

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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Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.50 per square... for three insertions, and 50 cents per square...

Poetry.

YOU BET.

When you hear loud voices crying... As of women in a pet... And see furniture a flying...

Political.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIENDS.

Why should any soldier in the Union armies in the late civil war vote the Democratic ticket at this election? He cannot say that the Republicans ever opposed the war or its objects...

More than this, we stood by them manfully from the beginning to the end of the rebellion. We applauded their achievements, defeated their home enemies, carefully nursed their sick and wounded, promoted their heroic leaders, and contributed our full share to render their final triumph as illustrious as it should be durable.

When the war was in progress and our armies in the field, to whom did the soldiers look for the sinews of the war, for the unyielding determination not to make a dishonorable peace, for words of sympathy and cheer, for the raising of supplies and recruits, and the reward of the deserving, if not to the Republicans? Our devotion to the cause was so great that we were never weary of well-doing toward it and the heroic soldiers who were fighting its battles and enduring its perils.

During all this period what was the course of the Democratic party, that now seeks to delude the Union soldiers into voting its ticket? Did it not denounce the policy of conceding the rebel States? Did it not throughout firmly adhere to the unbroken doctrine of State sovereignty? Did it not stigmatize the Union soldiers as "Lincoln hirelings"? Did it not keep up an incessant railing over the achievements of our armies, underrating every

victory, exaggerating every rebel success, magnifying all our losses, coloring the courage and devotion of the rebel soldiers, and the genius and skill of the rebel generals? Did it not sympathize with and defend every arrested traitor at home who was giving aid and comfort to the enemy? Did it not send men from its own ranks to fight in the rebel armies? Did it not oppose all the war measures of the government, and finally declare in its national convention that the war was a failure? Did it not, even in this present campaign, in its convention in Philadelphia, applaud to the echo a man who violently declared that the south was a "nation," and that he was ready to join in another civil war against the Republicans?

We need not answer these questions. Any man who lived through the war with his eyes and ears open knows but one answer to them all. The question then is, how can any Union man whose heart was in the great cause vote for the Democratic ticket at this time? What the Republicans did was not to court the votes of soldiers, but from a sense of duty. What the Democrats are now doing is from a mere demagogic greed for votes. The same men who voted the war a failure and stigmatized the soldiers as "Lincoln hirelings," and underrated all their successes, exaggerated their defeats and their losses and magnified the successes of the enemy, now seek the votes of these very soldiers for the Democratic ticket.

It is natural enough for these desperate demagogues to resort to any expedient to prop their falling cause; but how any true-hearted loyal soldier can allow himself to be deceived into voting their ticket passes our comprehension. It matters not how many soldiers they may nominate for office; until the party can purge itself of its undeniable complicity with treason, until it can show that it accepts the results and the lessons of the civil war in good faith, as it never yet has done, it cannot be entitled honestly, to the vote of any man who served under the flag of the republic in the war which has rendered the Union imperishable.

So we do. We elected General Hartranft and Colonel Campbell to the responsible offices of State Surveyor General and Auditor General, Colonel John P. Glass Speaker of the Assembly, General Geary, Governor, Colonel Owen Recorder of Deeds, the finest office in Philadelphia; we made General Horatio Sikel Health Officer, Colonel Gideon Clark Master Warden of the Penitentiary, and put in place a whole host of officers and private soldiers in all the departments of the public service under its control. In the present campaign we have nominated for Assembly Colonel Kieckner and Colonel John Clark in districts where they can easily be elected; and there are numerous similar cases.

