

The Greene County Republican.

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

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

VOL. X

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1867.

NO. 36.

The Republican.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY
JAS. E. SAYERS.

OFFICE IN SAYERS' BUILDING, EAST OF THE COURT HOUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two dollars a year, payable invariably in advance. One dollar for six months, payable in advance.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cts. a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted as a square).
Local advertising and SPECIAL NOTICES, 10 cents per line for advertisement, with a liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, charged for until ordered out.
Obituary notices and tributes of respect inserted as advertisements. They must be paid for in advance.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
—OR—
Waynesburg,
D. BOWEN, Pres't. J. C. FLENNIKEN, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.
May 16, '66-1y.

W. E. GAPEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBURG, PA.
Office—In N. Clark's building, feb10/67

MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Waynesburg, Penn'a.
Office in the "Wright House," East door.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg August 26, 1862.—1f.

LEWIS DAY,
DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, WINDOW PAPER, &c. Sunday School Books of all kinds constantly on hand, Waynesburg, Pa., opposite Post Office.
May 9, '66-1y

W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ROOM IN BRADLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.
WORK made to order, in finest and best style, Cutting and Fitting done promptly and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, '67

Wm. Bailey,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.
KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates.
apl, 1y

L. TAYLOR, D. HAAS,
TAYLOR & HAAS,
Jewellers, No. 3, Campbell's Row, Waynesburg, Pa.
Having recently received an extensive stock embracing watches, rings, eye glasses, CLOCKS, &c. They are prepared to sell at low rates for cash.
Repairing done at short notice, and in good style. Oct 10-5m

"SHERMAN HOUSE,"
JUST OPENED BY
Thos. Bradley
POSITIVELY the most complete Hotel in town. Everything combined to furnish the best accommodation ever yet offered to the public.
Meals furnished at all hours, table provided with the best of the season. A fine tea room, saloon fitted up and attached to the house, and a bar unrivalled for the variety and quality of its contents. Choice wines and brandies, good whiskey, ale, fine cigars, &c., from a few among the prominent firms—Travellers and those desirous of refreshment will do well to call. "Tom" still retains his old reputation of an accommodating gentleman, and hospitable landlord. House, the one formerly occupied by the "Messenger" office.
May 9, '66-1y.

PEOPLE'S LINE
STEAMER "CHIEF-TAIN," R. R. ADAMS, Commandant. Capt. R. C. MASOR, Clerk; leaves Brownsville daily at 7 A. M., for Pittsburgh, and leave that city at 5 P. M., daily.

STEAMER "LECTOR," ROBERT PERRAZZI, Commandant; B. G. TAYLOR, Clerk; leaves Greensboro, for Pittsburgh Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and return on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Pittsburgh at 2 P. M. May 16, '66-6m.

SYNOPSIS—WITHOUT A TEACHER.
A SYSTEM OF WRITING WHICH WILL prove of vast importance to persons wishing to take notes, transfer sermons or speeches into manuscript. It may be acquired in a short time. Price, 50 cents. Address: A. R. WOOD, Box 101, Waynesburg, Pa. nov28-2mo.

GEORGE S. JEFFERY,
Dealer in Books and Stationery, Magazines, Daily Papers, Fancy Articles, &c., Waynesburg, Pa. apl, '66-1y

LIVERY STABLE.
Here is connected with the Hamilton House a Livery Stable with good horse carriages and buggies for the accommodation of the public. Horses boarded, and well attended to, at moderate rates. J. G. BRADY, Jan 6, '66-1y

NOW IS THE TIME!

A. J. SOWERS

Has just returned from the East with a large stock of

CLOTHING

which he will sell cheap for cash.
Come and see:—Over Coats from \$5 to \$25
Dress Coats from \$10 to \$20 00
Boys' " " 5 00 to 25 00
Best all wool suits from 20 00 to 50 00
Be't Union Suits 9 00 to 20 00
HATS AND CAPS,
UNDER SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
NECKTIES, GLOVES,
FINE SHIRTS
And a general assortment for Men and Boys wear.
Oh! do not forget that the chill winds of Winter pierce and cold to the body exposed; If your garments are torn and let in the weather, Come quickly to Sowers' and get yourself clothed.
Room in Allison's building, Waynesburg, Pa. nov14, '66-3m.

