

Terms of Publication.

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in Sayer's building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$5 if not paid within the year.

Poetry.

A COLLEGE "FORM."

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."

TALK OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by the lux of luna, And 'twas a nox most opportuna To catch a possum or a coon; For 'twas scattered o'er this mundus A shallow nit et non profundus. On sic a nox with canis unus, Two boys went out to hunt for coonns, The corpsus of this bonus canis Was full as long as octo span is; Quam had hic dog, bone, clever, Some used to say in stultum jocum Quod a field was too small locum For sic a dog to make a turnus. Circum self from stem to siernus.

Unus canis, duo prae, Nunquam braver, nunquam truer, Quam hic trio unquam fuit, If there was I never knew it. Hic bonus dog had one habit, Amabat plus to uree a rattus, Amabat bene chase a cattus. On this old moonlight night This old coon did just right. Nunquam tread a staving rattus, Nunquam chased a staving cattus, But curcurrit or itenans. On the track and on the scentus, Till he tread a possum strongum In a hollow trunkum locum. Loud he barked in horrid bellum, Seemed on terra veul bellum, Quickly ran the duo prae, Mors of possum to secure, Quam venerit, one began To chop away like quisque man. Soon the axe went through the truncum, Soon he lit it, per, clier, chunkum, Combat thickens, on ye bravus! Canis, prae, bite, et stavus; As his powers non longius tarry, Possum potest non pugnare. On the nit his corpus lieth, Down to Hades spirit lieth. Joyful prae, canis bonus Think him dead as any stonus. Ait his corpus like a jelly? Quid plus profuit hunc venter velle? Now they seek their patris domo, Feeling proud as any homo, Knowing certe they will blossom Into heroes when with possum They arrive, a rabunt stoy, Plenus blood et plentior glory. Pompey, David, Sampson, Cæsar, Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanezar! Tell me where est the gloria, Where the honors of Victoria. Quam ad domum narrent stoy, Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory, Pater prae, likewise mater; Wonders greatly younger frater; Possum leave that the mundus.

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 Jagengasse, 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 Abselm 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 wars 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.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Terms of Advertising.

FOR THE WEEK. Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion; (one line of less than a square). All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance. Business notices set under the head of local news will be charged invariably 10 cents a line for each insertion. A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements. Job Printing of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors; Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The Republic's Office has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

The Editorial Teammill.

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 stranger from the door; but the journalist may forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gaily and freshly, as a newsworker on the trifle 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 mow."

Very Reasonable.

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 Breidreth's pills, Farr's pills, Struburg'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, eyeing her from head to foot—"take!" repeated he, after a moment's reflection, "why take off your corsets!"

Profits of Farming.

We often hear it remarked that there is no profit in farming. Well, if there be no pecuniary profit beyond a good living, (though this is seldom the case now,) there is a pleasure, and we know of no more rational way of enjoying the competency which a man may have obtained by his industry and enterprise, than in cultivating and embellishing the earth, improving and increasing its products, and thus adding to the aggregate of human happiness. A gentleman farmer—and all farmers are or should be gentlemen—belongs to an order of nobility, that is not indebted to kings and princes for its institution, and may, if he chooses, be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the human race.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM NEWSPAPER.

In Hady's Dictionary of dates, it is said that news is not, as many suppose, derived from the adjective new. In former times (between the years 1795 and 1830) it was the prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day, the initial letters of the compass thus:

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

THE Cincinnati Times suggest 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 treachery 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 stomach?"

GEN. George B. McClellan is spoken of as likely to be called to the head of the War Department.

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

Original.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN. HUMILIATION A REMEDY FOR MORAL DISEASE.

There are certain specific cures to which we always have recourse in attacks of certain diseases. The most speedy curatives are, not unfrequently, the most simple. The very best antidote for the more common forms of poison is generally within the reach of every well supplied house-wife. It is no mark of a skillful physician that a man carries with him a whole pouch of medicines for the cure of any one disease. It is only when he may be called upon to treat a variety of diseases that he provides himself with a variety of medicines.

