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VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1865.

POETICAL.



I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

I hear the soft wind sighing Through every bush and tree, Where now dear mother's lying Away from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are starting, And sorrow shades my brow: O, weary was our parting-I have no mother now!

I see the pale moon shining-On mother's white head-stone -The rose-bush round it twining Is here—like me—slone: And just like me, are weeping These dew drops from the bough; Long time has she been sleeping-I have no mother now!

My heart is very lonely, Life is drear and sad; 'Twas her dear presence only That made my spirit glad, From morning until evening, Care rest upon my brow; She's gone from earth to heaven-I have no mother now!

MUSIC.

I love to trace where music dwells, In village chimes, in evening bells; In gentle words, in kindly wiles In loving hearts and tender smiles, In graceful forms, in gentle eyes; Where love is warm and never Jies; In forest wild, in gentle glen, Far from the haunt of busy men, In shady grove by lake and wood, Where heartless forms have never stood. There's music in the gentle breeze That fans the lofty cedar trees; There's music in the rocky hall, There's music in the waterfall; There's music on a summer's day, When all around is bright and gay; There's music in a winding stream, There's music in a happy dream: There's music wasted to the shore: On summer eve from boatman's oar: There's music in the Sabbath bell That sounds from distant woodland della There's music in the voice of those Who some kind tale of love disclose-And gently murmur words of peace.

DESPONDENCY.

Earth! let me lean my fevered brows Upon thy cool and quiet breast; I'm weary batling with ill; Oh! let me leave the strife, and rest,

I cannot tell what evil stars Shed baleful influence at my birth. I only know that I would rest; Oh! take me to thy bosom, earth.

Yes, let me sleep that blessed sleep, Most blessed, that there's no awaking: No pulse to chill again to pain, Or heart find darker doom than breaking.

MISCELLANY.

MARGERY.

The bells of the village church had been ringing sweet and clear, and the sound was borne on the summer air miles away, makeing solemn music, which was very pleasent to a little lonely heart,

On the stone steps of the farm-house, watching the shadows, or looking now and then with a wishful glance toward the bright sky, sat Margery.

Margery who? 'That was all, she had no other name, she said, when strangers questioned her.

Farmer James had found her one wintry night on a snow drift by the road side. She was warmly rapped and sheltered from the storm. Several changes of clothing a sum of money, a paper on which was written "Margery,' were in a basket near. She had been kept by the farmer's wife, who hoped some day to be rewarded, and who at first built many air-castles, which had for their foundation the coming of Margery's rich friends. She was sure they were rich she said, for the child's clothing was fine and soft, and the lace upon the little dresses

was wern more than her best Sunday gown. | publisher. But as years passed and these unknown persons gave no sign, she grew weary of her charge, and by degrees indifference gave way to astual unkindness.

Poor little Margery, what had she done, and why was she so unlike the happy children whom she sometimes met? She often wondered, as she did that Sunday afternoon, sitting in the sunshine, how many miles off heaven was, and whether she could waik there if she tried? "I wish I knew," she said. "I wish I knew which road to take, and had

Little children who, with folden hands, say your, "Now I lay me down to sleep," who would not be thankful for are laid to rest by loving hands, with your and for new subscribers. mothers' goodnight kisses on your libs-little happy children—how blest are you who read wonderingly of this child, whose life was

no nnlike your own!

Margery had been taken once by a kind neighbor with her childre, to the village Sonday school. There she heard for the first home of Ged and his engels. The good coming through the rye.'

old minister was talking of Jesus, of the little ones whom he had blest while on earth whom he still loved in heaven, where after death good children would go to be shining

angels in the sky. him; there was a beautiful home if she onlyknew the way there.

She kept the sweet thoughts in her little sad heart; dreamed of them when she slept, and errands day by day, or tended the fretiul child whose mother had so little pity for her des-

One morning when the busy dame seemed to be in an unwonted mood, more gentle than she remember to have seen her. Margery took soythe and bawled out. courage and ventured to ask information on the subject that had occupied so many of her thoughts.

