

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.

VOL. X.

WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1866.

NO. 3.

The Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cts. a square for each additional insertion; (ten lines or less counted a square.)

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Obituary notices and tributes of respect inserted as advertisements. They must be paid for in advance.

W. E. GAPEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—In N. Clark's building, 6th Street.

A. McCONNELL, J. J. HUFFMAN,
M'CONNELL & HUFFMAN
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
Waynesburg, Penna.

Office at the "Wright House," East Lane—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg, Pa. No. 26, 1862.—1f.

R. W. DOWNEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Lehigh's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.
Nov. 4, 1862.—1v.

W. V. WYLY, J. A. J. BUCHANAN,
WYLY & BUCHANAN

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the old Bank Building, Waynesburg, Pa.
February 23, 1862.—1f.

T. W. ROSS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Jewell's building, West end of Main street, Waynesburg, Pa. April 1f.

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. Clothing done on reasonable terms. May 2, 6m.

W. H. HUFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
ROOM IN BLEACHER'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, 1f.

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. April 1y.

DENTISTRY.

TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!
DR. S. S. PARRON 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.—1f.

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 neat and best style. May 2, 6m.

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

Keeps Good Beer, Whiskey, Brandy, and all kinds of Gin, Wines, &c. And has the wherewithal to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn.
Apr 25—6m

Whiskers FORCED TO GROW
On the Smoothest Face!
BY
CHARLES HICKEY,
No. 5, Campbell's Row,
WAYNESBURG, PA.
Aug 30, '65

Valuable Recipes for sale.
The following recipes can be had by calling on or addressing the undersigned:
Hair Dye, No. 1, for \$7.
Hair Dye, No. 2, Stimulating Ointment, Hair Restorer, Hair Restorer, Cure for Pimples and Blisters, Remedy for Freckles and Tan, all for \$5.
These recipes are as good as any in use anywhere.
THOS. FERRELL
Waynesburg, Pa.

HOW DO WE TALK?

"Conversation is the greatest blessing of social life!"

Is it? What is conversation? In what does it consist? And where is the dividing line between conversation and gossip? How do people talk in stages and cars, steamboat and ferry lines? "Pleasant weather"—as though every mortal with eyes in his head and sense to feeling in his bones couldn't judge for himself on this topic. "Likely to rain before night"—a still more startling piece of information. The fact is, we Americans are too reticent about what we read and learn, and really, actually think. We float too much on the surface—we have a horror of going down deep. We like good, substantial reading; the standard authors of this country and England are familiar to every man or woman who pretends to the slightest degree of literary culture, and we grasp eagerly at every novelty that issues from the press, but we do not like to talk "books." We fancy very erroneously, that it makes us appear pedantic; we have a horror of seeming too learned, especially among ladies. And so, by way of avoiding Scylla, we run past blank upon the weather.

Has the reader ever sat in the midst of a room full of young people, and smiled inwardly to hear the "float of reason and the flower of soul"? How comically the half connected sentences blend into each other, a senseless stream of words coming home from the last sentence—"Larry's mistake"—"flirting in the most ridiculous manner with Katy"—"the trimmings on Mrs. Mole's dove-colored dress"—two new bouquets, with the sweetest French flowers—"Jim's delightful side-whiskers"—"walking down Broadway with a young lady on each side of him"—"never, never speak to her again, as long as I live"—"gray horses with delicious long tails"—"eating ice-cream at Delmonico's"—"four dollars and a half a yard at the very least"—"well, I never!"

And this is conversation! This is the ennobling, refining element that is supposed to be "the greatest blessing of social life!"

