A Family NewsPaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

VOLUME XVIII

## WAYNESBRO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3. 1865.

**NUMBER 34** 

# PALL & WINTER

GEO. STOVER'S,

Waynesboro', Pa.

HAMKFUL for kind; favors and patronage here to fore bestowed upon him, again appears before the public to solicit a continuance of the same.—
He having just returned from the eastern cities with a fine and well selected stock of new

FALL AND WINTER

Which he intends selling at very low rates, which he knows he can do to the satisfaction of all will call and examine his stock.

Below you will find enumerated a few articles which will be found among his stock to which he calls your attention.

#### FOR THE LAIDIE

He has a large assortme of Dress Goods consisting in part of Challies.

Printed and Plain Delaines, Bl'k, Fig'd and Col'd Silks, Pland Mohair, Silk Warp Mohair,

Bereges,
Medona Cloth, Lavellas, French and domtic Ginghams

Poplins, Pongee Mixture, Cloth for Ladies, Wrapings,

Cloves, Hosiery, in great variety.

## GENTLEMEN'S WEAR

Broad Cloths,
Black and Fancy Cassimeres,
Union Cassimeres, Duck Linens, Cottonades Summer Coatings,

Tweeds, Velvat Cord, Marsailles, Silk Vesting, Velvatine Vestings, of all kinds; in fact a full assorment of goods for Gentle men wear. Also a larger and well selected stock of

## DOMESTIC GOODS.

Muslin, Ticking; and a complete a assortment of Notions. It's no use trying to enumerate. If you want anything at all in the Dry Goods line ust call in and you will find him ready to wait on-

you with pleasure.

To persons having country Produce to sell, they will find it to their advantage to bring it to Stover's, as he always gives the highest market price. So give him a call, and he will sell you goods as cheap as they can be purchased elsewhere. Nov. 11, 1864.

# FRESH ARRIVAL

## FOURTHMAN'S DRUG STORE!



## F. FOURTHMAN

OULD tender his thanks to the community and still solicit the patronage of a generous public who want anything in his line. Inasmuch us he has enlarged his stock so as to be enabled to answer all calls or anything and everything usually found in a Drug Store, and has a thorough acquaintance with the business, he hopes to gain the confidence of the Community. He will pay par-ticular attention to filling physicians' Prescriptions, and more care and precaution used in waiting upon children than adults.

## POREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRUGS

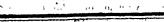
Choice Wines and Liquors for medicinal and sacramental purposes, Patent Medicines in endless in variety, including all that have been made un to this date and some that are yet in embryo. Also White Lead, Zinc, Paint, Whiting and Varnishes or house building or inside work, besides all sizes of Glass. Commercial Note, Forls Cap and Letter Paper always on hand, with a variety of Envesopes of different sizes and colors. Brushes, Combs' Pomade, Fancy Soap Hair Oil; Colognes, Essences, Flavoring Extracts, and numerous articles in the Fancy line on hand and offered for sale, cheap er than ever oriered before.

Also a large assortment of Kerosene Oil Lamps.

Chimneys, Shades and Wicks, and Kerosone Oil to fill them. A general assortment of Fruits and Confectionares, Tobacco and Cigars. September 4, 1863.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder. M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mertzer, the recipe for making the above fur-lamed Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drovers, &c., that he has on hand and intends keeping a good supply always on hand.— Country merchants and others keeping such articles for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a quantity. He will sell it on commission or for cash cheap. Orders will be punctually attended to.

W. PUTNAM'S Patent Cloth Wringer W. PUTNAM'S Patent Cook for sale at the sign of the Big Red Hom D. B. Russett. Agent or Frnklian county. (July 11 '62.)





#### BALLY ROUND THE FLACE

Rally round the flag, boys! Rally once again; There are traitors in the camp, boys, And pirates on the main; There are rebels in the front, boys,

And ioes across the sea, Who hate the proud republican, And scoff at you and me.

