

# The Franklin Repository, Chambersburg, Pa.

## Franklin Repository.

### FROM DELAWARE.

**WILMINGTON—DUPONT'S MILLS—The Brandwine—Beautiful Scenery, &c.**

Correspondence of The Franklin Repository.

WILMINGTON, Oct. 20, 1863.

The same Providence, which, as the Irishman observed, has made large rivers to run by large cities, has also caused beautiful streams to run by manufacturing towns, and if, as is the case with Wilmington, the town is situated on hills, there results a combination of physical features, at once healthy and delightful. The common idea of a manufacturing town is a sooty, dingy place, bristling with chimneys, and enveloped in smoke, the cause of its prosperity. But the manufacturers of Wilmington are of the kind which make more noise than smoke, viz: carriage and shipbuilding. The mills, which are numerous, being mostly situated outside the town, up the Brandywine. If you have not heard of this enchanting river, you must know of Dupont's mills, so that at least a sort of scientific curiosity will tempt your steps thither; you should take for your guide an enthusiastic Wilmingtonian, and, let it by all means be a lady, as a gentleman might engage you in a political discussion, in which men, like love, are blind. Of course you have no expectations, you are from the mountains, and believe in nothing which is not sublime or imposing. There is a slope before you, and your friend tells you that at its base runs the river. You hear a murmuring sound, but, as yet, see nothing. Across the slope the land rises in broad, gently swelling hills, perfectly luxuriant, and as it seems, revelling in perpetual sunlight. As you approach, the murmur rises to a continuous sound of falling water; in a moment you are on the bridge. You look up and fancy yourself transported to a region of tropical verdure and loveliness. The sky is soft and brilliant, the woods suffused with golden light, and the river runs down over its rocky bed a mosaic of foam and brightness.

A race is divided from the river, and, at your left, pours its waters in a crystal fall over a mill wheel, whose sides and beams are overgrown with wet moss, which, under the sun, has the hue and the lustre of chrysocolla; on the opposite shore, innumerable cascades flash through the trees, glancing down the rocks like melting icicles. Everywhere there is motion, sparkle, and luxuriance.

When your eye is satisfied with the view from the bridge, you turn up the race path. On one side is the race so clear that you can almost count the pebbles at the bottom, and on the other, the river, which is even more transparent, reflecting every form and tint with perfect distinctness, and imparting to them a softer brilliance, which reminds one of the images in a camera. On both sides, are thick woods, which probably owing to the humid atmosphere, preserve through the summer heats the freshness of their spring verdure. The trees are closely interlaced and festooned with vines which impart a tropical exuberance. Water willows droop their boughs in graceful pendants to the very surface of the stream, and every wind reveals the shining leaves of the silver maple. The race continues about a mile, curving enough to give new vistas at every rod, and then returns to the bosom of the main stream which has all the tranquility of a lake. Here you are lost in quiet rapture. The water is fringed with grasses, and shaded with trees—so dark, so deep, so secluded, it would be melancholy but for the radiance imparted by the sky. On the northern bank, broad meadow slopes stretch down from the woods the haunt of sunlight and shadow, grass plots which win the first breath of spring and remain green long after the maples which wave over them are crimson. From the head of the race the scenery becomes wilder and more imposing. The bank is a hill overhanging and imbedded with rocks, at whose base the river flows as through a chasm. These heights are often precipitous, but relieved and mellowed by the emerald verdure, which covers every spot and springs from every crevice, even the rocks affording soil for mosses and running vines. Nor is the eye alone gratified, for this verdure is as fragrant as it is beautiful, and these woods the haunt of innumerable birds whose melody and motion complete the charm.

The city is entirely shut from view, or, if an occasional sight in the woods discloses it, it is wrapt in the golden haze peculiar to this atmosphere, that it seems an aerial illusion. We can scarcely realize that here, at the very edge of civilization, Nature has been so lavish and that she has so possessed herself of the spot as forever to resist the encroachments of Art.

You may return a thousand times, still the scene never tires or satiates; you may view it by night and by day, and can never determine whether it is more enchanting when the sun infuses its sensuous splendors, or when night folds around its violet shades and glow worms flash and darken in the air, and the moon sheds over all its mysterious idealizing light.

