

# 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, MARCH 6, 1867.

NO. 39.

**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 in advance, or three dollars in advance for three insertions, and 50 cents 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,**  
 OF  
**Waynesburg,**  
 D. BOSCH, Pres't. J. C. FLECKNER, Cashier.  
 DISCOUNT DAY—TUESDAYS.  
 May 16, '66-17.

**W. E. GAPEN,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
**WAYNESBURG, PA.**  
 Office—in N. Clark's building, feb10'67.

**McCONNELL & HUFFMAN,**  
 Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
 Waynesburg, Pa.  
 Office—at the "Wright House," East door.—Collections, &c., will receive prompt attention.  
 Waynesburg Al. no. 26, 1862.—17.

**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, '66-17.

**W. H. HUFFMAN,**  
 MERCHANT TAILOR,  
 ROOM IN BRADLEY'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 stock, and select assortment of watches and jewelry. Repairing done at the lowest rates. ap17.

**"SHERMAN HOUSE,"**  
 JUST OPENED BY  
**Thos. Bradley**  
 POSITIVELY the most complete hotel in our town. Everything combined to furnish the best accommodation ever yet offered to the public.

Meals furnished at all hours, table provided with the best of the season. Also, a fine ice cream saloon, fitted up and attached to the house, and a bar untrivial for the variety and quality of its contents. Choice wines and brandies, good whiskey, ale, fine cigars, &c., form a few among the prominent items. Travellers and those desirous of refinement will do well to call. "Tom" still retains his old reputation of an accommodating gentleman, and hospitable landlord. Home, the one formerly occupied by the "Messenger" Office.  
 May 9, '66-17.

**PEOPLE'S LINE**  
 STEAMER "CHIEF."  
 Captain R. R. Adams.  
 Commanded by Capt. R. C. Masco, Clerk; leaves Brownsville daily at 7 a. m., for Pittsburgh, and leave that city at 5 p. m., daily.

STEAMER "ELECTOR." ROBERT PHILLIPS, Captain; G. TAYLOR, Clerk; leaves Greensboro, for Pittsburgh Mondays, Wednesday and Friday, and return on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Pittsburgh at 2 p. m. May 16, '66-6m.

**GEORGE S. JEFFERY,**  
 Dealer in Books and Stationery, Magazines, Daily Papers, Fancy Articles, &c., Waynesburg, Pa. ap17, '66-17.

S. B. HOLLAND,  
 WITH  
**Barcroft & Co.**

Importers of Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Cloths, Cassimers, Blankets, Linens, White Goods, &c., &c., Nos. 405 & 407 MARKET STREET, Above Fourth, North Side, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
 Mr. Holland taken occasion to advise the retail merchants of Greene, Washington and adjoining counties that he will call upon them and solicit their custom for the above named goods. Those wishing to address him can do so at Beallsville, Pa. feb13 '67.

**Executor's Notice**  
 LETTETS Testamentary having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of R. W. Robinson, late of Clarksville, Greene county, Pa., deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and those knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment promptly.  
 SETH ROBINSON,  
 DAVID ARNOLD, Jr.,  
 Executors.  
 Jan30, '67-6w

## THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the forest,  
 Where the trees are green and fair;  
 There is beauty in the meadow,  
 Where the flowers scent the air;  
 There is beauty in the sunlight,  
 And the soft blue beam above;  
 Oh! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the fountain,  
 Singing gaily at its play,  
 While rainbow hues are glittering  
 On its silvery, shiny spray,  
 There is beauty in the streamlet,  
 Murmuring softly through the grove;  
 Oh! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the moonlight,  
 When it sleeps upon the sea,  
 While the blue, foam-crested billows  
 Dance and frolic joyously;  
 There is beauty in the lightning gleams  
 That o'er the dark waves rove;  
 Oh! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the brightness  
 Beaming from a loving eye,  
 In the warm blush of affection,  
 In the tract of sympathy;  
 In the sweet, low voice whose accents  
 The spirit's gladness prove;  
 Oh! the world is full of beauty,  
 When the heart is full of love!