"If you please ma'am how far is it to heav-

The astonished woman dropped her iron, putting in danger thereby her good man's Sunday linen.

"What put that into your head I'd like to know?"

Poor frightened Margery, for once her anxiety to hear something of the blissful home she was determined to seek, gave hercourage.

and I could find the way I'd like to get there." "Well, I never," said Mrs. James, and turning fiercely upon the child, "Do you think its a place for the like of you? because if you do you're mistaken, I can tell you.— Try to get there indeed! I think you may try?- Now just do you-go and shell them peas, and don't let me hear you talk such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more into the shadow that had so long been like a pall on her heart, and the great hope that had been as a sunny gleam for a little while, suddenly

faded out of her yearning heart. But the longing was still there. Margery had never been taught a prayer; she did not know that God could read her every thought and wish; that his eye of love was always watching over her; if she had, she would not have fallen asleep so often, with her cheek his boy had hung up their "linsey-wolsey" wet with tears, or have looked around on the vests, hurried to the old man, who still manmeadows, and up into the sky as then with such a hungry feeling for love and kindness. | quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in

She was alone, as she had often been on a June gale of wind. Sabbath days; no mother's loving fingers fashioned dainty robes for Margery; "she ought to be thankful" Mrs. James told her, to have such decent clothes, it wasn't every one who would give them to her-but for Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, years they have endured all, and risked all her part, she couldn't abide ragsl"

child who wore them, to gossiping neighbors.

the house dog, moved lazily after her when and the old man Peter less loth to have his the quiet pursuits of Peace. On the contrashe walked about, and sometimes rubbed his leg broken than to be bitten to death by the ry we believe that the stern discipline of war cold nose against her hand, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Don't fret, there is let him have it. one friend for you!"

And the great Friend above all others, whom Margery did not know, looked down coek. upon the lonely child, and saw how desolate her young life was. So it was that but a few more Sabbaths found her in the accustemed place upon the door steps, or in the meadow, or looking out at night, from her ittle window, at the shining stars.

There came a time, when a dreadful fever took from many homes, one and another, who trying to get the garment upon his humpy were sadly missed, and its fatal touch was laid on Margery, for whom no one cared on fort, he grew lived in the face-his hair of war. earth, but who was just as precious in stood on end "like quills upon a frightful God's sight, as those whose graves were wet | porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes; he | with many tears.

The bright spirits whom we cannot see. though they are often near, watched over | ment. Margery. A neighbor who had buried her own little daughter was sitting by the child at the last, and thinking she asked for water took it to her: "Isn't it beautiful. beautiful?" said the little one, "I shall get to heaven after all, they've come to show me the way! 'Isn't it beautiful?' and with a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes that made her he took the same conclusion, and with might face gloriously fair, the soul of little Mar- and main he lugged and carried the boss some gery was borne up to the Beautiful Land, quarter of a mile to the house. and the songs of the angels welcomed her, where she could never be sad nor lonely any the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, more.

PREVALENT MISTAKES, -- We desire to call the attention of our readers to the following

prevalent mistakes: It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a newspaper is clear gain to the

It is a mistake to suppose that he gets white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose it is printed without cost. It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to please everybody. It is a mistake to suppose that a paper is not worth buying which contains only what "Vat a fool. You have got Peter's vhest

we know and believe already. It is a mistake to suppose that money due somebody to go with me, for I am so tired of for a paper would be as good to us a year living here?"

It is a great mistake to believe that we would not be thankful for, what is due us ness, galls, Pete, bring me some beer.

A gentlemen in Boston was complaining recently that he had a sunstroke. On inquiry it was ascertained that he blamed his wife for it, as it was in the shape of a pair of twin boys.

The editor of a paper in Indiana wants to time of a beautiful place called heaven, the know "if Western whiskey was ever seen more of the whalebone about him than was

THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCH-MAN.

