



By W. Blair.]

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SELECT POETRY.

ONE SHORT YEAR.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

In one short year, O who can tell
What changes time may bring!

Minford's tide may well along,
And cloud the noble brow;

The young may now dream golden dreams,
The future has in store;

The changes wait of one short year,
So strangely do they seem;

TRUE POETRY.

For elegance and beauty, the following lines from
the pen of Charles Mackay, challenge the whole
world of poetry.

How many thoughts I gave thee!
Come hither on the grass,

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where seas run high,

And how much love I profess!
Come scoop the ocean dry,

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE HOME LIFE OF A WOMAN.

"A woman's work is never done," said
Mrs. Brown, as she brought a chair from
the rank file against the wall, and offered
it to her neighbor, Mr. Jones.

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's
gone to the village to hear about secession—
something or other. I can't keep track
of it, I'm so hurried and tired."

"You mean to say you hain't any patri-
otism; don't care what those rascally
freeters do, anyhow, I suppose; little odds
to you whether Major Anderson holds out
or not?"

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into
Mrs. Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson
crept and wavered uncertainly; then station-
ed itself in the accustomed place.

ful look in them. "In geography, I re-
membered how I liked to learn about 'em,
and then I thought may be I'd see all those
beautiful things some day; you know girls
have their fancies. But I've given all that
up."

"Then it's trying to a woman's nerves
—the kind of work she has to do. 'Tisn't
like plowing, and sowing, and driving hor-
ses, that's heavy work, to be sure, but
then you're strong to do it. But we have
such particular, careful work. Now, there
is bread making—you don't know how
much worry there is about it. You must
take so much into the account, the kind of
flour, the kind of wood you have to make
your fire, the yeast: all these are changing
and you must make allowances for this—
You must let the bread rise just so much,

"And so you see, with all these things,
I don't think much about what's going on
outside, that you and John talk about,
though I often wish I could. And I think,
somehow, I'm like our old hen, I spoke of,
for I don't mind much about myself. I
see that I'm getting to stoop more every
year, and there are gray hair on my tem-
ples, though I'm not thirty yet. The
wrinkles are so plain, too on my forehead.
I'm sorry; John thought I was pretty
years ago, I remember how straight and slim
I used to be, and had nice brown hair and
red cheeks. Dear me! there hasn't been
a bit of color in them for years. John is
always good and kind, but he don't know
how worried I get, most every day, and
when I speak short and fretful sometimes,
he looks surprised and says, 'What! Mary,
is it you speaking in such a voice as that?'"

"Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering
sort of way. 'Why, I never thought of
this before,' he said. 'I thought women's
work wasn't much any way. But I see
you're right. According to your strength,
you have the hardest time. We work hard
then, as you say, we're stronger and have
more variety; then at evening we rest—
I'm glad you spoke so, Mrs. Brown. I'll
be more considerate toward the women—
I'd advise you to keep a hired girl, only
they're such crows, vexing things.'"
"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Brown re-
plied. "Hired girls are abused, too. They
have the same troubles that I have, almost.
No wonder they complain sometimes, who
have cause always. We ought to be
sorry for them, and remember their troubles.
And then, John can't afford to keep a girl;
I wouldn't let him. No, there's no way
for me but to keep working and worrying
till I can't do any more, and then they'll
lay me away where it is quiet, and I shall
rest. But" and her eyes grew bright, "my
children will grow up tall and strong, and
if my life goes to nourish theirs, I suppose
it's all the same. And yet I sometimes
wish my life had been a brighter one."

"A rough hand fell on the woman's head,
but its touch was gentle as her mother's;
and his voice was firm and manly as his
mother's. "Your life shall be a brighter one,
Mary. God help me to make it so."
She turned quickly, exclaiming in her
sad, sweet voice:
"John, John!"
The New York Tribune makes the fol-
lowing sensible remarks on the subject of
hasty marriages:
"Ther is not a city, there is scarcely a
township which does not number among its
inhabitants women who have married on
very short acquaintance, only to be aban-
doned, deserted, and left a burden and a
life long sorrow to the families in which they
were born and reared, and which they most
improperly deserted to share the fortune
of relative strangers. If young ladies
would realize how grossly indelicate, as
well as culpably reckless, such marriages
appear in the eyes of the observing, they
surely would forbear. A year's thorough
acquaintance with the most circumstantial
accounts, from disinterested and reliable
witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood
are the very least guarantee which any
woman who realizes what marriage is, will
require of a stranger. Even then, if her
parents are not fully satisfied, as well as
herself, she should still hesitate. Mar-
riage is an undertaking in which no delay
can be so hazardous as undue precipitation

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

"OUR FATHER."

