



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



GET UP BEFORE THE SUN.

Get up before the Sun, my lads,
Get up before the Sun!
This moaning in a feather bed
Is what should not be done.
Between sunrise and breakfast, lads,
Rise, breathe the morning air;
'Twill make you hale and hearty lads,
'Twill make you look so fair.

Get up before the Sun, my lads,
Shake off your sloth—arouse!
You lose the greatest luxury
That life has, if you drowse.
Between sunrise and breakfast, lads,
Arise, then, do not lose
The key to health and happiness,
'By lying in a snooze.

Get up before the Sun, my lads,
And in the garden hoe.
Or feed the pigs, or milk the cows,
Or take the scythe and mow;
'Twill make you buoyant spirits, lads,
Give vigor to your frame—
Then rise before the Sun, my lads,
And these rich blessings claim.

THE COMING TIME.

When men forget their love of gold,
And love their honor more;
When Truth is only current coin,
And counted o'er and o'er;
When men love Freedom for its sake,
For all as well as one;
And for the greatest good their work,
From day to day, is done;
When men throw self aside, and live
For some great purpose high;
Then will the glorious era come
When none shall fear to die.

Then will the human soul grow strong,
And wise, and grand and free,
Shall rise the coming race, O God,
A fitter type of Thee!

'Then shall Thy seal, and only Thine,
Be set on every brow,
And, none shall wear the mark of Cain,
As millions wear it now;
Then shall the Eden bloom again,
Then shall the angels stand,
And with new Adams and new Eves,
White robed, walk hand in hand!

MISCELLANY.

THE WIFE'S FATE.

BY JAMES REES.

"Here, here, yet stay; do not say that it came from me. I gave it her, but yet I curse her."

And with this speech was flung to, with passionate vehemence, the parlor door of one of the noblest mansions in London. The individual who stood without, was a short man about forty years of age, of a dark complexion and shabbily clothed. He gazed about him in the splendid hall as though he had suddenly dropped in some enchanted temple; and was only awakened from his stupor by the liveried menial politely requesting him to "clear."

The poor man left the house, but tightly clutched his treasure, till the light falling from a neighboring goss lamp, allowed him to count the amount.

"I wronged him," said he, "I wronged him."

"Five guineas! 'twill last a long time, if the relief is not too late; if the sufferer's spirit is not wrenched to heaven, 'twill make her passage easier, though never bring her back to life."

So on he strode through the streets of the metropolis. He passed up the Strand and Fleet street. There was the busy throng, the living tide of human life pressing on the thoughtless and careless. There was business in all its activity, everything to attract or delay, but the wayfarer thought of but one, and that was—

In the eastern suburbs of the city, in an upper room of one of the meanest huts of that neighborhood, on an humble, yet neat bed, lay a young and beautiful female. She could be scarcely twenty-two years of age, yet death had pressed a clear stamp upon her lovely features. She lay apparently near expiration, while everything around the room gave the appearance of desolate poverty.

There was an apology for a fire on a cheerless hearth, where a few sticks of wood sent forth at once light and a slight warmth. An old lady was kneeling by the bed, and her eyes never wandered from the pale features of the dying girl. Every motion of the patient's lip was noticed, with an anxiety and care that, if aught human could do it, would have blunted to the dying one the sharp sorrows of that hour.

"Is he returned?" she asked in a faint tremulous voice.

"Not yet," was the reply.

"God forgive me," said the patient, "for wishing to linger in this cold and cruel world; but oh, if I could bear with me his forgiveness! 'Tis hard to die estranged from those we love; but," she added, and a soft smile stole over her face, "there is no sorrow there."

At this moment the sound of ascending footsteps were heard, and presently the stranger we have noticed in the commencement of our tale, entered. Now life seemed to have entered the heart of the sick girl, for she started from her couch and gazed fixedly and wildly at the stranger whom the old la-

dy welcomed as Robert.

"You have seen him—you have!" shrieked she.

"For the great God's sake, tell me, have you seen him?"

Both entreated her to be calm, and from his pocket Robert drew the money he had received.

"I have seen him," said he, "and here are the fruits."

"He bade me not to let you know that it came from him."