At a Washington letter to the Boston *Traveler* says: "While at the Centre Market this morning I met Edwin M. Stanton doing his marketing after his usual habit. He was selecting his own butter, his meat, and so forth, with as much particularity as any man in town. It was about sunrise, and I have met him in June in the market before sunrise. Some people will regard this as a fine trait in his character. It certainly shows that he is not a sleepy-head, but no one ever accused him of sleeping too much, that I ever heard of—the charge formerly has been that he does not sleep enough. Before Mr. Seward went into the Cabinet he always wished to do his own marketing in this market. To go back further, Daniel Webster, when he lived in Washington, was always in the habit of rising early and going to market, to the horror of some of his Southern friends, who committed such work to a favorite slave."

### PERSONAL.

Artemus Ward is lecturing in Boston. Jenny Lind has been singing at harvest festivals in England.

Forrest is still performing successfully at Niblo's, in New York.

A new tenor whose name is "Holler," is engaged to appear in Philadelphia.

Ex-Senator Gwin had arrived in Paris in twenty days from Wilmington, N. C.

Maj. Gen. Dix and staff are making the tour of New England, to inspect the defenses.

Mosby is strapped to his saddle, with one leg amputated at the hip joint, and running a wild career.

It is said a European loan has been proposed in order to start Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico.

Gen. Meredith has been compelled to relinquish his command, on account of a severe attack of pneumonia.

Gen. Rufus King has been appointed Minister to Rome, and has resigned his position in the army to accept.

Hon. Edward Everett has been invited to deliver the address at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery.

Col. Billy Wilson, of New York, is soliciting authority from the War Department to raise a brigade of troops.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated American tragedienne, is in Washington, the guest of Secretary Seward.

Capt. Russell, of the Baltimore and Fortress Monroe line of steamers, has been arrested, it is said, on serious charges.

Gen. Sickles bade adieu to his old corps and returned to Washington. Gen. Meade not considering him well enough to resume command.

Colonel Percy Wyndham has asked for a Court of Inquiry, with a view to ascertain the reasons why he was recently relieved from all military duty.

Mrs. Jessie Fremont is yet at Nahant, enjoying the beauties of the sea-girt shore. The General is proprietor of one of the finest houses on the peninsula.

Major Thomas M. Vincent, Assistant Adjutant-General, has gone to West Point as a member of an important court-martial which is ordered to convene there for the trial of certain Cadets.

It is stated that Judge Advocate General Holt's review of the evidence in the investigation of the evacuation of Winchester by General Milroy, entirely exonerates that officer from blame.

Baron Gustavus Rothschild retires from business with a fortune of thirty million dollars, and there are now in Europe but four houses of Rothschilds—in London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfort.

Amos Kendall, who was Postmaster General under Gen. Jackson, owns a place a mile from the capitol at Washington. He raises a great variety of very fine grapes and this year, for the first time, has carried them to market. He is very wealthy, owning a third or more of the Morse telegraph patent.

It is thought here in professional circles that Chief Justice Taney's protracted hold on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States will be unloosed before the spring of 1864. A desire is universally expressed among lawyers and politicians, that his successor in office may be a statesman whose history gives the soundest guarantees of Anti-Slavery sentiments, and whose eminence as a lawyer and Senator has only been surpassed by the splendor with which he has administered the finances of the United States during the great rebellion.

The Philadelphia *North American* says that the denunciating guerrilla Quantrell is no other than the celebrated thief, forger, and big-mist, known as Dr. J. R. Hayne, whose likeness is in the Central Station Rogues Gallery. He served five years in the Frankfort, Ky., Prison, being liberated just before the rebellion broke out. He changed his name and obtained Government employment as a major at Washington, but was found unfit for his position. Many years of his life have been spent in prison. He was an expert forger, a cold blooded murderer, and a heartless debauchee—in short, a cavalier of the first water.

Gen. R. W. Johnson (says the Louisville *Journal*) has been exceedingly ill for some weeks, and, upon the army's first arrival at Chattanooga, spoke to Gen. Rosecrans about the necessity of his obtaining leave of absence for a time. "Yes," said General R., "you need it very much and can have it, but we shall probably have a battle very soon." "Ah, then," said General J., "I shall stay, and my health must take care of itself. And he did stay. He fought in the invincible corps of Thomas, and most noble and heroic was the fight he made. All the rebel forces that dashed themselves against his command were broken. Gen. Breckinridge made an attack with sixteen hundred men and retreated with but three hundred.

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At this time you have probably forgotten the powder works, and are quite surprised when your friend exclaims, "there are the mills!" The hill has become so rocky it resembles a stone-quarry; the water is dammed up into a lake-like basin, and opposite you on a green velvet ledge stands a dark strong wooden building like a cabin. It is the first of the mills, which form a series, each department being so separated from the rest as to render it almost impossible for an explosion to affect more than one. If you are a woman, you probably experience such a sensation as you would in looking into the crater of a volcano; if a man, you divest yourself of your pen-knife, keys, etc., and prepare to enter. After all, there is nothing like getting used to a thing. Wilmingtonians will tell you that after every explosion numerous Irishmen may be seen, bundle in hand, running along the turnpike which forms the shortest road to the mills, eager to secure the vacancies made by their sumptuously discharged brethren.