Such a record as this does not indicate any disposition to treat the Union soldiers shabbily now that peace has been restored. When we confer a nomination on a soldier it ensures him an election, so that our nomination is not an empty compliment, nor a thing to catch votes. But a minority party like the Democratic organization confers no honor on a soldier by nominating him on a platform of opposition to the Union cause and sympathy with treason, and in a community where no civilian Democrat could hope to be elected. The soldiers, who were not mercenaries in the war, will not be likely to be bought for a few offices to favor a cause so thoroughly identified with the enemy they defeated in the field. We will not believe so much of all of the heroes whose strong arms and stout hearts won the battle for the free. We see them all about in this campaign coming up cheerfully to sustain the principles for which they fought and suffered, unwooed by influence and unbribed by gain; and it is the proudest feature in their noble character that they prefer a Union citizen to a Democratic soldier. The man who attested his patriotism by his services in the war has a perfect right to be a member of the Democratic party if he chooses to do so. The wonder is that any right minded soldier should so choose. They cannot participate actively in the Democratic organization without knowing its dangerous complicity with treason. Under such circumstances the true course for loyal men is to vote against every Democratic candidate whether soldier or civilian.—North American.

In 1863 the Copperheads clamored for peace at any price. By that course they asserted that the Government was whipped at that time. In 1867 the Copperheads, by conceding that rebellion was justified and that traitors should be readmitted to the rights of citizenship without suffering any penalties for their crimes, desire to prove that treason was victorious during the war. Can a Union soldier vote affirmatively on such a question? Can a loyal man vote approvingly on such an issue? If the rebels were successful, then is the national debt without a security, and the national creditors defrauded. These are the questions to be remembered while voting.—Har. Tele.

A BARBASTO writes says: "Shutting one's self up in a convent, marrying, and throwing one's self over a precipice, are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them."

Was the war right? This is the whole issue before us, stripped of all incidental and outside matter. If it was, we do not want and will not have its effects and consequences construed away. This is now the objective point towards which the Democrats are tending under the lead of Judge Black, and to this end they are attempting to fill our courts with lawyers of the strict or Calhoun construction school. Woodward tried to construe away the draft. Sharswood attempted to construe away our national currency. Black boldly decided that the nation had no power to defend its own life. So it goes. Step by step they undermine all that we have been living and fighting for since 1776, and if let alone, in a short time would have us repudiating every idea or semblance of nationality. These men, too, are conscientious in their heresy. Calhoun could not have been more so, and therein is the great danger. If we believe that our war was right, that our soldiers died in a good cause, and that our bayonets gleamed through Georgia constitutionally, then we must avoid, yes, spurn all men who conscientiously believe the war to have been wrong, and pronounce it, when they would excuse it, an error and mistake. There is no half way ground on this question. You must vote for Williams and a constitutional war, or Sharswood and an unconstitutional war.—Phila. Press.

WHILE the smoke was still ascending from the charred remains of Chambersburg, and the women and children sat mourning among the ruins of their burned homes, the Copperheads of Pennsylvania sat in convention at Harrisburg, and passed resolutions of a partisan character, but uttered no words against the barbarities committed by the rebel hordes and not one of them offered to volunteer to protect the Capital of our State from being destroyed by traitors. The convention placed in nomination George W. Woodward for Governor, because he maintained the dogma that the soldiers had no right to vote, that the Southern States had a right to war on the National Government, and that rebellion was justifiable. Sharswood is the prototype of Woodward. He too believes that rebellion was justifiable, and that a soldier of the Union is not entitled to any political rights.—Har. Tele.

SOLDIERS who survived the war, vote as you fought. You braved danger and death to save the Government from destruction, and you fought bravely to put down the rebellion which the outgoing Judge of the Supreme Court (Woodward) asserted was precipitated and provoked by the people of the North, and which the Copperhead candidate for the same position (Sharswood) pronounced chivalric and holy. Vote as you fought. Vote to put down rebellion. Vote to rebuke a usurper. Vote to encourage loyalty. Vote to preserve the integrity of the Government. Vote to enforce the laws. Vote to punish traitors. Vote to make treason odious. Vote to secure those who trusted the nation. Vote to save the country.—Har. Tele.