Rally round the flag, boys! Rally in your might; Let the nation see how fremeen Can battle for the right,

Make the throbbing mountains echo-With the thunder of your tread; With music sweet of martial feet Salute our gallant dead.

Rally round the flag, boys ! Rally with a cheer ! For all you love and cherish most

For all that you hold dear; Defend the brave old banner, Unsullied from the earth-Within its folds enshrined it holds-

All that this life is worth Then rally round the flag; boys !

Rally, rally still! Rally from the valley, And rally from the hill; Rally from the ship, boys, And rally from the plaw; Now or never is the word-Never! failing now.

## THE BACHELOR'S BURIAL.

Two old maids, at shut of day, A bachelor's carcass bore away, With wrinkled brow and matted hair, The heart that never loved the fair.

Bring briars they groaned, bring weeds unblown, Bring rankest weeds unknown; Bring withered boughs from dreary wild, To strew the bier of error's child.

To make his bed where the lizards hide, Where nightshade strew swamp creeks side, Far out of sight, where genial spring Shall send no gentle birds to sing.

His old jack-knife lay with him low, To cut the strings of capid's bow; The sad house-cat shall whine around, His lonely grave in grief profound.

Low lay him who was often high; Here, where shall no pitying eye, For him, -- for him, no loving heart. Shall ach, for him no tear shall start.

His bloodless lips shall fall to dust; His old jack-knife shall waste with rust; He whom we hide from the light of men, Shall never fright the babes again.

For we have laid him from the light, Beneath the ground and out of sight; But this rude epitaph shall stand-"He who to no one gave his hand."

## MISCELLANY.

## PATIENCE POTTLEBERRY'S GHOST.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

Patience Pottleberry set her face like a flint against all mankind. Possibly she had a spite against them, because they had nover shown a predilection for her society even in those days, when, though not fair, she might at least claim the attraction of youth. Be it as it may, she had come to regard man as a sort of necessary nuisance with whom the less she had to do, the better. So far as this prejudice regarded her own comfort, it made little difference, but there was one person to whom it did make a vast deal of ditference, and this was Kitty Pottleberry, her

A word as to Kitty. She was a fresh, plump, rosy, little body, just the one to make a young man's heart go pit-a-pat .--She was the orphan child of Miss Pottleberry's brother, and her spinster aunt, being well to do, had undertaken the charge of her. She was disposed to treat her kindly. but had so frowned upon all the young men who had shown indications of "making up" to Kitty that it was quite evident she intended to bring her up an old maid like herself. Now Kitty didn't relish this intention of her aunt's She had numerous objections to it, the greatest and most import- room. ant being Jack Hargrave, a handsome young carpenter, who lived near by, that is, when he was at home.

Miss Patience had observed with alarm Kitty home from church. She treated him what are you meaning to do, Jack? You therefore, with such polar rigidity that Jack had never but once ventured to accept Kitty's invitation to call. Had he followed his own inclination he would have passed at least every other evening with her. This under the circumstances, required a degree of courage which he did not possess.

One afternoon he was made happy by the

following note from Kitty: DEAR JACK:—Aunt Patience is going to the sewing circle to-night. She will go about half past six and wont be at home till "What made you stay up stairs so long?" nine or ten o'clock. I don't think I shall go, asked Miss Patience crossly, when Kitty had having a bad headache. I may feel lonely having a bad headache. I may feel lonely returned from her mission.

without sunt. KITTY. "I wanted to I Jack laughed in his seeve at the headache, the cat, aunt." the cause of which he at once fathomed. "As to Kitty, being lonely," he said to

himself, "I'll take care of that."

About seven o'clock a low knock was heard at the side door of Miss Pottleberry's cottage. The door was opened by Kitty who started back in affected surprise, just as if she didn't expect him.

"How's your headache, Kitty?" asked Jack, looking decidedly roguish.

"It feels a little better than it did," said Kitty, an odd little smile gathering on her

"Where's the old lady? Is she gone?" asked Jack, a little apprehensively. "Yes, Jack. She's at this moment sewing industriously on some flannel night-caps for the young Hottentots, I expect. Won't you come in?"