Recently, near the city of Reading, Berks county, Pa, there lived a cosy old farmer named Sweighoffer—of German descent and Margery went home like one in a happy named Sweighoffer—of German descent and dream. She scarcely heard the scolding accent too as his speech will indicate. Old words that Mrs. James poured out like a tor- Sweighoffer had once served as a member of rent. She should not always have to be the Legislature, and was no fool; as he comscolded and beaten. She should not always manded a volunteer corps of rustic malitia, be tired and lonely. There was some one he could hardly be supposed to incline to who would love her, if she only could reach cowardice. His boy Peter was his only son, a strappling lad of seventeen, and upon young Peter and old Peter devolved the principle cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and took comfort in them as she went upon her her two daughters-for it is very common in the State to see the women and girls in the field-and upon extra occasions by some hands, Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Pete and young Pete were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his

> "Oh, mine Gott, Peter!" "What's de matter, fader?" answered the on, straightening up, and looking towards

his sire. "Oh, mine Gott!" again cries the old

"Dunder," echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man. "Fader, what's de mat-

ter?" "Oh, mine Gott! Peter, de schnake bite

mine leg." If anything in particular was capable of nome she was determined to seek, gave her frightening young Peter, it was snakes for be once crippled himself for life by tramping on a crooked stick, which broke his ankle, heaven, and I thought if it wasn't too far and so horrified the youngster, that he liked to have fallen through himself,

At the word snake, young Peter fell back again as nimbly as a wire dancer and bawled in turn.

"Where is de schnake?" Aup my trowsis, Peter-Oh! mine Gott!" "Oh! mine Gott," echoed Peter junior, 'kill him, fader."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me Peter; con aniek." But Peter the younger's cowardice over came his filial love, while his fears gave strength to his legs, and he started like a Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake. Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bungling along as soon as he heard the news, and passing by the fence whereupon Peter and aged to keep on his pins, although he was

"Oh, mine Gott. Come quick, Yacob!"
"Vat you got eh? schnake."

-nere, Aup wine ieg. but few people, old or young, are dead to a- for the good of our common country, and it The decent clothes, however, made so poor larm when a "pizen" reptile is making a levy. | would be meanness worthy only of savages, a show that she did not choose to exhibit the Gathering up a stiff, dry stalk of stalwart if the nation failed to manifest the tenderest weed, old Jake told the boss to stand ready, interest for them. So the little girl staid quietly at home, a and he would at least stun the snake by a lone, as I said before, except that "Watch," rap or two, if he did not kill him stone dead; rap or two, if he did not kill him stone dead; a great demoralizer, unfitting the soldier for viper, designated the spot to strike, and Jake has turned many a worthless fellow into a

"Oh !" rosred Peter, "you have broken my leg, and the tam schnake's got away." "Vere? vere? cried Old Jake, moving briskly and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

"Put on your vhest den, here it is.' said back. The moment old Peter made the efshivered, he shook, his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a staccatto accompani-

"O. Yacob, carry me home I I'm so dead as nits!"

Vat? ish der noder schnake in your trow "No, a-look! I'm all swelt aup!- Mine

whest wont go on my back. Oh, Got!" "Tunder and blixen !" cried old Jake, as

Young Peter had shinned it for home at and so alarmed the girls that they were in high strikes when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old Peter was carried in, and begin to die as natural as life, when in came the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Pete, in the last gasp of agony and weakness pointed to his leg. I'he old lady rapped upon his pantaloons, and out fell a thistle-top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was visible.

"Call dis a schnake? Boh! says the old woman. "Oh, but I'm pizened to death, Molly .-

See I'm all pizen, mine vest won't come over mine body at all. "Haw! haw! haw! roared the old woman.

"Kosh!" roars old Pete, shaking off death's ice fetters at one surge, and jumping up.-"Yacob, what an old fool you must be, to say I was schnake bit. Go bout your busi-

Scandalous .- A letter in the Chattanooga Rebel says that the ladies in portions of Tennessee have been stripped of everything. Did you ever?

Why was Jonah in the fish's belly like a fashionable young lady? Because he had good for him.

A \$1,600 Prize Pome.

