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Poetry.

A HUSBAND'S LETTER.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

Time does not reckon simple days,
To souls by anxious longings tossed,
For something waited for, or least
But life is lengthened in many ways.

We think an hour of joy will bring
Its moments seen a winged throng;
But ah, how wearisome, long
We know a rounder hour of grief!

I find these paradises clear,
For thou, who art my better life—
The sunshine of my soul!—my wife;
Beloved, alas, thou art not here!

They say 'twas but a week ago,
Between each parting tear that fell
We said farewell, and still, farewell;
A single week? I do not know.

The reckoning thus I have not kept;
I only know that, on my breast,
A solitary, dull unit
Has like a ghostly raven slept.

I gaze upon our household goods;
There seems no actual void nor change
In these; but over all, a strange
And mournful desolation broods.

The cushioned chair beneath the light;
The basket on the stand, apart,
Plated with its dainty works of art,
I look upon them all in sight.

But ah, the chair no dear form fills;
No dainty things doth it display;
Their task is done, my living eye;
No wail of woe my bosom thrills!

Thou wilt be here, my better fate,
In one short week again, I know,
Upon my heart and health to glow;
But ah, beloved I cannot wait!

'Tis but a stretching of the rack;
O, food and drink, who say of life
That absence compels love! Dear wife,
I speak but these two words: Come back!

Select Reading.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

OR,
How a Burglar was Caught.

I will tell you a story of how I once saved my life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet.

There were two little boys who used to come to stay with Frank and me, when we were first married, and they could neither hear nor speak.

They were deaf and dumb; they could not talk, except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker.

Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose that we might understand what they said. They were quick and clever; they could read and write, and draw and sew, and do many other things which most boys would make a very bad hand at.

They could play at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, although they could not hear, with such quick, eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily with our fingers as with our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Frank and I used to converse in that manner when we were alone, for practice.

It happened upon one occasion that he had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night express.

I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours before his departure; he promised, however, to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which had called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, although I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was a cold time, and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it to get into bed; but as I was looking into the fire, and thinking about all sorts of things; upon the long journey Frank had to take that night, and of how dreary the days would seem until he returned, and in particular, how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself when he should be away—for I was a deaf toward it. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined to sleep even then. I knew that Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently; and, besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ears always used to hear whenever alone at night-time.

If a little shot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow at least, which would soon be flying about the room, and sitting on my pillow; if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some dreadful person's shoes coming up stairs to kill me with a carving knife; and if the wind blew the casement, it was a mad person trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high.

You may imagine, then, my hor-

ror, when I heard a tremendous sneeze within an inch of me, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I had, as usual, taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; but the little sneeze into which the bed was pushed I had never so much as

whether Thomas has got the portman-tear ready. Mary," continued he to the maid who answered the bell, "send Thomas up." Then when she had gone upon that errand, "By Jove I never gave him that key. Where is it, George? I have not a minute to spare. If it is in your dressing case with the rest, I shall be an age looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed for an instant, and show me where it is?" he said with his fingers, "Jaup!" and I jumped, you may be sure, quick enough, and was ready in the dressing-room, with the door locked, in half a second.

"Come in, Thomas," said Frank, "come in," for Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber door. There some blackguard got into the house, and behind my bed there. If he makes the least resistance, I will kill him with this hot poker."

At these words the bed was pushed slowly outward, and the burglar, without his escape mask, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding place. Frank knew him at once as having been a bank messenger, who had been turned out of his situation since the fire, on suspicion of dishonesty.

"Oh, sir, have pity upon me," cried he, "I am an unlucky dog. If it had not been for a sneeze I should have had ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time."

"Did you come after that, did you?" said my husband, coldly. "Well, please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation."

"And did your lady tell you that too?" cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the man servant; "and yet I stood by her yonder, and I never heard her utter a single syllable."

"Never spoke a word," cried I, through the dressing-room key hole, for I did not wish the man to think that I had broken my oath, nor, to say the truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him, in case he should ever be at large again.

"Then it's a judgment upon me!" exclaimed the miserable wretch; "and it's no good for me to fight against it."

