

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.

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Select Reading.

THE VOW OF THE SOLDIER.

A True Incident.

One beautiful Indian summer day, in the autumn of 1844, a stranger appeared in the streets of Hanover, N. H., whose garb bespoke the utmost poverty and destitution.

"What and who is the stranger?" was the universal inquiry. "His singing is incomparable, and his French and English are both flawless."

"Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many a moist eye."

"It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!"

"What is it, Sally?" sez I. "Yes," said she, a hidin' of her face.

"I hitched my cheek close to her, and tremulously said—'Sally, you're the very gal I've been hankerin' arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the foot of your soul to the head of your crown, and I don't keer who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be joined in the holy bond of matrimony. Epluribus omnia, gloria Monday morning, sic tempore tyrannus, non compimentis world without end,' sez I, and I felt as tho' I had throwed up an allygater, I felt so relieved."

the East. Till that day I never had tasted strong drink. I had uttered a vow in my youth to abstain from it, and to that vow I owed my life, for not one of my comrades who indulged in the use of it, survived the horrors of the Egyptian campaign.

"But as I lay in anguish, longing for death and momentarily expecting its approach, a sweet face appeared to me, wearing an expression of deep pity and sympathy for my sufferings, and I could but accept without inquiry whatever she gave me. She gently raised my head, and wiped with her kerchief the dampness from my brow, and administered the cordial to my lips. It revived me, I looked around my courage, my love of life returned. I poured forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of Heaven upon her. Ignorant of what it was that so suddenly inspired me, as soon as my spirits flagged, I called for more. I drank again and again. For three weeks her loved voice soothed me, and her kind hands administered to my wants."

"As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, fearing that some enemy might still be lurking near, I bade her adieu with many thanks and tears, sought the sea-side, and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered, and have followed the sea ever since. My fatal thirst has ever accompanied me; in part and on deck this foe has debased me, and kept me from all chance of promotion. Oh! how often have I in the depths of my heart wished I had died in the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my life in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago I was wrecked on the steam packet ship Clyde, off New Brunswick. I have wandered through Canada and New Hampshire, singing for a few pennies, or begging my bread, till I met your sympathy to day. How do these college halls and this noble band of noble students recall to my recollections the scenes of former years?"

"The emotion of the stranger, for a moment overcame his voice; when he resumed, the tears still coursing each other down his cheeks: 'I know not why God should direct my steps hither; but gentlemen, this shall be the beginning of a new life to me; and here in His presence, and that of these witnesses, I swear, as I hope to meet you in heaven, never to taste a drop of alcohol in any form, again.'"

"A collection was immediately taken, and more than fifty dollars were put into his hands."

"As he ascended the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited multitude who surrounded him, and said: 'It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!'"

A Rustic Courtship.

I hitched my cheek close to her, and tremulously said—"Sally, you're the very gal I've been hankerin' arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the foot of your soul to the head of your crown, and I don't keer who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be joined in the holy bond of matrimony. Epluribus omnia, gloria Monday morning, sic tempore tyrannus, non compimentis world without end," sez I, and I felt as tho' I had throwed up an allygater, I felt so relieved."

"With that she fetched a scream, and arter a while she sez: 'Peter!' 'What is it, Sally?' sez I. 'Yes,' said she, a hidin' of her face."

"O! broom straws with lasses on 'em Ef Sally's daddy hadn't bawled out—'It's time for all honest folks to be in bed,' I do believe I'd stayed all nite."

"It is a singular fact that lives apparently most precarious at their beginning are often protracted to an unusual length. The Frenchman, Fontenelle, who survived to within a few weeks of a century, was thought to be still born. Voltaire, who died at eighty-four, was a very puny infant, Lyman Beecher, who attained his eighty-eighth year, was a painfully diminutive and sickly babe, whilst the distinguished Dr. Spaulding, who graduated at Harvard about the same time that Mr. May received his diploma at Yale, like him was obliged to be absent during part of his college course, and was regarded as a consumptive. He, however, died at ninety-six, and was the last survivor of his class. It may also be remarked in this connection that our college presidents exhibit an unusually large percentage of longevity. Dr. Nott, of Union, who was born in the same year with Dr. Day, reached ninety-three, and Josiah Quincy, of Harvard, ninety-two, while many others completed or passed their three-score and ten."

"A FEW nights since, some young men, going from New York to Albany in the cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat tapped one of them upon the shoulder with the remark, 'Young man, do you know you are on the road to perdition?' 'That's just my luck,' said the young man; 'I took a ticket for Albany, and I've got on the wrong train.'"

Toggerry.

