

Terms of Publication.

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Poetry.

A KISS.

There's something in a kiss,
Though I cannot reveal it;
Which never comes amiss—
Not even when we steal it!

Original.

PRISON LIFE.

Now commenced a system of treatment that was worse than we received at Andersonville. Our food had to be furnished by the surrounding country, and considering that it was already drained to support the rebel army, it looked like starvation. And it did approach very near it. Our rations were divided by the spoonful. I find in my diary the following note of our rations: "Half a pint of coarse meal and four spoonfuls of beans."

On Sunday the 21st of October, we all were put into a new prison that had been built by the slaves. This was a little better, as there was plenty of wood and water, though the inevitable swamp and black ditch were there to breed fevers and all pestilences. I never so near gave up all hope as when the gates were closed upon us. It seemed to shut out every ray of light from the north-land—"God's country," we called it. I do not remember the name of the officer in charge of us. One officer I remember—Barritt, the red-headed fiend of Florence. May God have mercy on his soul, for he was killed ere the war closed. Such a systematic wretch I never saw. He never came into the prison without a revolver, with which he drove the miserable captives around. Satan's language was outdone in his epithets. "Booting" sick men was a pleasant exercise with him. His acts were reported to the commander, but no notice was taken of them. Gen. Winder came in once, but he would do nothing.

Another evil was the brutality of some of our own men. The strong robbed the weak and there was no redress. Even the police could not wholly restrain the crime. The Irish were the most cruel in their tyranny. One especially, Stanton, was worse than Barritt. He killed two prisoners, I think, while in prison. After his release he was sent to the Rip-Raps. It was unusual for him to pass a day without whipping some weak or sick prisoner. But one day he met his match. He was pulled out by his revolver and putting it to the Irishman's head, told him to "go ahead!" but he didn't.

Those prisoners who obtained paroles to work about the prison, sometimes took the opportunity to escape. When caught the usual punishment was hanging by the thumbs. Is there a more fiendish torture? Several times did the prison ring with their screams for mercy.

It was now getting cold and no clothes were given to us to keep death in this new form away. A lot of clothes did come from the Sanitary Commission North; but half of it was kept by the rebels. The rest was distributed to the most needy. I tore my shirt to get a new one, but failed and had to mend my old one. I never washed my clothes in three months. To have done so would have torn them in pieces.

Every morning at sunrise we were called up by a drum and made to stand shivering for fifteen minutes till roll-calling was over. About once a week the whole camp would be moved to one side of the ditch and after staying

The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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WHAT A LITTLE BOY THOUGHT ABOUT HIM.

I am a little boy about so many years old; I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not. I've sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut my sister's kitten's tail off with the chopping knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before Kitty could say Jack Robinson; and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very naughty dog, but mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had. Then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and then Bob told me and said that he "guessed I was on it;" and then she whipped me and sent us to bed without any supper, but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothing but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up, and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole hat full of lounghins, and they thought it was the cook that stole 'em; and sent her away the next day, and Bob said he was glad of it, for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough, and sometimes I do swear, for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy, and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and she whipped me; but I don't think it did her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when I got up stairs I said gosh darn it, but I said it so she didn't hear me, and when she asked me if I did not think I was wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it, and wouldn't do so any more, and then she said I was a good boy, and then she told me about George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it, and said he did it with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard all about it before, and didn't always think him a big stupid for cutting wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little hatchet, and besides, it would have been a great deal jollier to let the apple trees be, so as he could have stole the apples off in the fall. I don't care if he was the father of his country, he wasn't smart, and I bet you the boys in our school would cheat him out of his eye-teeth swapping jack-knives, and I could lick him and hardly try, and I don't think he was very healthy either, for I never see a good boy that wasn't always sick and had the mumps and measles, and the scarlet fever, and wasn't a coughing all the while, and hadn't to take castor oil and could not eat cherries, and didn't have his head patted till his hair was rubbed off by everybody that came to his mother's, and be asked how old he was, and who died to give sinners, and what he'd been studying at school, and how far he'd got, and lots of conundrums, and have to say his catechism; no, I shouldn't like to be a good little boy, just as I lie for an angel and be done with it; I don't think I ever shall be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wasn't never called a good little boy, but once, and that was when my Uncle John asked me where I stood in my class, and I told him it was next to the head, and he said that was right and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter, and I wouldn't and he ran after me and stumbled over a chair, and he broke his cane, and hurt himself, and he's been lame ever since, and I'm glad of it, for he isn't my father, and hasn't any right to lick me, for I get enough of that at home, and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I don't like Uncle John, and I guess he knows it, for he says I'm not like any of the family, and he says he expects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and I should not wonder, for I'd rather be a pirate than a scamp boiler like him. I don't care if he is rich it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate either, for one can make lots of money without that; and they are always talking to me about being rich and respectable, and going to Congress and being President, and all that sort of thing; but I don't want to be President; there is Lincoln; he was President, and I guess he's sorry for it now; and there is Andy Johnson, I guess he don't like it much either; and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there's John Morrissy, and he has got nice curly hair and nice clothes; and he don't do any work either; oh, I know how things are done; but there's Bob callin' me, and we're goin' bird's nestin'; for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs; mother says it is cruel, and the birds don't like it; that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should; but I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference, and if you want to print this you can, for next to being a stage-driver and a pirate, I'd like to be an editor, for you fellows don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to the circus without payin'.

TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.

We have often urged upon our readers the importance of cutting rail and other timber in the summer. Experiments of our own, and frequent observation, have satisfied us that soft wood, cut when the bark peels from it freely, and when it will rapidly season will last at least twice as long as winter or spring-cut timber. The latter seasons slowly and becomes partially sap rotten; the former dries thoroughly and hardens like horn. There may not be so much difference in the durability of hard timber when cut in the summer as in winter. William Cone of Michigan, says:

"In June, twenty-nine years ago, having need of a pair of bar posts, I had to cut a tree for that purpose. I cut a white oak, about two feet through at the butt, and split out a pair. The bark peeled off easily. I set them with the butt end in the ground. Now, that pair of posts have outlasted about three sets in other parts of my farm, and the rails split at that time are much better than many years after. Now, basswood rails split in the summer, when they will split easily, will outlast ordinary oak cut in the winter."

PEOPLE who indulge in the use of chocolate probably have no idea of what a disgusting mess they are finding so delicious. We know young ladies who would be shocked at the idea of using chewing gum, which is really no worse than chocolate. In the preparation of this confection, cocoa nibs, sugar, fat, flour, sage meal, starch, arrow root, honey and molasses are used; of course this conglomeration does not retain the desired chocolate color, to obtain which venetian red, amber and the deadly poisonous metallic salts, cinabar and red lead are employed; after this the fatty unctious taste of the original chocolate is lost, and must be obtained by mixing in tallow and hog's lard. After all this is boiled and poured into moulds, and when cold it is a dainty dish to set before a queen or any of the young ladies who so "love chocolate."—Somebody that don't like it.

A TORRENT of criticism has been poured upon Henry Ward Beecher in consequence of his recent advocacy of the claims of Washington (Virginia), College over which Gen. R. E. Lee presides. A lady who was ten years a member of Mr. Beecher's church, and has been a teacher of freedmen in the vicinity of Washington College, has published a very caustic letter upon her former pastor's recent proceeding. She relates her experience of General Lee's young gentlemen—brickbats and stones thrown into the windows of her school room, horrible sermons under her window at night, occasional admonitions on the street to take up her abode in the infernal regions, polite salutations as "damned Yankee bitch of a nigger teacher," and threats to burn the school house and home of those engaged in instructing the freedmen. These facts this lady avers, were perfectly known to Mr. Beecher, when he came forward to ask sympathy with the work of Robert E. Lee and help for the college under his charge.

A SOUTHERN paper thinks it won't do to prove General Grant a fool and a drunkard, as if he is so proved it will be a decided reflection upon ex-rebel generals who were his him.