Reader, have you ever thought how
beautiful is prayer!—that mystic, indescrib-
able, invisible ladder of faith, by which we
ascend in the grey dawn and the evening
shadow up to God!

Have we ever closely contemplated the
suggestive eloquence of that familiar in-
vocation which for eighteen hundred years
has gone up from altar and fireside, from
cottage and palace, all over the broad
sweep of Christendom? Have you thought
of the lowly hearts it has inspired, of the
deathless deeds its clarion notes have incited!

What a tale it tells of dungeons and of
scaffolds, of persecution and of suffering.
Backward it carries us through the long
pathway of ages, past the gravestones of
epochs and the monuments of empires.
In its clear rays we read the faith that
made those old Christians stronger than
their persecutors and induced their thro' to
beyond the stars.

Oh! there is a world of beauty in the
associations that cluster around the old
time prayers of earlier and happier years
—the prayers of our mothers taught us un-
der the old roof and about the shrine of
home! How they speak to us, like familiar
voices, of the loved ones that have gone
out into the shadowy mystery and inspire
us with emulation and with reverence.

And oh, have we not need of such emula-
tion and reverence in the shock and whirl
of life! Have we not need of the strength
and assurance that come from prayer when
the battle rages wild and the legions of
temptations press close to our want and
our woe? Have we not need of this when
honor is death, and virtue a pauper's grave?
Have we not need in the morning of life,
whilst yet on the threshold of existence,
when all things look bright and beautiful
around us, and the end and blossom of
springtime hedge us thickly about!—have
we not need, I repeat, in the outset of this
pilgrimage of promise to look for guidance
and instruction, for aid and succor, to 'Our
Father who art in Heaven'! And oh! with
the glitter and charm of gold assailing us
at our weakest point, with the ranks of
glory vacant and the throne of power un-
occupied—with ambition in our rear and
the wild world before us—have we, I say,
thus environed, no need to send our souls
up to God on the wings of that divine in-
vocation—"lead us not into temptation, but
deliver us from evil!"

Have the sad and forlorn, the widow
and the fatherless, the desolate, and those
that have no helper, and to whom life of-
fers nothing but shame or misery—oh!
have they no need, from the depths of
their bruised and bleeding hearts, to cry
"Give us this day our daily bread!"
And have the great in intellect, and the power-
ful in offices of responsibility and trust, who
hold the reins of civilization and guide the
helm of nations, and the destinies of men
—have these, drunk with prerogative and
privilege, with nature inclined to vanity,
and with the constitutional infirmities of
lesser men—I ask, have not these need,
in devout and earnest recognition, to ex-
claim, "Thine is the kingdom, the power
and the glory!" And when the "pale
horse" comes with its terrible rider and
strikes down our hopes and our joys;
when the "white" is put in because the
harvest has come," and the loved and the
cherished are gathered home; when the
soul is appalled and the heart overwhelmed
by grief; when tears gather thick on the
bier and the shadow of bereavement hangs
heavily upon us—then, oh! then, has the
rebellious spirit no need, in humility and
faith, to pray, "Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven!"