We have found the following good thing. It appears that Thackeray's Magazine, in London, paid Tennyson, the Poet Laureate for the Presidency, he manifested much in-of England, sixteen hundred dollars for a terest in the various reformatory institutions What does little birdie say

In her nest at peep of day? Let me fly, says little birdie-Mother, let me fly away. Birdie, rest a little longer, Till thy tiny wings are stronger; So she rests a little longer, Then she flies away. What does little baby say. In her bed at peep of day? Baby says, like little birdie,

Let me rise and haste away.

Baby, sleep a little longer,

Until your little legs grows stronger; And after waiting, like the birdie; Baby, too, shall fly away. Isn't that grand? Isn't it the quintessence of poetry? Here's sixteen lines of our own, says an exchange, same style, same measure, and embodying about as much sentiment, for which we will willingly take a

quarter:— What does little froggie say, In his pond at peep of day Let me swim, says little froggie-Bullfrog, let me swim away. Froggie, wait a little longer, Till your legs are stronger;
So he mounts upon a chunk,

And then into the pund ker-o-ch-u-n-k. What does little piggie say, In his sty at peep of day? Piggie says, like little froggie Let me go and root to-day.

If you suck a little longer, Piggie then may root away.

Piggie, wait a little longer, Till your snout grows hard and stronger;

A Word for our Soldiers. There is abundant food for thought and banding and return of the great armies that have won the victories of the past four years. 'All the world wonders,' at the readiness with which the loyal millions laid down the hamscared locomotive, to call the old burley mer and the spade, the yard stick and the pen, and rallied in armed defence of their threatened nationality. It was a grand sight. But it will be no less grand, no less subject for wonder, to see the gallant armies of the Republic return to their homes, resume their former occupations, and conduct a campaign in the interests of Peace, as gallant and as honorable as their late campaign in the interests of war. Upon Government and People alike those men have the first claim.— They have saved the Republic, and God forbid that the Republic should forget them, "Yaw, yaw. Come, come Yacob! he bites when their heroic virtues are no longer needin the field. For four

We are not of those who look upon war as good citizen. Who does not known of some The first blow broke the weed, and also wild trifling, good for nothing, going off into knocked old Peter off his pegs on a hay- the army, proving himself a good soldier, our armies has never been of a worthless character. The best men of the land have stood in the ranks. And so high is the standard of the personal character in some cases. that to have been in the army is a presumpthe old crout-eater, gathering up his boss and tion of merit. Those who were men at home. were men in the army, and they come back men, all the better for the sharp discipline

And now how are we to discharge our duty toward the returned veterans? First, by perferring them for all offices which they are fitted to fill: Second, by giving them steady and honorable employment on our farms, in our work shops, on the Railroads, wherever they choose to apply for work. The Government has already signified its intention to discriminate in favor of soldiers in the selection of officers and employees. This is right. Let us carry the same principle into the ordinary pursuits of common life.

Saturday Evening.

How many a kiss has been given-how many a caress—how many a look of hate how many a kind word-how many a promise has been broken-how many a heart has been wrecked-how many a soul lost-how many a loved one lowered to the narrow chamber-how many a babe has gone forth from earth to heaven-how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of the treasures of the heart! A week is a history. A week makes events of sorrow or of gladness which people never heed. Go home, you heart-erring wanderer. Go home to the cheer that awaits you, wrong waifs on earth's billows. Go home to your family, man of business. Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures-leave everythingyour dirty shop—your business store. Rest with those you love; for God alone knows what next Saturday night may bring them. Forget the world of care and battles, with which life furrowed the wreek. Draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with sadness, in tears and silence. Go home to those you ow." love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the embrace of your heart pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night.

Spunky to the last-female rebels.

In a Sabbath School.

poem, and the following two stanzas are just several of which he examined. He visited one-half of it, or eight hundred dollars among others the Sabbath School attached to the Five Points House of Industry. He went alone and unaided, and what happened on the occasion is described by the Super intendent of the School in this wise.

