



By W. Blair.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XVIII

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1865.

NUMBER 50

POETICAL.



THE MONTH OF MAY.

All nature now is smiling, Sweet birds are winging gay; And fragrant flowers are flinging Their perfume on our way...

The birds are sweetly warbling, Proclaiming May is born; A man's glad heart is praising The beauty of the morn...

The flowers fair are raising Each gold and scented head, And sweet and blooming roses Spring from the leafy bed...

The happy birds are singing Their sweet and joyous notes; They warble all melodiously, From out their tiny throats...

The queen of night shall fold thee Within her shining arms; And perfumed air shall hold thee In its delicious charms...

SING, MAIDEN, SING! Sing, maiden, sing! Mouths were made for singing; Listen—Songs thou'lt hear...

Hearst thou the rain, How it gently falleth? Hearst thou the bird Who from forest calleth? Hearst thou the bee O'er the sunflower ringing?

MISCELLANY.

HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED

It may be funny but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cocktails, olger-boxes, boot jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and demijohn...

"Now," says I, "let her lip! Dance till your wigs gives out!" And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe...

A SAD HISTORY.

We yesterday met a young and interesting girl at the house of an acquaintance, who told us of a tale of wrong and suffering that would furnish material for a good sized novel.

One year ago this young lady left her home in Pennsylvania—a home where all the luxuries of life were at her command. Her parents were indulgent, and she, an only child, was loved by them with all the true parental affection...

In February, 1864, she became acquainted with a Mormon preacher, who painted to her in glowing terms the glories of Utah and the Mormon religion. He told her of the beautiful valleys of Utah fortified on all sides by giant mountains...

Arriving at Chicago, he forced her to marry him, the ceremony being performed by a mock priest, without record or license. On last April she left Wyoming, Nebraska, with a Mormon train, for the land of promise, and finally arrived in the city of Saints.

After a few months her liege lord told her she had concluded to set her to another, who had taken a great fancy to her; that his other wives were jealous, and declared that his last wife should not live with him any longer.

She declared she would die before she would be put away and forced to live as the wife of a man with whom she had no acquaintance, and had seen but once in her life. Her husband told her it was Brigham's order, and she must do so or lose her life.

Through force of circumstances she at last yielded, and was duly installed in his family, as the sixth wife. Here she found, as before, the jealousy and quarrels arising were intolerable, and she again determined to escape or die in the attempt.

She leaves this city to-night, a repentant, sorrowful child for her home in Pennsylvania—that home which she was persuaded to desert through the misrepresentation and wiles of a crafty scoundrel.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practised for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we would walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks.

The night the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall, when our own I went kerlap on the oilcloth, pulling Sal after me.

She gave clear out, then, and squatted in my lap, she corkscrewed and curfimed and rolled in. I hugged her till I broke my suspender, and her breath smelt of onions she eat two weeks before.

There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other.

"Jack, are you in there?" "Yes," says I. "Then came a roar of laughter, and I let us in," says she.

Edward Bates on Mr. Lincoln.

The following tribute to Mr. Lincoln, from ex-Attorney Gen. Bates, appears in the St. Louis papers: "ST LOUIS, April 29, 1865. To O. D. Filley, Esq., and the other Gentlemen, his Associates:

"Sir—When I received the letter with which you lately honored me, I felt a strong inclination to comply with your request to deliver an oration upon the character and public services of Abraham Lincoln, at such time and place as might suit my convenience."

"I have known many men more learned in books than Mr. Lincoln; but not one whose mind could more readily perceive the truth of a fact or a principle, or more clearly state it in language, or more certainly prove it by logical argument."

"But, my friends, you ask for an oration, not on his character only, but also on his public services! How can that great subject be, justly and discriminatingly, compressed into the narrow space of an oration?"

"I pray you, my friends, excuse me. Aside from the reason above assigned, the state of my health forbids my compliance. During the last half of winter, and all spring, thus far, I am so afflicted in my throat and lungs that I dare not attempt to speak in public."

"With the greatest respect, I remain, gentlemen, gratefully your friend, EDWARD BATES."