And thus, in some way or other, we
have all need of divine help and consola-
tion that flows from this beautiful fountain
of prayer. At every moment, some neces-
sity of our nature or condition of our lives,
demand it. It is our sun and our shield,
our sword and our buckler; it is God's
beacon light along the coast of heaven, to
guide us safely home.
Then out it upon our hearts, oh weak
and frail, oh, tempted and doubting, oh,
sorrowful and suffering humanity. Let its
proud truths flash upon our inspiration,
purge our souls and kindle a shame for vice in
your wayward, and selfish, and guilty na-
ture. Give your life to reveal in its prece-
dents, shade and sanctify, oh, world-weary
and downhearted, grave it on your battle-
flag, the peerless legion of spirits, and let
its inspiring shadow, kiss the front ranks
of your armies like a blessed benediction;
grasp it firmly when danger threatens, and

press it close to your heart in the smoke
and the flame of battle. And oh, keep the
memory of its great hero, before you, and
you will not forget how to strike his col-
ors. Keep your eye upon your standard
and your heart in your eyes, and if death
comes you will know how to welcome it;
and your loyalty to your flag and your
faith in its cause shall be the test of your
merit as a soldier of the legion of the
Cross.

A SOUTHERN MARTYR.

When the secret history of current e-
vents at the South is brought to light, there
will be revelations of sacrifice and suffering
for loyalty to the Union that will show
that the age of heroism has not wholly
gone by. A recent letter from a lady in
Charleston, of undoubted authenticity,
gives an account of a martyr to loyalty,
whose name will be honored in the history
that is yet to be written of the great events
of this age, though now concealed from
motives of prudence:

Poor F— is dead; before the fall of
Sumter he exerted all his influence, using
both pen and voice against rebellion, until
he was thrown into prison. At first he
was treated as an ordinary criminal await-
ing trial; but after the battle of Manassas,
the Confederates seemed drunk with tri-
umph at their victory, and mad with rage
over the vast number of victims who fell
in their ranks. I wrote you with what
pomp this city mourned her dead; amid it
all when the Confederates' host seemed
like to win, F— was offered freedom and
promotion if he would espouse the Con-
federate cause. His military and scientific
attainments were considerable, which made
them anxious for his services. "I have
sworn allegiance to the Union," he said,
"and am not one to break my pledge."
When tempted by promotion if he could
be prevailed upon to enlist beneath their
banner, he said, "you cannot buy my loyal-
ty. I love Carolina, and the South; but
I love my country better." Finding him
faithful to the flag he loved, he was made
to feel the power of his enemies. He was
thrown into a miserable, damp, ill-venti-
lated cell, and fed on coarse fare; half the
time neglected by his drunken keeper.—
His property was confiscated, and his wife
and children beggared. Poor fellow! he
sank beneath his troubles, and was soon
removed from the persecution of his oppres-
sors. The day before his death he said
to his wife: "Mary, you are beggared be-
cause I would not prove disloyal."
"God be thanked for your fidelity!" re-
plied the wife. "They have taken your
wealth and life, but could not stain your
honor, and our children shall boast an un-
spotted name. My husband, rejoice in
your truth." She returned to her friends
after his death, openly declaring her proud-
est boast should be, her husband died a
martyr to his patriotism. Who shall say
the day of heroism has passed!

An Autumn for the Nation

There is something exquisitely beauti-
ful in these ideas of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher
pastor of the Second Universalist Church
at Lowell, Mass., a few days ago, from the
text: "We all do fade as a leaf." He is
speaking of the late frosts and unusually
late weather of the autumn of 1861, and
says:
"Summer, glorious, protracted, beauti-
ful summer, loth to leave her cherished
treasures, lingered and breathed upon fields
and gardens long after the usual time of
her departure. Autumn came, and hand
in hand they walked along, so gently, so
harmoniously, that flowers looked up and
smiled in all their loveliness beneath the
influence of their united reign. But they
have spoken their adieu, and parted com-
pany, and with her breath of frost autumn
has spoiled the lingering freshness of the
field and garden, and touched with russet
the foliage of the forest. Yet even now
we have her in her gentlest mood; and by
such measured and considerate steps is she
conducting us, from floral groves to fields
that will ere long wear icy coronations,
that we are scarcely conscious of the change
it is as if the power which keeps the plan-
ets in their courses and gives a character
to all the seasons, had looked in kindness
on the unsheltered soldiery of our beloved
country, and tempered the winds to their
conditions and necessities; as if he pitied
the poor in their destination, and by this
most unusual autumn had kept the sun
light on their hearth stones, a welcome
substitute for fuel, and wrapped them in
an atmosphere so mild that they have not
been suffering for winter garments; as if
the new and fearful exigencies of the pres-
ent day demanded a delay in the progress
of the seasons, and God had kept the sun
from sinking towards the autumnal equinox
to give our armies time in which to punish
treason."

