

# 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, JANUARY 9, 1867.

NO. 31.

## The Republican.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
BY  
JAS. E. SAYERS.

OFFICE IN SAYERS' BUILDING, EAST OF THE COURT HOUSE.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two dollars a year, payable invariably in advance. One dollar for six months, payable, invariably 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 as 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. BOSER, Pres't. J. C. FLEMMING, Cashier.

DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.

May 16, '66-17.

### W. E. GAPEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WAYNESBURG, PA.

Office—in N. Clark's building, Feb. 10/67.

A. A. MCCONNELL, J. J. HUFFMAN.

### MCCONNELL & HUFFMAN

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

Waynesburg, Penna.

Office—in the "Wright House," East door.—Collectors, &c., will receive prompt attention.

Waynesburg, Pa. Oct. 26, 1862-17.

### R. W. DOWNEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office in LeWitt's Building, opposite the Court House, Waynesburg, Pa.

Nov. 4, 1862-17.

### LEWIS DAY,

NEALER IN BOOKS, Stationery, Wall Paper, Window Paper, &c.

Sunday School Books of all kinds constantly on hand, Waynesburg, Pa., opposite Post Office.

May 9, '66-17.

### W. H. HUFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

ROOM IN BLACKBURN'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, '67.

### 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.

L. TAYLOR. D. HAAS.

### TAYLOR & HAAS,

Jewellers, No. 3, Campbell's Row, Waynesburg, Pa.

Having recently received an extensive stock embracing watches, rings, eye glasses, &c. They are prepared to sell at low rates for cash. Repairing done at short notice, and in good style. Oct. 10-31.

### HAMILTON HOUSE,

D. G. SPERRY, PROPRIETOR.

WAYNESBURG, GREENE CO., PA.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has taken charge of the Hamilton House, which he is determined to conduct as a first class hotel. Long experience in hotel-keeping has qualified him for the business, and he feels perfectly confident that he can satisfactorily entertain all who may favor him with a call. The house is large and well-furnished. It has undergone a thorough renovation and been refitted in such style as renders it quite pleasant. The rooms have been re-papered and newly painted; the table is abundantly supplied with the best of the country produce, and pains are taken to render guests comfortable. Rates as low as those of other hotels. D. G. SPERRY, aug. 5, '66-17.

### LIVERY STABLE,

here is connected with the Hamilton House a Livery Stable, with good horses, carriages and buggies for the accommodation of the public. Horses boarded, and well attended to, at moderate rates. W. D. G. SPERRY, aug. 5, '66-17.

### PEOPLE'S LINE

STEAMER "CHIEFTAIN," R. B. ARNOLD, Captain.

Commander. Capt. R. B. Arnold, leaves Brownsville daily at 4 a. m., for Pittsburgh, and leave that city at 5 p. m., daily.

STEAMER "ELECTOR," ROBERT PHILLIPS, Commander; R. G. TAYLOR, Clerk; J. J. GREENSBORO, for Pittsburgh Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, leaving Pittsburgh at 2 p. m. May 16, '66-67.

### STENOGRAPHY—WITHOUT A TEACHER.

SYSTEM OF WRITING WHICH WILL

prove of vast importance to persons wishing to take notes, transfer sermons or speeches into manuscript. It may be acquired in a short time. Price, postpaid, 50 cents. Address: A. R. WOOD, nov. 28-2mo. Box 101, Waynesburg, Pa.

From the New York Observer. FAREWELL TO 1866.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. SPALDING.

Farewell, Old Year! with locks of white; The gathering shadows betoken the night; The faltering step, and the wrinkled brow, Speak plainer than words your destiny now.

We gaze in your face with a saddened heart, Our richest joys are hidden away; A halo of glory encircles the head, That soon must be laid on the dreamless bed.

Old Year have you kept the promise you made, When a twelvemonth since our tribute we paid? To the youthful guest, with the beaming eye, His "castles of air" adorning the sky?

Have visions you painted in rainbow hues All vanished from earth like the morning dew? Have silver words from your flattering tongue Died like echoes of song on the night-air flung?

Have hopes that you raised, turned into despair, Our day-dreams of youth into anxious care? Have you ruthlessly crushed the drooping flower, And the budding reed, with a tyrant's power?