THE workman who allows himself to be seduced from his fealty to the Republican party will meet the fate of the soldier on the plains who strays from the army—he will be towed back by the cannon enemy. The effort in different parts of the State, and particularly in strong Republican counties, to organize workmen's parties, is a use to defeat Republican tickets. It is an admission that the workmen all belong to the Republican party, as if this were not the case, why organize a workman's party? The workman who votes a copperhead ticket commits business as well as political suicide.—Har. Tele.

In 1864 the platform of the Copperheads of Pennsylvania announced the bold falsehood that "the war as waged by the Government for the suppression of rebellion was a failure," and asked the North to admit that the traitors were not only right, but the stronger in military resources and powers, and that hostilities should cease. Now that we have whipped the rascals, the same Copperhead demagogues insist that the rebels incurred no penalties, but are entitled to all honor. Soldiers! vote as you fought, and you will vote to defeat these machinations.—Har. Tele.

If every Republican vote is polled in Pennsylvania on the second Tuesday of October next, we will gain a Judge of the Supreme Court, maintain our strength in the Legislature, and reject every candidate for a county office the term of whose present occupancy expires this year. But we want all our Republican votes polled. To do this, and thus maintain a Republican majority which has more than once struck terror to the heart of treason, we must all go to work at once and in earnest.—Har. Telegraph.

THE Union Pacific Railroad is now finished four hundred and sixty miles west of Omaha, and within fifty miles of Cheyenne City, Kansas. The branch Pacific Railroad is completed twelve miles beyond the station just accepted by the commissioners, which carries the track two hundred and seventy miles west of the Missouri river.

The Waynesburg Republican.

LOOK TO THE ASSESSMENTS.

Saturday, September 28th, is the last day on which assessments for the October elections can be made. Let every voter see that his name is on the assessment lists; and then let his friends and neighbors be likewise assessed.

There should be committees appointed to attend to this matter. But do not wait on them. Let every man see to his own case, and be sure. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

No canvass in Pennsylvania for several years past has possessed more real importance than the one in which we are now engaged, whether we regard the national interests at stake, and which will be affected for good or for evil by what may occur here, or the influence upon our own affairs of a decision at this time in favor of the Democratic party. However designing copperheads may endeavor to persuade independent men that the contest has no national significance, there can be no shadow of a doubt that they are earnestly striving now to compass the defeat of the Republican ticket in Pennsylvania, for the express purpose of making people believe that a great reaction has set in against the principles and policy of the Republican party. But, whether this be so or not, a Republican defeat in Pennsylvania will be at once triumphed abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land as a verdict against the policy of Congress and in favor of the violent course pursued by President Johnson.

Yet we find, observes the North American, the most artful appeals made to Republicans to throw aside party considerations, on the ground that the contest is not a national one. There is hardly an office of any prominence to be now filled that is not made the subject of these appeals. Beginning with the Judge of the Supreme Court, we are asked to support Judge Sharswood, the Democratic nominee, because he was twice elected President Judge of the District Court of Philadelphia by his political opponents, although we all know that on that bench, where he was in a political minority, he delivered a written opinion against the constitutionality of the United States legal tender notes.

If we turn to the Legislature, we are asked to elect Democrats in preference to Republicans on all sorts of issues. The cry there is against our financial embarrassments, though no one can show how the election of Democrats is to reduce them. It is of small account, according to those reasoners, that the Republican Legislature has managed our State finances so well as to enable the State to dispense with the tax on real estate, at the same time that we have largely reduced our State debt.

Democratic success is the panacea prescribed for everything, on the principle of the physician whose patient did not know what was the matter with him, as he had a capital appetite, slept well, felt well, and yet wanted medicine. The doctor promised to give him something to change all that, and the Democratic offer in the present instance is about similar. We are getting along prosperously. Our finances are well administered. Our interests are admirably cared for. The popular liberties are extended and guarded. Elect Democrats, and they will change all that.

