

# 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, OCTOBER 17, 1866.

NO. 20.

## 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.

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).

Local advertising and SPECIAL NOTICES, 10 cents per line for one insertion, with a liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

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,

D. BOWER, Pres't. J. C. FLEMMING, Cashier.  
DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.  
May 16, '66-ly.

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

Office—In N. Clark's building, February 1866.

**MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
Waynesburg, Pa.

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

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

Geo. W. W. J. J. BUCHANAN,  
**WYLY & BUCHANAN**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
Waynesburg, Pa.  
February 24, 1863.—ly.

**LEWIS DAY,**  
DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, Wall Paper, Blank Books, &c. Sunday School Books of all kinds 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. Call on him on reasonable terms. May 2, '66.

**W. H. HUFFMAN,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.  
ROOM IN BLACKLEY'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. April 17.

**N. G. HUGHES,**  
SADDLERY 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. April 25-66.

**PEOPLE'S LINE.**  
STEAMER "CHERRITAIN," R. R. ABRAHAM,  
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. My 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.

**SLATER ODENBAUGH,**  
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, LIQUORS and every thing pertaining to a first class Drug Store. Prescriptions carefully compounded. "Cretch's Old Stand," Waynesburg, Pa. May 20, '66-ly.

**GEORGE S. JEFFERY,**  
DEALER IN BOOKS and Stationery, Magazines, Daily Paper, Fancy Articles, &c., Waynesburg, Pa. April 1, '66-ly.

### THE GREAT SHOW.

Bill Seward is the man,  
He goes with all the shows,  
He puts a smile around his mouth,  
And tells you what he knows.  
For the President now goes round,  
The band begins to play;  
Little boys by the balcony,  
Had better get out o' the way.

This is the Billy Goat,  
And Gilson is his name!  
He stands all day and grows his beard  
And is so very tame.  
For, &c.

This is the Raymond Horse  
That trots around the ring;  
He minds the whip, and'll change the coat  
Most every fall and spring.  
For, &c.

And here's the Randall Cage  
Of Parrots, also gay;  
Oh, Polly, see! Oh, Polly, see!  
They all know how to say.  
For, &c.

This is the King of Beasts;  
Don't poke him with your sticks,  
For if he gets the least provoked  
He'll hit his leg and kick.  
For, &c.

And here's the King of Beasts;  
Don't go too near him, boys!  
For if he has a fit of rage,  
He'll make the following noise:

Vetoes, Vetoes, Vetoes  
Vetoes by threes and fours;  
Vetoes, Vetoes, Vetoes,  
He roars, and roars, and roars.  
For the President now goes round,  
The band begins to play,  
The little boys by the balcony  
Had better get out o' the way.

### ADVERTISING AMONG COUNTERFEITERS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE.

During the year 1848, the West was flooded with counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it was readily passed. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of counterfeiters. I was fixed upon to perform the duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West I first proceeded. I spent five weeks in that city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved my result. One day I received a letter from my wife, requesting me to send home some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for a draft at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of the half dollars back to me, saying:

"Counterfeit."  
"What," said I, "do you mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"  
"I do,"  
"Are you certain?"  
"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

An idea occurred to me. I placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former.

"That is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"  
"Oh, dear, no," replied the clerk; "it is not nearly as well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great deal of it in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several half dollars from the drawer. "You see the milling is not so well done as Ned Willett's, although it is pretty good, too."

I compared the two and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeiters with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take journey to a small village about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think I have ever seen my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodgings there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whisperings I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible, that I could have a bed.

I have frequently, in the course of my life, been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be moved by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping apartment, into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was of small size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheets or coverings of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer time and oppressively hot.

I stood more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served as a window. Before me was spread an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all the other dwellings, save the croak of the tree frog and the hum of the peonist not a sound reached my ear. It was a beautiful moonlight night—so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet, I was soon plunged in deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peonist of the sound, which awakes me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose from my bed and went to the window. The moon was low in the western horizon by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to, reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some one hammering which were situated a hundred yards from the house.

Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night, in such a remote, out of the way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. The desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only articles of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opened the door of my chamber and noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and unfastened it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonshine.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound continued and grew more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peeped through the key hole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen strong looking men with their coats off and sleeves rolled up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth flashed upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, just turned out of the moulds, while the woman was packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough and was about to return to my apartment, when I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head round, to my horror found myself in the grasp of an ill looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here my good fellow?" he exclaimed giving me a shake.  
"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll take a stroll inside, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed towards us when they saw me.

"Why, what's all this?" they exclaimed.  
"A loafer I found peepin' outside," said his captor.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern last night and asked for lodging; the last I saw of him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation and were evidently debating some important question.—The one keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would, in all probability, do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be ended, for the dirtiest and blackest of the whole crowd came forward and, without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say, stranger, look here, you must die!"  
I did not move a muscle nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."  
I was silent.

"We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of taking shot or lung."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughing, and said it was hysterical, but they did not know it. They looked at me with astonishment.

"Well, he tells it mighty cool anyhow," said one.  
"I suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, time flew.