There is a great deal to be said upon our peculiar choice of phraseology. It will never do to be accused of talking "dictionary," so we converse in a style not very far removed from the provincial dialect of a camp of English gipsies.—A slang phrase, originating in the column of a newspaper, or set about on the wings of a popular anecdote, flies over the country with telegraphic swiftness, and becomes incorporated with our language in an incredibly short space of time. We relish the innovation. A fine sunset, glowing with tints of carmine and liquid gold, is "splendid"—a perfect rain bow, arching sublimely as an epic poem, is "jolly." We do not walk, we "peg along"—we do not destroy, we "gobble up." Instead of withdrawing, we "skeddaddled" or "mossy," and when we hear of our neighbor's mischievous boy has been "spankizzled," we merely infer that his offenses have at length received their merited punishment. Our expression, for differing in opinion from a friend is that we "don't see it," and if he is defeated in the course of argument, he "drives up." Should a man become the victim of a practical joke, he is "sold," and when he fails in business, he "bursts up," while our highest degree of commendation is concentrated in the one comprehensive word, "bully!"

Truly there is nothing like an original style of conversation! The general diffusion of knowledge has apparently succeeded in strewing these flowers of speech broadcast over the land, on the universal education plan, and they flow in silver modulations from the scarlet lips of beauty quite as frequently as they are growed out from beneath a heavy mustache.

This is all wrong, from beginning to end. Is it not barbarous, literally barbarous, to corrupt a grand old language like ours into such absurd trivialities? Talking is an art, and as such it should be cultivated, especially among our ladies, who have it in their power to influence the whole tide and current of social life. Of what use is all the education that we lavish upon our girls if they can not sustain a creditable part in conversation? Take any young lady of the present day, and observe the stages of chit-chat by which she gradually develops—stages that are too typical of her mental growth. From fourteen to six-

teen, Moore's poems and Bulwer's novels engross her tongue and thoughts—she fancying her mind is being cultivated! From sixteen to twenty, gold bracelets, tarlatan dresses, and opera nights merge gradually into Tommy Stevens' beautiful eyes and diamond engagement rings, winding up with a bridal veil and plenty of foolish girl confidences. From twenty to twenty-five, she can talk about nothing but the trials incident to baby's teething and her nurse girl's abominable imposition. And after twenty-five, servants, Brussels carpets, preserves, and point lace collars from the staple of her thoughts and remarks. Yet she has probably been expensively educated, and considers herself a person of most charming manners.

We have more than once observed a significant recoil among gentlemen when they are threatened with an introduction to a young lady "of remarkable conversational powers." Probably it is because the terms are regarded as synonymous with strong-minded female, in spectacles who read Greek and talk transcendentalism through their noses. This ought not to be. Talking should be as easy and graceful an accomplishment as singing or playing. Our language is beautiful and comprehensive; books, newspapers, and pamphlets are within the reach of everybody, and there is no excuse for a lack of cultivation and polish. It is as easy to select a musical and expressive word to denote our meaning as to couch it in slang phrases, and it gives infidelity more grace and polish to general conversation.

We talk too carelessly and rapidly as a nation; we use too many provincialisms. Indeed, it is said that by the voice and dialect alone it is easy to distinguish Southerner from Northerner, New Yorker from Vermont, even the residents of one city from those of another. Our speech is peculiar and indistinct, probably because we do not take sufficient pains to pronounce our words clearly and correctly, and we are too prone to draw and lisp. As to actual grammatical errors, we wish we could say they were confined to the uneducated few, but such is by no means the case. We have heard some college graduates—men who move in refined society—declare that they "done so" and so, and that they "don't know nothing about it." Of course all this is mere habit, but it is a very disagreeable habit and ought to be plucked up by the roots. We are a great people, and growing greater every day, but we never shall be a perfect people until we learn the use of our tongues and train ourselves into good talkers.

The republican journals of Indiana are scolding Mr. McCulloch, with a rough sort of justice, for his Serenade Speech. The one at Lafayette, edited by the Postmaster, says:

"Blessings on thee, old Thad! If there is any man excusable for his uneducated-for and indecent abuse of the people's representatives, that man is McCulloch. No one blames him, or cares much for his self-abuse, down into the very dirt, before Andrew Johnson; but that such a man, with such antecedents, should dare to cast fifth upon the representatives of the people in Congress, is as disgusting as it is humiliating. Who ever cared for McCulloch's opinion on any constitutional question? When did he acquire that erudition and legal learning sufficient to enable him to stigmatize Trumbull, Lane, Fessenden, Colfax and Schenck as 'Constitution breakers?' There is not a scoundrel attorney in this State whose opinion, on any legal or Constitutional question, was not held at higher prices than that of the man McCulloch three years ago. The Indians who were willing to hope that the somewhat vague reputation he was said to have as a financier might be justified by his career in the Treasury, look with shame upon the indecent haste with which he strives to imitate the vulgarisms of his master.