## A DOCTOR'S STORY.

"And now we'll have a cozy, comfortable evening together," said my wife. "And—what that, Irving?" My wife started nervously, as a sharp peal from the bell interrupted our brief interval of domestic quiet. "Only the surgery bell, my dear. Somebody wanting me, I suppose." And I went down stairs, secretly wondering to myself if, after all, there was such a very wide difference between a gaily slave and a country doctor. The surgery door stood wide open, but nobody was there, and through the blind darkness without I could discern the dark outline of a close carriage, and a man standing at the horse's head. "Who's there?—what's wanting?" I asked, coming to the threshold and instinctively buttoning up the overcoat I had hurriedly thrown on. "You're wanted, doctor," said the man, speaking indistinctly behind the mullion that surrounded his face. "Yes, but what for? Who wants me?" "I am not at liberty to tell." "I had already entered the carriage, but this suspicious answer inspired me with distrust. I made a step to descend but I was too late. The vehicle was already in motion. "It is quite unnecessary to alarm yourself, doctor," said a quiet measured voice at my side. "Believe me, you are quite safe; and I trust you will feel no uneasiness when I tell you must be blindfolded." And at the same instant a fold bandage was deftly slipped over my eyes. "Hold! I ejaculated. "It strikes me that this is rather superfluous. The night is dark as Erebus, and you have no lamp!" "Possibly," returned the dry voice; "but it is best to run no risks." And then ensued a silence of some ten or fifteen minutes, while the carriage rolled swiftly along, and the low, measured breathing of my unknown companion kept time to my own uncomfortable thoughts. At length my companion spoke again in the same soft, modulated tones. "Doctor, one more little precaution is necessary—your promise never to divulge to human soul a word of this night's visit." I hesitated. "I cannot bind myself by any such covenant. The relation between physician and patient are of course confidential; but—" "The carriage paused abruptly here, and the door was swung open. At the same instant something cold touched my temple. I recoiled in horror. "You surely would not murder me!" "You promise, doctor?" "I promise!" I gasped, recoiling from the chilling touch of the cold steel on my temples. "Very well, come!" I was led up a narrow walk, through a doorway, into a room, where the bandage was removed suddenly from my eyes.

The spot was very familiar to me—a ruinous cottage, long since abandoned to decay, in the very heart of dense, swampy woods. How the carriage had ever reached it I was at a loss to know. Upon a pile of straw, hurriedly throw

into the corner of the mouldering floor, lay a prostrate figure, moaning at every breath. His face was concealed by a handkerchief, and the blood was slowly dripping from a gunshot wound just above the ankle—a wound which had been densely bandaged by some unskilful hand. Moreover, there was a dark red stain on the straw where his head lay, and his light brown hair was matted with coagulated drops. Two or three men stood around, with rude masks of black cloth drawn over their faces, in which three slits were cut for the eyes and mouth; and a female figure knelt behind the heap of straw, veiled closely. The men silently made way for me as I advanced into the apartment, and held their lanterns so that the lurid light should fall full upon my strange patient as silently I stooped and examined both wounds. "Well?" asked my carriage companion. "I can do nothing. He must die." "Nonsense! A mere bullet through the leg—what does that amount to?" I hurriedly gasped the man. "In itself, not much; but that blow upon the skull must prove fatal." "A low, half-suppressed cry broke from the woman opposite. She tore the veil from her face, as if she could not breathe through its heavy folds, revealing features as white and beautiful in their marble agony as so much sculpture. She did not seem more than thirty, but I afterwards knew that she was indeed more than ten years older. But in spite of her present anguish, how grandly beautiful she was! Large dark eyes—hair like coiled gold, catching strange gleams from the shifting lanterns—and a broad, smooth brow—it was a face you see but once in a lifetime. And yet, in the midst of her distress she never spoke.

"At least," she said, "do something for him, doctor? You my interlocutor, impatiently. 'Don't let us waste time here.' As I proceeded in my ministrations, the moaning grew fainter and fainter, the convulsive movements became scarcely perceptible. A faint gleam of hope lighted up the face of the woman opposite; she looked appealingly at me. "He is better—he is surely better!" "He will be soon," I answered, moved to pity in spite of myself. "He cannot live half an hour longer." The horror of that sepulchral silence that fell upon us as my accents died away—shall I ever forget it? And five minutes afterward the breathing, spasmodic and painful to hear, died into eternal stillness.

The woman lifted the corner of the handkerchief, and gazed into the ghastly face. It was that of a young man of about twenty-two, and who had evidently been marvellously good looking. "Oh, heavens, he is dead!" Her clear agonized voice was ringing in my ears, as they led me back into the darkness of the night. I felt a bank note in my hand as I entered the carriage once more.

"Doctor, you have done your best; it is not your fault that your efforts have not been more successful. Remember, you are pledged to secrecy!" The next moment I was whirling swiftly through the November midnight, with the strange, unquiet feeling of one awakened suddenly from a startling dream. Yet it was no dream—alas! it was a startling reality.

The carriage stopped at a cross road near the village.

"Please to alight here, sir," said the driver. "You are not far from home." I obeyed, and stood listening in the middle of the road, while the noise of carriage wheels died away, losing its distinctness in the shriek of the restless winds. And the clock in the village church tolled out the hour of one.