"No, only ready was a fit of laughter man would take the first."

"Evening's good," they exclaimed.  
"Or drink," said some.

"Well, boys," said I, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever heard. What do you say?"

"A pal—you say?"  
"I haven't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What is your name?"  
"Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Ait he the head of our profession?"  
"Well, don't I am Ned!"

"You Ned Willett?" they all exclaimed.  
"You may believe this on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking a roll of money.  
"Well, all I have to say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I could n't I'd go and hang myself."  
"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended.  
"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket which had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job, and what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was not counterfeit at all, others saying it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit?" asked one.  
"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted, and its character proved.  
"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard a man whisper to another.

"By these," said I, taking the other two out of my pocket.  
All their doubts now vanished.  
"Beautiful," exclaimed some. "Very splendid," said others.

That I was on a journey of pleasure, and would rather take a glass of whisky than answer questions. The whisky was produced and we made a night of it. It was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term in the State Prison.

I have those counterfeit half dollars still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

### A FEW PERSONAL NOTES ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

The European correspondent of the Chicago Journal, writing from the Isle of Wight, gives two or three stories concerning the private life of the Queen on that Island, which he "has reasons to believe are strictly true."

The Queen and Prince Consort were in the habit of taking long walks, unattended, and dressed only as an ordinary lady and gentleman. On one occasion, at some distance from home, they were caught in a shower, and took shelter under a tree by the side of the road—An old postman, going his daily rounds, was passing by, and saw only a lady and gentleman in an uncomfortable position. He had with him an old umbrella that had done duty for many years, which, with a native but rough politeness, he proffered to the gentleman, saying that he would call for it on his rounds if they would tell him where they were stopping. Prince Albert frankly accepted the umbrella and mentioned the Osborne House. The postman even then did not suspect the rank of his wayward friends, and passed on about his business. A day or two afterwards, it being in his way, he stopped at the porter's lodge of the Osborne House and quietly asked if his umbrella had been left there for him. It was at once handed to him, with a letter addressed to himself, in which was enclosed a five pound note, and a few lines expressing the thanks of the Queen and Prince Consort for the timely service he had rendered them. Not content with this, the Queen caused inquiries to be made, and finding that the only son of the old postman was a worthy young man, caused him to be placed in a suitable and comfortable position in one of the government offices, and it is pleasant to know that he is supporting his superannuated parent in ease and comfort.

On another occasion a certain stream was crossed only by a very small and rough ferry boat. The Queen and Prince found it convenient to cross this stream, and the boatman being absent, entered the barge to await his arrival. He soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing in his haste and under the weight of years. It appears also that it was a very unusual thing for a lady or gentleman to resort to this means of transit, the old boatman's passengers generally consisting of the hard-fisted and rough-featured laborers in the vicinity. All unconscious of the character of his present customers, and anxiously polite in his way, his first salutation was: "I beg your pardon, marm, but if I'd a know'd yer were coming, I'd a cussing for yer," and he forthwith stripped off his coat and spread it on one of the seats. Her Majesty sat down on the improvised cushion, and, with the Prince, chatted familiarly with the old boatman till they reached the other side, when, instead of the usual fare of two pence, she handed him a sovereign. The Queen often talks of this water journey; and the old boatman, after learning who his passengers were, had a hole bored through the coin, and has worn it day and night ever since, around his neck.

On still another occasion, the Queen and Prince of Wales, then a young boy, were strolling on the beach. The latter was always a proud and naughty youngster, presuming upon his hereditary throne almost before he was out of his petticoats. He had strayed away a little from his parents, when they heard his voice and another in angry altercation. It seems that the young prince had discovered another boy about his own age and size, engaged in gathering periwinkles, and his basket, partly full, was standing on the beach. This basket, out of sheer wantonness, the Prince of Wales had viciously kicked over. The young fisherman saw the

act, and immediately rushed out of the water and confronted the perpetrator, when about this dialogue occurred:  
"What did you do that for?"  
"Because I chose."  
"I've a great mind to thrash you for it."  
"You darnt. Don't you know who I am?"  
"No, and I don't want to."  
"I'm the Prince of Wales."  
"I don't care if you are the Prince of Wales. You knocked over my periwinkles—and take that!"—and straightway the young fisherman's hand made acquaintance with the cheek of young royalty.

The Queen and Prince Consort saw and heard all, and, approaching the rival combatants, told their son, that he was in the wrong, and compelled him to ask pardon of the ragged periwinkle gatherer and give him a sovereign in recompense for the injury he had done him.

It is such incidents as these that appeal to the sentiments and sympathies of the population by whom the Queen is surrounded in her island retreat, and there is a little wonder that as a woman she is beloved, and as a sovereign revered.

### THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT

Thursday, November 23d, 66. April.