If Mr. McCulloch would save the shred of reputation left him, he had better go back to his coupons and interest tables, and leave the dirty business of addressing treasury pimps and white-washed rebels to his master, who has more ability and more experience, as well as abundant aptitude and love, for that disgraceful business. Indiana shrieks from her proportion of the shame."

The Illinois Penitentiary contains nine hundred prisoners.

GEN. SCOTT IN DEATH.
The correspondent of the New York World thus pictures Gen. Scott after death:—

"At eight o'clock last evening, Colonel Hill took me into the bed chamber of Gen. Scott, where the body still lay unattended. The piazzas of Roe's Hotel made historic by this grand demigod, were quite filled with quietly chatting but not dispirited guests, who sat in groups, as of immemorial spring nights for these past many years, while the lonely and unshaded stature lay close above. Cadets were here, speaking, to their cousins, sweet-hearts, and sisters. Officers of the post in full dress uniform, talked softly in the moonlight. There were the omnibusses before the stairs, as usual, and folks were registering their names and paying bills, while the suppressed clatter of din or sounded below. Now and then a bugle threw its harsh cry into this respectful matter of life in death; and in the mild clear night, every neighboring highland showed its rolling or abrupt outline, while the river sent up the sound of puffing logs, and the railway lamps and whistles quickened and echoed and died. By a hushed though peopled hall, up a silent stair, I am ushered into a common place hotel ante chamber. Here are three officers, richly uniformed, and in complete arms, and at a word from Colonel Hill, they open the door of the chamber adjacent. A corner room overlooking Cro' Nest on the side, and in front the parade ground. This room has a picture or two of no specific individuals, few chairs and in the centre a long, covered something, which the gas, as it is lighted, shows to be of formidable length for a coffin. White-linen envelopes it entirely, and this is saturated with a cool melting of ice beneath. A cross of laurel, set in the interstices, with lilies of the valley, and in the middle with a fresh white rose, rests on the breast of this bier; two wreaths of the same leaves and flowers lie near the feet; these were prepared by ladies of the household of the officers of the post.

Directly the linen at the head of the bier is removed, and a round sunken face of white is revealed. This was once the "radiant Haunted Palace"—the face of the General. It is like, and yet very softening and changed—Death has given it the paked look of corpses, and this is further sharpened by the loss of the false teeth which make the chin draw close to the nose, and greatly shortens the face. His eyes have been closed, but one of them is a little unsealed, so that there is a trifle of crevice of the white eyeball shining through. The well cut nose and mouth have little suffered; the hair is white and thin. It is fashionable to say of General Scott that he was unequal to the wishes of the late great war. Let all belittlers of his history, in this regard, look at this very old man, and accuse not him, but Nature. It was for a vigorous life time a face grand with mastered energies, so clothed with dignity that when it relaxed to smile one loved it for the condescension. Now it is an old, old face, drawn up and childish in outline, as it was in fact, though not in appearance, for two years prior to the final burning out of the soul within it. It was waste, disintegration, age, that changed the man. He failed to meet young exigencies because he was no longer young. But he lived to the full comfort and appreciation of the majestic tidings of victories won by his pupils in the army he disciplined, and died in the glorious knowledge that this land was stronger, worthier than he believed, but no stronger nor worthier than the men who had come to inhabit and guide it.

In the spring of 1861 a young lady of Washington made for General Scott a large American flag, every thread of which her own dainty fingers sewed; and having some time preserved it with pride and affection the General no longer than a month ago, and he wished to be buried in this flag. It was unfolded last evening in the ante-chamber of the dead soldier's room, and will contain his remains.

