

The Greene County Republican.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

A Family Paper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Foreign, Home and Miscellaneous News, &c., &c.

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The Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Two dollars a year, payable invariably in advance. One dollar for six months, payable, invariably in advance.

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**I. O. of O. F.
HOSHIMKA LODGE,
No. 558.**

A. B. MILLER, N. G. HARVEY, DAY, V. G.

The above named lodge meets in Ganier's Hall on Thursday evening of each week, in Waynesburg, Pa. D. BUCHANAN, Sec. D. R. P. HUSS, Treas.

**W. E. GAPEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBURG, PA.**

Office—In N. Clark's building, feb'19/66

A. MCCONNELL, J. J. HUFFMAN,
**MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Waynesburg, Pa.**

Office, at the "Wright House," East door.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, Pa. Feb. 2, 1866.—11.

**R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Ledwith's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1865.—14.**

GEO. WILLY, J. A. BUCHANAN,
**WILLY & BUCHANAN
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW**

OFFICE in the old Bank Building, Waynesburg, Pa.
February 2d, 1863.—15.

**T. W. ROSS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE in Jewell's building, West end of Main street, Waynesburg, Pa. apt. 17.**

**T. P. MITCHELL,
Shoemaker!**

Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.

IS prepared to do stitched and pegged work from the coarsest to the finest; also, puts up the latest style of Boots and Shoes. Cobbling done on reasonable terms. May 2, 66.

**W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ROOM in BEACHLEY'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG.**

WORK made to order, in finest and best style, Cutting and Fitting done promptly, and according to latest fashion plates. Stock on hand and for sale. May 2, 66.

**Wm. Bailey,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE WRIGHT HOUSE.**

KEEPS ON HAND ALWAYS A choice and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. apt. 17

DENTISTRY.
TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!
DR. S. S. PATTON informs the public that after February 1st, 1864, he will be at Waynesburg, when his dental services will be tendered to any and all making application.

He is now extracting teeth positively WITHOUT PAIN, and fits new ones in to perfection, and restores decayed ones to soundness. He invites all who are suffering from diseased teeth to come and have their aches relieved, and their mouths filled with gold.
January 26, 1864.—17

**N. G. HUGHES,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,
Main St., nearly opposite Wright House.**

READY made work on hand, and having secured the services of two first-class workmen he is prepared to execute all orders in the neatest and best style. May 2, 66.

**THIRST NO MORE!
GO TO
"Joe" Turner's
HE HAS JUST OPENED A
NEW SALOON!!**

Keeps Good Rye Whiskey, Brandy of all kinds, Gin, Wine, Ale, &c. And has the wherewith to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn. apr 25—66

**Whiskers
FORCED TO GROW
On the Smoothest Face!**

BY
**CHARLES HICKEY,
No. 5, Cambridge Row,
aug 30, '65—**

[Published by Request.]
The following lines which are clipped from the St. Louis News were written by Lieut. J. Milliken Hillier, formerly of Jefferson, Greene county, Pa. At the time they were penned, Lieut. Hillier was engaged in the arduous duty of guarding his own home and town from rebel guerrillas. Many of his friends will recognize every feature of the description of his native place as true to the letter.

TO BEN LINDSEY.
By the camp fire's smould'ring embers,
I've stretched my weary frame,
And my cold, contracted members,
Yield to the fulfil flame;
My blanket is round me drawn, Ben,
To temper the north-wind's strife
And keep the mists of the midnight
From damping the wick of life.

Four hours have I got for rest, Ben,
From labor to repose,
And then two hours as sentinel
Where lurk our treacherous foes;
But my mind with watching is worn, Ben,
I've bid my thoughts go play,
And like the bee they're gathering sweets,
From boyhood's flow'ry way.

Oh! those were glorious days, Ben,
When you and I were boys;
Life seemed a cornucopia,
O'erlaid with golden joys—
With song the woods were vocal, Ben,
The fields how gay with flowers!
And the links that form'd Time's chain
Were made of shining hours.