If any independent man thinks we exaggerate, let him sit down and try to make up a ticket such as these disinterested advisers would be satisfied with. He would find on it no Republican names. From beginning to end all would be copperheads. It has therefore become a question, simply and purely, whether a man means to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket—not as to who shall be scratched on either of these tickets. The attack is, made upon us at all points, and with the same vigor and the same arguments upon each. Those who may feel inclined to listen to the arguments of these men will find the issue to be as we state it, not whether independent men shall vote for Sharswood, but whether they shall vote the Republican or Democratic ticket.

The most remarkable feature about this crusade is that there is really nothing in the character or public services of the Democratic candidates to warrant the extravagant laudation of them that is now indulged in, and our readers can judge for themselves

whether there is anything in the principles or policy of the party they represent to commend them to the especial admiration of Republicans or independent men. Nor, on the other hand, does the record of the Republican party or its candidates warrant the extraordinary denunciation lavished upon them. Nationally the party has saved the republic from absolute destruction, has abolished slavery and enfranchised a whole race of people. In State affairs it has reduced both the debt and the taxes at the same time. Under such circumstances the man who deserts his principles to vote for a Democratic candidate upon any of the grounds now assumed by our opponents need blame no one but himself if, after the election, he shall find that he has contributed his share towards a copperhead reaction.

For our own part we see no more to regret in the general character of the Republican nominations than we see under all circumstances in the nominations of all political parties. In the main they are good. They are no better and no worse than usual. But the man who looks into Democratic tickets to find better candidates must have an amount of faith in that rotten organization that we do not possess. It would, indeed, be amazing if Democratic tickets should be better than Republican ones, knowing, as we do, that a large portion of the intellect and the moral worth of Pennsylvania is to be found in the Republican ranks.

ANTIETAM CEMETERY DEDICATION.

KEEDYSVILLE, Sept. 17, 1867. The dedication of Antietam National Cemetery took place to-day. The program carried out was as follows: Military and Masonic bodies escorted the President and party to the cemetery, where, in the presence of an immense throng, the exercises opened by prayer.

Governor Swann, on assuming the Presidential chair, tendered a welcome to President Johnson and the Governors of other States, who came to participate in the ceremonies. After alluding to the part taken by Maryland in establishing the cemetery, he said: "We are here in calm sunshine to mingle our tears with the survivors for those who sacrificed life for their country upon this field." He invoked the Almighty to speedily restore harmony to the whole country.

A hymn was then sung by the assemblage.

The corner stone of the monument was then laid by the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Maryland. The oration was then delivered by Ex-Gov. Bradford. After referring to the distinguished persons present, he stated that in response to a vote of thanks of Maryland to the army for protecting the state from rebels, the Commander of that army committed the remains of those who fell to the care of the State. The details of the action by Maryland in the matter were given by the orator. The number engaged on the field of Antietam on the Union side was 87,840, while the rebel force was estimated at 97,000. The previous campaigns of the army were referred to and the anxiety of the public mind depicted. The disasters to the army under Pope, its shattered condition, its reorganization by Gen. McClellan, and victory won over the confident hosts of the rebellion by that reorganized army, were dwelt on at great length, with many correlative facts and circumstances. He concluded by invoking adherence to the Constitution and said: "Come the peril to it whence it may, from State Rights or Consolidation, let me, in the name of the men who made it, by the memory of the men who have died for it on this spot, where blood has been so profusely shed in its behalf, appeal to you to preserve, protect and defend it."

The poem was next delivered. Remarks followed from President Johnson and others, after which the services closed with a benediction, and the President and party were escorted to the station. Salutes were fired at sun rise during the procession, and at the close. Everything passed off well.

SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

President Johnson, in the course of a brief speech, said: "I am merely here to give my countenance and aid to the ceremonies on this occasion; but I must be permitted to express my hope that we may follow the example which has been so eloquently alluded to this afternoon, and which has been so clearly set by the illustrious dead. When we look on your battle field, and think of the brave men on both sides who fell in the fierce struggle of battle, and who sleep silently in their graves—yes, who sleep in silence and peace after the earnest conflict has ceased—would to God we of the living could imitate their example as they lay sleeping in peace in their tombs and live together in friendship and peace. (Applause.) You, my fellow-citizens, have my earnest wishes, as you have had my efforts in times gone by, in the earliest and most trying

perils, to preserve the union of these States, to restore peace and harmony to our distracted and divided country, and you shall have my last efforts in vindication of the flag of the Republic and of the Constitution of our fathers." (Applause.)

HARPER BROTHERS.

Not far from where the present establishment of the Harpers exists, James Harper began his work. He held the lowest position in the office. All mean and servile work was put upon him. The sons of judges, aldermen, lawyers and men of money were in trade and merchandise around the printing office. These pret, well-dressed and proud striplings often crossed the pathway of the rustic lad. His shoes were heavy, coarse and ungainly. His clothes made from cloth manufactured in the old homestead, were rough in material and slovenly in make. The young bucks delighted to ridicule James. They would shout to him across the street—"Did your boots come from Paris? 'Jim, give us a card to your tailor.'" "What did your mother give a yard for your broadcloth?" Sometimes the ruffe fellows came near and under the pretense of the fitness of the cloth, would grab the flesh. Insulting and taunting as all this was, he bore it to a white with meekness. This was construed into cowardice.

JAMES' FIRST CARD.

The young printer saw that he must end this treatment, and could only do it by taking a firm and manly stand. He had no idea of wealth or position. It was his purpose to do right—to so conduct himself that his mother would not be ashamed of him. All the success and position that could attend fidelity to duty, he meant to secure; but he resolved not to be imposed upon. One day while doing some menial work, he was assaulted by one of his tormentors. He deliberately set down the pail he was carrying, turned on his assailant, booted him severely, and then said: "Take that; that's my card; take good care of it. When I am out of my time, and set up myself, and you need employment, as you will, come to me, and bring that card, and I will give you work." Strange to say, forty-one years after, that same person came to James Harper's establishment and asked employment, claiming it on the ground that the "card" he had given him forty-one years before he had kept to that day.

ORIGINS OF THE HOUSE.

When James was free, having served out his time, his master said to him, "You have been faithful, and shall always have a good place in my office." The master was not a little surprised to hear the young man announce his intention of setting up for himself. Already he said he could have the printing of a book if he could get a certificate that he was worthy of it. If his master would give him the certificate he could get work. This was readily given, and the work began. In 1817 James and John Harper opened a small book and job printing office in Dover street. Ever Dreyfuss, the leading publisher of that day, was the first to employ the Harpers. The first book published by the firm was Seneca's *Morals*, 2,000 copies of which were delivered on the fifth day of August, 1817. The second job was of more consequence. The book to be printed was the *Bible*. That part of the craft in those days was in a crude state, and the work rudely done. They had contracted to do the work for fifty cents a token. They found that they would have to pay the full sum to have it stereotyped, and no profit would be left to themselves. They resolved to stereotype the work. It was difficult and slow; but it was done, and gave great satisfaction. It was pronounced the best piece of stereotyping ever seen in New York. The character of the work coming from this firm, its industry, probity, promptness and enterprise placed it at once at the head of the business in New York. In six years the establishment became the largest in the city. To the original firm, in 1823, the name of Joseph Westley Harper was added. In 1826 Fletcher Harper joined the firm. These four make the house of Harper Brothers. The house has now a world-wide fame. It is the largest of the kind in the world. The great establishments of Europe do not combine, as do the Harpers, all the departments of labor needful for the production of a perfect book. European books are mainly sold in sheet. The binding itself is carried on as a distinct business. It has no connection with printing. The Harpers embrace printing, electrotyping, stereotyping and binding. A roll of manuscript is taken from the author, types from the foundry, a side of leather from the currier, and paper from the manufacturer. These leave the establishment a complete book, printed and illustrated in the highest style of art.—Evening Gazette.