"Kind! kind!" said the poor girl, weeping; "he would not let me feel the favor—My poor father, and I shall bear thy blessing and thy pardon to the grave."

But beholding the serious aspect of Robert, she still pressed him for the story of the interview. "Go on! he gave it you, told you to keep the author unknown, and sent me—his blessing."

"His blessing?" said Robert, and he burst into tears.

A wild and almost superhuman shriek rang through that shattered dwelling, and that humble bed bore a corpse! That last cruelty had broken the feeble threads of life! Yes, died!—died as thousands die, unnoticed, we had almost said unknown; thousands, whose life's mornning dawned amid smiles and caresses, and the bright fairy dreams of life, 'mid the joyous welcome of relatives and the fond flattery of the interested. Who shall envy the high estate of the rich? it is a lofty procepe, and the fall will be more deadly and dangerous.

The name of the girl who thus closed a bitter life of destruction and sorrow, was Lucy, once the admired and almost idolized daughter of Sir Ralph Fisher. When the bud of lovely youth burst into womanhood, she was the admired of all admirers. Thousands knelt at the shrine of her beauty. Among them was one unknown to the princely throng. He had met her at the ball; he won her attention; and for weeks he visited her, not indeed in his own, but an assumed character. She dared to love him, and knowing her father's disposition—to marry him.

After their union, Sir Ralph Fisher was made acquainted with the circumstances. His pride was roused, his proud ambitious schemes were leveled to the dust, and in the bitterness of his heart, Lear-like, he breathed out curses on his daughter.

"Sooner would I cast her fortune to the beggar, or bury it in the ocean, than one farthing should grace that girl!" said he, and he shut his heart up from all compassion.

The result was as might be expected. The husband of Lucy was a man who "lives by his wits; a heartless, soulless villain, who was content to live on the sufferings and losses of others." The gaming table and every haunt of vice was his favorite resort, and there he revelled and sported in the pollution of his soul. Oh! then did the delusive hopes, that had buoyed up that young girl's mind, fade away one by one! Her husband left her—and then, desolate and broken-hearted, she turned her footsteps to her father's house, only to be repulsed with scorn and hatred; and then bitter want and disease gnawed at her heart-strings and a wild blast swept over the summer of her hopes!

There was but one person to whom she dared apply; it was an old inmate of her father's family and her nurse. She found her in the humble dwelling we have described, but not till the bloom had faded from her cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the cancer which was busy with her heart-strings. The cause of her distress, when all hopes of enriching himself were fled, had forsaken her—he was gone none knew whither—and the eyes of the poor girl were closed by the very hands which first bore her infant weight.

Imagination can create no sorrows which touch the human heart like those of real life.

SPEECH OF R. C. BROCKENRIDGE.

The following is an extract from the speech of Dr. Brockenridge delivered on taking his seat as President of the Baltimore Union Convention:

We are a nation; no doubt a peculiar one, a nation formed of States, and no nation except as these States form it and these States are no States except as they are States in that nation. They had no more right to repudiate the nation than the nation has to repudiate them. None of them had even the shadow of a right to do this, and God helping us, we will vindicate that truth, so that it shall never be disputed any more in this world. (Applause.) It is a fearful utterance that is set before us, but there are great compensations for it. Those of you who have alluded to this subject know that from the foundation of the present Government before and since our present Constitution was formed; there have always been parties that had no faith in our Government. The men that formed it were doubtful of its success, and the men who opposed its formation did not desire its success. And I am bold to say, without detaching you on this subject that for all the outcry about our violations of the Constitution, this present living generation and this present Union party are more thoroughly devoted to that Constitution than any generation that has ever lived under it. (Applause.) While I say this, and solemnly believe it, and believe it is capable of the strongest proof, I may also add that it is a great error, which is being propagated in our land, to say that our national life depends merely upon the sustaining of that Constitution. Our fathers made it, and we love it; I intend to maintain it. But if it suits us to change it we can do so (applause), and when it suits us to change it, we will change it. (Applause.) If it were torn into ten thousand pieces, the nation would be as much a nation as it was before the Constitution was made—a nation always—that declared its independence as a united people until now—a nation independent of all particular institutions under which they lived, capable of modeling them precisely as their interests require. We ought to have it distinctly understood by friends and enemies that while we love that instrument we will maintain it, and will with undoubted certainty put to death friend or foe who undertakes to trample it under foot; yet beyond a doubt we will reserve the right to alter it to suit ourselves from time to time and from generation to generation. (Applause.) One more idea on that subject: We have incorporated in that instrument the right of revolution, which gives us, without a doubt, the right to change it. It never existed before in the American States, and there is no need of rebellion, insurrection or civil war, except upon a denial of the fundamental principles of all free governments that the major part must rule, and there is no other way of carrying on society except that the will of the majority shall be the will of the whole. So that, in one word, to deny the principles I have tried to state is to make a dogmatic assertion that the only form of government that is possible with perfect liberty, and acknowledged by God, is a pure and absolute despotism. The principles, therefore, which I am trying to state before you, are principles which, if they be not true, freedom is impossible, and no government but one of pure force can exist or ought to endure among men.