"I think I will. Perhaps I can supply her place while she's gone. I'm very much disappointed to find your aunt is away." Shall I tell her so when she comes home,

Jack ?" "Yes, if you think it best, Kitty." There was a bright fire on the hearth, and two arm chairs were drawn up in front.-Jack seated himself in one, Kitty in the

"Now Kitty," said Jack, socially, "this is what I call comfortable. I wish we could sit so every night, Kitty."

"Yes, Jack, it would be pleasants"
"And so we will, too."

"Aunt would never consent." "How can she help herself when we're

"O Jack !" exclaimed Kitty, pretending to be very much horrified.

"Yes Kitty, I mean it-when we're married. I know your aunt wants you to be an old maid like herself. But, bless you Kitty, you never was cut out for an old maid. "Aunty says that marriages are almost always unhappy."

"Do you agree with her Kitty?"

Kitty laughed. "I see you don't. But what's on the hearth, in the tin mug?" "Some camomile tea, aunt made for my

<u>headache."</u> Jack laughed heartily. "I can tell you

of something better than camomile tea for curing the headache." "What is it?" Jack bent towards Kitty, and something was heard very much like a

"Now be quiet, Jack. If you don't I'll go off and leave you."

I am not going to relate any more of the conversation that took place between the young lovers, for though very interesting to themselves, I doubt whether it would prove equally agreeable to my readers .-They were so much absorbed that they were entirely unconscious of the passage of time. Two hours and a half passed, and the clock was pointing to half past nine, when a creaking step was heard outside and a fumbling was heard at the front door.

springing to her feet in dismay. "What shall we do! There's aunt come home."

"The dickens!" "What shall I do?"

"I'll face her like a man." "No. That won't do. Run, hide somewhere. Up stairs. Do hurry."

She opened the door at the foot of the

staircase, and Jack bounded up stairs. Kitty immediately closed the door, and sat down beside the fire looking considerably flushed. Her aunt entered the room.

"Well, Kitty, child, how do you feel?-Is your headache better?"

"Yes ma'am," said Kitty.meckly. "You have a good deal of color. Do you

feel feverish?" "No ma'am-that is, not much. Did you have a pleasant meeting?"

"Very, and a very profitable one. I made night cap and a half. You would have enjoyed being there."

"Yes ma'am," said Kitty, who doubted it very much all the time. "Did you drink your camomile tea?" asked Miss Patience.

"There's a little left," said Kitty, displaying the mug from which she had empticd three-quarters out of the window. "Very well. But you'd better drink the

"No, aunt, I don't think it will be necessary. My headache doesn't trouble me much now."

At this moment a loud noise was heard in the room above, as if an article had fallen upon the floor. "Bless me, what's that?" ejaculated Miss

Patience. "Perhaps it's the cat," said Kitty, turning pale. "Shall I go up and see?"

Miss Patience had taken off her shoes, and was warming her feet at the fire, otherwise she would have gone up herself. As it was she allowed Kitty to go up in her stead. Running up stairs Kitty discerns her lover just getting into the closet in her, aunt's

"Confound it," said he, "I happened to hit the congs, and down they crashed. Did you hear them?"

"Yes, they made an awful poise. Aunt that Jack had several times accompanied sent me up to see what was the matter. But won't stay here all night?"

"I'm going to get your aunt's consent to our marriage to-night." "It's impossible."

"We'll see. Is your aunt afraid of ghosts?" "Yes, she's very superstitious." "All right then."

"What do you mean to do?" Never you mind. You'd better go down stairs or your aunt will be trotting up after you, and that would upset all "

"I wanted to make sure whether it was he cat, aunt."
"Did you find her?"

"What was it fell down?"

"They must have tumbled down them-

Kitty was relieved by her aunt's conclusion and sat down quietly by the table.