Again I sit in the shade, Ben,
Of that dead grove of pines,
Earth contains not such another
In all its vast confines
The breezes are sighing soft, Ben,
The branches gently sway,
The blackbird is singing aloft,
How sweet the roundelay!

The scene spreads out before me, Ben,
The fields are fresh and green,
The hill slopes down to the mill-dam,
The orchard stands between;
On the cliff still waves the beach, Ben,
With consequential air,
Its trunk is a register-book—
Our names are lettered there.

But who shall enter the names, Ben,
On the roll of that old tree?
Who of the struggling wanderers
Its trunk again shall see?
Also the many have gone, Ben,
With death have marched away,
And only will answer that roll
That's called on Judgment day.

The orchard is hanging with fruit, Ben,
The boughs are bending down,
And that which tempted our mother
Has lured the boys from town;
But the owner is on the watch, Ben,
His portly form I see
Observing the distant shadows
Flitting from tree to tree.

Again his scintillant voice, Ben,
Comes swelling on the breeze,
And a wild stampede is rushing
Swift through the dark pine trees;
Like gulls do they vanish from sight, Ben,
And under cover remain,
He wanders back to his dwelling,
They back to mischief again.

There's a sound of distant voices, Ben,
Whose changes sweetly ring,
Down by the mineral spring;
They have made them a dock-leaf cap, Ben,
From lip to lip it goes,
And the world's high upper-ten-dom
Are not so blest as those.

They have just been let from school, Ben,
And are on a joyous round,
Their cheeks are aglow with running,
They're playing fox and hound;
Again they are off with vigor Ben—
Their baying sound grows faint—
They're wild as fiery mustangs
That ne'er have known restraint.

The old schoolhouse stands the same, Ben,
As it did in days of yore—
The rough stone step at the threshold,
The time-worn battened door;
The rude backless benches of slabs, Ben,
And desks of oaken gray;
The smoke-colored ceiling of pine,
Dotted with papermache.

A thousand thoughts are rushing, Ben,
Tumultuous through my brain,
Of every shape and color,
Like some fantastic train;
They are too wild for service, Ben,
Enthralment they disdain,
They laugh at being fettered,
And scorn my inky chain.

I see in the gloom of the future, Ben,
Two hands of human form—
One appears fright and clayey,
The other rosy and warm;
The first is pointing downward, Ben,
Down to the crumbling clod;
The other is reaching upward,
Up to the throne of God.

They are guide-boards on life's path, Ben,
The first all must obey,
Death will take charge of our bodies
And mix them with the clay;
But our senses are born of dust, Ben,
And cannot perceive the gloom,
Where faith and hope are the angels
That lead us from the tomb.

How sweet are their councils on earth, Ben,
As "hand to hand" they go,
They smooth the "rough ashler" of strife,
And sooth the pangs of woe;
Oh! may they not halt at the grave, Ben,
But guide us on the way,
Where pointeth that rosy finger,
And love supreme bears away.

But I cannot recount the scenes, Ben,
That pass before my view,
'Twould infringe upon thy duty,
And that would never do;
So here's farewell to the visions, Ben,
That haunt our boyhood's life,
I wake again to the bustle
Of turmoil and of strife
Athens, Mo., Feb. 4, 1862.

THE NEW PARTY IN PENNSYLVANIA
The Harrisburg Patriot and Union, the State organ of the Copperheads, announces the formation of the new party as follows:

"ANOTHER CONVENTION.—A call has been made for a Republican Johnson State Convention, to be held in Pittsburg, in July next, to put in nomination a third candidate for Governor. Thousands of conservative Republicans (or rather the only Republicans) have approved the movement. The 'boys in blue,' who fought for the Union, are especially active in the movement. 'Of course we would rather see these men supporting Mr. Chase, who has with President Johnson in his restoration policy; but if we have to choose between Chase—the candidate of the Unionists—and a true Republican, give us the latter, by all means. Let us endeavor to have a Governor who is for the Federal Union, for the supremacy of the Constitution, and who will not override the laws and the rights of the people'.