But the idea which I wished to carry out as the remedy for these troubles and sorrows, dreadful as they are, is this: This fearful truth runs through the whole history of mankind, that whatever else may be done to give stability to authority, whatever else may be done to give perpetuity to institutions has been the blood of traitors. No Government has ever been built upon unshakable foundations, which foundations were not laid in the blood of traitors. It is a fearful truth, but we had as well avoid it at once and every lie you strike, and every Rebel you kill, every battle you win, dreadful as it is to do it, you are adding, it may be a year, it may be ten years, it may be a century, it may be ten centuries, to the life of the Government and the freedom of your children. (Great Applause.) Now, passing over that idea, passing over many other things which it would be right for me to say, did time serve, and where this occasion, let me add, you are a Union party. (Applause.) Your origin has been referred to as having occurred eight years ago. In one sense it is true that you are far older than that. I see before me not only primitive Republicans and primitive Abolitionists, but I see, also, primitive Democrats and primitive Whigs, primitive Americans and, if you will allow me to say so, I myself am here, who, all my life, have been a party to myself. (Laughter and applause.) As a Union party, I will follow you to the ends of the earth and to the gates of death, [applause], but as an Abolition party, as a Republican party as a American party, I will not follow you one foot. (Applause.) But it is true of the mass of the American people, however you may divide and scatter, while this war lasts, while the country is in peril, while you call yourselves as you do in the call of the Convention, the Union party, you are for the preservation of the Union and the destruction of this rebellion, root and branch; and in my judgment, one of the great errors that has been committed by our Administration of the Federal Government, the chief of which we are about to nominate for another term of office—one of the errors has been to believe that we have succeeded when we have not succeeded, and to act in a manner which is precisely for those who have succeeded. You will not, you cannot succeed until you have utterly broken the military power of this people. (Applause.) I will not detain you on these incidental points, one of which has been made prominent in the remarks of the excellent Chairman of the National Com-

mittee. I do not know that I would be willing to go so far as, probably, he would, but I cordially agree with him in this, I think, considering what has been done about Slavery, taking the thing as it now stands, overlooking altogether, either in way of condemnation or approval any act that has brought us to the point where we are; but believing in my conscience and with all my heart that what has brought us to where we are in the matter of Slavery is the original sin and folly of treason and Secession. Because you remember that the Chicago Convention itself was understood, and I believe it virtually did explicitly state, that they would not touch Slavery in the States. Leaving it, therefore, altogether out of the question how we came where we are on that point, we are prepared to go further than the original Republicans themselves were prepared to go. We are prepared to demand not only that the whole territory of the United States shall not be made slave, but that the General Government of the American people shall do one or two things, and it appears to me that there is nothing else that can be done, either to use the whole power of the Government, both war power and peace power, to put Slavery as nearly as possible back where it was (for although that will be a fearful state of society, it is better than anarchy), or else to use the whole power of the Government, both of war and peace, and all the practical power that the people of the United States will give them to exterminate and extinguish. (Prolonged applause.) I have no hesitation in saying for myself that, if I were a Pro-Slavery man, if I believed this institution was an ordinance of God and was given to man, I would unhesitatingly join those who demand that the Government should be put back where it was; but I am not a Pro-Slavery man. I join myself with those who say, away with it forever—[applause]—and I fervently pray God that the day may come when throughout the whole land every man may be as free as you are, and as capable of enjoying regulated liberty. I will not detain you any longer. One single word you will allow me to say in behalf of the State from which I come, one of the smallest of the thousands of Israel. We know very well that our eleven votes are of no consequence in the Presidential election, we know very well that in our present unhappy condition it is by no means certain that we are here to-day representing the party that will carry the majority of the votes in that unhappy State. I know very well that sentiments which I am uttering will cause me great odium in the State in which I was born, which I love, where the bones of two generations of my ancestors and some of my children are, and where, very soon, I shall lay my own. I know very well that my colleagues will incur odium if they indorse what I say; and they, too, know it. But we have put our faces toward the way in which we intend to go, and we will go in it to the end. If we are to perish, we will perish in that way. All I have to say to you is, help us if you can; if you cannot, believe in your hearts that we have died like men. [Great cheering.]