SOMETHING NEW!

MRS. E. S. SAYERS & HOSKINSON

Have just arrived from New York with a large assortment of foreign and domestic

DRY GOODS

which they propose to sell at the lowest CASH PRICES! such as Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Gay's Patent Muffs, Ladies' Shawls, Furs, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps; also, a great variety of nice articles, at very low prices, for

Gentlemen & Ladies' Wear.

Ware of all kinds, and a complete variety of the best GROCERIES. All of which they propose to sell at the very lowest prices, depending on the quality and cheapness of their goods to gain their customer. Give them a call before purchasing elsewhere, and they will prove that the above is correct. Room in Sayers' corner, east of the Court House, Waynesburg. nov5/67

NEW EXCITEMENT!

THE PROPOSED IMPEACHMENT

H. RINEHART!

FOR SELLING CHEAP GROCERIES!
HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY, he has opened the largest

New Grocery

in town. He desires to inform the citizens of Waynesburg and vicinity of the care he has taken in selecting stock, having on hand a good supply of
CONFECTIONS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, TAR, also, PROVISIONS, BACON, DRIED BEEF, POTATOES, FISH, DRIED PEACHES, &c., &c., &c.
Call and see him as he has been getting a

NEW SUPPLY

You will find him accommodating, and can sell lower than any one in the place. Be sure to go to the right place, in

LEDWITH'S OLD BUILDING,
opposite the Court House, and formerly occupied by the Post Office.
apl, '66-1f.

E. M. SAYERS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Will attend to all claims for back pay, bounty and pensions of soldiers and their representatives. The Pensions of the following classes are increased from \$5 to \$10 and \$25 per month, and widows for children under sixteen years \$2 per month each, viz:
1st. Those who have lost the sight of both eyes, the use of both hands, or otherwise totally disabled and incapacitated from performing manual labor.
2d. All widows having children under sixteen years of age are entitled to \$2 per month additional for each child.
3d. Guardians representing the minor children of soldiers are entitled to the same increase as if the mother was living. aug1, '66-1f.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Greene county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in Cumberland township, on SATURDAY, 2d day of March next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following property, viz:
All the right, title, interest and claim of defendant, of, in and to a certain tract of land situated in Cumberland township, Greene Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Morgan Young, Wm. Sharpneck, Peter Hewitt, Rice farm and others, containing one hundred and three acres more or less, about ninety acres cleared, and has erected thereon a frame and stone house, two tenant houses, frame barn and stables, an apple orchard on the premises.
Taken in execution on the property of Geo. W. Kelley at the suit of Alvin Cloud, Hiram Cloud and Eleanor Duval for use of said Eleanor Duval.
If the money is not paid down on day of sale the Sheriff is directed to sell the property.
J. HEATH JOHNS, Sheriff. Jan 16, '67-1c

ADVENTURES OF A RIVER MAN!

SINGULAR AND EXCITING CAREER.
LIFE OF CAPTAIN PRESCOTT DEVOL.

The Rev. S. P. Hildreth, of Dresden, Ohio, furnishes the Marietta Register with a sketch of the life of the late Captain Prescott Hildreth Devol. We make the following extract:

HIS EARLY YEARS.
Prescott Hildreth Devol (so named by his father, from his intimate friend, Dr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta), was born in the month of March, A. D. 1822. In his boy-hood he was distinguished by a boldness for athletic sports, in which he early displayed a skill and strength superior to his youthful companions. He was especially adroit in the use of the bow and arrow, shooting squirrels in the tallest tree tops, and sometimes bringing down twenty or thirty birds in a single morning.

When about twelve years of age, he was sent to school in Marietta, where he studied for several years. During the period, he was deeply affected in a revival of religion.

He did not unite with the church, but the influence of those early religious impressions may clearly be seen in the uprightness and comparative purity of his life when mingling, as he did in after years, with reckless and dissipated mates.