So with moral disease. The cure is generally simple, yet severe and sure. There are a large class of moral diseases engendered, or at least stimulated, by wealth. Under its influence some men's selfish natures are so stimulated that they, in a short time, assume proportions entirely too large for their boots. To them work—whew! It is only fit for the poor trash and certainly honorable in none!

Arogrance, insolence, impatience and oppression are but symptoms of the disease. The remedy, in such cases, is generally brought about by the workings of the disease itself. The floundering of the victim, in his paroxysms of insolence, become unbearable. The antidote is Humiliation. In the advanced stage of the disease nothing else seems to have the least effect. It is only when his wealth has taken to itself wings, when his flatterers have turned to scoffers, when his pride has changed to shame, that the scales fall from his eyes. When that is done, the cure is about affected. Bitter indeed is the dose of Humiliation, yet it proves effective when everything else has failed.

The same is true of Church or Political Organizations—of Communities—of 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 tamed; the dictatorialness of tone be turned to the plaintifness of supplication. Babylon the Great must fall.

We have seen a member of our own nation dwarfed and withered by an attack of that fearful malady, which, it seems, Humiliation alone could check. History records few, if any, more striking examples of the feverish pitch to which a proud, domineering, devilish spirit will drive men than has been witnessed in the actions of the Southern States. The most able and experienced nurses could do but little in patching up the imaginary wounds of the blinded patient. Nothing would appease the avarice of these Southern leaders in their greed for honor and power, but abject and servile submission to their domineering will. Nothing could cure the dangerous malady with which they were afflicted but a thorough Humiliation. These proud aristocrats, these scoffers at honorable toil, these contempters of free speech, these Southern nabobs who long boasted that one Southerner was equal to five Northern men, who made merry at the clanking chains of four millions of bondmen have, at last, been humiliated. Terrible, and well nigh fatal was the disease—severe and simple has been the cure. From the assumed rank of dictators they have found the place in the procession of suppliants. The former slave deposits his ballot in the same box with the ex-master.

In the "Last" they have found what they so little expected, but what they so much needed—Humiliation. May it prove a permanent cure for their ill and a warning to proud aristocrats everywhere. ZER.

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 rancho, on our westward journey. The rancho 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 rancho, 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 rancho is built of adobe, the walls being about two feet thick; the apartments are the dining room, for travelers, a kitchen, two or three lodging rooms, and a large room used for a sitting, wash-room and store—the floor being rough boards. In this room are also the arms and ammunition used in defending his home from the frequent attacks of his neighbors.

"His family consists of his wife, a frail, patient-looking woman, a daughter about eighteen, and three sons. These form the corps reserve, while one or two hired men assist in guarding against surprise and doing the work about the rancho. Outside of the house, and ten feet from it, are the fortifications, which completely surround it. The walls of defence are 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 lugs of sand lying near to barricade the same if required.

"The Indians, who have often by treachery and open attack tried to destroy this fort and murder its occupants, have as often been beaten, till they now have a wholesome fear of the determined Godfrey, and his brave family. They hate him with a bitter hate, and declare they will yet have his hair, and Godfrey declares that they shall not.

"The bluffs are about six miles from Fort Godfrey, and distinctly visible. Behind these bluffs the Indians watch for chances. A week since Godfrey saw a fine antelope near his rancho, and taking his long rifle he started in pursuit. In the excitement of the chase he failed to notice the distance and nearing the bluffs, a party of seven Cheyennes, who had been watching as usual, "went to him." The old man started, but his horse was too slow, and the Indians were gaining upon him rapidly. Here his experience served him. Knowing that his long rifle would reach farther than the carbines with which his pursuers were armed, he suddenly stopped his horse, took deliberate aim over the back of the steed, and laid one of the savages low. This occasioned a delay with them, which Godfrey improved. But, too taking care of the dead Indian, four followed on, and in a short time Godfrey repeated the operation, killing one more.