Be Just—A Warning. We often wonder, while seated in our 8x10 room, poring over a pile of exchanges in the endeavor to oill something wherewith to tickle the fancy or benefit our readers, that the ghosts of grim, worn-out, emaciated, seedy, dilapidated, ragged and torn, cadaverous, consumption generative, and death on the pale horse looking editors don't appear at the bedside of those who have cheated the printer-out of his justly entitled dues...

Brownlow on Isham G. Harris. The Legislature of Tennessee having authorized the Governor to offer a reward of \$5,000 for the capture of Ex-Gov. Isham G. Harris, Brownlow has issued a characteristic proclamation to that effect. His description of Harris is especially pointed:

"This culprit Harris is about 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs about 145 lbs. and is about 55 years of age. His complexion is sallow—his eyes dark and penetrating—a perfect index to the heart of a traitor—with the scowl and frown of a demon resting upon his brow. The study of mischief and the practice of crime have brought upon him premature baldness and a gray head."

With brazen-faced impudence he talks loudly and boastfully about the overthrow of the Yankee army, and entertains no doubt but that the South will achieve her independence. He chews tobacco rapidly, and is inordinately fond of liquor. In his moral structure he is an unscrupulous man—stepped to the nose and chin in personal and political profligacy—now about lost to all sense of honor and shame—with a heart reckless of social duty, and fatally bent on mischief.

If captured, he will be found lurking in the Rebel strongholds of Mississippi, Alabama or Georgia, and in female society, alleging, with the sheep-faced modesty of a virtuous man, that it is not a wholesome state of public sentiment or taste that forbids an indiscriminate mixing together of married men and women.

It will be remembered that the news of Lee's intended evacuation of Richmond, and the necessity of his taking immediate flight, was made known to Jeff Davis in church. It is a remarkable coincidence that the congregation at the time were singing the hymn, "Oh, where shall rest be found."

The Capture of Jeff Davis.

The announcement of the surprise and capture of Jeff. Davis at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia is received by the people with unfeigned satisfaction. The public had looked forward to this event with a considerable degree of confidence, the disposal of his pursuers being such that escape was next to impossible. It would seem that he had parted company with Breckinridge, Benjamin, and the bodyguard of two thousand men in order to make a detour that would divert suspicion from his movements.

What a contrast between the hunted runaway of to-day and the proud, cold, imperious despot of the past! A little while ago, the head and front of a daring, defiant, and powerful army of treason, and next a wandering fugitive—with a price set upon his head. Only lately he sternly refused all offers of peace upon the only basis which the President of the United States was authorized to extend, only lately he breathed out threats and menace, and hurled scorn and provocation against his countrymen who adhered to loyalty and duty.

Yet even in the guise of an arrested fugitive, of a runaway repudiated by his own followers, of a supplicant craving the mercy of his captors, there might be much in the case of Jeff Davis to win our commiseration. But Jefferson Davis in his wife's clothes is not a sufficiently elevated character to attract our regard and admiration.

There is to-day among the loyal people of the North a great deal of romantic and sickly feeling in favor of Gen. Robert E. Lee. He must still be called the Virginia Gentleman, the Christian Soldier, and the hero who did not want to rebel. We have not a particle of sympathy with this sentimentality, nor a drop of patience with those who indulge it.

Gen. Lee was an educated army officer, in the service of the United States, at the time of the outbreak of the rebellion. He saw no good and sufficient reason for the rebellion, and against his better judgment, deserted the army and the country and joined the enemy because the State from which he hailed had rebelled.

Besides, the Christian qualities which have been attributed to Gen. Lee, do not exist. In his communication with Grant in reference to the surrender of the rebel army, he tried a trick of words which any where else would be called lying. He was severe and almost heartless in the treatment of his own soldiers, at one time throwing three hundred veterans into Castle Thunder in irons because they asked a second time for a twenty days' furlough.

John Minor Botts saw no reason for the rebellion, and yet did not wish to take part against his native State. Did he therefore take part against his country? No. He withdrew entirely, and remained, if not actively yet passively, loyal. Gen. Lee also saw no reason for rebellion and yet did not wish to take part against his native State. He therefore became a deserter and a traitor, and led a hundred thousand men against the life of the nation.

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he had no money, and that he'd had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not had a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

A man who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life is compared to one who would amputate a leg to save his toes from corns.