As years passed, and the vigor of youthful manhood became developed, he manifested a buoyancy and exuberance of spirits which gave him an undisputed leadership among his comrades. After leaving Marietta, he became for a time a student in the Ohio University located at Athens. As to his proficiency in scholastic lore, I cannot speak, but when the hours for amusement came, the citizens of the town could distinguish the return of Pres Devol from his home on the Big Hooking, by laughter and unusual uproar on the college grounds.

In addition to physical strength, he possessed unusual vocal powers. HIS SERVICES IN THE HARRISON CAMPAIGN.
In the fall of the year 1840, a flat boat loaded with hoop poles and staves was placed under his charge to be taken to Cincinnati. It was in the very height of Harrison's Presidential campaign, when the songs and log cabins, and mammoth ball rollings through the West, were stirring the people into a whirlwind of excitement. Here the peculiar powers of young Devol were appreciated as they never had been before. He could sing a Whig song in ringing tones that were heard a mile off; and his stentorian voice seemed never to grow weary. Politicians and prominent gentlemen of Cincinnati at once laid hold of such a prize, and installed him at one of their best hotels. He sang at mass meetings in the open air. From some neighboring platform, near Democratic meetings he sang triumphant Whig songs in a voice that drowned the roar of their loudest stump speakers. Seated in a chair, on a sort of triumphal car, and borne on the shoulders of eight men, he was carried singing through the streets, followed by crowds that blocked up the way as far as the eye could see. How he infuriated Duncan, the Democratic candidate for Congress! Passing, in a march of this kind, beneath his windows, he sang, in a voice loud enough to make the glass quiver, a song he had composed expressly for Duncan's benefit, in which were personal allusions that called forth shouts of laughter from the outside hearers. One night, when attending the theater, the audience, discovering his presence, stopped the play, and yelled out, "Big Hooking! Big Hooking! Big Hooking!" until they forced him to give them a song. During this campaign he visited St. Louis, the papers describing the prodigious excitement produced by his singing, while being drawn upon a log cabin on wheels, and followed by an admiring crowd through the public streets. Before returning home he went again to St. Louis, and also to New Orleans.

HIS CAREER AS A RIVER MAN.

Through the influence of friends formed during the political campaign already described, Pres. was made an officer on one of the Steamboats plying upon the Ohio river. In this employment he continued until the breaking

out of the Mexican war. On the 4th of July, 1846, he passed his home on his way to New Orleans, having taken service on the United States steamer Corvette, one of the transport vessels engaged in carrying troops and munitions of war for the army commanded by General Taylor.

He went as far west as the Rio Grande, navigating that stream in the Government service, having many interesting and perilous adventures with Mexicans on the western bank of the river, and among many other things learning from them the use of the briat.

Returning home in the fall of 1846, he was married in December to a second cousin, Sarah, the daughter of Gilbert Devol, Esq., of Lancaster, Ohio.—Not long afterward he was appointed Captain on one of the finest packet boats running between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. One of these line boats went up, and another down the river every day; but it was customary for the passengers to wait several days for the steamer commanded by Captain Pres. Devol.

At this time he was about twenty-five years old. He was six feet high, and weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds, portly, but not corpulent, well-built, erect in his gait, and of commanding presence. He was always dressed in excellent taste, and his gentlemanly fine looking figure attracted the eye among a crowd. His features were of the Roman cast, and his voice, though powerful, was agreeable in its tone. Captain Devol was pronounced by the men the most buoyant companion, and by the ladies the handsomest man upon the river.

Take the following instance as illustrating his character at this period. One night at Pittsburgh, Pres. went to the Theater. A man had left his seat for a short time and gone out. Pres. coming in took the vacant place. Presently the man returned, a coarse, ruffianly fellow, and said to him: "Get out of that, you are in my seat." Pres. looked at him a moment with his great black eyes, and said: "If you had asked me for it in a gentlemanly manner you should have your seat; but now I shall keep it. Help yourself if you can." The man went to call the police, and returning with an officer, stated his grievance. Pres. told the policeman that it was the seat he had been asked for in a proper manner, he would give it up, but now he intended to keep it. The policeman talked quietly a short time, but told Pres. he must give up his seat, or he would call his comrades and put him out of the Theater. Thereupon Pres. blew his boatswain's whistle, and called out, "All the boys in the Theater that belong to Clipper No. 2. Come HERE!"