At a hotel table at Meridian, Mass., a Union soldier rose from his seat and kindly waited upon a one-armed Confederate soldier, who could not help himself very well. The attention was naturally and delicately paid and gratefully received, and it made a decided impression upon the other guests.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER CONSISTS OF TWO THINGS—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who hears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him.—And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of a solid rock, mastering himself or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste, who, keenly sensitive, with many blows of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive, those are the strong men the spiritual heroes.

THE ART OF BEING POLITE.—First and foremost, don't try to be polite! It will "spoil" all! If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious attentions to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions rather than words. Always remember let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out—of the house! Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well.—Never make a fuss about anything—never talk about yourself—and always preserve your composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guest a better house, or furniture, or viands. It is fair to presume that the visit is to you and not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns; it is your business, then, to keep them in revolving order.

DON'T KNOW THE ROPES.—Western officers were proverbial for shocking bad uniforms, and, in a majority of cases, it was rather difficult to distinguish them from privates. Among this class was a Brigadier General named James Morgan who looked more like a wagon master than an army officer.

On a certain occasion a new recruit, just arrived in camp, had lost a few articles, and was inquiring around among the "vets" in hope of finding them. An old soldier, fond of sport, told the recruit the only thief in the brigade was in Jim Morgan's tent, so he immediately started for "Jim's" quarters, and poking his head in, asked: "Does Jim Morgan live here?" "Yes," was the reply; "my name is James Morgan."

"Then I want you to hand over those books you stole from me."

"I have none of your books, my man."

"It's an infernal lie!" indignantly exclaimed the recruit, "the boys say you're the only thief in camp; so turn out them books or I'll grind your carcass into apple sass."

The General relished the joke much; but seeing the recruit peeling off his coat, he informed him of his relationship with the brigade, when the recruit walked off remarking: "Well, blast me if I'd take you for a brigadier. Excuse me, General, I don't know the ropes."

A PEDAGOGUE was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think, again, in all the days of my life."

A YANKEE TRICK—Just before the declaration of independence, a yankee pedler started down to New York to sell a lot of bows and dishes he had made of made. Jonathan traveled over the city, asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.

It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New-York, and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. He got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook (for history doesn't tell where he got it.) and strutting up town, one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden wares, as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.

The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he would supply him with pleasure. "Very good," said our naval officer. "I will call then."

Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route, and had scarcely doffed his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said he'd be goll darned if he didn't take 'em home, before he'd take less than his first price.

The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; while Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his maneuver, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

PREMIUM ON BAMES.—We are now certain, says the Springfield Republican that the four old bachelors in Congress do not control everything, for the Ways and Means Committee have agreed that the income tax shall stand as it is, with the exception that fifty dollars shall be added to the \$600 exempted from tax for every child of the family up to fifteen in number. This is reasonable if population is embodied in extending the number to fifteen! That sounds like the good old times, when a family meant something more than one or two petty and spoiled children. To be sure fifty dollars a year is a meager allowance for a baby of any size in these times, but it is something to have the fact considered by those who levy the taxes, that a man who obeys the original law of the race and, does his part toward replenishing the earth, necessarily uses up more of his income than the childless, and uses it too for the benefit of the country whose wealth consists in population.—Family men will take courage, and thank the Congressmen who show this consideration at the time of their service and necessities.

CHEVALRY IN MEMPHIS.—They have a happy Mayor of Memphis. He was drunk during the whole of the recent riots in the city of which he is the chief civil officer, but was, we believe, able to lead a mob. He took offence at some observation made by the *Argus*, and addressed the editor a letter as follows: "To the Editors of the *Argus*:"

"For your unbecoming and ungentlemanly remarks in regard to myself in this morning's issue, I hold you personally responsible. Select your friend to arrange this difficulty."

"Most respectfully,
"May 17, 1866."
The Mayor delivered this in the counting-room of the *Argus* in person. Mr. Brower, editor of the *Argus*, addressed a communication "to his Honor, John Park, Mayor and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of Memphis."