What is the use of toggerry? Why not dress with a view to comfort, convenience, and good taste? The savage of Africa and the savage of our own Western wilds seem to delight in toggerry. So do the Turks and Chinese. Indeed, it appears to be a common weakness of savage and civilized to love toggerry. Little girls rig out their dolls and themselves with useless toggerry. Great military generals and commodores pile on the toggerry; so the "brave redskins" decorate themselves with wampum, paint and toggerry after a successful scalping excursion."

"When the Englishman goes out for a Summer holiday or to the 'races,' he loads and lingers himself with toggerry, not to mention baskets and boxes of provender, ale, porter, beer, champagne, or whisky, enough, one would think, to last during a voyage around the Kingdom. But we need not go abroad to look for travelers' toggerry. Go to our watering places. Look at the ladies' trunks, big enough to hold 'a heap' of dry goods—and at the ladies themselves! Look at their little heads with those awful excrescences, loaded down with toggerry. What can they have within their little craniums when so much is piled on outside? If one gives her whole mind to externals, what becomes of the internal? But, enough. The foolishness—not to say vanity and wickedness—of these things must be apparent to all unperverted minds. Good taste—even artistic excellence—requires no such nonsense; what is there in the way of dress more becoming a gentleman than a suit—coat, vest and trousers—all of the same piece, be it blue, black or gray? So, for a lady, we shall never forget the impression made on our admiring mind by a young lady dressed in this manner. The material was not expensive; frock, cape and bonnet were made of the same material. She wore her hair short—a la Princess of Denmark—and had no extra ribbons, rings or toggerry of any kind, and she was pretty. That realized to our mind the saying, 'Beauty unadorned is adorned the most.'"

These horses, and that carriage, with just enough harness for use—with just enough material for strength and comfort, are far more tasteful than if covered with gold tassels, spangles, and other toggerry. Of all people in the world, we should ignore useless toggerry. Let savage, heathen and foolish royalty shine in vain "pomp and ceremony" if they will; but let sensible Americans study simplicity, utility, comfort and convenience.—Phrelogical Journal.

Too Good to be Lost.

The Washington City Republican says, the following humorous letter from a claim attorney in the Western part of Pennsylvania has been handed us by a gentleman of this city, to whom it was addressed, as a very clever hit at the scampulous particularity exacted by the Government Departments in the preparation of papers for obtaining bounties, pensions, &c.:

BROWNVILLE, PA., Aug. 12, '67.

HON. D. E. SOMES:—Dear Sir: I herewith forward you another installment of "additional evidence" in the case of _____, which you say has been called for by the Department. Please let me know whenever they want any more, as I have several documents back yet, which may be of importance—such, for example, as a life insurance policy, couple of chattel mortgages, college diploma, three railroad passes, and a file of the Brownsville Clipper. Any or all of these documents, or "certified copies" thereof, will be forthcoming whenever they may be deemed absolutely essential to "put the case through." I don't think of anything else just now. Meantime I await "further developments" with patience and resignation. Yours truly, SETH T. HURD.

Not Inappropriate.

The Louisville Journal says: "One of the gray-haired firms of Memphis a few days ago perfoined Hoodland's thunder in the following style. The advertisement may be seen on the fence on Main street, between Beal and Linden:

Use d Orler Hoodland's n your German a Coffins Bitters of Holst & Co. This reminds us of a juxtaposition once seen in a public place: A vendor of tracts, accidentally or intentionally, posted a bill upon one posted by a pill vender, leaving only the heading:

"To-night they hold a meeting at the old Farm House, and to-night, men, we will surprise them in the midst of their drunken revelry."

W. B. BOURN, formerly a prompt and faithful carrier boy of the Providence Journal, has the pleasure this year of paying tax on an income of \$125,376, in San Francisco, the second in amount in the city.

THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

By Franklin Wilcox.

One day, toward the close of the year 1780, a person mounted on a powerful gray, was proceeding along a road leading to the Santee in South Carolina.

There was something commanding and impressive in his appearance. In height he was nearly six feet; his eye, heavily shaded with dark lashes, was dark and piercing; his hair was of a sandy hue; and a beard covered the lower part of his face a shade darker than his hair; his form was well built, denoting strength and agility. He was clad in a suit of homespun gray, with a light cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulders concealing the weapons beneath it. At that period it was unsafe to travel unarmed. It was soon after the fall of Charleston, and roving bands of jubilant Tories ranged the country lying principally between the Santee and the Savannah, plundering and insulting, with malicious hate, the families of those known to be whigs. Murderers were of frequent occurrence, and scarcely a night passed but what witnessed an illumination of the sky, and the next morning a pile of ruins marked the place where stood a patriot's home. Men who loved their country better than their lives, fled to the swamps and organized themselves into small squads, to escape the persecution that followed British rule in the Carolinas—a persecution resembling that of the Huguenots. Those were the days when men's patriotism was put to a severe test. Montrie and others were prisoners, but Sumter, Marion, Pickens, and other brave patriots, kept the British alive to the fact that they, at least, were not subdued; and from time to time, by their brilliant exploits, told America that they were still battling bravely for the "righted cause"—to use the British expression. Noble men! Long will they live in the memory of their countrymen; while history, ever ready to award praise, will chronicle their deeds, and hand down to posterity the names of these brave champions of American independence."