THE KU-KLUX.

two or three hours, would march back again and be counted. On Sunday the 20th of November, we drew the usual rations in the evening—a pint and a half of meal. The next day some prisoners escaped—a privilege they had—and the rebels refused to issue any rations. It also commenced to rain and be cold. We thought we would get something the next day; but no, nothing, not even the usual scanty meal was given us. It seemed as if they would starve us all at one fell swoop. The next day, Wednesday, we waited, almost insane, till night, and then a small amount of meal was given us. Think of that, ye who lived in luxury while the war raged! Can you imagine how we seized that morsel of food, fought over it like beasts, and ate it almost raw? In those three days many died solely from the want of food. Did rebels have any humanity? All this time, too, the store-house outside was crammed with provisions. Talk of the civilization of the nineteenth century!

Many of the men became insane from the want of food and from the force of their surroundings. That prison cannot be pictured. As I write the whole scene rises in my mind, but words fail to describe it. It almost made me a Universalist. Surely if there has ever been a hell on earth, it was there. There will be a fearful reckoning at the judgment day for the deeds done in that prison pen. At last the 8th of November came, and we knew the fate of our nation was to be decided by the ballot in the North. Our hearts were anxious. We knew if McClelland was elected, we would be released. We knew if Lincoln was re-elected, we might never see home. The rebels were all in favor of McClelland. They said if he would carry the North, the South would at once gain her independence. They urged the prisoners to take a vote on the two candidates. Black beans were the ballots for Lincoln, white ones for McClelland. Result—five black to one white, and elation to the rebels.

STEREOTYPING NEWSPAPERS.

Few persons are aware of the fact that our principal morning journals are not printed directly from the type, but from stereotypes taken from the regular forms. The whole time consumed in making the plates of the four pages is about twenty minutes. It is accomplished thus: each page is made up in a separate form on a table in size and height expressly adapted for the purpose; the legs of this table are furnished with castors, and as soon as the form is locked the table is rolled into the stereotyping room. The form is then removed to the moulding table; the latter has a hollow iron bed the cavity of which is filled with steam, as heat is one of the requirements in facilitating the operation. After the right temperature is attained, the form is removed again to the imposing table and two or three sheets of a kind of paper is laid over the face of the type, and they are then beaten down with a brush in the same manner that printers proceed in taking a brush proof. The first is then again carefully slipped on the moulding table, another and heavier sheet of paper is placed over the first; this is covered with a wet blanket, the whole slipped under the press attached to the moulding table, and the power applied. This is done almost instantly, when the form is again run out, and the paper peeled off is a complete matrix of the whole form. A preparation of French chalk is now applied to the surface of the paper, when it is placed into the mould, and the hot metal poured against it, and the plate almost instantly formed. It is now removed to the planer, is cut, routed and justified, and in a few minutes is on its way to the press-room. These plates are cut in the exact form required for a cylinder press, and are about half an inch in thickness.—Northender.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, having been asked for his opinion about novel reading, has given it. He asserts that "Protestant Christianity is not united on any other practical question more entirely than on the propriety of reading fiction." In proof of this startling position he instances the approval given to the parables of the Gospels, Milton's poems, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Pollock's "Course of Time." He next says it is impossible to lay down any general rule as to how much time should be given to novel reading. But he thinks it certain that novels should not be made "the staple of reading." On the contrary, he would have them bear the same proportion to the whole amount of one's reading that pepper does to one's food, or sugar to one's drink. He is ready to admit, however, that novels are useful in implanting a taste for reading, and that "Miss Austen's works, Miss Edgeworth's tales, Miss Sedgwick's novels, Walter Scott's matchless romances, contain as good matter as is to be found in sermons, essays, histories or poems." He says nothing about Dickens's works.

GENERAL GRANT'S HABITS.