The editor's letter declined to engage in a fight, or rather a farce; and the noble Mayor indorsed on the letter, which he indignantly returned, this smashing commentary: "Whenever you choose to act the coward, keep all communications within your office as above. JOHN PARK."
"May 19, 1866."

The editor was then so unkind as to print the correspondence, and to say: "Whenever we 'choose to act as aforesaid, we will cheerfully adopt his Honor's suggestion. Meanwhile the *Argus* will 'choose to' demonstrate the necessity of a change in the municipal administration of Memphis."

"Tell me, angelic host, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The shining angel bard replied: "To us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's books can never enter Heaven."

Adah Isaac Menken is laying seriously ill at her residence in New York.—Probably from a cold, the result of too much exposure.

The 10th of May was generally observed in Richmond and in many other places in the South, as the anniversary of the death of Stonewall Jackson, and the fact that it is also the anniversary of the capture of Jeff Davis, gives it additional interest. The following toasts with others were given:

Virginia: Right or wrong.
General Robert E. Lee: Soldier, patriot, citizen, Christian.
Stonewall Jackson—the only unconquered general—the Christian hero whom even his enemies revere.
The Lost Cause: "Drank standing and in silence."
The Conquered Banner: Fold it up tenderly.

The illustrious prisoner now bearing in his own person the imputed crimes of his people: Every true Southern heart would suffer in his stead. The God of Truth and Justice judge him.
The Old Captains: Dear are the living; dearer the dead.
Henry A. Wise, Prisoner of War: Unforgotten, unforgotten.

[The General responded with feeling and fervor.]
Immediately after a toast to the rebel citizen soldiers follows one endorsing the President thus:—
"President Johnson: May he continue to administer Justice, without fear or favor, as he has done heretofore!"

The following is the call for a Republican State Convention in Illinois, issued May 16th:

"The Republican Union voters of Illinois who are in favor of keeping traitors out of the halls of Congress and of asserting and maintaining the right of the loyal people, through their representatives in Congress, to fix and determine the conditions in which the States lately in rebellion shall be permitted to participate in the government of the United States, will meet in convention on the 8th day of August, at 12 M., at Springfield."

This reads as if it had emanated from men who are not afraid to say that their souls are their own—and that they have true souls.

HIGH-TONED.—We once heard of a young miss, who had been away attending a seminary of "learning" up in "Vermont," completely dumfounding her parents as well as the entire company, by getting off the following high-toned talk to her big brother, who was sitting at the opposite end of the table. "Bijar; will you condescend to extend to your obsequious humble servant those ignominious pair of digests, so that I may extenuate the excrescences from this limple luminary, so that it may be permitted to shed its rays upon our ocular optics more potently." The "gal" wanted the snuffers.

GENERAL NEWS.

There are 3,054,940 souls in London. There were sixty-one suicides in Ohio last year.

The Swedenborgians are holding a convention in Boston.

There are five thousand soldiers after office in Washington D. C.

The Trinity church property annually yields an income of \$1,300,000.

A Hindostanee translation of Shakespeare has been published at Bombay. Calom Fletcher, deceased of Illinois left two million dollars behind him.

The Pall Mall Gazette calls the Prince of Wales an unmanly, ill-bred fellow. Dickens has a golden speech. He gets ten thousand dollars for thirty readings in London.

A blot on the domestic character of New England women—learning to cook from a Frenchman.

Disappointment in business and love caused Jacob Anther to blow his brains out in Poughkeepsie on Thursday.

The shipments of gold by the steamers to Europe since the first day of January have amounted to twenty-nine millions six hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars.

James Steadman, a brick layer of New Albany, Ill., took whiskey to such an extent as to destroy his mind and in a fit of desperation swallowed a dose of laudanum and died.

Mr. Buchser, an artist, of fame in Europe, has been sent by the Swiss Government at Bern to the United States for the purpose of painting a national picture of an American historical event, to be placed in the capitol, "Palais Federale," at Bern.

New York, May 30.—Two deaths from cholera occurred in the city to-day. The deceased were John Fitzgerald, No. 14 Cherry street, and a woman named Corrigan, No. 808 Sixth avenue,