You will never repent for being patient and sober.

Decora, a famous Winnebago chief, died recently at Lincoln, Wis. aged one hundred and thirty three years. He sided the United States in the Black Hawk war, and was rewarded by Gen. Jackson with a small United States flag. He kept it as long as he lived and now it wares over his grave.

Kindness of Mr. Lincoln.

The following incident, clipped from an exchange, illustrates the kindness of heart and the tenderness of our late President. In November last, a small, delicate boy patiently waited with the anxious crowd which had gathered in the room of the President. He was noticed by Mr. Lincoln, who said, "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want."

Mr. President. I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years and my Colonel got angry with me and turned me off; I was taken sick, and have been a long time in the hospital. This is the first day I have been out. I came to see if you cannot do something for me.

Our exchange continues: The President looked kindly and tenderly at him, and asked him where he lived. He replied that he had no home. "Where is your father?" said the President. "He died in the army," answered the boy. "Where is your mother?" "My mother is dead also, I have no father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters," and, bursting into tears, the boy said, "and no friends. Nobody cares for me."

The scene was indescribably tender and affecting, and the President immediately drew from his drawer a card, on which he wrote his wishes, that the officers should care (in his own affectionate language) "for the poor boy."

When the card was handed to the drummer boy, a smile lit up his face, all wet with tears, and he returned fully convinced that he had at least one good and true friend in Abraham Lincoln.

About Sleep. There are two kinds of sleep,—the complete and incomplete. Complete sleep is a temporary metaphysical death, though not an organic one. The heart and lungs perform their offices with their accustomed regularity. It is characterized by a torpor of the organs of the brain, of the external senses, and of voluntary motions.

Incomplete sleep is the activity of one or more of the cerebral organs, while the others are in repose; these occasions dreaming. Sleep is variously affected by health and disease. Man in time of health sleeps tranquilly. He arises in the morning, refreshed and prepared to go forth to his daily labor. New strength is given him, languor is gone; and all the faculties, both mental and corporeal are recruited. But the sleep of disease is far different. It is short and unrefreshing; disturbed by fearful sights and frightful dreams.

Stupor and sleep are different, though supposed by some to be synonymous. In both there is insensibility; but it is easy to wake a person from sleep, while it is sometimes almost impossible to arouse one from stupor. It is frequently the case in sickness that the person lies for several days in stupor, totally insensible.

Though sleep be natural, and necessary to the languid, mental and corporeal faculties, yet is frequently brought on by some external cause. Heat produces sleep. We witness it in the summer season; it is common to see the laborer devoting an hour in the heat of the day to sleep. A heated church and dull sermon are almost sure to bring sleep. The heat of the church might be resisted, but the sermon is irresistible. Its monotony falls in leaden accents on the ear, and soon subdues the most powerful attention. Variety, whether in sight or sound, prevents sleep; while excessive monotony of all kinds is apt to induce it. Excessive cold, as well as heat, produces sleep. A person without sufficient clothing on his bed will find it difficult to sleep at night; but it is a fact that sleep is produced before death when freezing takes place.

The Rebel Women in Richmond. A correspondent of the Washington Chronicle says: "Of the women in Richmond I might write volumes. They have much to answer for. They have been severely mistreated by the press and pulpit. They have credited the falsehoods of the one and been seduced by the religious glosses of the other. The Confederate cause got to be identified with their domestic peace and their religious connections, and it is a rendering of the heart-strings to see it fall. They have lost no opportunity to stimulate the pride and flagging hopes of the sterner sex. 'I hate the Yankees,' said a young girl amid her companions. 'If I ever have any children, even though Lee is beaten, I will bring them up in eternal hatred of those who have subdued us.'" "Our hostility," said another "is invincible; I shall never do anything but hate those who have deprived us of our rights; I should never have been willing to yield if it had not been yield or starve, and life is sweet." But the most violent bear testimony to the good conduct of our troops, and the universal acknowledgement was that they could hardly believe their own eyes, the Yankees had behaved so much better than they expected."

The youth with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

Jeff Davis in May, 1861—"All we want is to be let alone." Jeff Davis in July, 1865—"All I want is, to be let alone."

He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.