Old Year! Old Year! in your caskets to-day, Our richest joys are hidden away; But our eyes are turned to the distant shore, Where the polished gems shall be ours' once more.

You shattered our idols—thanks for the blow! You led us in paths we were shrinking to go; You poured in our cups the bitter draught; But waters of healing it proved as we quaffed.

For blessings and mercies, new every day; For guidance and strength in a devious way; With increase of thanks before you we stand, While we seek new strength for the coming year.

And oh! as the "record" is made up on high, Of the wasted hours in the year gone by, May the "angel" blot it out with a tear, While we seek new strength for the coming year.

Let our hearts be brave, and our armor bright As valiant we stand to uphold the right, Not heeding the storm, or fearing the foe, While forth in our Master's service we go.

Farewell, Old Year! for we meet never more, Your sunlight is dim, your tempests are o'er; Reviewing your path, smile mingle with tears; Pass on to a shrine of the vanished year!

### A STORY OF THE WAR.

The late Joshua R. Giddings was a dead shot—not only oratorically considered, but with a rifle. There was not a man or boy in Ashtabula county (and that county was celebrated for fine marksmen) that could excel him either at a squirrel hunt or shooting at target. His son Grotius R. is a veritable chip of the old block. On these hunting excursions of the elder Giddings, he was invariably accompanied by Grotius, and it was these lessons in politics and woodcraft which so well fitted him for the career which the shadowy future had in store for him. On these occasions the elder would say to him:

"Grotius, my boy, never be guilty of an act or word which will give counsel or comfort to the institution of slavery and its attendant iniquities, or close your door or heart against the hunted fugitives from oppression, or bring home a squirrel unless shot through the head."

As each of these maxims harmonized completely with the natural bent of the youngster's mind, he treasured them accordingly. His returning at the age of fourteen from a match squirrel hunt of two days' duration, and bringing with him a hundred and eighty of the "small deer" with their heads off, proved that the woderaft part was well learned; and his subsequent career both in field and in office, showed that the political portions of the father's teachings were well stored by the son.

But I started to tell you an incident of the battle of Gettysburg. Be patient, I'm coming to that; I must reach the point by regular approaches.

At the breaking out of the war, "Old Father Giddings" was Consul General to Canada, stationed at Montreal. Grotius R. was in the office as Vice Consul General. When the first news of the struggle was received young Giddings became restless. His father, noticing the fact, remarked to him one day, "Grotius, what is the matter with you?"

"Father," replied the vice consul, "I think I want to go home."

"Well," said the elder, "I have been thinking it was the best thing you could do; and the sooner you go the better. When can you get ready?"

"By the next train," was the reply. On the next train he started for the Buckeye State. Passing through Columbus, he called on Gov. Dennison, who was then in the gubernatorial chair, obtained a commission, and left for home in Ashtabula county. In three and one-half days from the time he left Montreal he had his company full and sworn into the United States service. That company he commanded in person until the

battle of Phillippi, when he was promoted to a majority in the 14th Regulars which regiment he led at Gettysburg. The 14th was close to the front, and was laying under the fire of the enemy; the Major was standing behind his command; behind him was a large rock, and behind the rock was a sharp-shooter with his telescope rifle, vainly endeavoring to silence a sharp-shooter of rebel persuasion whom the rebel General Wilcox kept on his staff to pick off our officers.

A large rock on the rebel right of Round Top afforded a safe cover for the Alabamian, who, by the way, was one of their crack marksmen. He would load his rifle behind the rock, then jump on the lat er and take deliberate aim at any officer he could see on our line; then drop behind the rock and reload.— This he continued with fearful rapidity and precision. Major Giddings being rather conspicuous, came in for a share of the rebel's attractions. At last, sick of the annoyance, he turned to the sharp-shooter in the rear.

"Here you man with the telescopic rifle, can't you bring down that rebel rifleman?"

"Well, major, I am trying to fetch him," replied the man; "but it is a long range."

"It is no longer for you than it is for him; and if you do not shoot him he'll shoot me," said the major, "and if it's all the same to you I'd rather you'd shoot him."