Interesting Reminiscences. A lady, who was for three years of the war, connected with the Western Sanitary Commission, and who had abundant opportunity of judging for herself in regard to the character and ability of many of our Generals, writes to the Philadelphia Press. We quote the following from her letter:

During the entire campaign of the opening of the Mississippi it was my privilege to aid in caring for our noble patriots, both in hospitals and in camps, and I have been for weeks together where I saw General Grant daily, heard his name constantly, and never did I hear intemperance mentioned in connection with it. Facts are stubborn things. I will relate a few of the many that came directly to my own knowledge:

In the winter of 1862-3, when the army arrived at Memphis, after long weary marching, and trials that sicken the heart to think of, two-thirds of the officers and soldiers were in hospitals. General Grant was lying sick at the Gayoso Hotel. One morning Mrs. Grant came into the ladies' parlor, very much depressed, and said the medical director had just been to see Mr. Grant, and thought he would not be able to go any further if he did not stimulate. Said she: "And I cannot persuade him to do so, he says he will not die, and he will not touch a drop upon any consideration." In less than a week he was on board the advance boat on the way to Vicksburg.

Again a few months after I was on board the headquarters boat at Milliken's Bend, where quite a lively gathering of officers and ladies had assembled. Cards and music were the order of the evening. General Grant sat in the ladies' cabin, leaning upon a table covered with innumerable medals and routes to Vicksburg, wholly absorbed in contemplation of the great matter before him. He paid no attention whatever to what was going on around, neither did any one dare to interrupt him; for hours he sat thus, until the loved and lamented McPherson stepped up to him with a glass of liquor in his hand, and said: "General, this won't do, you are injuring yourself; join with us in a few toasts, and throw this burden off your mind." Looking up with a smile he replied, "Mac, you know your whisky won't help me to think; give me a dozen of the best cigars you can find, and if the ladies will excuse me for smoking, I think by the time I have finished them I will have this job pretty nearly planned." Thus he sat, and when the company retired we left him there, still smoking and thinking not having touched one drop of liquor.

When the army lay around Vicksburg during that long siege, the time that tried men's souls, I watched every movement it was possible for me to do, feeling almost certain that he would eventually succumb to the custom alas! too universal among the officers. I was in with a gentleman from Chicago, who while calling upon the General, remarked: "I have some very fine brandy upon the boat, and if you will send an orderly with me to the river, I will send you a case or two." "I am greatly obliged," replied the General, "but I do not use the article. I have a big job on hand, and though I shall win, I know I must do it with a cool head. Send all the liquor you intend for me to my hospital in the rear; I don't think a little will hurt the poor fellows down there."

At a celebration on the 22d of February, before the surrender of Vicksburg, while all around were drinking toasts in sparkling champagne, I saw General Grant push aside a glass of wine, and taking up a glass of Mississippi water, with the remark, "This suits the matter in hand," drank to the toast, "God give us Lincoln and Liberty; let us fight for both."

PENDLETON'S SCHEME—WHAT IS IT?

What the Pendletonian Greenback scheme really is can be described by none so well as its supporters. We have said it was a scheme for flooding the country with paper issues which would speedily degenerate to worthless rags, destroy all values, prostrate credit and business and lead directly to repudiation. That this is its true meaning and intent, we call the Chicago Times—one of Pendleton's most energetic supporters—to prove:

"The first group contains the Cincinnati plan (i.e. the Pendleton scheme). The grand feature of this scheme is what is called 'payment of the national debt in greenbacks.' It contemplates a new issue of greenbacks equal in amount to the bonds which it is proposed to redeem. Over twelve hundred millions of five-twenty bonds will become redeemable before 1872. Five hundred millions are redeemable now. The way to pay them, according to this plan, is to set the printing presses in motion. So long as the rags and lamplack hold out we will have no trouble in paying the bonds at maturity. When all have been thus paid, we shall have added to our paper money the trifling inflation of about \$1,000,000,000, making, all told, a circulating medium of \$2,400,000,000. There we shall have what are called 'good times,' 'splendid times.' 'What and greenbacks will be exchanged bushel for bushel. A barrel of whisky will be sold for two barrels of legal tenders. Collectors of Gov-

and any interference with him I would consider 'personal,' and that they had no business to molest the Judge. This saved the 'old lady,' and her name was allowed to be dropped. I could not allow any such attempt upon the venerable dame. In quick succession the names of Barbour Lewis, Col. Beaumont, P. D. Beecher, M. T. Ryder, A. P. Burditt, Ruel Hoagh, Wickerham, F. W. Lewis, Judge Waldron, Bob Church and Ed. Shaw were put in nomination. Had I not shut down on the nominations there is no telling how many more would have been made. Barbour Lewis, however beat them all.