Fortwith a dozen stalwart fellows came tumbling toward him, fierce for a fight. "Now," said Pres. to the police, "if you want a muss, you can have it, and we will clean out the Theater. Or, if you choose to be quiet very well; but I am going to keep my seat." The police withdrew, and Pres. said to the actors, who had suspended the performance, "Now you may go on with your play."

Through the next night or ten years, Pres. continued to act as an officer upon steamboats, a part of the time on the Ohio river, and a part of the time in the Southern trade, on the Mississippi, and as far downward as Mobile.

Innumerable adventures occurred during this portion of his life. Take a few as samples. A feeling of bitter rivalry existed between the cities of Pittsburgh and Wheeling. Pres. sided with Pittsburgh. A magnificent wire suspension bridge, among the first in America, had been built at Wheeling, across the Ohio river. Suits at law against the bridge were instituted by the citizens of Pittsburgh, and immense sums of money were expended. While the contest was at its height, Pres. steamed under the bridge one day, with very tall chimneys erected on his boat, that were said to be eighty feet in height. The Ohio was flooding its banks, and the gigantic chimneys, of course, were knocked flat upon the deck, thus furnishing the citizens of Pittsburgh with a coveted opportunity of demanding the removal of the bridge, as obstructing the navigation of the Ohio. The citizens of Wheeling were stirred into a whirlwind of excitement as they witnessed the act, and threatened to stone Captain Devol's boat on its upward passage. But no serious results, either at the law or from

the mob, followed this huge, practical joke.

In those days, fleets of coal barges, lashed together by twos and threes, floated to Cincinnati. The returning crews, flushed with money, were often riotous. The butcher-knife, worn at the waist in its leather sheath, and employed to cut bread and meat, was often drawn in quarrels, and sometimes used with deadly effect. On one occasion, when in a sudden quarrel, several were wounded and one man was killed. Pres. put the rioters in iron, and returning to Cincinnati, committed them to jail to await their trial.

Another time, a riot having broken out on the boat, Pres. ordered his mate to quell it; oaths and yells arose from the deck, knives were drawn, and in the center of the melee a gigantic Irishman was flourishing his fists in the wind-mill style, and knocking down his enemies like ninepins. The mate was afraid. Thereupon, Pres. went down among them, slinging the angry men to the right and left like children, and making straight for the tall leader, seized him from behind by each elbow, and trotting his prisoner before him as if he were a little boy, to the edge of the deck—said to the pilot, "Head her in to the shore!" As the boat neared the land, Pres. gave his captive a tremendous hoist that pitched him into the mud and water at the river's edge, and the boat moved back into the channel, leaving an infuriated Irishman stamping and yelling on the river bank, far away from any human habitation.

In later years, on his way to New Orleans, a blackleg committed a misdemeanor, and Pres. promptly put him on shore in the wilderness. The enraged man went to a neighboring town and waited for the upward passage of the boat. In due time it came. When it landed, Pres. went up to an office in the town for the transaction of business. While there a friend came into the room, and after warning Pres. that his enemy and two companions, with pistols and bowie knives, were waiting for him outside, asked:

"Captain Devol, are you armed?"
"No."
"Then take my pistol."
"Thank you," said Pres., clinching his fists, "I want no weapons but those which nature gave me."

He left the office, and there, between him and the river, stood the ruffians armed to the teeth. But the fist was quicker than the pistol. Before they could draw their weapons Pres. was upon them. The first man fell like an ox under the butcher's ax; a crashing blow sent down the second with a broken jaw; a moment after, the third was spinning against a fence with such force that his head made a dent in the board where it struck, and Pres. walked down to his steamboat.

HE GOES TO THE PACIFIC.