This Harrisburg Copperhead does not take the trouble to conceal that the object of this organization is simply to elect Hiester Clymer Governor of Pennsylvania. Nobody assumes that the third candidate to be chosen can succeed. He is simply, therefore, put in the field to defeat Geary, and the men who are to vote for and help him are the boys in blue who fought for the Union, and who have been from the first attacked and ridiculed by Hiester Clymer in the Senate of Pennsylvania. More bare-faced effrontery we have not seen since the time when the men who denounced Andrew Johnson as a drunkard and a usurper became his idolaters and his champions. Hiester Clymer not only refused to allow Andrew Johnson a chance to speak for the country in the legislative chambers, but he refused to allow the soldiers to vote for the Republic for which they had fought. In return for these delicate attentions he now not only expects, but claims to have the promise of Andrew Johnson's support, and through his friends selects a third candidate, who is to be the candidate of the soldiers, whose business it is to get votes from the Republican Union side, and thereby to secure Clymer's election.

We have as yet heard of no Republican who will oppose JOHN W. GEARY, while we believe there are thousands heretofore attached to the Democratic party who will give him their earnest support. Nominated for the double reason that his private and political record was most patriotic, and that his military career has been unusually brilliant and striking, it would be a little curious to see Republicans helping to defeat a man who thus combines the highest attributes of qualifications and deserving.

This new party is having a rather inauspicious start. At Washington it is a monster with two heads, one of which is an essential Copperhead, and the other a conservative head. Montgomery Blair leads the Copperhead club, and ex-Governor Randall, Assistant Postmaster General, leads the conservative club. As the twin are more eager for spoils than for votes, they have already broken into a bitter quarrel. The Republicans are dropping away from the Blair committee, because it is composed mainly of recent enemies of the Government, while the Democrats are warned off from the rival committee for the same reason. It is not stated to which of the contending houses at Washington the third party in Pennsylvania belongs, but it is easy to predict that a concern which is already poisoned at the fountain of political power cannot be very healthy in the quarters that look to Washington for example and for support.—War Press.

"Isaac, my son, let the good Book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

KISSING.
Some chap who has evidently had considerable experience in the matter, discourses as follows on the subject of kissing:

People will kiss; yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy—at least for us!—First know who you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be a good thing. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, on the corner of her forehead, on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall.—The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a mouth full of expression.—Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it, stand up. Need not be anxious about getting into a crowd. Two persons are a plenty to corner and catch a kiss, more persons spoil the sport.—Take the left hand of the lady in your right, let your hat go to—any place out of the way, throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly, to your heart her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry, and a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right, let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect.—Don't be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder. You are nearly bent to her. Look down into her half closed eyes.—Gently yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open! Lean gently forward with your head not the body. Take good aim, the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storm, troubles and sorrows of life—(don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky—(don't be afraid)—the heart forgets its bitterness—and the art of kissing is learned! No noise no fuss, no fluttering no squirming like hook-impaired worms. Kissing don't hurt, it don't require a brass band to make legal.—Don't put down on a beautiful mouth as if sparring for frogs! Don't grab and "rank" the lady as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair, scratch her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons and leave her mussed and ruffled.—Don't favor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gun cock-tails, lager beer, brandy, etc., for a mandarin kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

THE PRINTER'S COMMANDMENTS.
Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he loveth you much.
Thou shalt subscribe for his paper, for he seeketh much to obtain the news of which you remain ignorant.
If a business man thou shalt advertise that thus thy profits may enable thee not only to pay for thy paper, but "put money in thy purse."
Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules—in deranging the paper.
Thou shalt not touch anything that would give him trouble—that he may not hold thee guilty.
Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the hands of the compositors—for he will not hold the blameless.
Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for he will give it to you in due time.
Thou shalt ask him few questions of the affairs of the office.
Thou shalt not write communications on both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth the other side to write his editorials upon.—Columbus Sun.

A young lady having "set her cap," for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidants, when one of them comforted her with these words:—"Never mind, Mollie, there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie, knows that," replied her little brother "but she wants a whale."