"But," answered the soldier, "the Johnny has one of those long range English Wentworth rifles, and they beat ours in bearing up at that distance."

"Well," remarked the major, "if you can't shoot him, stop trying, for you only draw his attention this way, and if you can't hit him, I'll shoot him myself."

The soldiers and others in hearing smiled at what they deemed the boasting speech of the major. Just then whizz came a shot from the rebel sharp-shooter, which completely shaved off one-half of the major's moustache. Now, this moustache was a particular pet of the major; in fact, his moustache was his pride. Feeling something rather sharply in close proximity to his nose, he quickly clapped his hand to the spot, and beheld one-half of his upper lip was shorn of its glory. To say that the major was mad would be drawing it rather mildly. Quickly snatching up a Springfield rifle from one of his men, he dropped behind a small rotten stump and layed low for the Johnny. In a few moments the game appeared, and quickly drawing his piece to his shoulder the rebel sharpshooter sent his ball crashing through the skull of the color corporal, within about three feet of the major.

But it was his last shot; for before he could gain his cover the major let drive, and the rebel was seen to toss his arms, throwing his rifle high in the air and fell headlong down the rocky perch dead as Julius Caesar. A stunning cheer from the entire line in sight of the rock greeted the major's feat, when he coolly proceeded to reload his rifle.

Just at that moment the rebel color guard came up to the rock close by where the dead sharpshooter lay, and planted their colors by it. The major dropped behind the rotten stump; taking rest over the top he sent the color sergeant one, and the rebel flag was brought to the dust. Again cheers broke from our lines; but by this time the enemy's attention was attracted to this point, and a squad of sharpshooters was brought up as near our lines as their covering would allow. They had evidently sighted the major's position. Captain Coppinger, of the 14th, who had been watching the movement on the part of the gray coats, suddenly called out:

"Major, you had better move off from that stump, for the enemy have got range and mean mischief."

The major moved some ten or twelve feet to the right, when whizz-r-r came a volley, and some eight bullets passed through the stump directly in range where the major's head was some seconds before. He coolly remarked: "A miss is as good as a mile," and walked away.

"What are you setting that child on that quarto dictionary for?" said Mrs. D., as the pater arranged his little boy at the breakfast table. "I am," replied he, "fixing the basis of a sound English education." "Yes," said she, "but you are beginning at the wrong end."

### A SCRIPTURAL PANORAMA—HOW IT WAS FITTED TO MUSIC.

'Mark Twain,' in the *Alto California*, tells the following interesting history of the scriptural panorama:

There was a fellow traveling in that country with a moral religious show—a sort of scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden-headed slab to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance the showman said:

"My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But, then, didn't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprieties, so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gate of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if it didn't neither follow suit nor trump, you understand?"

"Well, no," the fellow said. He hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came to hand.

So they put it up so that the simple old dummy was to keep his eyes on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture rolled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience to get an idea of the subject, and warn them up like a camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle aged and old people, who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were young bucks and heifers—they always come out strong on the panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to kiss one another's mug in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mad-dobber tickled the piano and ran his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and then the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panoramas. The showman balanced his weight on his hips, flung his eyes over the scenery, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems to burst in a weltering chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful!"

The mad-dobber was ready, and the second of the speech was finished, he struck up:

"Oh, we'll all get blind drunk, When Johnny comes marching home."

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman could not say a word. He looked at the piano-man sharp, but it was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his gift and started in afresh.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible history—our Saviour and his disciples upon the sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes. What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Saviour rebukes the angry waves and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering, "Oh, how lovely, how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again:

"Oh, a life on the ocean wave, And a home on the rolling deep."

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth and cursed the piano-man to himself, but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it anyhow, though his confidence was very shaky. The supe started the panoramas to going along again, and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Saviour. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe, also the attitude and expression of the Saviour, who takes him gently by the sleeves of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before any one could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up:

"Come, rise up, William R-I-I-e-y, And come along with me."

All the solemn old floats got up in a huff to go, and every body else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra and shook him up, and said:

"That lets you out, you know, you chowke-headed old chum! Go to the door-keeper and get your money, and cut stick!"