Late as it was, however, my surgery was still open and lighted up; the servant from Haddenleigh Hall had just ridden up to the door.

"If you please, doctor, you are wanted immediately at the Hall. The Colonel said you were to ride my horse, if yours was not already saddled, and I can walk, so there will be no time lost."

I mechanically mounted the noble animal that stood waiting for me, and rode off rather glad of an opportunity to revolve in my mind the singular adventure that had befallen me during the evening.

Haddenleigh stood a little back from the road, on a magnificent knoll crowned with century-old chestnuts and beeches, and I reached the broad steps in about half an hour, by dint of rapid strides.

As I entered the vestibule, Colonel Hadden, who had been pacing up and down the Hall in a perfect agony of patience, came to meet me.

"Is that you, Dr. Meller? I thought you never would come. We're in a pretty state of confusion here. Burglars in the house—my wife's set of diamonds gone—nobody knows what else—but old Hopkins left his sign manual upon one of the fellows. They must be caught. They can't escape. For you see—" "Yes, but Colonel Hadden—" "Oh, ay—I understand you—you want to see your patient? It's Hopkins, the Butler; he got an ugly blow on the left arm—and afterward my wife went herself for Dr. Maynard—no offence, Meller, but he lives nearer than you, but he was out. She has only just returned, and I couldn't very well leave Hopkins; and Mrs. Hadden is such a kind good soul, she insisted on going herself to fetch Dr. Maynard—" "But, my dear sir—" "Ah, true! Come along to Hopkins' room."

Hopkins the butler, was as voluble as his master, and ten times as circumstantial; and by the time I had set his brook forearm, I was pretty well in possession of all the particulars of the attempted burglary at Haddenleigh. And thinking of my midnight patient, whose life had ebbed out upon the pile of straw. I felt a strange guiltiness as I listened to Colonel Hadden's eager conjectures as to the whereabouts of the desperado who had fled.

"And now, doctor, you'll take a glass of wine," said the hospitable old gentleman, ushering me into his library.

It was brilliantly lighted, and warm with the crimson glow of a genial fire, before which, wrapped in the gorgeous folds of Indian shawl,

"My wife, doctor. Isabel, my love, this is Dr. Meller."

"We stood before one another silent. I could not speak, for I knew that I was looking into the startled, agonized eyes of the woman who had knelt upon the desolate cotage—Colonel Hadden's new wife, of whose beauty I had heard so much.

The Colonel talked on, but I heard not a word that he said. I could not but marvel at the wonderful self-possession of the woman, smiling and looking grave and sad—"Yes" and "No" in the right places.

"To be sure," the Colonel was saying, as I woke into a sort of consciousness of voice, "the loss of Isabel's diamonds is something serious, but of course we shall recover them again. Only, my love, it was rather careless of you to leave them on the drawing room table."

"It was careless," replied Mrs. Hadden, calmly. "Doctor, you are not going? Colonel you have not forgotten that curious old book you were wanting to show Dr. Meller?"

As the door closed behind the honest old gentleman, Mrs. Hadden gazed up to me and placed her cold hand on mine; it was like the touch of an icicle.

"Doctor, you have my secret—you surely will not betray it!" "I am pledged to silence, madam," I returned, coldly; "but this deceit—" "Is not my fault, doctor," wailed the woman; "it is my fate. How I endure it! I can scarcely tell; were I to pause and think, I should go mad. The man who died to-night was my son! Colonel Hadden knows nothing of my first marriage, nor of this dreadful secret of my son's criminal life, that has weighed me down for years. Over and over again I have thought to escape it, but it has followed my footsteps like a doom. To-night closes that chapter of my life—oh, heaven! how dreadfully! But my secret is safe—the diamonds provided for that!"

"But your husband, Mrs. Hadden!" She covered her pallid, beautiful face with her hands.

"I know what you would say, Dr. Meller. I love and honor him beyond all men; but what can I do? Believe me, I have never willingly wronged or deceived him. I never dreamed of—" She paused abruptly. Colonel Hadden was entering the room, and the smiling, casual remark she addressed to him filled my heart with amazement—almost admiration.

I rode home to my blue-eyed little sitting-room, as if I were returning to the home, happy atmosphere of every day life. But I never forgot the terrible excitement, the fearful suspense of that November night.

The desperado who had attempted to rifle Haddenleigh Hall were never detected or taken—all traces of them seemed to have utterly vanished out of the earth. And were it not for the bank note which most liberally recompensed my services, and the overhauling witness borne by Mrs. Hadden's lovely face, I should almost have been tempted to fancy that all the events of that marvellous November midnight were the fragments of a dream.