"It's not the least good," replied Frank, decisively, "and we'll go to the police office at once."

So off went the burglar in their custody, leaving me safe and sound, after all. "And now don't you think there's some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

GIANTS OF OLDER TIMES.

In one of his recent lectures, Professor Silliman, the younger, alluded to the discovery of the skeleton of an enormous sized lizard, measuring upward of 80 feet. From this fact the Professor inferred as no living specimen of such gigantic magnitude has been found, that the species of which it is represented have greatly degenerated. The verity of his position he rather singularly endeavors to enforce by an allusion to the well-known existence of giants in older times. The following list furnishes the date on which this singular hypothesis is based:

The giant exhibited at Rouen, in 1330; the professor says measured over eighteen feet.

Gorapius saw a girl that was ten feet high.

The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet high.

Fannius, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured eleven and one-third feet.

The Cavalier Seroz, in his voyage to the peak Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of Gannish, which had ninety teeth; and it was supposed his body was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus slain by Odoardo, nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty-eight feet high.

In 1414, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isorot, who was not less than twenty feet high.

In 1530, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose head held a bushel of ears, and whose body must have been eighteen feet long.

Pitiorius saw, at Lyons, the human bones of a subject nineteen feet long.

The giant Bacant was twenty-two feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1703, near the river Molodri.

In 1613, near the castle of Dauphine a tomb was found thirty feet long, twenty-six wide, and eight high; on which was cut on a gray stone the words, "Kentolobus Rex." The skeleton was found entire twenty-five and one-half feet long, and ten feet across the shoulders and five feet from the breast bone to the back.

Near Marzano, in Sicily, in 1516 was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet high, his head was the size of a hog-head, each of his teeth weighing five ounces.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1548, was found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet long, and in 1550, another thirty-three feet long.

We have no doubt that there were giants in those days, and perhaps were more prolific in producing them than at present. But the history of giants during the older time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs. Large men and small are common now-a-days.

UMBRELLA ANECDOTE.

Both parasol and umbrella, prosaic as they appear in their daily attributes, have each their romantic and legendary annals. During the last insurrection in favor of Don Carlos, an attack was made upon the summer palace of the Marquis de la S—, who was absent at the time, combating in the Queen's cause in another part of the country. His daughter, the widowed Countess F—, was alone with the servants in the chateau. At the first onset, she assembled all the men capable of defending her father's property; and having barricaded the doors and windows, prepared to meet the danger. But, taken by surprise, and ill-prepared for attack, the defenders were soon compelled, for want of ammunition, to surrender. Driven from room to room in search of a fitting place of concealment from the invaders, the poor young Countess at last took refuge in a small closet, which had been for years used as a lumber room, and where she hoped to remain undiscovered while the search of the house was going on. But the search, conducted with the sole view of capturing the beautiful young heiress, could scarcely fail to prove successful, and she was soon tracked to her hiding-place, amid the brutal threats and still more frightful jests of the assailants.

For a moment the poor lady stood defenseless by the pile of trunks and lumber behind which she had crept. But this fragile barrier could not be available for more than a few minutes longer. In her despair, she looked around for some weapon of defence, which should enable her to keep off the attack until she could reach the window, resolving at once to perish rather than fall into the hands of that lawless band of ruffians. Her eye fell upon an old cast-off umbrella belonging to her father, which, all dusty and worn-out, had perhaps been standing for years against the wall, in the place where she now beheld it. She seized it in triumph and rushed to the window, just as the fiercest of all her pursuers had succeeded in forcing the frail barrier which stood before her. He laughed in derision as she raised the old umbrella at his approach; but, nevertheless, the surprise occasioned by the movement caused him to draw back. In an instant the Countess had sprung upon the still of the open window, and, before he had recovered self-possession enough to grasp her garments, she disappeared through the casement. A cry of horror burst from the group of brigands as they rushed forward to the window, fully expecting to behold the form of the fair Countess dashed to pieces on the pavement of the court-yard. But the old umbrella, which she still held in a firm grasp, had saved her from death and dishonor. It had opened in her descent, and, catching the breeze as she fell, was bearing her gently to the ground, where she alighted unharmed, and, reaching the gate before her pursuers had even thought of descending the stairs, found a refuge at the cottage of one of the peasants of the estate. The Countess, now married, is living at the court of Isabella II., where she holds one of the highest appointments.