### Drugs, Medicines, &c.

#### NIXON'S COLUMN.

At no time since the commencement of Nixon's Drug Store, has there been so

#### FULL AND COMPLETE A STOCK

of Fresh and

#### PERFECTLY RELIABLE MEDICINES

To offer to those who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to indulge in such luxuries. The fact is, that unless there are large and rapid sales, no establishment can supply its

customers with strictly fresh and reliable remedies, in the shape of Drugs and Chemicals. Time

affects with much more rapidity many more articles in medicine than in any other merchandise, hence the necessity of rapid change of stock to

secure to the purchaser just what is wanted. Nixon is able, by rapid changes in stock, always to present the very best to his customers. He desires to keep the above facts before the community, and to solicit a continuance of favors. In connection with his full stock of

#### DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

he offers a full assortment of

#### PATENT MEDICINES OF STANDARD CHARACTER.

Such as:

Jayne's Family Medicines,

Ayer's Pectoral,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Helmholz's Preparations,

Hostetter's Bitters,

Drake's Bitters,

German Bitters,

Wishart's Pine Tree Cordial,

Tarrant's Aperient,

Kennedy's Discovery,

Hunt's Liniment,

Blair's Hypophosphites,

Hobson's Pills,

Wright's Pills,

Morse's Pills,

Broadbent's Pills,

Leidy's Pills,

Townsend's Pills,

Perry Davis's Pain Killer,

Falmsteck's Vermifuge,

Worm Confections,

Worm Candy,

Plasters,

Ointments,

Washes, Lotions,

with many other articles in this line, all of which are sold only on the representation of the makers of the articles.

BAZIN'S, LUBIN'S, EDRIII'S

and other

#### CHOICE PERFUMERY AND SOAPS.

Hair Dyes, Pomades, and other articles for the Hair, among which is

#### NIXON'S BROMATRICHOS.

OR

#### HAIR FOOD.

One of the best and most cleanly articles for the Hair, containing no grease, yet rendering the Hair soft and glossy, and preventing it from prematurely falling off.

#### NIXON'S GLYCERINE LOTION.

Which is just the article needed for the removal of Dandruff from the Scalp, and leaving the hair soft and glossy. In presenting these two articles for the Hair, the Proprietor has the satisfaction of knowing that they do all that is represented.

#### NIXON'S TETTER OINTMENT

continues as much a favorite as ever and it can and does perform remarkable cures of Skin Diseases, and is guaranteed in all cases to act as represented.

#### HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

In less than one year and a half OVER TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED PACKS HAVE BEEN SOLD, and the sales are on the increase. It is just the Horse.

The Cow,

The Sheep,

The Hog,

It is neatly put up and full directions go with each pack. Hundreds of testimonials could be presented, but the proprietor deems it best to let it travel on its own merits.

#### RABER CROUP SYRUP

Is made only at Nixon's for this County, and has a host of friends who can testify to its merits.

Nixon is able to offer a large stock of

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Supporters, Bandages, also

Combs, Brushes, Toilet Powders, Perfumes, Shaving Soaps, Toilet Soaps, Pocket Books, Purse, Indelible Ink, Tooth Powder, Tooth Washes, Tooth Brushes, Floss Brushes, Pure Spices, Starch, Indigo, Stove Black, Saponifier, Rat and Roach Destroyer.

In conclusion, Nixon begs leave to say that his stock will always be kept up to the very best point, and will include

every thing calculated

to give health and comfort to the afflicted,

besides such articles as taste requires.

The important lever in business, and as all

who may desire Coal and Lumber to give them a call, feeling assured that no means will be spared to accommodate them on the most reasonable terms.

June 17, 1863.

LEWIS EBERT & SON.

His stock is well selected stock, he being a practical Shoemaker, consisting of Ladies' Garters, Boots, Slippers and Shoes, Men's Chamois, Cloth, Stockings, Socks, Gentlemen's Garters, Slippers, Boots and Buttons.

Do not forget the place. No trouble to show Goods of

the NEW STORE, two doors North of Fisher's Hotel, Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa., by

June 17, 1863.

PETER FELDMAN.

1863.

#### PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD.

This great line traverses the North

and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad

Company, and under their arrangement