WASHINGTON, October 8.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, A PROCLAMATION.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, has been pleased to vouchsafe to us a people, another year of national life which is an indispensable condition of peace, security and progress. That year, moreover, has been crowned with many peculiar blessings. The civil war that was so recently among us has not been any where repeated. Foreign intervention has ceased to create alarm or apprehension, intrusive pestilence has been benignly mitigated; domestic tranquility has improved; sentiments of conciliation have largely prevailed, and the affections of loyalty and patriotism have been widely renewed; our fields have yielded quite abundantly; our mining industry has been richly rewarded, and we have been allowed to extend our railroad system far into the interior recesses of the country, while our commerce has resumed its customary activity in foreign seas. These great national blessings demand a national acknowledgment.

Now, therefore, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend that Thursday, 23rd day of November next, be set apart, and be observed everywhere in the several States and Territories of the United States, by the people thereof, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, with due remembrance that in His temple doth every man speak of His honor. I recommend, also, that on the same solemn occasion we do humbly and devoutly implore Him to grant to our national councils and to our whole people that Divine wisdom which alone can lead any nation into the ways of all good. In offering these National thanksgivings, praise and supplications, we have the divine assurance that the Lord remaineth a King forever. Then that are meek shall He guide in judgment, and such as are gentle shall He learn his way. The Lord shall give strength to His people, and the Lord shall give to his people the blessings of peace."

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety first.

By the President: ANDREW JOHNSON,  
Wm. H. SEWARD, Secy of State.

A Savannah dispatch to the Chicago Post has the following: Fifteen Union soldiers confined at Andersonville until the close of the war, were last Monday discovered still in confinement in a cave near Atlanta, guarded by rebel guerrillas, and totally ignorant that the war had ended. They were starved and emaciated, having been cruelly ill-treated, and most of them were nearly blind from the protracted confinement in darkness, not having seen the light since leaving Andersonville.

### ANECDOTES OF GEN. JACKSON.

It was a bright November morning in 1818, when I left Nashville, Tenn., in company with Paul Farris, a young lawyer, for a visit to the Hermitage, where the remains of Gen. Jackson rested and which was then the residence of his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr. We drove rapidly over to Lebanon turnpike some three or four miles, when we came in sight of the undulating fields in which the General's old home was nestled.

"Do you know," said Paul to me, "how Gen. Jackson gave a dinner party at the end of his presidential career?"  
We confessed our ignorance.

"It was in this way," said Paul; "after his return from Washington the citizens generally flocked around him, and he called some of his intimate associates together, and expressed a wish to entertain as many of his friends as could be assembled upon any one occasion. The arrangements for the music and speeches were discussed—the capacity of the rooms, etc., when one gentleman inquired, how shall we send the invitations?"

"The invitations!" exclaimed the General, "publish them in the papers, sir! publish them in the papers! Do you suppose I am going to have an adjournment of my kitchen-table out here in Tennessee? No, gentlemen, I'll invite every man, woman and child, that ever lived a kind thought for Andrew Jackson. I'll give a party out there in the woods; you won't find a greener nor softer carpet than the grass, nor a more splendid roof than the oak branches, and for refreshments we will have a drove of sheep and oxen, sir—a real old-fashioned barbecue that shall make the forest ring again!"—and so he did. The announcement was made in the public prints, that on such a day (the date has escaped me now) Andrew Jackson would be glad to see all his old friends at the Hermitage; and the multitude poured in from all the cross-roads on horseback, and poured out from the city in carriages, until the ground was like an army. It was a great party. I don't think any other man in the country ever gave one in this way and you need not be surprised that the General was popular at home.

"As we turned off from the turnpike and entered a country road that was little more than a lane, we saw the mansion to which the worn-out soldier and statesman had retired to spend the quiet evening of what had been to him the stormy days of a lifetime. And here I come to the point I intend to explain, viz.: the situation of the General's residence, and the reason why it was placed there. You will observe," said Paul as we approached the gate, "that the Hermitage has a Doric colonnade across its entire front, the columns and entablature reaching to the roof; but from this point, which is exactly in front of the building, it seems to be cut off, or rather the lower half is hidden by a rising slope, which reaches a beautiful elevation two hundred yards from the entrance to the grounds."

"Yes," said I, "and I wonder why it was that wisdom perfect a natural site, an eminence that gently inclines in all directions, and so necessary for the display of Grecian architecture, the house should have been built on the side of the hill away from the road, thus cutting off all prospect of seeing or of being seen from the lower windows?"

"Now I happen to know all about that," said Paul. "I was on the spot when the foundations were being laid, and remonstrated with the General upon his unfortunate choice of situations and pointed out the natural beauty of the one we have just noticed."

"Yes! yes! I know all about that," said the General, "but Mrs. Jackson thinks that the top of the hill would be too far from the springs, and so she wants the house down here, and by the Eternal! here it shall be!"

Most of our readers need not be told that Southern houses were once built with more regard to the convenience of water than to any other consideration.

We were received most hospitably by Mrs. Jackson, and dined with her in the large state dining room, where the General did often entertain his friends with something less than a drove of oxen, and where it was decided at a meeting of the politicians, that Jas. K. Polk should run against Henry Clay in the great presidential canvass of '44. After dinner, we visited a lower corner of the garden, where a small dome, supported by six Ionic columns, etc from the marble of an antique State, covers the dust of the brave old man and his wife.