A Millionaire in the Penitentiary.

John Develin, the Brooklyn member of the whisky ring, who was sent to our Penitentiary for defrauding the Government out of different sums of money, has arrived at that institution. It is said he made upwards of half a million of dollars. He is the richest man in the Institution. He is worth two millions of dollars. This is a world of change! Last year Develin indulged in woodcock and cushioned arm-chairs. This year he will devote to shoe-making and coal, made attractive with "long-sweetening." New Orleans m-l-ss. The worshippers of Red Tape undertook to save the millionaire from the proper punishment for his misdeeds, but they were not equal to the task. Develin will "cut the bread of industry" for the first time in some years. Develin's fate and shaved head should, and we trust will, prove a warning to other rich rascals who find in fraud and perjury an easy road to sudden riches and the State Prison. Develin did not intend to run for Congress next fall. Having been elected to the Penitentiary, he will not be able to participate in the canvass.—*Albany Post.*

A Fortune Lost and a Child Murdered.

A Lombard peasant left his home, some years ago, to try his fortune in the United States. After the usual ups and downs incident to the life of the emigrant, he found himself the possessor of 40,000 dollars, and with this amount he determined to return to his native land. With so large an amount as this he could indulge in the luxury of revisiting his native hills, among which he might hope to spend the remainder of his days above the reach of want. He was living in Naresse, and when he had bartered his Napoleons—*marconis* they call them in Upper Italy—for government paper, he laid his wealth upon a table and saluted forth, perhaps to strike a bargain for the purchase of a small farm in the neighborhood, leaving a little child at play in his room. When he returned home, he found his hard earned fortune, the fruit of years of anxious toil and resolute self-denial, a mere mouldering heap of ashes upon his own hearth. The child, for want of some better amusement, had dug up the pile of notes lying on the floor. In a paroxysm of blind fury, the man stretched the innocent offender dead at his feet with a single blow, and is now in jail awaiting his trial for the murder.

Is a certain family not long since a pair of twins made their appearance, and as a matter of course were shown to their little sister of four years. Now it so happened whenever a profitable one of the household had kittens, one of them, of course the prettiest, was saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, little M— looked at them long and earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up, and said, with all the seriousness possible—"Papa, I think we'll see this one."

An illiterate man wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the Secretary: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of getting the prize."

DEAF ELOQUENCE.

The Philadelphia Post concedes the present precarious position of the President as demonstrating the danger of that fatal gift of eloquence which tempted His Excellency to play the peripatetic orator and to mitigate the austerities of travel by making speeches out of tavern windows. These historical indulgences, the result, perhaps, of a controlling vicious voracity, do now rise up against the speaker, and for many ill-works it is brought into judgment. Perhaps it is native good sense, perhaps it is a prudence stimulated by the President's misfortunes, which prevents the Hon. John Morrissey from attempting the part of a talkative traveler. The other day, when this gentleman arrived at Little Rock and was taking his ease in his inn, the inhabitants of the vicinage, being informed of his advent, thronged about his quarters playing on trombones and cornets, upon drums and trumpets, and blowing fortissimo tokens of their undying affection and irrepressible delight. Nine men in ten in Morrissey's position would, as a matter of course, have attempted a speech without the least regard for their ability to make a good one; but our sagacious member knew by long observation that promiscuous crowds infinitely prefer rum to rhetoric, and today to tropes, and had far rather "hippo" than listen. Wherefore Mr. Morrissey requested his landlord to deploy his descendants, and then he invited the horde outside to make the acquaintance of the horde inside the house. The surrenderers yielded at once to the taunting eloquence of this thirty-cent sensation, and poured with thirsty enthusiasm to absorb those potent drinks which were hospitably placed at their disposal. We are satisfied that if Mr. Johnson had pursued this judicious and hilarious course, he might have escaped one at least of the Articles of Impeachment, while he would have left behind him many tender memories enshrined in bosoms of uncommon toughness. Admitting that it would have been morally wrong to put the bottle to the lips of his admirers, instead of keeping it in the closet for his own private use, it must nevertheless be allowed that by opening the mouths of his numerous callers he might have succeeded in keeping his own judiciously closed. What has become of his pursuing the lecturing rather than the liquoring policy is now known to all the inhabitants of this populous Republic.

Political.

MEN AND PARTIES.

Those who adhere to a political party for some better theory which they have associated with it are gradually compelled to acknowledge that a party must be judged by the policy which its majority approves and adopts, not by the principles which a few members may assert upon asserting. It is not the traditions of a party which can save it, but its practical measures. When the Democratic party in the country became a machine by which the perpetuity and ascendancy of slavery were to be secured, sincere Democrats left it. It was useless to say that it was a free trade party, and a party that asserted the strict limitations of government, and was a State-rights and decentralizing and anti-bank party; because the paramount political question was neither of those, but was the controlling power of slavery; and the Democrats who believed that the system and the extension of slavery were fatal to free government and the national welfare joined the Opposition.

The result was that the moral sentiment of the country deserted the Democratic party, which became under the despotic leadership of the Southern chiefs a mere conspiracy against free government and human nature. Its sole object was the maintenance of the supremacy of slavery, and its methods included suppression of free speech, mobs, vigilance committees, and a vast and systematic demoralization of the public mind naturally and inevitably culminating in a fierce and prolonged rebellion. Until the rebellion was suppressed or victorious the only practical question was the war; and until the nation, convulsed by the war, is pacified and restored to a normal condition, the practical measures upon which parties must divide are those immediately connected with the pacification.

There are therefore now the party of those who inflexibly oppose the subservience of the Democratic party to slavery, who steadfastly supported the war against the supremacy of slavery in the government and who are resolved that the defeat of the party supporting that supremacy shall be secured in the reconstruction of the country. This is one of the present parties. The other is the opposition composed of all the miscellaneous elements of hatred, ignorance and discontent—the hatred of a baffled faction, the ignorance of those who are swayed by appeals to the basest passions, and the discontent of politicians out of power; of those who pinched by the necessary consequences of a treacherous war, hold the dominant party responsible for the suffering occasioned by the rebellion; and of those who are impatient of the extravagances of some of the leaders of the dominant party, and by the occasional crudity of some measures they propose.

This Opposition, calling itself the Conservative or Democratic party, is the residuary legate of all the passions and prejudices that were generated by the long slavery contest. Its present policy is contemptuous injustice toward those whom the war fed, in the hope that an appeal to the jealousy of race, added to the reaction that follows any prolonged tension of public feeling, may restore it to power. It tries to claim free-trade as one of its passports to public favor, although some of the ablest and most conspicuous free-traders are not less eminent Republicans, and the subject is one upon which party lines are not, and cannot yet be, drawn. It talks about the strict limitation of government, but so ably as many of those who are radically opposed to it upon the paramount question. The only point which is peculiar to this Conservative or Democratic party is hostility to equal rights. That is the subject upon which alone it is fully concentrated. Upon this all its orators are equally eloquent, and its newspapers equally humorous. "Shall this not remain a white man's government?" shouts the Reverend Henry Clay Deane, and the New York World gives endless columns of painful brutality of the "Pan African" Conventions.

It is in the extreme examples that the decency of the Democratic party must be studied. They show the party intention and drift. They reveal the sentiments and purposes which more than plainly appear as the party believes itself ascending to power. Thus if, personally Fernando Wood is distasteful to many of his political associates; if he sometimes speaks a little more plainly than they think to be politic, he is only excessive in the party direction. If Mr. Wood opposes the living General Howard upon an authority "which I was very careful to say I would not guarantee," the New York World constantly insults in the coarsest manner the memory of the dead President Lincoln. If Chanancy Burr says that a hundred assassins would have disposed of the Radicals, the Albany Argus asks whether the knot must be cut by the sword. If Vallandigham derides the cowardice of the Democracy, the whole Copperhead press hurls "loyalty" and "loyal" men.

Indeed both parties now, as before the war, may be profitably studied in what are called their fanatics. In Congress to-day Fernando Wood and Thaddeus Stevens may be considered

Brick Pomeroy.

The Elements of Democratic Success.

During the winter of 1862-3, while the army of General Grant was trampling away on the ill-starred Vicksburg canal, there came to the camp of the thirteenth corps, a newspaper editor, partly intent on cotton and partly in the character of correspondent to the *La Crosse Democrat*. His letters were signed Brick Pomeroy, and were so openly in favor of the rebel cause, as abusive of the Union troops and the government that the writer was soon sent beyond the lines of the enemy.

Returning home in desperation, the frenzied traitor seems to have made a schedule of all the vituperative, malicious epithets compassed by the English language and the wide domain of slang. Playing a weekly fan fan upon this gamut of vituperation, the columns of the *La Crosse Democrat* has poured forth a torrent of billingsgate that has been a disgrace to the journalism of civilized people. No species of malediction or abuse has been spared the Republican party or its measures, no eulogy been too fulsome for the defeated traitors of the South.

The names of honored soldiers who fell during the war have been dragged up to be traduced and slimed with abuse by this fierce organ of Democracy. The martyred Lincoln has been branded as a villain, tyrant and fiend, and his murderer canonized as a saint and savior. In many cases its language became so grossly vulgar and indecent that copies were suppressed by subscribers who had yet self-respect enough to shrink from taking such a sheet into the presence of their families. What has been the result? Instead of being discarded, as it deserved, its circulation has grown until it now circulates the enormous number of 140,000 per week, far outreaching the *World*, or any other Democratic organ in the country. Not merely in the South, where its venomous exhalations are eagerly sought and read, but throughout the North, it receives the support of the representative Copperheads of every community. We are therefore no longer left in doubt as to who constitutes the Democratic party. Not the milk-and-water minority who read the maunders of the *World*, but the fierce, rampant majority to whom Brick Pomeroy's senseless drivel is law and gospel.

It is not surprising, that having struck the key-note of the party in whose favor there is thought to be no vigorous a "reaction," the *La Crosse Democrat* should have waxed rich and begun to sigh for a broader field of labor. Our latest intelligence concerning it is that the paper is to be removed to Cincinnati and Chicago, and that its editor is canvassing the South ostensibly for subscribers, but really for the purpose of having himself nominated for the next Vice Presidency by the party which he has done so much to sustain. He is the man of all others to wear the honors of the Democratic party. Up with the ticket, a Pendleton and Pomeroy! The nigger where he ought to be, and the Constitution forever!

Blacks in the Southern Conventions.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn the proportion borne by the number of colored to the number of White delegates in the various constitutional conventions. A great deal of exaggerated talk in relation to it has been the rounds of the press. In Virginia there are 125 delegates, of whom 25 are colored; in North Carolina there were 120 delegates, of whom 13 were colored; in Arkansas 78 delegates, of whom 5 were colored; in Mississippi 128 delegates, of whom 12 were colored; in Florida 80 delegates, of whom 20 were colored; in Georgia 195 delegates, of whom 15 were colored; in Alabama about one-fifth, and in South Carolina a little one-half of the delegates, were colored men, and in Louisiana about the negroes had a majority—a majority of 10.

Governor of Virginia.

General Harry H. Wells, of Alexandria, was on the 4th inst. appointed Governor of Virginia, by General Schofield. He has been residing in Virginia since 1862, at Fort Mifflin, and was a brevet Brigadier General in the United States Army. He enters on the discharge of his duties at once.

the opposing representatives. Mr. Stevens said with free schools and universal suffrage he will trust the future. Intelligence and equal rights, those are the objective points of the dominant party. Caste and ignorance, as its necessary condition, are the policy of the Opposition. Let any man compare the character and scope of the arguments and appeals made by the two parties. Those of the one are to the noblest principles, the most generous emotions, and in support of a policy which is off the plainest necessity, and of practical utility. Those of the other are to the lowest passions, and in favor of a course which all experience, and our own immediate history, show to be fatal to the national welfare. When the condition of public affairs allows a party to strengthen its political position with the moral sentiment, it will be impregnable among intelligent men. But if it disdain that source of strength it will inevitably lose power.—*Harpers Weekly*