GREAT MEN OF OUR COUNTRY

It is not our intention to speak of those whose gradual rise to eminence was through the various sources of wealth and influence afforded, but of those, or at least a few, whose names are identified with self-cultivation and those circumstances by which men are made great.

Industry and integrity in a country like ours will accomplish much. The poor of today may become talented and honorable, they may achieve greatness by the purity of their principles, and the fixed resolve of their own noble efforts.

Such are the men who make their mark in republics—High blood is a drawback to the aspiration of youth, in two classes: The one considers birth a claim, the other predicates his chance of success on merit alone.—His country writes upon the blackboard of the nation's school this lesson: "The little finger of an honest and upright young man is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate and dishonest rich man."

These are the men who make the country, who bring it to its physical and mental wealth and who will make it the mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the first among the nations of the world.

Some of the greatest men of our Revolution commenced their patriotic career at an early age; others again not until they had reached even beyond what is termed the middle age.

Alexander Hamilton was scarcely twenty-one when he was made a lieutenant-colonel. Benjamin Franklin was fifty-nine before he began to be heard of, and then it was his early life, his youthful struggles—struggles in poverty—struggles in labor—struggles to obtain learning, and all the acquirements sought after by an inquiring mind that became a living lesson to all. Time has fixed his name on the adamant rock of ages against which the storms and tempests of all the passions and jealousies of the human heart have battled in vain to destroy. Nations acknowledge its fixtude. Samuel Adams, the statesman and scholar, was forty-four before his name linked itself to the history of our country. James Otis was thirty-eight. John Adams, a name equally great in our historic annals was thirty-five when he stepped forth into political life. Josiah Quincy was forty. John Hancock was thirty-eight, and that name stands in all the boldness of a true patriot on that document which made us a nation, and declared all men free! And Thomas Jefferson, whose name alone is a history, was only thirty-two when he made his mark on the great charter of life, that document of destiny. These are a few of the names of those full-grown men—working men—refined by toil and strengthened by long habits of endurance and self-dependence.

Washington was a surveyor and in after life a farmer. Need we say anything more of Washington. His noble deeds have made his name not only immortal, but the country he made free, a land-slave from Heaven! Knox was a book-binder and stationer.—Morgan (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. He gave Tarleton a lecture on that subject. Green was a blacksmith and with a Quaker. And why not a Quaker? Cannot a Quaker fight—and will he not fight when the nation is in danger, and the rights of men assailed? Why not a Quaker?

Gates was a regular soldier. It was the dream of his youth realized in age. When the war was over he became a farmer.

Warren the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician. The step he took from the lancet to the sword, and from the quiet walks of life to the strife of death, is but one of the many instances on record of the nature of those men who determined to be free.—For the freedom of his country he gave at the battle of Bunker Hill his life.

The name of Warren, like that of Bunker Hill, forms one of those signet stamps on the historic page of our country which the genius of the nation will ever secure from rust or erasure. Both, like them; will go out of our memories with time.

Sherman was a shoemaker. He taught the haughty Randolph a lesson by giving him a lecture on leather.

Marion, stammered the "Old Fox," was a "cowboy," tending cows on the hills of the South.