This was my adventure—the first and last that every crossed the pathway of my life.

## IF A LADDER MEETS A LASSIE.

If a lassie meets a lassie  
 Walking in the street,  
 If the lassie wears a "tiler"—  
 Shows an ank'—neat;  
 If the wind is ruddy blowing,  
 Like her skirts too high,  
 And the lassie sees that ankle,  
 Need a lassie cry?

Every lassie wears a "tiler"  
 And a "hinderpest,"  
 And a metal "palpatator"  
 On her moony breast.  
 If, when married to the lassie,  
 These false charms he spy;  
 If he says, "I'm sold, by jingo!"  
 Need a lassie cry!

## ASPIRATIONS TO BE RICHL.

A youth writes us as follows—and his case is like that of so many others that we treat it thus publicly, suppressing his name:

"Dear Sir: I am a poor boy. I would like to get rich. Now what shall I do? I would like to quit this section I don't want to remain on my father's farm. Please give me the best advice you can, and oblige, Yours, c. s. s."

Answer.—The aspiration to be rich—though by no means the highest that can impel a career—is, in our view, wholesome and laudable. The youth who says, "Let me be rich any how, and before all other considerations," is very likely to bring up in some State Prison; but he who consistently says, "Let me first be just, honest, moral, diligent, useful; then rich," is on the right road. Every boy ought to aspire to be rich, provided he can be without unfaithfulness to social obligation or to moral principle.

But how shall he set about getting rich? We would concisely say: I. Firmly resolve never to owe a debt.—It is the fundamental mistake of most boys to suppose that they can get rich faster on money earned by others than on that earned respectively by themselves. If every youth of 18 to 25 years were to-day offered \$10,000 for ten years at seven per cent. interest, two-thirds of them would eagerly accept it; when the probable consequence is that three-fourths of them would die bankrupt and paupers. Boys do not need money half so much as the need to know how to earn and save it. The boy who, at the close of his first year of independence, has earned and saved \$100, and invested or loaned it where it will pay him six or seven per cent., will almost surely become rich if he lives; while he who closes his first year of responsibility in debt, will probably live and die in debt. There is no greater mistake made by our American youth than that of choosing to pay interest rather than receive it. Interest devours us while we sleep; it absorbs our profits and aggravates our losses. Let a young man at twenty-five have \$1,000 loaned on bond and mortgage or invested in public securities and he will rarely want money thereafter; in fact, that \$1,000, invested at seven per cent., will of itself make him rich before he is sixty. There is no rule more important or wholesome for our boys than that which teaches them to go through life receiving interest rather than paying it. Of the torments which afflict this mortal sphere, the first rank is held by Crime; the second by Debt.

II. Acquire promptly and thoroughly some useful calling.—Some pursuits are more lucrative, some more respectable, some more agreeable, than others; but a chimney-sweep's is far better than none at all. No matter how rich his parents may be, a boy should learn a trade; no matter how poor he may be, a boy may learn some trade if he will.—This City is full to-day of young (and old) men who have been clerks and book-keepers, porters, &c., &c., yet can find nothing to do, and are starving because their foolish parents did not give them trades. A trade is an estate, and almost always a productive one. A good, efficient farm-laborer can generally find paying work if he does not insist in looking for it in a city where it cannot well be; while many a college graduate finishes because nobody wants the only work he knows how to do. Let nothing prevent your acquiring skill in some branch of productive industry.

III. Resolve not to be a rover.—A rolling stone gathers no moss; but is constantly thumped and knocked, and often

shivered to pieces. If you are honest and industrious, you must be constantly making reputation, which, if you remain in one place, helps you along the road to fortune. Even a hod-carrier or street sweeper who has proved that his promise to appear on a given day and hour and go to work may be trusted, has a property in the confidence thus created. If you cannot find your work where you now are, migrate; but do it once for all. When you have stuck your stake, stand by it!

IV. Comprehend that there is work all most everywhere for him who can do it.—An Italian named Bianconi settled in Ireland some sixty years ago, and got very rich there by gradually establishing lines of passenger conveyances all over that island. Almost any man would have said that he who went to Ireland to make his fortune must be mad. He who knows how, and will work, can get rich growing potatoes in New-England, though he hasn't a five cent stamp to begin with. There is work that will pay for a million more people on the soil of Connecticut alone. There are millions of unproductive acres within a day's ride of this City that might be bought and rendered largely fruitful at a clear profit of \$100 or more per acre. A man in Niles, Mich., declined to go gold-hunting in the Rocky Mountains because there was more gold in Niles, than he could get hold of. The reason was a good one, and it applies almost everywhere. If you can find nothing to do where you are, it is generally because you can do nothing.