REBEL FORCES IN THE FIELD.

The recent Messages of the Rebel Govern-
ment, and other official documents, put forth by
the State authorities, enable us to form a pre-
tently correct estimate of the strength of the
Rebels now in the field. It is leaving off
old hundreds, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: State and Number of Rebels. Includes Louisiana (27,000), South Carolina (25,000), Virginia (19,000), Tennessee (83,000), Kentucky (10,000), Missouri (5,000), Alabama (22,000), Florida (21,000), Texas (10,000), North Carolina (30,000), Arkansas (35,000), Maryland (24,000), Total (340,000).

The Lover's Pride.

I believe there is no period in life so
happy as that in which a thriving lover
leaves his mistress after his first success.
His joy is more perfect then, than at the
moment of his own absolute eager vow,
and her self-asserting blushes. Then he
is thinking most of her, and is to a certain
degree embarrassed by the effort necessa-
ry for his success. But when the promise
has once been given to him, and he is able
to escape into the domain of his own heart,
he is a conqueror who has mastered half a
continent by his own strategy. It never
occurs to him—he hardly believes that his
success is no more than that which is the
ordinary lot of mortal man. He never re-
flects that all the old married fogies whom
he knows and despises, have just as much
ground for pride, if such pride were endur-
ing; that every fat, silent, dull, somnolent
old lady whom he sees and quizzes, has
at some period been deemed as worthy
prize as his priceless galleon; and so
deemed by as bold a captor as himself.

Some one has said that every young
mother, when her first child is born, re-
gards the late babe the most wonderful pro-
duction of that description which the
world has yet seen. And this, too, is true.
But I doubt whether even that conviction
is so strong as the conviction of the suc-
cessful young lover, that he has achieved a
triumph which should enable him down to
late generations. As he goes along he
has a contempt for other men, for they
know nothing of such a glory as his. As
he pores over his Blackstone, he remem-
bers that he does so not so much that he
may acquire law, as that he may acquire
Fanny; and then all other pores over
Blackstone are low and mean in his sight
—are mercenary in their views and unfor-
tunate in their ideas, for they have no
Fanny in view.

The Power of Silence.

A good woman in Jersey was sadly an-
noyed by a termagant neighbor, who often
visited and provoked a quarrel. She at
last sought the counsel of her pastor, who
added some common sense to his other
good qualities. Having heard the story of
her wrongs, he advised her to seat herself
quietly in the chimney corner when next
visited, take the tongue in her hands, and
when ever a hard word came from her
neighbor's lips, gently snap the tongue,
without uttering a word. A day or two
afterwards the woman came again to her
pastor, with a bright and laughing face,
to communicate the effect of this new anti-
dote for scolding. Her trouble had visit-
ed her, and, as usual, commenced her
tirade. Snap! went the tongue. Another
volley. Snap! Another still. Snap!
"Why don't you speak?" said the terma-
gant more enraged. Snap! "Do speak;
I shall die if you don't speak!" and away
she went, cured of her malady by the
magic of silence. It is poor work scolding a
dead man, it is profane beating the air.—
One-sided controversies do not last long,
and generally end in victory for the silent
party.

Narrow Escape.

The Cairo correspondent of the St. Lou-
is Republican has been visiting the Rebel
camp at Columbus under a flag of truce.—
He relates the following story told by the
Rebel General Cheatham, of the manner in
which he escaped capture at the battle of
Belmont, Mo.:

Just as the opposing armies were ap-
proaching one another, General Cheatham
discovered a squadron of cavalry coming
down a road near his position. Uncertain
as to which force it belonged, accompanied
only by an orderly, he rode up to within a
few yards of it and inquired:
"Whose cavalry is that?"
"Illinois Cavalry, sir," was the reply.
"O! Illinois Cavalry. All right; just
stand where you are!"
The cavalry obeyed the Rebel order, and
unmolested by them, who supposed he
was one of the Federal officers, the Gener-
al rode safely back, directly under the guns
of another Federal regiment, which had by
that time come up, but who, seeing him
coming from the direction of the cavalry,
also supposed that he was one of them.—
Some of our officers remembered the inci-
dent and agreed with the hero of it, that if
they had known who he was, it was very
probable that there would have been one
Rebel General less that night.

