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The Waynesburg Republican

JAS. E. SAYERS, FIRMNESS IS THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. VOL. XI. WAYNESBURG, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1868. NO. 46.

Poetry.

A KISS. There's something in a kiss, Though I cannot reveal it; Which never comes again, Not even when we steal it!

Original.

For the REPUBLICAN. PRISON LIFE. BY A PRISONER.

Now commenced a system of treatment that was worse than we received at Andersonville. Our food had to be furnished by the surrounding country, and considering that it was already drained to support the rebel army, it looked like starvation.

two or three hours, would march back again and be counted. On Sunday the 20th of November, we drew the usual rations in the evening—a pint and a half of meal. The next day some prisoners escaped—a privilege they had—and the rebels refused to issue any rations. It also commenced to rain and be cold. We thought we would get something the next day; but no, nothing, not even the usual scanty meal was given us.

THE KU-KLUX. The Mystery Unveiled Exposed by the Supreme Grand Cyclops—How Judge Lewis was to be Hung—Diabolical Arrangements of the Assassination Committee—Signs, Secrets, Symbols and Semitisms.

and any interference with him I would consider "personal," and that they had no business to molest the Judge. This saved the "old lady," and her name was allowed to be dropped. I could not allow any such attempt upon the venerable dame. In quick succession the names of Barbour Lewis, Col. Beaumont, P. D. Beecher, M. T. Ryder, A. P. Barditt, Renel Hough, Wickelham, F. W. Lewis, Judge Waldron, Bob Church and Ed. Shaw were put in nomination. Had I not shut down on the nominations there is no telling how many more would have been made. Barbour Lewis, however beat them all.

GENERAL GRANT'S HABITS. Interesting Reminiscences. A lady, who was for three years of the war, connected with the Western Sanitary Commission, and who had abundant opportunity of judging for herself in regard to the character and ability of many of our Generals, writes to the Philadelphia Press. We quote the following from her letter:

eminent revenue will go about with wagons having lofty and capacious receptacles on them, like those used in handling charcoal, and will gather in the public taxes with pitchforks. To levy \$3 in gold will require one horse wagon load of greenbacks. But the government bonds will be "paid." The only question will be how to pay the government greenbacks. This is something the plan does not contemplate. Specific payments under it will be reached—never!

WHAT A LITTLE BOY THOUGHT ABOUT THINGS. I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not, for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut my sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before Kitty could say Jack Robinson; and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog, but mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had. Then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and then Bob holloed and said that he "guessed I was on it," and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothing but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up, and we got a mince pie in a whole lot full of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em, and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy, and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me; but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said gosh darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I did get think I was wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good boy, and then told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think him a big stupid for cutting wood when he had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and besides, it would have been a great deal jollier to let the apple trees be, so as he could have stole the apples off in the fall. I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye-teeth swapping jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try, and I don't think he was very healthy either, for I never see a good boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil and could not eat cherries, and didn't have his head patted fill his hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's, and he asked how old he was, and who died to save sinners, and what he'd been studying at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no, I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, I just as lief be an angel and be done with it; I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy, but once, and that was when my Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he said that was right and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter, and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to kick me, for I get enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I'm not like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a scap boiler like him. I don't care if he is rich it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President, and all that sort of thing; but I don't want to be President; there is Lincoln; he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now; and there is Andy Johnson, I guess he don't like it much either; and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman; for there's John Morrissy, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't do any work either; oh, I know how things are done; but there's Bob callin' me, and we're goin' bird's nestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest cruk full of eggs; another says it is cruel, and the birds don't like it; that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should; but Fair's a bird, you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to being a stage-driver and a pirate, I'd like to be an editor, for you fellows don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to the circus without payin'.

A SOUTHERN paper thinks it won't do to prove General Grant a fool and a drunkard, as if he is so proved it will be a decided reflection upon the ex-rebel generals who were beaten by him.