"This last delay saved him; but being cut off from his rancho, he found shelter in another rancho about ten miles from home. Here was a chance for the red skins. 'Old Wicked' away and his family without his aid. It was a chance not to be neglected, and soon about fifty attacked the fort, expecting to revel in the blood of the family of their bitter foe. The family had time to prepare for them, and received them handsomely. Mrs. Godfrey and the daughter loading, while the male members defended. The battle raged for twenty-four hours, but the determined brave men and women held their own till the stages approached, and the Indians "vanosed the rancho" in double quick. Thus the pioneers of our country live in perils and dangers constantly, without aid or sympathy from the Government which ought to afford them sure protection."

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.—F.W. Gazette.

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."

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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 of 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 Frankfurt. James went to Paris, Solomon to Vienna, and Charles to Naples, the five brothers thus occupying the great financial centres. Nathan, in London, amassed money with great rapidity, and the same may be said of the others, the wars of Napoleon being favorable to 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 Frankfurt is comparatively a small city—though it has no imperial court—it is still a great money centre, 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 fireside. 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 American war, took hold of the United States bonds. Germany had confidence in America. England strove for our ruin, but the people of the Rhine believed in the star of American liberty. Fifty years of peace had been long enough to bring wealth to this land, and with every steamer orders were sent across the Atlantic for investment of American securities. It is supposed that Germany holds at the present time about three hundred and fifty millions of United States bonds, and it is said that there have been no less than fifty million dollars profit to the bankers of Frankfurt on American securities since 1863.

The great banking houses here make little show. The transactions of the Rothschilds amount to millions a day, and yet the operations are conducted as quietly as the business of a small counting house. You can purchase any stock here. Passing along the street, I noticed bonds of the State of California—of several American States—bonds in Dutch, Russian, Turkish, Arabic, Spanish, Italian, French—bonds of all lands—of States, cities, towns and companies. The reports of the Frankfort Exchange are looked at by European bankers with as much interest as that of London or Paris.

Erlanger, the banker who negotiated the rebel cotton loan, and who floored English sympathizers of the South out of fifteen million dollars, has a house here. He has just now taken hold of the new Tunisian loan, but his management of the rebel loan has brought discredit upon his house.

The power of the Red Shield was

felt by Prussia last summer. The Prussian Government demanded an indemnity of great amount, twenty-five million dollars, I believe, from the city of Frankfurt. The head of the house of the Red Shield informed Count Bismarck that if the attempt was made to enforce the levy he would break every bank in Berlin; that he had the power to do it, and that he should exercise the power. Prussia had won a victory at Konigsgratz; she could sweep away all armed opposition, but here, in the person of one man, she had met an adversary who had the power to humble her, and she declined the contest. A much lower sum was agreed upon, which was paid by the city.

For fifteen centuries the Jews have been cursed by the Pope, and persecuted by the Roman Church. There is no more revolting chapter of horrors in history than that of the treatment of the Jews at the hands of the Pontiffs. In all lands where the Roman religion is dominant, the children of Israel have been treated with barbaric rigor—allowed few privileges, denied all rights, looked upon as a people accursed of God, and set apart by divine ordination to be trampled upon by the Church. In Rome, at the present day, the Jews are confined to the Ghetto; they are not allowed to set up a shop in any other part of the city without a permit; they can engage only in certain trades; they are compelled to pay enormous taxes into the Papal treasury; they are subject to a stringent code of laws established by the Pope for their especial benefit; 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 hobnobbing along tied to the corpse of its record of cowardice and treachery, grasping at any 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 one 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; 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 for the world would have been wide enough for me and Hamilton."

GENERALS Thomas, Hancock and Mende, have declared themselves averse to taking Sheridan's place, because they know he is best qualified for its duties.

A WOMAN of New York, who drank fifteen bottles of soda, Friday, died the next day of cholera.

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