telegraphed to Gen. Grant saying what he did was adopted under grave deliberation, and he believed was the result of necessity imposed upon him, which could not have been avoided without a disregard of the interests of the public service and of the obligations imposed upon him by the reconstruction act, and by order of his predecessor. After explaining at length the state of the case, he concludes by saying:

"I conceive no violence was done to the principles enumerated and declared, when I gave effect to the order of my predecessor, and restrain members

### WHAT THEY SAID.

We asked a girl what she wanted most, and she replied "a lover."

We asked a wife what she wanted most, and she said, "kind words from my husband and children to bear his name!"

We asked a boy what he wanted, and he said, "a sweetheart and a happy home!"

We asked a miser what he wanted and he replied, "gold, more gold!"

We asked a galling woman what she wanted most, and she replied, "dress, and more news 'o tell my neighbors!"

We asked a mother what she wanted most, and she replied, "my darlings to love me!"

We asked an affianced what she wanted, and she said, "my chosen one to be true to me!"

We asked an old man what he wanted, and he said, "rest and a decent burial!"

We asked a workman what he wanted, and he replied, "light taxation and a chance to make a comfortable home for my loved ones!"

We asked a soldier what he wanted and he said, "peace, now that the war is over!"

We asked God what he wanted, and he said, "peace on earth and good will towards all men!"

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