During the excitement which followed the discovery of gold in California he visited that region, making a sea voyage for the purpose. In the course of the voyage a storm came up; the vessel struck upon a rock and sprung a leak. A sailor who was sent below to see how much water was in the hold, accidentally touched a bale of cotton with his candle. Instantly it leaped into a blaze, and he ran on deck crying out, "Fire! fire! fire!" The ascending flame and smoke filling all the hold, confirmed the wild cry. The Captain lost his presence of mind, and gave contradictory orders. The crew were in confusion, and all on board were giving themselves up as lost. In this terrible emergency, Pres. said to the Captain, "Give me command of the vessel. I can save you all, and the ship besides." The Captain came forward and directed the sailors to obey the commands of Captain Devol. He ordered the hatches to be tightly closed, turned steam into the blazing hold until the fire was extinguished, set the terrified sailors to work at the pumps, and saved the vessel in its last extremity. On board were a number of wealthy men. Full of grateful admiration toward Captain Devol for the preservation of their lives, they gave him a dinner on shipboard, and presented him with a gold watch, and a purse of four hundred dollars.—On reaching California they introduced him to the best society of San Francisco, gave suppers and dinner parties in his honor, and exerted themselves to the utmost in rendering his visit among them agreeable. He traveled here and there over the country, and spent a

short time in examining the gold diggings, but on the whole did not like the society generally met with in California. Therefore he passed on to the Sandwich Islands, from thence to China, and from thence to Siam. Soon afterward his friends heard that the King of Siam had presented him two white elephants as a mark of the royal favor, and the papers of this country announced that he was holding the office of Admiral in the Siamese navy, and was engaged in the work of capturing pirates in the Gulf of Siam.

ENTERS THE SIAMSE SERVICE.

In a letter written to his sister from Siam in 1857, after describing his adventures in China, and as a Captain of a Peruvian vessel sent to cruise after pirates, he says he went to Bangkok, where the two Kings of Siam gave him command of a brig sent out to put a check to piratical depredations. He then continues:

So I was duly commissioned and installed a full post captain in the navy of the two Kings of Siam to catch pirates. Well, I got under weigh for the Gulf, with one hundred and twenty-five sailors and marines, and two Coons. These Coons are Siamese officials of the Kings, sent along to see what you do. Bangkok is situated about thirty miles from the Gulf of Siam, on a river called the Menam; probably three thousand people living in floating houses. The entire population is estimated at about one hundred and seventy thousand Siamese, Birmese, Mons, Laas, Musselmen, &c.

Well, I passed into the Gulf, cruised four days, and at last, in behind an island, found two suspicious looking craft. I made sail for them, the brave Coons looked rather blue. I, then not speaking the language, had to issue all orders through an interpreter. I ordered my chief boatswain, when in hailing distance, to ask them to heave to; but they kept on their course. Finding that hailing did no good, I gave them an eighteen pound shot across their bows. As yet they paid no attention to us. I then beat all hands to quarters, ordered the big gun shotted, which was a sixty-eight, an English made gun; hailed again, no answer. I then pointed the gun myself and fired, tore away her bulwarks and down went her mainmast. They r turned the fire. Oh! hol say I, you have woke up at last! They then showed about thirty men, and got their boarding netting ready to keep us from boarding. I gave them another from the big gun, killing five of their crew.— They returned the fire, putting a shot through our spanker, and very near the head of one of my Coons, which caused him to start below. Said I, "You don't! The Coons in my country stand fire better than that. Come back!"

Which he did, quite ashamed of himself, saying he was not used to such fun. I then gave them a full broadside from my big gun, two long eighteens, and two short eighteens which perfectly ridied them, and washed all their guns but one on that side. I could see with the spy glass what I had done, and to make a short job of it, and it was getting late in the evening, I got all hands ready for boarding. I ran slap into them, and led the boarding party myself. When we jumped on board the pirates ran below, and no lives were lost in boarding or capturing. Well, we have that clap all right! The leaders were all Chinese, the sailors Ceylonese, said they had been shipped, as they supposed, sailors in a merchant junk, but they had been pirating for some time, unable to run away, and threatened with death if they did not do their duty. We took all on board, and left the junk at a place called Bo-Chang. The next day took the other, and as we could not find any more, stood away for Singapore, where we spent about twenty days, getting all the information we could about pirates.

HIS DEATH.