Sumpter, the "fighting cock," of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

Putnam, Stark and Allen were farmers. These were the men of the days of the Revolution—not a man of them all above his business or calling.

They were tinkers and tailors, and cobblers—What then!

Were they not patriots! were they not men?

Look now at the present. Is it not a curious fact in history that in the second great struggle for the maintenance of the Union, the leading men for the suppression of the rebellion are of the same class who fought and ruled in the past. Abraham Lincoln was a boatman on the Mississippi River, and at one period a rail splitter. He is now President of the United States. Those around him are the hardy sons of the soil—at least many of them. And the chief members of Congress are actually working men. They are farmers, printers, &c.—true loyal men. And now—mark, for here is one of those mysteries of the world which human knowledge and its science, have been unable to explain—the very men, the men who organized this rebellion—the men North who sympathize with them—the chief conspirators, are the aristocracy, the descendants of traitors in the Revolution, are the traitors of the present day. The taint of blood passes down, through all the foul channels of earth, until it mixes in the great stream which hurries it on to its destination—that great river, the low breath of a dying man, and holl itself—the River Styx. The last passage on the railroad of a bad man's life is that which hurries him on to the doom of his vile ancestors.

Patriotism here, blending its attributes with those of an honest life, leads us to a home where truth, honesty and virtue find the spirits of those we have imitated on the earth, ready to receive us. 'Tis the home of the righteous, the home of Washington, the home of our Saviour.

WANTED TO BET.

A young gentleman—with a medium sized light brown moustache, and a suit of clothes such as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers "on accommodating terms," that is on the insecure credit system—came into a hotel one afternoon, and after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present that Grant would not take Richmond. The banker not being taken up, he offered to bet that Grant would take Richmond. Nobody, however, wanting to bet, the exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked—

"I want to make a bet of some kind; I don't care a fig what it is: I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentlemen; what do you propose?"

Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman—who looked as though he might be a farmer.—He had down his glass and addressed the exquisite:

"Well, mister, I am not in the habit of making bets; but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can pour a quart of molasses into your hat and turn it out a solid lump of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch."

"Done!" said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer.

It was a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat and requested the bar keeper to send for a quart of molasses—"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart; that's the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing six cents to the bar-keeper.

The molasses was brought, and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time.

Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it and watched the wonderful process of consolidation.

"Time up," said the dandy.

The old farmer moved the hat. "Well I do believe it ain't hardened," said he in a tone expressive of disappointment; "I missed it somehow or other that time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind, and charge them in the bill."

"What of the cigars?" roared the exquisite, "you've spoilt my hat that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it."

"That wasn't in the bargain," timidly answered the old gentleman; "but I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for."

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver as best he could into a spittoon the man of moustache rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sound of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the police office, but as it appeared that the experimenter was tried with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.

It cannot be disputed that everything worth doing is worth doing well. The great profit in industry is to be found in making the best possible use of what we undertake. Especially is this "well doing" principle applicable to the farmer. Observation has demonstrated the fact that it pays better to spend money and labor on a small farm and get the most out of it than to work a wider area and have it half done. But unfortunately this is not the general practice. Our farmers work too much land. The result is they do not work it properly. It is but half done, and they do not reap the crops as they should do. It is a mistake to suppose that because men with large capital can manage large farms, those with small means can do the same. It is not the amount of land that is worked, but the amount of work done upon the land that pays.

How frequently is it the case that men drag through life till they wear themselves out and die with little or nothing more than when they began, and all from the fact that they always tried to do too much—to manage too much land. Let farmers remember that a "little land well tilled" will bring them more money and more comfort.

A Western editor offered his 'devil' a dime a week or a share in the paper; the cute young scamp unhesitatingly took the dime.

If you would render your children helpless all their lives, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

Despair not. The course of God's providence may be as winding as his rivers.

If you cannot please without being false to yourself, you had better displease.

When a gloom falls upon us, it may be we may have entered into the cloud that will give its gentle showers to refresh us.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new nails to old nails.

The body—that is dust; the soul—is a bud of eternity.

Against the fickleness of fortune oppose a bold heart.

There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground, if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up.

People and cows are the only beings that have calves.