Half an hour later Miss Patience indica-

ted her intention of going to bed. She took one candle and Kitty another, and both went up to their respective chambers; Kitty did not undress, but listened breathlessly to hear what would happen. Meanwhile Miss Patience removed her wig,

and was about taking off her stockings when a noise was heard. The closet door opened, and out stalked a tall figure attired in a white

"What do you want?" asked the spinster in a quavering voice. "Who are you?"

"I am the spirit of Catherine's father," returned Jack. "I am come to demand an account of your stewardship."

"O mercy I I've tried to take good care of her." "Then why do you stand in the way of her happiness?"

"I-I never meant to." "But you do. She's in love with an excellent young man, and you prevent her mar-rying him. If she should die, it will be laid

at your door." "I-I didn't know she loved him so much.

Besides I don't approve of marriage."
"You are a fool," said the spirit irreverently. "Consent to her marriage to-morrow,

and I will leave you. Otherwise I will come back every night." "I will-I do," said the terrified spinster. "Please go away."

"Shut your eyes for five minutes. When ber your promise."

she found herself alone in the chamber. had no objections. She even exhibited an eagerness to have the ceremony take place, which equally surprised and gratified Kitty. Kitty is now Mrs. Hargrave, and her aunt lives alone. Since this memorable night Miss Patience has been undisturbed by ghostly visitants much to her relief. Though she never says anything about the occurrence she always shakes her head and looks wise whenever ghosts are mentioned, and there is a current report that her house is haun-

## An Unkind Tear.

When I used to tend store at the Regulator, in Syracuse, the old gentleman came round one day, and says he:

"Boys, the one that sells the 'twixt this and Christmas, gets a vest pattern as a present."

Maybe we didn't work for the vest pattern. I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tailest talker, and one that had more cheek than any of us, was a certain Jonah Squire who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when he had only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women-Lord bless you-they just handed over their pocket books to him, and lay out

what he liked. One night Jonah woke up with-By-gosh old fellow, if you think that stuff's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make him swear two his own wool !- 'Twon't wear out either had a pair of that kind o'stuff myself for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on! Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Oh! too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What do ye say? Shall I tear it? All right—it's a bargain.'

I could feel Jonah's hand playing about went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter and sure that Jonah had torn the

sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up next morning, I found -alas! unkindest tear of all-that the back of my night shirt was split from tail to collar band!

GROWING OLD.—It seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hope to the coming year. And now we are looking sadly back. Not that the dream has passed, but that it has been of no more worth than those around us. As the growing hopes and ambition of early years pass; as friend after friend departs, and the stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a moment in light, then broken, and not a ripple left on the stream. Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would forget. We will garner the subshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes push on toward the evening, whose signal light will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat

hold his tongue cannot love. No one can be sincerely in love with two

persons at the same time. The gifts and pleasures of love should be voluntary.

Love never dwelt in the house of avarice.

month, but the door.

necessity increase or diminish.