V. Realize that he who earns six-pence per day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends six pence more than he earns must become poor.—This is a very hackneyed truth; but we shall never be done needing its repetition. Hundreds of thousands are not only poor but wretched to day, simply because they fail to comprehend or will not heed it. We Americans are not only an extravagant but an ostentatious people. We habitually spend too much on our own stomachs and our neighbors' eyes. We are constantly in hot-water, not because we cannot live in comfort on our means, but because we persist in spending more than we need or can afford. Our youth squander in extra food and drinks, in frolic and dissipation, which does them harm instead of good, the means which should be the nest-egg of their future competence. When cares and children cluster about them, they grumble at their hard fortune; but forgetful that they wasted the years and the means which might and should have saved them from present and future poverty.

All these are very trite, homely, truths. All our boys have heard them again and again; but how many have laid them to heart? We assure G. G. S., and every other youth, that each may become rich if he will—that 'to be or not to be' rests entirely with himself; and that his very first lesson is to distrust and shun by-paths and shot cuts and keep straight along the broad, obvious, beaten highway.

It is sufficient to call attention to the general principles involved in the case, which fortunately are of so much importance as to commend themselves to the attention of all. When these are properly studied no one can mistake the course to be pursued, for on the one hand we have the principles of government by autocracy, or the one-man power, and on the other, of democracy, or by the representatives of the people. As the purpose of the Constitution could not possibly have been to make an autocracy, but a free democratic republic, it must be obvious that most of the assumptions on which the policy of the present Congress are held to be unconstitutional, violent and revolutionary, are diametrically opposed to the spirit in which the Constitution was framed.

Of late years it has been universally conceded, both in Europe and America, that the President of the United States wields more actual power than any constitutional monarch in Europe. This was under the most ordinary and limited interpretation of the prerogatives of the office. But Mr. Johnson has stretched his assumptions of power far beyond all precedent, and seems inclined to imitate surprise that Congress will not submit quietly to these usurpations. Great and perilous as were previously the attributes of the Presidency, he has made them more so; and in fact, in his hands, they have become most dangerous to the liberties of the republic. To contend that what he has done and is doing every day is constitutional, and that Congress is grossly in error in opposing and fettering him, is virtually to contend that the framers of the Constitution had no faith in representative institutions, and that under pretext of organizing a republic they set up a sort of elective monarchy.

It is absolutely essential that the people should now prove by course of Congress that they always hold in their possession the means of rectifying Executive errors. We must prove that this is not a government of Executive caprice and arbitrary power, but of law and order, of democratic-republican institutions, of representative legislation and popular basis. If Mr. Johnson's assumptions should be tolerated, our government would in a great measure lose its character of republicanism and become autocratic. It is proper that we should look this matter sternly in the face, for it nearly and dearly concerns all our liberties, and must be held to be the most important issue of the day. President Johnson found himself opposed by an adverse majority in Congress. Instead of treating it respectfully and deferentially, as became the occasion, he, in the most insolent and defiant language he could utter, insulted, slandered and denounced that majority, and appealed to the constituents of the members.—Elections have since been held, at which he appeared as an advocate in his own behalf, backed by all the influence of his Cabinet and the countenance of the great heroes of the war, as well as of the whole strength of the Democratic party, and Congress has been sustained and vindicated in the most triumphant manner. Instead of bowing to this verdict of a tribunal to which he had himself appealed, he goes on in his headlong course, repeats his insults, and vetoes right and left all the important acts of Congress.

It is by his inspiration that the charge of revolution is made against Congress. It is the act of one who is himself guilty of the most outrageous usurpations, and it is made as an offset to his master fairly and squarely. The powers Congress is now exercising are those confided to it by the Constitution. They are the conservative powers requisite, nay indispensable, to the maintenance of popular liberties, and are now wielded because the emergency demands that they should be.

## THE TAX BILL PASSED.

The House finally passed the amendatory Tax bill. The license tax on distilleries was fixed at five hundred dollars instead of one hundred as at present.—The gas tax was passed so as to compel the companies and not the consumers to pay the tax after April next. The important tax on cigars, cheroots and pigarets was fixed at a specific tax of five dollars per thousand on all kinds.—The ad valorem rate is abolished, and is simply to be a specific tax of the rate named in future. The House refused to sustain the Committee in abolishing the cotton tax, by a vote of 65 to 95, and retained it as in the present law now in force. The income tax was agreed upon at the uniform rate of 5 per cent., with one thousand dollars exempt.