

The Greene County Republican.

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, AUGUST 8, 1866.

NO. 10.

The Republican.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY
JAS. E. SAYERS.

OFFICE IN WILSON'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET.

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

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

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, charged for until ordered out.

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Waynesburg, Pa.

D. BOSTER, Pres't. J. C. FLENNIKEN, Cashier.
DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.
May 16, '66—ly.

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

Office—In N. Clark's building,
Feb 10, 1866.

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

Office in the "Wright House," East door.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.
Waynesburg Aug 26, 1862.—ly.

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

ORD. WELLY, J. A. BUCHANAN,
WILLY & BUCHANAN
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the old Bank Building,
Waynesburg, Pa.
February 24, 1863.—ly.

LEWIS DAY,
DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER,
D. Window Paper, &c. Sunday School Books of all kinds constantly on hand, Waynesburg, Pa., opposite Post Office.
May 9, '66.—ly.

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 WILSON'S BUILDING, WAYNESBURG,
PA. 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. 1y

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, &c. And has the wherewith to put up Fancy Drinks. Call and see him in the brick part of the Adams Inn. apr 25—6m

PEOPLE'S LINE.
STEAMER "CHIEFTAIN," R. B. ARMS,
Commander, Capt. R. C. Mason, Clerk, leaves
Greensboro, for Pittsburgh every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 a. m. Leaves Pittsburgh for Greensboro every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. May 16, '66.—6m.

STEAMER "ELECTOR," ROBERT PHILLIPS, Commander; R. G. TAYLOR, Clerk; leaves Greensboro for Pittsburgh every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Pittsburgh for Greensboro every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

ADAMS' EXPRESS LINE.
THIS safe line will forward with dispatch all packages, trunks, &c., to all parts of the United States. Apply to
JOSEPH COOKE, Agent.
July 11, '66.—4t.

SLATER ODENBAUGH,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, LIQUORS and every thing pertaining to a first class Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully compounded. "Creligh's Old Stand," Waynesburg, Pa. May 30, '66.—ly.

THE BRAVE BOYS IN BLUE.

A CAMPAIGN SONG.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Pennsylvania "Boys in Blue."

Air—Red, White and Blue.

We come from the hill and the mountain

To stand by the flag of the free,

As rivers that roll from the fountain

And swell on their way to the sea;

From forges where hammers are ringing,

The yokes of the brave and the true,

For GEARY, we all gather singing,

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!

For GEARY we all gather singing,

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!

CHORUS.

We come from the plain and the valley,

From furnace, and foundry, and mine,

And round our bold leader we rally,

While "fighting it out on the line;"

Our banner we will not surrender,

But here our devotion renew,

For GEARY, the Union defender,

The choice of the Brave Boys in Blue!

CHORUS.—The choice of the brave, etc.

On treason we've all put a stopper,

And back to "the last ditch" it rolls,

The Iron Boys don't carry "copper,"

When forward they march to the polls;

They stand by the Union forever,

And GEARY, the bold and the true;

No Foeman the Union can sever,

When kept by the Brave Boys in Blue!

CHORUS.—When kept by the Brave, etc.

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"That's unfortunate. But I am not particular—I am a soldier as you see—so give me a bundle of straw in one of the out-houses, and that will content me."

"Impossible!" cried the host with an alacrity which rather surprised the soldier; "even as it is, I shall be compelled to make some of the Baron's servants sleep in the open air. My house is but small, as you perceive, and the Baron's retinue is large. Ten miles further on there is an excellent inn. You are used to marching," said the host with an attempt at facetiousness, "and the distance will be nothing to you."

"Excuse me," answered the soldier, tapping the heel of his boot with his heavy steel scabbard, and all the while subjecting his host to a scrutiny of which he was unconscious, "I am not a foot soldier, and in my long marches I have been accustomed to use four legs instead of two. I did not come all the way on foot."

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlord quickly, and with some anxiety the soldier thought.

"Same two miles from here," he answered carelessly.

"Two miles from here!" echoed the landlord; "there is no house there.—Why did you leave him?"

"Simply because he could carry me no further, and I had not been in the habit of carrying him. He was dead?"

"Dead?"

"Yes! It happened very strangely. These are troublesome times, I know, but I thought the war had not invaded this quiet province, at least I was told so, and therefore I rode along fearless of danger. When I came to that little glen with rocks and woods cresting in upon either side, I thought—a natural idea for a soldier—that it was a capital place for an ambulance, and so it proved; for I had scarcely entered it when two carbines were fired from the thicket. My horse neighed with pain, reared up and then fell to the earth, carrying me along with him. I knew that he was badly hurt, for I have had horses shot under me before; so I quickly snatched my pistols from my holsters, extracted my feet from the stirrups and went down quietly with him. Fortunately he lay stone dead and did not kick. I lay motionless on his body and waited for further developments. Two men, with carbines in their hands, emerged from the thicket and came rapidly toward me. When they were within ten feet of me I arose and called upon them to surrender, as I was anxious to learn the cause of this unprovoked attack, there being nothing in my appearance, I thought, to suggest the idea of a booty. But the rogues, who evidently thought me dead, were so terrified that they beat a hasty retreat towards the woods, and so I was obliged to send a couple of bullets after them; and being an indifferent good shot, they did stop, and unless some good Christian gives them burial, they are likely to stop there for some time."