#### CCMBUSICATED. THE DEATH OF EVERETT.

Edward Everett is dend! A world weeps that, a bright star has fallen from the coronet of the nation's glory. Rhetoric has lost its finest ornament, and Freedom one of its truest friends. Whether we regard Edward Everett in the light of his diplomatic, ov legislative career, as the arbiter of nations, carv ing the destiny of empires; or contemplate him, enjoying the exquisite satisfaction of that scholastic seclusion, which he loved so well, we are alike struck by the moral grauduer of his mighty intellect, and the sublime character of his indomitable will. He died as he had lived, the bold and untrammel "Merciful goodness! a ghost!" ejaculated ed opponent of every expedient which genius every expedient which genius could suggest, for the advancement and melioration of man. Philanthropy, humania cadaverous voice. munificence of his great soul. His last great to bushels of corn to bring a dollar. Evact was an impassioned appeal for the relief of his needy but erring brethren of the South, who by the fortunes of war, were reduced. Those indeed were hard times, and a crushto starvation and penuty. He was the last of our old school statesmen, and orators, and like the weeping Pericles, we place the gar-land upon his laurelled brow, and mourn him as the last son of a noble line. Had he died before the convulsions of the present actuggle had corrupted the patriot and driven the statesman from his political moorings, he would have known but little of the integrity and fidelity of the people, and they but in ten, will allow a profit double that of last half his self-sacrificing devotion. The sin-cere and ostidid advicate of the South, thro her palmy days of political domination, he became her deadliest foe, when through her, the hydra of slavery lifted its foul head to confront the majesty of the nation. It was in this connection he appeared the grandest and noblest. All his former associations were severed at a blow. The first shot fired you open them I shall be gone. But remem- at the flag of his country decided his course of action; and without taking a single step Miss Patience kept her eyes closed for ten backward, he remained steadfast to the last, minutes, so fearful was she that the ghost supporting the high resolve he had taken would be offended. When she opened them with tongue and pen, despite the calumny and aspersions of the paid emissaries of treanal justice, and he was always found on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressor, so that the generosity of his noble and glorious:

## Where neither guilty glory glows Nor despicable state."

But the giant has fallen! That venerable head, white with the frosts of seventy winters, sinks to its cold pillow and humani ty shricks, "a star has went out!"

It is unfortunate for this symmetrical temple of liberty, this fair heritage of freemen. that one of its stateliest pillars should crumble into dust, when the dark billows of revolution are dashing against its bulwarks but:

"Leaves have their time to fall," world in tears cannot annul the decrees of fate, or arrest the enduring decay of everything mortal. Oh ye, that have listened with thrilling costacy to the burning sointillations of his cloqunce, and hung with sweet rapture upon every word that came from his lips, behold him now! Cold in the icy arms of death! What! a grave, a shroud, a coffin! Tread softly! that tongue is silent, those er ye that are emulous of his virtues, or envious of his fame; look into that narrow wault out." and behold America's most gifted orator .-Those silvery locks still cluster around that massive brow; a sweet smile plays upon those passionless lips; the pulseless arms are folded placidly and serenely upon that noble bosom, and peacefully and calmly, he sinks to the "silent city of the dead." Though he sleeps, his name cannot be forgotten. When the dynasties of ages shall have crumbled into ruins, and mutation revels amid the wreck of thrones; when all the lesser stars of the literary world shall wheel from their courses, and sink in the chaotic night of oblivion; when man is elevated to his proper standard, the bed clothes for an instant then rip! tear! and the footprints of oppression are swept away as the mists of morning; then, Justice will paint his character in colors of living light upon the benefactions of his real, and blazon his immortal name upon the highest pinnacle of fame. AMICUS!

A Poser "That thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son one mor-

ning. "So I did this morning," replied Bill with an enthusiastic gleam in his dark blue eye "Ah! what was it, my darling?" and the father's hand ran through his offspring's

curls. "Why, I wolloped Jack Edwards till he yelled like blazes; you should have heard him holler dad."

"Dad" looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to a case like that, and concluded mildly with, "You should not have done it my child."

"Then he'd wollopped me," retorted Bill. "Better," expostulated the sire, "for you to have fled the wrath to come." "Yes," argued Bill by way of a final clin-

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself and a sermon, reconciling Practice and Precept.

cher, but Jack can run twice as fast as I

THE LAWS TO LOVE.—He who cannot Beecher says, "An imprudent clerk can do as much injury to his store as the neglect of the proprietor to advertise his goods."— Two undoubted and significant facts which Two undoubted and significant facts which every one interested will please bear in must be cterus as God himself.

mind. A young lady was recently cured of pal-pitation of the heart, by a young M. D. in the most natural way imaginable. He hold it, and without a night to end it. Love cannot remain stationary; it must of If you are insulted in a gentleman's house one of her hands in his, but his arm round let the first thing you open be not your her waist and whispered something in her in Spinsters take noticel. The improved new month, but the door.