If a lady puts on her stockings wrong side upwards, it is a sign of good luck—if she does it unintentionally. If she does it on purpose, it is a sign the stockings are not as white as snow. In view of the fact that ladies do not wear stockings unless they are as white as snow, this sign applies only to "blue stockings."

From an excellent communication published in the Columbus (Miss.) *Index* of June 8, we copy the following, "expressly for the girls." Being old, and therefore allowed license for teasing the girls on matrimonial subjects, I consult them about their future prospects often, and find that the opinion obtains with them that the young men were never so slow in proposing as in these days, which we must admit, gives them a good, not to say all-powerful reason for not taking a husband. Now, young ladies, the whole secret with nine-tenths of you, of not being able to get off your parents' hands, is simply that you don't know how to work. You can't keep house. You can't make a pair of breeches. You can't tell, for the life of you, the difference between bran and shorts, or which 68W gives the buttermilk. The young men generally come out of the war "with the skin of their teeth," with 58 fortune, I might say, but their warbibles of gray and their canteens, and to marry with them now, rest assured, relates more to making a living with the assistance of a loving, industrious help-mate, than indulging in opera music, moonshine and poetry. Do you know what they say of one of your butterfly young ladies who has held them in the parlor engaged by the hour listening to a "clever nothing"? Nineteen times out of twenty it is this: "Well, she is all right for an evening's entertainment, but she will not make a good wife." There is no possible objection to the accomplishments of music, painting, and the like, as such, but the idea is to be able to set these parlor amusements aside for the period when the stern duties of married life call for your practical knowledge. Show the young man that you can do your part of double business; that you can cook a meals victuals on a pinch; that you can sweep up, and dust, and darn old stockings, and save a penny toward an accumulated pound; that you will not be a dead expense to him through life. Relieve me, young friends, many'true, heroic, womanly hearts beat over household duties as flutter beneath the soft light of a parlor chandelier. Your kiss is just as sweet, your smile just as bright, your heart as happy and tender, after a day's exertion in a sphere worthy of true womanhood, as in places of dissipation, frivoliety and silly amusement. Have an ambition to do your part in life, cultivate industrial habits and let the parlor accomplishments go with the higher accomplishments which I have roughly enumerated. It is astonishing how soon a domestic young lady is found out and appreciated. It is because she is such a rare exception to the general rule.

A GOOD story is told of a certain Colonel in the late war. The Colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat out of the window, when he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice: "Charioter, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke: "Charioter, pause! I have lost my chapeau." No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow traveler's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window and said: "Driver, hold on, this fool has lost his hat." This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, and the hat was secured.

ANYBODY says the *Tribune*, who entertained a lingering doubt of the disloyalty of the Democratic party might have had his doubts dispelled the other evening, when the Copperheads held a mass meeting in Baltimore to ratify the new Maryland Constitution. One of the speakers, who began by declaring that the negro had "no rights except what the white man chose to give him as privileges," wound up with the appropriate boast that his sympathies during the war had always been with "the Rebel army." Among the sentiments which appeared most grateful to the assemblage was this: "Little Phil, to fight Indians, and Stanton to rule them." The meeting broke up with cheers for Jeff. Davis and Wilkes Booth.

How to Get a Husband.

THE people in the oil regions have no sooner got rid of one thing than they immediately freeze on to another. They have at present "base ball on the brain," as will be seen from the following gem: A woman (whose name is withheld) was before one of the courts for disturbing the peace while under the influence of ardent potatoes. She had seized a "pitcher" at the "home base" and attempted to give her husband a "bat" with it, but by a sharp "run" he evaded the "bat," and passed the "bawler" to two policemen on the right and left field. The stars caught Ann "out," and the court scored a run of \$5 against her on the second "innings."

A GENTLEMAN called to see a tenant that was to be let. It was shown to him by a pretty, chatty woman, whose manners charmed her visitor. "Are you to be let, too?" inquired he with a languishing look. "Yes," said she; "I am; I'm to be let alone."