These rangers, after crossing the Santee, rode a mile along its banks, and came to a road running at right angles with the river. He turned his horse's head and galloped along the road. Mile after mile he rode, and just as the sun was expiring in the west, he turned into a wood, through which the road evidently had been cut to admit the passage of troops. He rode slowly through this road and dismounted on the edge of a large swamp. Taking a silver whistle, richly ornamented, from his bosom he blew it distinctly. Its echoes had hardly broken the solemn stillness of the forest when a man appeared on the scene and thus greeted the other: "Well, captain, your success?" The one addressed as "captain," after a glance around replied:—"As well as could be expected, Wearry. I not only found out the number, equipments, &c., of that infernal band of Tories, but learned they were to meet to-night at the Old Farm House, back of Masasoot Creek. They shall not escape my vengeance now! He muttered, as if to himself, "My poor father calls on me to avenge his cruel murder, and this night shall see them destroyed or me a corpse! How are the boys, Wearry, since I have been gone?" "All right," responded the other, "with the exception of Cousins. He left the camp to visit his family, and this morning his dead body was found near Knox's Hill."

"His death shall not be unrevenged," said he, with an oath. "But take the horse, I will follow." The path, which looked much used, led over a marshy tract. Here and there stood a few houses, made partly of logs and partly brushwood. In and around these cabins were men engaged in different occupations; some were polishing their rifles, and others, in small groups, talking of recent events. At the entrance of their leader all saluted and gathered around him to hear the result of his ascertainment. He had been on a scout to ascertain the whereabouts of the notorious Keane. He addressed them as follows: "Men, to night we go to accomplish the ruin of a band of cut-throats, who, under the guise of soldiers, burn down our houses and rob and murder our families. What say you, men—do you love your country—are ye willing?" He need not have asked, for the heaving breast and flashing eye told their eagerness. As he ceased speaking a cheer, wild and startling in its nature, arose, showing their approbation. Then he continued:—"To-night they hold a meeting at the old Farm House, and to-night, men, we will surprise them in the midst of their drunken revelry."

So saying Captain Hinkle—for that was his name—retired to his tent. It was nearly midnight as the little band, numbering some fifty, armed to the teeth, passed on through the woods. The night was pitchy dark, and could not have been better selected for their purpose. Twined the way with torches, which were trodden out as soon as they reached the Santee. They swam over, no means of conveyance being at

hand. Marching silently, as before, they reached the rendezvous of the Tories, and reconnoitered. The Tories, anticipating no danger, had not put any sentries out. The patriots, at a signal from their leader, rushed up the walk, and burst open the door with loud cheers. The Tories, at the first notice of danger, sprang for their guns, which had been stacked near the door, and in the direction of the patriots, who saw their intention and seized them. The clear voice of Captain Hinkle rang through the ancient halls. "Don't let any escape, boys! Remember Tarleton's quarters!"

The surprise had been complete. A few of the Tories escaped by jumping from an upper story. Others drew their swords, and with their backs against the wall fought desperately. They knew their assailants, and knew also that a just retribution had followed them.

The quick eye of Captain Hinkle singled out the Tory leader, and they crossed swords. Sparks flashed from their blades as they parried blow after blow. After a short affray, Captain Hinkle, who had been watching his chance, ran his sword through Keane's body, saying, "Take that, you cowardly villain!" Drawing his reeking blade red with the blood of several Tories, he rushed into the fight, cheering on the band of devoted patriots. The Tories fought with a forlorn hope, knowing their fate would be "hope and the nearest tree," if captured. One by one they fell in their tracks either dead or wounded.

A cry of "Fire!" was heard just then, and a dense smoke filled the lower apartment, and all rushed out into the air, bearing with them three of their wounded comrades. Some Tory in escaping had set fire to a heap of straw and rubbish. The roof fell in with a crash, burying beneath it the wounded Tories. Their shrieks were agonizing. Every exertion was made to save them, but without success, and they were buried in that heap of ruins. The flames rose higher and higher, rushing along and enveloping every part of the house in a fiery blaze, and nothing was left of the old mansion but a pile of smoking ruins.