## Farmers out of Debt.

There must be something radically wrong with the farmer that does not now free himself from debt. Never in the lifetime of the present generation will such another opportunity present itself.' Every cultivated product of the temperate latitude hears a highly remunerative price—Every domestic animal that roams over our fields, or feeds on the contents of our granaries, finds a ready purchaser. Every fruit of our trees finds ready market. Animals, vegetables and fruits alike are in demand.

-It matters not for the purpose of paying debts whether the money received for farm products be fifty, sixty, ninety or more cents below par; a dollar cancels a dollar's worth of debt, contracted even in the good old days of specie for which men sigh. A few years ago it took in many parts of the west, ten bushels of corn to bring a dollar. Eving load of debt settled down upon the shoulders of all-for the great mass of Western farmers settled there, poor in money rich in faith and hope.

If a man's crop and stock last year brought him \$1,000, and his expenses \$500, this year his receipts will be \$2,000, while his expenditures, even allowing them to have doubled -which they will not have done in one case

And what is a year or two of economy of the most rigid kind, that shall cut off all the luxuries\_of\_life,-compared with-the years of happiness that shall follow when the homestead is free from encumbrance; when all the stock and machinery are the property of the landholders; when there is no account at the grocer's nor dry goods merchants, nor blacksmith's?

MUTTON VS. PORK .- Physicians recommend mutton as the most wholesome meat -the easiest digested, and the best suited to invalids, while pork, as every one knows, The next day she signified to Kitty that she son.—He loved the high principles of eter- England mutton is a favorite dish, and we is the most unwholesome meat eaten. In apprehend it is to this, rather than to roast beef, that the Englishman owes his robust health and rosy complexion. Our people soul, bacame the synonym of all that is grand eat too much pork and too little mutton. And yet, as a cotemporary well remarks. "mutton can be produced pound for pound at less than half the price of pork, yield more nourishment when eaten, and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farmer to the extent of feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept during the winter on hay or turnips, or mangle wurtzel, or sugar beets, while hogs, will not do without, at least, some corn."—
We would like to see in the papers fewer accounts of big pigs, and more fat sheep.

A BRAVE MAN KNOWS NO FRAR -Adiral Farrayut, when a captair woke in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who in great trapidation, informed him that the ship was on fire

near the powder magazine.

'If that be the case," said Farragut, leisurely dressing himself, "we shall soon know The lieutenant hastened back to the scope

lips are unmoved, ah! he sleeps! Come hith. of danger, but soon returned again, saying: "You need not be afraid, sir; the fire is all "Afraid!" exclaimed Farragut-"What do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid

in my life." And looking at the lieutenant hard in the face, he added, "Pray, how does

man feel when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks!" BEAUTIFUL REPLY .- John Jay, the eminent statesman, one of the greatest of the great workmen who layed the corner-stone of American Liberty, the first Chief Justice of the United States, and for two terms the Governor of the State of New York, retired to private life at the age of fifty-six. He lived twenty-eight years after his retirement. devoted his time to agriculture, visiting, re-

creation, study, benevolent works and the du-

ties of a christian. Upon being asked how

it was possible to occupy his mind in the se-

clusion of retirement, he replied with a smile.

"I have a long life to look back upon, and

an eternity to look forward to." A prominent bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. - 'Yes," said the young-lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen

know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale and maintained a wistful silence. An elderly maiden lady writes to a friend: "A widower, with ten children, has proposed, and I have accepted him. This is about the number I have been entitled, to, if I had

been married at the proper time, instead of

have an improvement on that which you

being cheated into a mere nonentity." That God should be reconciled after such a dreadful breach as the fall of man made, is wonderful. No sin, all things considered, was ever like to this sin ; other sins, like a single bullet, kill particular persons; but this like a chain-shot, cuts off multitudes as the sand upon the seashore which no man

. Love is .not ripened. in one day, nor in many, nor even in a human lifetime. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed it must rest in that faith in the Divine which un-

Hy that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth a slander, is a fool.