"You shot them both?" stammered the landlord; and his teeth chattered, and he grew very pale, all but the top of his nose, which, from contrast with the rest of his face, looked redder than ever.

"What would you have me do?" asked the soldier, in his usual tone. "They might have fired with better success at some other poor traveller, who might not have got off so easily as I did?"

"What could have possessed them to fire upon you?" exclaimed the landlord, and it almost appeared that he was asking himself the question as much as he did the soldier.

"Precisely the question I asked myself," remarked the soldier; "and since you have mentioned the expected arrival of the young Baron of Ravensburg, I think I have a clue to the whole affair. Some outlaws having heard of the Baron's journey, have formed a plan to waylay him. These two men were sent forward as scouts, to apprise the others of the Baron's approach. Seeing a solitary horseman approach, they concluded to plunder a little on their own account.—As I was not molested further on the way hither, the rendezvous of the band must be beyond there, consequently the Baron will reach this house in safety. Now, if you cannot accommodate me with a bed, I shall take up my quarters to night upon this bench, for I feel it my duty to warn this young Baron, (for I know something of his family), of the danger which threatens him."

The landlord gazed curiously at his unceremonious guest. There was no mistaking the man. Courage and determination were highly stamped upon his fine cut features.

"You are an officer?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Captain?"

"Exactly."

"Disbanded?"

"No."

The quiet smile that accompanied this answer bewildered the landlord. In fact, the Captain was an enigma that the worthy host of the "Traveler's Rest" found it impossible to solve.

The appearance of the maid of the hostelry with a flask of wine and the refreshments the Captain had ordered, interrupted the conversation.

The host whispered to the girl and then hurried away.

"What did he say to you?" asked the Captain abruptly, fixing his keen eyes upon the girl's face.

"To wait upon you while he went up to the monastery," answered the girl, unhesitatingly.

"The monastery?" rejoined the Captain, leisurely inspecting the contents of the flask of Rhenish, which seemed to be much to his satisfaction. "That old ruin upon the hill yonder. Is it then occupied?"

"Oh, yes; about a year ago a party of wandering monks, whose monastery had been destroyed by the soldiers of the league, occupied it; and they have remained ever since. They call themselves the 'Black Brotherhood of St. Bruno.' And very pious and self-denying men they are, too. They keep wrapped up in an odor of sanctity all the time. They never hold any communication with the world without a stranger is ever admitted beneath their walls; and whenever one of the brotherhood comes out, he always has his black cowl drawn closely over his face. Though I have been here as long as they live, I never yet saw one with his face uncovered."

"I thought you said your uncle was going there?" remarked the Captain, carelessly sipping his wine.

"Oh! he only goes to the porter's wicket, he never goes in. He supplies the monks with food."

"And how many bottles of this capital wine a month?"

He caught her quickly around the waist, drew her upon his knee, and imprinted a kiss upon her cherry lips. The girl freed herself from his embraces and retreated in confusion, but she did not seem very angry at the liberty the soldier had taken. It was something to be a handsome captain even in those days.

The sound of approaching wheels now attracted their attention, and a light travelling carriage drawn by two horses, and driven by a postilion, and accompanied by four outriders, drove up to the hostelry.

The attendants opened the carriage-door, and a young man in the handsome uniform of Pappenheim's dragoons jumped out and assisted an elegantly attired young lady to alight from the carriage. They were the Baron Ravensburg, colonel in the imperial service, and his sister, the Countess Adalia.

The landlord, who had returned from the monastery, welcomed them. Conducted them into the hostelry, while two rough looking hostlers took charge of the carriage. The outsiders stabled their own animals.

The Captain had observed all that had passed with a very attentive eye. He had expected a much larger escort.—The lady was without a maid, and the Baron had but five attendants; and yet the landlord told him there were no accommodations. There was something wrong.

The Baron came in from the hostelry, followed by Bonita, bearing a fresh flask of Rhenish.

"Good evening, Captain," he said courteously, touching his plumed beaver with a graceful action which bespoke the finished cavalier, "perhaps you will do me the favor to drink this flask of Rhenish with me."

"With all my heart," answered the Captain cheerfully, "mine is empty."

The Baron seated himself on the bench and Bonita placed the flask and cups before them.