The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

SEEKING THROUGH WATER.—Currents in the very bed of a river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched by an arrangement that smugglers used in the old day. They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and they searched for it again by the help of a so called marine telescope.—It was nothing more than a cask with a plate of strong glass at the bottom.—The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then, he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the ripple surface of the sea were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal hunters still use it.—With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure and with great distinctness. So far as this contrivance enables men to see the land under the waves movements under water closely resemble movements under air. Sea weeds, like plants, bend before the gale; fish, like birds, keep their heads to the stream, and hang poised on their fins; mud clouds take the shape of water clouds in air—impede light, cast shadows, and take shapes which point out the directions in which currents flow. It is strange, at first, to hang over a boat's side, peering into a new world. And the interest grows.—There is excitement in watching big fish sweep, like hawks, out of their sea weed forest, after a white fly sunk to the treed tops to tempt them, and the fight which follows is better fun when plainly seen. Some one has suggested plate glass windows in the bottom of a boat; it would bring men and fish face to face; and the habits of the latter could be leisurely watched.

The sentiment respecting rebels which prevails in Wisconsin is particularly worthy of consideration. A reconstructed Confederate soldier named Ferdinand Heavers, having wandered up to the River, Keweenaw county, in that State, by some means got himself elected town clerk and justice of the peace. His predecessor refused to surrender to him the books and papers of the office, and the question was referred by Heavers to Attorney General Gill, who replied as follows:

"Having served as a volunteer in the late rebel army, you have forfeited all political rights under the United States Government, and that Government can alone restore them. Having placed yourself in the attitude of an alien enemy to the United States Government, you cannot exercise the rights and privileges not accorded to aliens who are not enemies. Not having the right to vote, you cannot hold office.

"No republic could live long if its acknowledged enemies could, without its consent, participate in its administration."

The law and the common sense of this answer are alike commendable. The axiom with which the Attorney-General concludes his opinion is worthy of careful study by some eminent personages at Washington. The truth it sets forth is one that they are entirely too apt to overlook.—Chicago Rep.

The Nashville Press and Times reports an interesting conversation which recently occurred between a Mississippi planter and a rebel soldier of Tennessee. The planter was declaiming against the new franchise law by which rebels are prevented from voting in Tennessee, whereupon the soldier replied as follows:

"I can't blame the Legislature for acting as it did. It did nothing but what we intended to do had we won the fight in place of the Yankees. If we had held Tennessee we would not have allowed Union men to vote or hold office, and there is no sense in my abusing others for doing to me what I had fully determined to do to them had circumstances been different. I don't deny that it is pretty rough to be denied a vote, but still it is the fate of war, and I know that we Confederates were determined to disfranchise all who were against us. We have no business at all to complain."

On one point P. T. Barnum, the great showman, is one of the most sensible of men. Hear him: "I never patronize a business man that don't advertise, for the reason that I invariably get cheated. The penurious principle that prevents a man from keeping his business before the people will prevent him from selling cheap."

ORIGIN OF "SEEING THE ELEPHANT."
About thirty years since, at one of the theatres, a pageant was in rehearsal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had. The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, stage director and managers almost had fits when they thought of it. Days passed in the hope less task of trying to secure one, but at last ingenuity triumphed, and the elephant was made to order, of woods, skins, paints and varnish. Thus far the matter was very well, but as yet they had found no means to make said combination travel. Here, again, the managers, the stage director and property man struck out, and two "broths" were duly installed as legs. Ned Cox, one of the true, genuine "whoys," held the responsible station of four legs, and for several nights played that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight of the audience. The part however was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather to fond of the bottle to remain so long without "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a wee drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the neck in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This he fully carried out, and, elated with success, he willing undertook to play fore legs again.

Night comes on, the theatre was densely crowded, the music was played in the sweetest strains, the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and the "hind legs" marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round after round of applause; the decorations and trappings were gorgeous. The elephant and prince on his back were loudly cheered. The play proceeded—the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage. The elephant was not dry withdrew one of the corks and treated the hind legs, and then drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine elephants eye whiskey, a brand till then unknown. The concluding march was to be made—the signal was given, the fore legs went staggering to the front of the stage. The conductor pulled the elephants ear to the right—the fore legs staggered to the left.