The patriots in the encounter lost five men—three killed and two wounded—who were buried beneath the ruins. Three others were wounded but were rescued from the flames, and recovered from their wounds.

Capital Punishment.

Gen. T., of New York, was not long since called upon by a person to obtain his signature on a petition for the abolition of capital punishment. The person unfolded his papers and documents and presented his arguments in a tiresome speech stopping occasionally to deposit a mouthful of tobacco juice upon a nice parlor carpet.

The General was in favor of diminishing capital punishment, but doubted the propriety or expediency of abolishing it in all cases.

"At the expression of this opinion his visitor began to bridle up and prepare to lay down his arguments with greater force; and in order to give greater facility to his enunciation, he took from his mouth a huge quid of tobacco and threw it upon the white marble hearth, saying he wished the General would be so good as to inform him in what particular case capital punishment could ever be justified or defended."

"Well," said the General, "it strikes me that if we are going to abolish capital punishment, there are two cases which should always be made exceptions."

"Two cases, are there?" said the petitioner.

"Well sir, I should like to hear them stated, and the arguments for them."

"The first," said the General, "is that of clear cold blooded, premeditated murder. I think the person who lies in waiting, or in ambush, with malice prepense, and takes the life of his fellow creature, ought to forfeit his own life in return. He deserves to be hung."

The St. Louis Bridge—A Wonderful Structure.

Work on the great St. Louis bridge is to begin in a few days. It will be one of the most notable structures of the kind in the world. Its length, the size of the longer spans, and its expense, entitle it to rank among the really great bridges. The vast and increasing importance of the continental traffic it is to accommodate adds to the interest its mere size would awaken, while the serious practical difficulties to be overcome in its erection will cause the work to be regarded with more than ordinary attention.

It is to be a pier bridge, resting on solid stone foundations, on which will rest arches of steel sustaining the spans. These arches will surpass anything of the kind ever erected. The two side-spans will be four hundred and ninety-seven feet each in length, and the central span five hundred and fifteen feet in the clear, between the abutments. Ordinarily there will be from sixty to seventy feet distance between the lower side of the central span and the water, and fifty feet in time of high water. It may be said here that the boats from below St. Louis rarely go above, and vice versa, so that there need be little passage under the bridge.

There will be tracks for both carriages and railway cars. The railway track on the St. Louis side will pass over the first street, and then go underground for about three-quarters of a mile under the central part of the city, when it will emerge at the ground-level selected for a great union passenger depot. The stone arches on each side of the bridge are expected to add much to its architectural effect. It is said that in general style and character it will resemble the celebrated bridge over the Rhine at Coblenz.

The most difficult part of the problem of building this bridge will be the putting down of the piers, which will be very massive. They are to be one hundred and fifty feet at the bottom, and about seventy by thirty feet at the top. The river bottom is composed of shifting sands, below which is found the solid rock bed, on which the piers must rest. The sand to be gone through varies from fifty to eighty feet in thickness, so that one of the central piers descends through water and mud for over seventy feet, and the other for nearly one hundred feet. To add to the difficulties of construction, this work must be done between the periods of floods and ice, so that the piers may be raised far enough above water to avoid injury while unfinished. This will be accomplished by an ingenious method which we have not space to describe to-day.

The cost of the bridge and tunnel is estimated at \$3,000,000. The land used will probably cost \$750,000 more. It is thought that the bridge will be completed in three years, just about the time when the Atlantic and the Pacific will be joined forever by the iron rails.

This is a wonderful country. We believe we have heard this remark before, but in view of the fact that in 1880 one can ride in the same "silver palace sleeping-car" from New York to San Francisco, we venture to reiterate it.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Weston's Walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago—One Thousand Two Hundred Miles in Twenty-six Days.

Edward Pason Weston, the young pedestrian, who created somewhat of a sensation in 1861 walking from Boston to Washington against time, averaging 51 miles for ten consecutive days, has been pitted against his old antagonist, to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1,200 miles, in twenty-six walking days, for the sum of \$10,000 a side. George K. Goodwin backs the pedestrian, T. F. Wilcox risking his money on Weston's failure. The articles of agreement provide that Weston is to perform his arduous labor in thirty days, without walking between midnight on Saturday and midnight on Sunday; he is to follow the post road; is to walk 100 consecutive miles inside of twenty-four hours as a part of the feat, Weston being privileged to make five trials, on such days as he may select, provided he fails in his first attempt; he will be accompanied by two sworn witnesses for each side, who are to follow him in a wagon, and are each to make statements under oath as to his progress; and the stakes, \$10,000, (less \$1,200 already up as forfeit,) are to be handed to the winner at Chicago as soon as the result is ascertained. The start from Portland is to be made between the 1st and 15th of October.