"Stay!" cried the Captain, as she was going; "how many monks are there in your convent, my pretty Bonita?"

"Twenty, I think Captain," she answered.

"Thank you, that will do." She went into the house. The Baron regarded the Captain attentively. His question about the monks seemed to surprise him.

"Do you think of retiring from the world, Captain?" he laughingly inquired, "and taking up your abode in yonder monastery?"

"I faith, not I." He filled the cups in that careless, off-handed manner, which pervaded everything he did, and raised it to his lips. "Your health, Baron Ravensburg."

"You have the advantage of me," answered Ravensburg, as he responded to the toast.

"Oh! call me Captain Bernard."

"I passed a dead horse on the road. The landlord tells me it was yours. I also saw the bodies of the men slain by you. A narrow escape, Captain. By the way, are you in the imperial service?"

"I am not. To be frank with you, my sword is at present at liberty."

"Then take service with me. There is something in your appearance that bespeaks the gentleman and the soldier, and I like you. There is a majorship vacant in my regiment which I can promise you."

"On my word, Baron," returned the Captain, smiling good humoredly, "you do me much honor on so brief an acquaintance; but we are likely to serve together in a sharp campaign, which is nearer than you imagine. Whether you or I shall take direction of the affair depends upon yourself after you have heard what I have to tell you."

"In Heaven's name what do you mean?" exclaimed Baron Ravensburg in astonishment.

"Sotly—in a whisper—there may be long ears about us. In a word we are in a den of cut-throats. Yonder old monastery is occupied by a band of robbers in the disguise of monks. The landlord of this hostelry is in league with them. They have been apprised of your coming, and will either attack you here, or on the desolate road beyond."

As they knew that I am here, from the landlord, and may warn you, I should not be surprised if they assailed us here to-night."

"Great Heavens! my poor Adalia! I care not if I can save her. Twenty of them, the girl said—and I have but five men—twenty against six!"

"Excuse me; your calculation is erroneous. There are but eighteen against seven. You have counted two who are killed, and you have not counted me."

"You will aid me then! My dear Captain, this is generous."

"My dear Baron, it is nothing of the kind. I merely enter into an alliance with you for our mutual benefit; as you have the strongest party the advantage is decidedly upon my side. You, they might possibly plunder and suffer to depart, but me they would certainly kill in revenge for their comrades' slaughter."

"Captain, I place the direction of this affair in your hands—myself and people are at your orders. What is your best course of action?"

"Invite me to supper with you when the landlord announces that it is served. I will secure him. Then your people must secure the hostlers and put them in a safe place. Then collect your whole force into the house, and let us barricade it to the best of our ability. Eighteen men will find it difficult to dislodge seven, even out of this small wooden framework. Having deprived the robbers of all means of obtaining information in regard to our plans, I will make the landlord divulge theirs. You have no idea what a persuasive way I have."

This plan was carried out to the letter and a pistol held by the firm hand of the Captain at the head of the guilty and trembling landlord, compelled him to divulge all. The Baron and his sister were to be held for ransom, and the Captain killed, he not being considered worth a ransom. When all had retired to rest, the landlord was to admit the robbers into the hostelry.

The Captain laid his plans at once. The front door was left unfastened, but every other available aperture was secured as firmly as was possible under the circumstances. The Countess and Bonita were placed in the upper story for security, with the postillion as a guard. The Captain, Baron, and others each armed with a sword and a brace of pistols, occupied the large apartment

on the ground floor. The landlord was to admit the robbers one at a time, as had been arranged by the captain of the band himself, and as fast as they entered, they were to be secured, gagged and bound, or killed outright, as circumstances warranted.

The hour for attack drew near, and every heart beat anxiously. The coolest man of the party was the Captain. Unconsciously, he had assumed the direction of the affair, and the young Baron and his followers obeyed him implicitly, seeming to recognize his fitness for the position without question.

A stealthy footstep approached the door, and the landlord, assisted by the cold barrel of a pistol, which felt disagreeably close to the back of his head, admitted a robber, who was instantly secured. Another followed, and another until it came to the eighth—a stout brawny fellow—who, by a herculean effort, twisted his throat out of Captain Bernard's grasp, and shouted at the top of his lungs.

"We are betrayed!"

Two other robbers, who were close behind, discharged their carbines in at the door, and instantly retreated. A yell of pain answered the discharge, and one man fell in the hostelry. The door was instantly shut and barricaded. Lights were brought forward, and the man who had fallen was raised. It proved to be the landlord. He was quite dead, both bullets having taken effect in his body.

After a brief consultation the robbers advanced in a body against the door, attempting to hew it open with axes which they had procured from the stables. They were met with a fusillade of pistol shots that thinned them to one-half before they had forced the door, and then it was the besieged that sallied forth, and not they that entered. The survivors of the band fled.