### A BEGGARED MILLIONAIRE.

Last week a brief item chronicling the sale of the Steele farm, on Oil Creek, for taxes due the Government, started on its voyage on the sea of newspaperdom. The paragraph will doubtless be read by many without a second thought, but those few lines might easily form the text for a discourse as lengthily as the moral law. It is hardly an exaggeration to state that wherever petroleum is known, the name of 'Johnny Steele,' the young prince of Venango county, has been heard, while the accounts of his apparently boundless wealth and reckless expenditures, were told in hundreds of papers, from the New York Herald down or up. Soon after the sale of the farm, the closing act, a brief history of the same may not be entirely without interest, which the Crawford Journal thus narrates:

"This farm, more generally known 'on the creek,' as the widow McClintock farm, is immediately opposite the flourishing little town of Rousseville, and was among the first of the oil producing farms of the valley. Early in 1853, the Van Slyke well on this farm, was struck, and flowed for some time at the rate of 2,500 barrels per day, and several wells yielding from 200 to 800 barrels were struck at subsequent periods. Beside these, there were many smaller wells, and the territory, though sadly mismanaged, is still regarded as among the best in the oil region. In 1864, widow McClintock died from the effects of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time the average daily income from the landed interest of the farm was \$2,000, and by her will the property, with all its possessions in money was left, without reservation, to her adopted son, John W. Steele, then about twenty years of age. In the iron safe where the old lady kept her money, was found \$150,000, two-thirds of the amount in greenbacks and the balance in gold. Mrs. McClintock was hardly cold in her coffin before young Steele, who appeared to have had nothing naturally vicious in his composition, was surrounded by a set of vampyres, who clung to him as long as he had a dollar remaining. The young millionaire's head was evidently turned by his good fortune, as has been that of many an older man who made his 'pile in oil,' and he was of the impression that his money would accumulate too rapidly unless it was actually thrown away, and throw it away he did. Many of the stories concerning his career in New York and Philadelphia savor strongly of fiction, and would not be credited, were they not so well authenticated.—Wise, women, horses, fairs, and general debauchery soon made a wreck of that princely fortune, and in twenty months Johnny Steele squandered two millions of dollars. Hon. John Morrisey 'went through' him at night to the amount of \$100,000 in two nights; he bought high priced turn outs, and after driving them an hour or two gave them away; he equipped a large minstrel troupe and presented each member with a diamond ring and pin, and kept about him besides, two or three men who were robbing him day after day. He is now filling the honorable position of door-keeper for Skiff and Gaylord's minstrels, the company he organized and is, to use a very expressive but not strictly classical phrase, completely 'played out.' The wealth obtained by those who worked so assiduously to effect Steele's

rain, gave little permanent benefit to its possessors. The person most brazen and chiefly instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs, was the notorious Seth Slocom, who hung around the city several weeks last summer. He was worth at one time over \$100,000, which he had 'captured' from Steele, and laid aside for a rainy day, but when the latter's money vanished, this amount soon took unto itself wings, and he is at present known among his old associates as a 'dead beat.' At last accounts, Slocom was incarcerated in the jail of a neighboring county for various breaches of the peace, and was unable to obtain bail in the sum of \$500. Exemptions of the old adage, 'easy come and easy go,' or of the other, 'fools and their money are soon parted.'

### THE HOME PRESS.

We clip the following from the Chicago Republican, and commend it to the consideration of our readers:

"What tells so readily the standard of a town or city as the appearance of its paper; and its youth or age can be well defined by the observing, by a glance at its newspaper as though a personal observation had been made. The enterprise of its citizens are depicted by the looks of the paper. Some papers show a good, solid, healthy foundation, plethoric purses and a well-to-do appearance generally; others show a striving to contend with the grasping thousands around them, trying to wrench out an existence from the close fist of community spirit. An occasional meteoric display in its columns of telegraph, of local or editorial, shows what it would do if it had the means, but cannot continue in the expensive work until the support comes which ought to be readily granted. A newspaper is like a Church; it wants fostering at the commencement and for a few years, then as a general thing it can walk alone, and reflect credit upon its location. Take your home paper; it gives you more news of immediate interest than the New York or other distant city papers; it talks for when no others will speak in your favor; when other localities belie you it stands up for your rights; you always have a champion in your home paper; and those who stand up for you should certainly be well sustained. Your interests are kindred and equal, you rise or fall together. Therefore, it is your interest to support your home paper, not grudgingly, but in a liberal spirit, as a pleasure, not as a disagreeable duty, as an investment that will amply repay the expenditure.

### FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.

The number of languages and dialects spoken in the world amounts to 3,064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about thirty-three years.—One quarter die previous to the age of seven; one half before reaching seven-teen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one half the human species. To every one hundred persons only one reaches one hundred years of life, to every one hundred only six reach the age of sixty-five; and not more than one in five hundred lives to eighty years of age! There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 94,832 every day, 3730 every hour, and sixty every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age than men, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every one hundred individuals. Marriages are most frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one fourth of the population.—Home Journal.

The lawyer's motto—Be brief. The doctor's motto—Be patient. The potter's motto—Beware. Type-setter's motto—Be composed.

### BEAUTY IN THE GARB OF AGE.

A beautiful young lady of Portland, Me., of high respectability, has been detected amusing herself by assuming the dress and appearance of a very old man. She lived some little distance from Portland, and it seems that frequently, during the past year, she has been in the habit of getting herself up as an aged man and going to town on the cars. In her disguise she would stroll about the city to her heart's content, and return home to tell the few friends in the secret of the fun she had enjoyed. It spoken too, she feigned deafness. The venerable form had become quite familiar in the streets of Portland, but none dreamed that beneath those gray hairs nestled soft auburn ringlets; that behind those green goggles sparkled a pair of roguish eyes; that the seely old coat covered shoulders that might rival those of Venus. But the romantic young heroine came to grief. Protracting her strolls too long the other day, the train was leaving just as she limped into the depot. In her anxiety to get on board she forgot her years, and ran after it with so much vigor as to astonish the natives. 'My lies, Johnny, look at that old coon go it,' exclaimed an enthusiastic newsboy, 'ain't he a lively old cock?' A smart run enabled the foolish girl to throw herself upon the rear platform, but just as she did so, away went hat, wig and goggles.— Two gentlemen on the rear platform were considerably astonished, but the young lady had sufficient presence of mind to explain, in a few frightened sentences, the position of affairs; and, it being nightfall, the gentlemen, who proved to be the genuine article, got the girl to her home without further publicity. The girl sustains an excellent character; and it is hardly necessary to add that the ludicrous upshot of her adventures as one of the 'oldest inhabitants' has terminated her fun-loving proclivities in that line.

### RAILROAD SIGNALS.

The varieties of the 'toot' of the locomotive, and the gyrations of the arms of the conductors by day, or lanterns by night, are about as intelligent to most people as first class Choctaw. The 'ol' lowing will give the readers a correct idea of their significations:

One whistle—"down brakes."

Two whistles—"Off brakes."

Three whistles—"Back up."

Continuou whistle—"Danger."

A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down.

A sweeping parting of the hands on level of eyes is signal to 'go ahead.'

A downward motion of the hand, with extended arms, 'to stop.'

A beckoning motion of one hand, 'to back.'

A lantern raised and lowered vertically, is a signal for 'starting' swung at right angles or cross ways the track, 'to stop,' swung in a circle 'to back the train.'

A red flag waved upon the track must be regarded as a signal of danger. So of other signals given with energy.

Hoisted at a station, is a signal for a train to stop.

Stuck up by the road side is a signal of danger on the track ahead.

Carried unfurled upon an engine, is a warning that another engine or train is on its way.

### DEATH OF THE 'JARGEST MAN.'—Mr. Jacob Doucks, a respected citizen of Manchester township, York county, and supposed to be the largest man in the country, died on Wednesday last, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty seven years. He was exceedingly corpulent, and was supposed to weigh about five hundred pounds at the time of his death. His coffin measured thirty-five inches in breadth by twenty-three inches in depth. His weight was not far from that of Daniel Lambert, of Leicester-shire, England, which is given as 528 pounds, and who is said to be the largest man in the world.

### HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, having a right to ask it from their fellow mortals, no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt!