

The Greene County Republican.

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

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STEAMER 'ELECTOR' ROBERT PHILLIPS.

STEREOGRAPHY—WITHOUT A TEACHER.

GEORGE S. JEFFERY, Dealer in Books and Stationery.

For the REPUBLICAN. A FRIEND of ours, poetically inclined, submits the following as his experience, not long since, sleigh-riding.

We were a rollicking party, you'd have said had you seen us. That started for us, all rampant for fun.

WHAT THE ENGINEER TOLD. I am an engineer. Ever since the road was laid, I've traveled over it every day, or nearly every day of my life.

My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Jo. Some people called me unaccountable, and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly without saying ten words an hour.

STEAMER 'ELECTOR' ROBERT PHILLIPS, Commander R. G. TAYLOR. Clerk: Leaves Greenboro, for Pittsburgh Mondays, Wednesday and Friday.

I shall miss you Ned, but you do love such things, and then if Mr. Granby belongs, they must be superior men.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead and dying and wounded were strewn around—men and women and children—old age and tender youth.

How did they come on the train? That chance had brought this trouble? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair.

I was so rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question. 'I must be crushed to pieces,' I said, 'for the train went over me; but I feel no pain.'

Answer next week. We, in the North, who are accustomed to repeated snow storms every winter, find it difficult to conceive of a place where winter comes without snow.

Give it to me this moment, Jo. She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took an oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should again.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. Happily, a mother's love is something upon which the great majority of mankind can look back—reverently and fondly look back—for an objective representation of its main characteristics.

There is nothing quite like it in this world of ours—nothing so morally beautiful; a self-fed, self-sustaining love, which can traverse wide deserts, and, like the camel, keep itself alive upon its little hoards of remembered joy.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I am composed of 25 letters. My 10, 21, 24, 16, 22, 11, 13 is a county in Western Pennsylvania.

A VERMONT soldier, entering the fight at Fredricksburg, saw a rabbit running off the field. 'Go it, Cotton Tail,' he exclaimed, 'if I didn't have a reputation to sustain, I'd be going too.'

A 'TIMBER HAT.' Someone about the year 1780 (so runs the tale,) a travelling millwright—in those days the king of mechanics—fourscore, and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho.

By his inborn mechanism, the man had invented the oval lathe and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune.—He became a distinguished machinist.

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a commentary upon the Book of Revelations; in one of which he said that, in order to fulfill certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated—the 1,260 days, or prophetic years of Daniel—there would be a mode of traveling discovered of which the men of his time had no conception.

A POINTED ILLUSTRATION.—A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel says that the following colloquy recently occurred between a noisy, brawling Democrat and a quiet, observing Republican.

A somewhat interesting episode occurred at Speaker Colfax's reception, a few evenings since. Messrs. Bedford and Leach, of North Carolina, and Mr. Mullen, of Virginia, all members of Congress before the war, were present.

A COOL FARMER. We have seen and heard of cool proceedings ere this, but the conduct of the Vermont agriculturist was positively 'cool.'

MATRIMONIAL MARKET.—The matrimonial market, remarks an exchange, about this time of year is pretty firm, but the different qualities of stock thrown upon the market make the fluctuations frequent.

The work on the great Pacific Railroad is being pushed with great energy. The cars now run to Cicero, within 18 miles of the summit of the Sierra Nevada.

The world is crazy to show. There is not one person in a thousand who dares talk back on his real, simple self for power to get through the world.

A gentleman was one day, in the old coaching times, travelling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace.—'Pray,' said he to the guard, 'what is the name of this coach?' 'The Regulator,' was the reply.

A Horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches him, is vicious. Don't buy him.