The result of the election was well received, and all were pleased, although they had to concede the defeat of some favorite candidates. Who the individual votes were cast for I do not know, except my own. It was then moved that each member should be assessed a certain amount to defray the incidental expenses of carrying out the object of the committee, and the meeting adjourned, the members leaving the hall in the usual manner, in pairs and at five minute intervals.

Before adjourning, however, a meeting of the "Assassination Committee" was called for noon next day, and they met in a building not a hundred miles from Jefferson street, and proceeded to discuss how it was best to manipulate "old Uncious," as I used to call him in reportorial days. The committee was divided into sub-committees, and from 2 o'clock that afternoon until the next morning Barbour Lewis was shadowed but his shadow had strict instructions from me to commit no overt act until authorized. Had it not been for that, Lewis' hands would now be out of the County Treasury. Various plans were suggested, the rope, the dagger and the pistol, and one of the committees appointed was for the selection of a suitable tree on which to hang the object of the enmity of this "Base ball or Glee Club." It was selected, and I will also tell you, Messrs. Editors, where it is situated. In rear of the Catholic grave yard, and between Duplap avenue and the Jewish Grave yard, on the left hand side going out of town towards the Jewish Cemetery, is a vacant lot of large dimensions, on which are now growing three trees, which form an irregular triangle, the trees being from twenty to thirty feet apart. It was the middle one of this trio, forming, as it were, the apex of the triangle, which these 'religiously nurtured' young men, selected for my friend Barbour Lewis' benefit. On this tree, jutting toward the street comes out a limb square from the trunk; over this limb these 'religiously nurtured' 'sixteen' intended to have thrown a rope, and most religiously hung the gentleman. So you see, Mr. Editor, they had selected, through a member of your committee, the gallows tree, between two veritable places of skulls. I forgot to say in the proper place that the office of Mr. Lewis, on second street, was most critically examined by different members of the committee and at one time it was thought probable it would be a good place for a little quiet recreative strangulation. At the next meeting I told the 'religiously nurtured' individuals that it was not safe to do anything of this kind in case some of the members of the organization had been 'talking too much with their mouths,' and the fact of the existence of the society was known, and that I myself had been followed; and I thought for some time, by McCune and Hastings, two of Beaumont's detectives, and that I was satisfied that unless the utmost caution was preserved, we would be arrested, and some eight or ten of us came to the conclusion to withdraw from such indiscrete associates. I for one wish I had, for then I would never have had this most unpleasant duty to myself to perform. True to our instincts the unfortunate event happened, rendered doubly so by the foolishness of the 'sixteen' in following foolish counsels, in foolishly trying to listen upon the charge of 'treason,' when the burden of all my advice to them was secrecy, caution, and to trust no man in the organization that each and every one of us could not give our lives to. No man can be more sorry for the injury which may result from this communication. I am not responsible for it. On the Memphis Daily Appeal it pursued, must and shall rest. Had it pursued the sensible course of the Aetnaeche, and allowed, what I consider, the great misfortune of life (my association with such things) to remain in 'the tomb of the Capulets,' in which I had hoped it buried, no word would Beaumont have heard from me on the subject. I have done. I am responsible for my own acts, but acts of boy or sage shall never be saddled upon my shoulders without an indignant and energetic protest.

Yours,
JACK CAMPBELL.

"JOHNSON is now being weighed in the balance. If found wanting, the new President will also be Wade." Query, by a correspondent in Chicago Journal: "What is the object in reweighing a good man—that bin weighed.—(Ben Wade)?"

In Roxbury, Mass., a cradle and a coffin factory are located side by side. The name of the town may perhaps account for this coincidence, Rox standing for cradles and bury for the coffins.