The foot-lights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped into the orchestra! Down went the fore legs on the leaders fiddle—over of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and the hind legs into the middle of the pit. The managers stood horror-struck—the prince and the hind legs lay comatose, the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkenness, grief and laughter at the scene, fled hastily out of the theatre, closely followed by the leader, with the wreck of his fiddle, performing various out and thrust motions in the air.—The curtain dropped on a scene behind the scenes.—No more pageant—no more fore legs—every body held their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes, and gallery rushed from the theatre, shrieking between every breath—"Have you seen the elephant?"

JOHN BILLINGS favors the world with a brief essay on dogs:—
"Dogs in a lump are useful, but they are not always profitable. The Newfoundland dog is useful to save children from drowning, but you have got to have a pond of water and children running around carelessly, or else the dog ain't profitable. There ain't nothing made boarding a Newfoundland dog. Rattierriers are useful to kitch rats; but the rats ain't profitable after you have kitched them. The shepherd dog is useful to drive sheep; but if you have to go and buy a flock of sheep, and pay more than they are wuth, jist to keep the dog bizzy the dog ain't profitable, not much.—Lap dogs are very useful, but if you don't hold them in your lap all the time they ain't profitable at all. The coach dog is one of the most useful dogs I know of, but you have got to have a coach (and that isn't always pleasant) or you can't realize from the dog. Thus we see that while dogs are generally useful, there are times when they ain't generally profitable.

One of the finest writers says that the "nightly dews come down upon us like blessings."

How different the daily dews (due bills) come down upon us though.

THE IMPENDING TRIAL.
Jeff. Davis has been indicted for Treason. There are indications that he will be soon put upon his trial. No man doubts his guilt. Not only was he one of the earliest and most persistent plotters of the Rebellion, but, when the movement was inaugurated he became President of the Confederacy, and commander-in-chief of insurgent armies.—Notwithstanding these notorious facts the impression is almost universal that a trial will result in his acquittal, or at least in the failure of the jury to agree to his condemnation.

The Richmond Examiner, in a recent editorial article, declared that while Diogenes carried his lantern to but little purpose in looking for an honest man, he would a solutely waste his candle in searching for White Union men in Virginia. This is not only out-spoken, but is very near the truth. Hence, the improbability of obtaining a jury that will do justice upon the great criminal.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a hearty laugh, shakes down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment, must be left on the threshold without, when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat and drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses, and reckless degradation.—Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make a homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children, halt an hour of merriment round the lamp and fiddle, and let them recollect the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

THE DEAD OF THE WAR.—The Provost Marshal-General has completed a careful compilation, from the musters, rolls, of all the deaths in battle, from wounds and from disease, in every regiment and company of every loyal state from the beginning to the close of the war. From it it appears that 280,739 officers and men have lost their lives in the service. Of this number 5,221 commissioned officers and 90,886 enlisted men have been killed in action, or died of wounds, while 2,321 commissioned officers and 152,329 enlisted men have died of disease, or, in a few cases, from accident.

Governor HOLDEN, of North Carolina, has written a letter in which he states that hundreds of loyal people are daily leaving that State for the North-west—that unless some protection is speedily afforded them by the Government every loyal man yet remaining in the State will be compelled to leave, he among the rest.

Fred Douglass declares the Congressional Reconstruction Plan, "in its main features a criminal abandonment of the colored people of the South to the tender mercies of their old masters," and denounces it accordingly.

I ATTRIBUTE the little I know to my not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to my rule of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics that form their own peculiar professions and pursuits.—Locke.

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.
Take a pretty young lady; tell her she has a pretty foot; she will wear a small shoe, go out in wet spring weather, catch a cold, then a fever, and die in a month. This receipt never fails.

A copperhead paper says, "the radicals have queer ideas of the Lord." The Copperheads have familiar ideas of the devil.

"Why do you keep yourself so distant?" said a fair one to a cool lover. "Because," said he "distance lends enchantment to the view."

It is now questioned whether the man who "left the house" ever had any idea of taking it with him.