After this, no tidings from him reached America, until, about six months after the event, there came a rumor of his death.—He had fallen sick during an expedition into the interior of Siam, and in the wilderness, in the thirty fifth year of his age. He had made one successful expedition, but a second proved fatal. He had been exposed to the miasma of the jungle, had fallen sick, and there, on the Mountains of Siam, with sad surroundings, with no sympathizing relatives about him, and no minister of religion to utter a word of counsel or of prayer, the earthly life of Captain Prescott H. Devol had reached its end.

"ONE DAY IN A PRINTING OFFICE."

Under this caption the editor of the Mt. Pleasant (Iowa) Journal, gives the following rather graphic description of the daily routine in a printing office, which will be appreciated by all who are engaged in the business.

Who, of the outside world, ever imagines what transpires within the walls of a printing office during the short space of twenty-four hours? About 4 o'clock in the morning the 'devil,' with smutty face and inky fingers, leaves his santiano couch, repairs to the office; builds the fires, picks up the type which were dropped on the floor the previous day by the compositors, sweeps out, and puts every thing in readiness for the day's work. About six o'clock the 'hands' begin to arrive, and one-by-one they come in and form a circle around the stove, each telling some incident of the previous night, and all trying to get some 'run' on the 'devil,' who stands in their midst, with enough printer's ink on his hands to 'work off' a half sheet bill, and all the time scolding about having to pick up the type, swearing that he would throw them in the 'space boxes' the next morning. By seven o'clock each one is at his 'case,' and click, click, click go the type—about telling of the treachery of Andy Johnson, others speaking of the noble deeds of the lamented Lincoln, and others telling a tale of misery or happiness. No printer ever goes to work in the morning that does not think he will 'get up' two 'galley's of 'matter' before night, and if he does, he will be called upon a hundred times to display his patience. We are taught by the Bible that Job was a patient man, but he never worked at the printing business. At eight o'clock, the editor, who is a married man, comes lounging into the office with a bunch of papers under his arm, looking as though half the night had been spent in listening to a lecture from his dear 'better half,' and vowing that he is going to write a letter on 'Woman's Rights.' He no sooner takes his seat until he hears the cry, 'copy,' from some one who has finished a 'take.' After supplying this call he commences his editorial, but only writes a few lines when he is informed by another type that the 'Murder' is finished, and wants 'copy.' This time the editor throws down his pen in anger, and tells the printer at his elbow to look on the Local's table and see if there is not something for the local columns. The type leaves, but soon returns, and answers in the negative, saying that he is glad of it, and mutters something about miserable writing. The editor picks up a daily, 'clips' and again 'goes in' on 'Woman's Rights.' At presently half past nine the door opens and the local editor enters, and he is a complete picture of despair. Of course he was not out late the night before, but retired to his virtuous couch at an early hour, but the night was spent in trying to think up an item for the next paper. He no sooner reaches the stove than all hands commence telling him something which they say 'will make a good local.' On going to his table he finds a note, with no name signed to it, pitching into him about some item which appeared in the last paper, and warning him to be careful what he says about people. Of course no attention is paid to this, but he takes his seat and the first thing is to get up an item as the 'devil' is out of copy, and is anxious to 'go on lokal.' From nine o'clock until night persons are continually coming into the office; some to take a 'print shop'; some to get their last week's paper; some to see if the editor wants a load of fuel, a hind quarter of beef, or a barrel of 'kroun' or subscription; some (who have less brains than brass) to inquire who wrote certain pieces for the paper; some who expect to make a speech at some meeting, a week or two in the future, and want to know if we will have a reporter there, some come up to visit and talk with the hands, (and to all such we say that a printing office is no place for 'rollers.' Amid all this, a tap, a gentle rap, the knock of a female is heard at the door, and all hands, editor, foreman and compositors, devil and lokal, all start, and the best walker (which is generally the devil or lokal) gets to the door first, opens it, and invites the fair visitor in. She looks her prettiest, politely declines, and inquires, 'Is my music bound yet?' or 'Is Pa's paper here?' or perchance she will hand us a neat little envelope, turn on her heel and quickly leave. We open the envelope, draw forth the 'gilt edge,' and—oh! 'jolly,' it is a communication giving us a hark. Of course it will have to be published and answered, and who knows when the quarrel will ever cease? Every day in a printing office is a repetition of the day previous. Work, work, work, and have thirteen hundred different people to please. Who can do it?