A COLORED preacher at the South recently said in a prayer: "O Lord be pleased to shake your great tablecloth over your hungry children, dat dey may be fed wid de crumbs of your love." Another, preaching at Port Hudson, used the following illustration: "De whole ob God's lord to us am like de wheel. De Lord Jesus Christ am de hub, de Christians am de spokes, and de tire am de grace ob God a binding 'em all together; and de nearer we get to de hub, de nearer we go to each other."

FOREIGN gossip has it that Bismarck is coming to America. It is getting so that no European celebrity can die comfortably until he has exhibited himself in the United States for lionization.

Worth Thinking On.

This country is staggering under all enormous load of Public Debt. The Federal Government owes Two Billion and a Half; the States owe large amounts; while Counties, Cities and Townships, have each their several burdens. We are paying, in the aggregate not less than Three Hundred Millions per annum as interest on these various debts, while we are considerably reducing the principal, especially of the local obligations incurred in providing bounties for the volunteers in our late struggle. Altogether, the taxes paid by the people of the United States, though considerably reduced from the maximum they attained in 1865-6 must probably exceed Five Hundred Millions per annum. Almost everything is taxed, from the baby's pisset to the old man's coffin—many things twice and three over. It is generally agreed that our taxation may be readjusted and simplified, so as to render it considerably less irksome.

Will some one attempt to explain the seeming paradox of an immense and steadily increasing migration, from countries that owe little and tax lightly in comparison, to this overburdened republic? That some should flock hither at all events, is natural; but that the volume of immigration should be not merely maintained, but largely augmented, under the pressure of gigantic debt, a high tariff, heavy internal taxes, and an inflated, irreflexible currency, is a puzzle to political economists. Immigrants are still pouring in, at the rate of a thousand per day; and all of them who know how to do anything, and will do it, find employment and remuneration. Labor is as well paid in the average, and as comfortably subsisted as it was when we had next to no debt, light taxes, and a currency convertible into specie at par. The real estate of the country could be sold to-day for more money (reduced to specie) than it was worth ten years ago. Most of our people are prospering; many are amassing wealth. Houses are being built on every hand; lands are being improved; new farms are being hewn out of the forest and craved from the wild prairie; our railroads are being extended at the rate of a thousand miles per annum; and the product of our National Industry in 1867 will be larger than that of any former year.

Do we not need a new political economy recognizing and adapted to this state of facts?—N. Y. Tribune.

Remains of an Old Millionaire.

A correspondent writing from Tusculum, December 3d, 1866, furnishes the particulars of the sale of the Steele or Widow McClintock farm. This property, which afforded a net income to Steele, when the property came into his possession, was disposed of for the sum of \$11,000. Even at this price it was "bid in" by Government officials; so the sum named is no criterion of its worth or value. Some two months ago it is reported that attorneys came from Philadelphia with judgments in favor of a hotel, a jeweler and a tailor, against Steele for the trifling sum of seventy thousand dollars in the aggregate. This was for entertainment, clothing and jewels furnished the "millionaire and his friends;" when his credit was good. The Sheriff levied on the farm aforesaid, and had received a bid of over \$70,000, when the United States Collector forbade the sale on account of the prior lien of the Government.

AN amusing incident occurred in Albany recently. While a gang of telegraph men were stringing wire from a reel in a wagon, the horse being driven along slowly, a countryman rushed up to the driver, and in the innocence of his heart informed him that he was losing his load, that his wire was scattered all along the road behind him.

A COLORED clergyman, in a prayer meeting in Virginia, while engaged in supplication a few weeks since, after praying the divine blessing upon the Governor of the State and all others in authority there continued, "And O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, if it will not exhaust thy compassion, have mercy upon Andrew Johnson."

A GENERAL statement going the rounds that the work of adjusting the unsettled claims for bounty in the Paymasters General's office was progressing at the rate of fifteen hundred per month is erroneous. The fact is that the claims are being settled at the rate of four thousand per day, or about one hundred thousand per month.

A BOY on being told to decline the word "boil," said, "positive boil; comparative boiler; superlative bust!"

NEGRO soldiers are just the troops for war on the plains. The Indians never scalp them.

THE loyal men of St. Louis are preparing to give Gen. Sheridan a grand reception.

THE blacks outnumber the whites, two to one, in the registrations thus far made in the South.

IN Ohio the Democratic party is out boldly in force of reputation.

YELLOW fever is fatal beyond all description in all parts of Texas.