REBEL FORCES IN THE FIELD.

Give me the Yankee girls yet, for when
you kiss them they will modestly exclaim,
'you dare not do it twice more.'—The
girls of Arkansas, when kissed, will in-
stantly jump as high as a cork from a beer
bottle, and say: "O!l when; how good!"
But the girls of our own State, when the
like is attempted, are off like a flock of
ducks at the report of a gun, and ten chan-
ces to one if they don't let their mamma's
Here is the last "good thing" about the
hoops.
Little Boy—"Ma' what is that?"
Mother—"Why, my dear, why do you
ask?"
Little Boy—"Because I asked sister Jane
yesterday what made her stick out so; and
she said 'hoop!'"
Wives who do not try to keep their hus-
bands will lose them. A man does the
"courtin'" before marriage, and the wife
must do it after marriage; or some other
woman will.
People never improve after marriage.—
The girl that is content to her parents
will be very apt to give "sass" to her hus-
band.

HUMOROUS.



Good jokes, like old maids, rarely die.
When is stealing perfectly justifiable?
When a blacksmith steals an axe.
A man will bear the gout and yet won't
let a fly tickle his nose.
Women are like horses—the gayer the
harness the more they wriggle.
Make choice of your wife by the ears,
not the eyes.
The man who don't take a paper was in
town last week, and wanted to know if
New England wasn't in New York.

With many women, going to church is
very little better than looking into a bonnet
shop.
To make a girl love you coax her to
love somebody else. If there be anything
that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.
An Irishman complained of his physici-
an that he stuffed him so much with
drugs that he was sick after he got well.
An editor, speaking of a woman's rights
convention, says—"persevere ladies—peti-
ticoats will rise by and by."

A New Orleans paper states that there
is in that city, a hog with his ears so far
back that he can't see himself equal.
ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—To ascertain
whether your wife is jealous, lace up an-
other lady's shoe, and let her catch you at
it! If that don't make her round should-
ered, nothing will.
A Riddle.—A room with four corners
had a cat in each corner, three cats before
each cat, and a cat on every cat's tail.—
How many cats were there in the room.

A dandy observed that he had put a plate
of brass upon his boots to keep him up-
right. "Well balanced, by jing!" said a
Dutchman, "prase at both ends."
There is a dog in Roxbury, Massachu-
setts, who has acquired the habit of chew-
ing tobacco. He is stunned by all the de-
cent dogs in the neighborhood.

Corpulent persons desirous to lessen
their circumference should apply to some
newspaper establishment for the office of
collector.
What word would give sorrow to the
mechanic and joy to the prisoner?—Dis-
charged.
Stated—that the rebels continue to raise
hemp. Sagacity thinks that hemp will
some day raise the rebels.

A rigidly pious old lady down East
says "this civil war is a judgement upon
the nation for permitting women to wear
hoops.
What is the matter Frank! said a moth-
er to her little three year old, who was
troubled with a pain one day; "got the
back ache?" "No, me not got the back ache;
me got the front ache."

An Indian out West was heard to make
the following exclamation, on seeing one of
our fashionable (hooped) ladies:
"Ugh! I much wig wail!"
There is a man in the West who has
moved so often, that whenever a covered
wagon comes near his house, his chickens
all march up and fall on their backs, and
cross their legs, ready to be tied and car-
ried to the next stopping place.

A darkey who blacks boots at the National
Hotel, in Washington, has the following
motto conspicuously displayed over his
stand:
"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH,
NO EAST, NO WEST,
NO TRUST!"

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you kiss them they will modestly exclaim,
'you dare not do it twice more.'—The
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