One Sunday I saw a tall, remarkable looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. 'He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenace expressed such genuine interest that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure; and coming forward. began a simple address, which at once fascinated every little hearer and hushed the room in silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intense feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks, but then the imperative shout of "Go on! O, do go on," would impel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sickly frame of the stranger and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impression of the moment. I felt an irresistable curiosity to learn something more about him and while he was quietly leaving the room I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, "It is Abraham Lincoln, from Illi-

The Cure of a Drunkard.

A man long noted for intemperance habits was induced by Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way!" which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no or hearty national congratulation at the dis- intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it, but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting without having once touched a drop. 'Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott. "Yes," replied he, "if I can do it my own way," and accordingly he wrote, "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live to that time I intend to take a life lease!" A few days after he called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him back to his old hut. "Oh, land lord," said he as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side." That's because you have stopped drinking," said the landlord, "You won't live long if you keep on." "Will drink take the lump away?" "Yes and if you don't "Squire D— W—, the stabler, shaved me drink you'll soon have a lump on the other dreadfully, yesterday, and I want to come up side. Come, let's drink together," and he with him." I wont drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump for it isn't very hard to bear. and with this he drewout the lump, a roll one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted of greenbacks, from his side pocket, and walk another dollar and a half for coming back, ed off, leaving the landlord to his reflections and he made me pay it."

The Rebel Leaders.

No fair man can doubt that the rebel leaders, and particularly Davis and Lee, are responsible for the starvation and cruel exposure of Union prisoners, resulting in thousands of deaths. The crime in this connection, winning promotion, and coming back a dig-nified and steady man? But the material of world, is murder—murder in its worst and world, is murder-murder in its worst and most barbarous aspect,

Henry S. Foote who was a member of the dollars. rebel Congress, has written a letter, in which he shows the rebel leaders to have been the authors of the horrible miseries endured by our brve men in Southern prisons. He proves that the Commissary General of the Confederacy proposed the starving of Union prisoners, that the rebel Secretary of war approved and endorsed it, that the rebel House of Representatives tried to prevent an investigation of it. And as Davis and Lee were at the head of the military department, of course this starvation policy could not be carried on without their approval. We submit to a candid world whether men who have thus taken the lives of thousands of innocent and helpless prisoners should not suffer the death penalty, unless capital punishment be forever abolished?

SCARCE ARTICLES .- A parson who practices all he professes; A beauty who never feels proud when she

A lawyer whose honesty pleads for his cli-A braggart whose courage is always defi-

A sensible dandy, an actual friend; Philosophy publishing, money to lend.' A skillful physician regardless of self; A staunch politician forgetful of pelf; A sour old bachelor neatly arrayed;

And last though not rarest, a cheerful old

FRIGHTENED AT SHADOWS .- A fellow went to a parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost.

'When and where?" "I was passing by the church, and up a-gainst the wall of it, did I behold the spec-"In what shape did it appear?" asked the

"It appeared in the shape of a great ass."

priest.

"Go home and hold your tongue about it," said the parson; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened at your own shud-

We can tell provision dealers how to keep-

hams the year round. Charge three times passes underneath. as much as they are worth. It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sun-

day is a day of rest.

The Thief's Plea.

Well, sir, said the City Judge to a prisoner charged with stealing, 'it appears to me that I've seen you before. Your figure head looks very familliar. Have you been here before?"

'Yes, sir.'

'How many times?' 'Not over a dozen?"

'Ah! you old rogue, I thought so .-Veren't you before me once for stealing a

'Yes, sir.' 'And a watch?'

'I remember something about it.' 'And a breastpin ?'...

'I shouldn't be surprised,'

'And a case of boots?"; 'I do recollect that time!' 'And some pieces of dry goods, if I am not

nistaken?" Well, you han't ! And an old gentlemen's wallet?" 'That's so, your Honor.'

'And on one occasion a barrel of cider.?' 'Only one.' And about a year ago, a horse and wagon?

·Quite likely.' 'And here you are, up for stealing old unk, this time. Upon my conscience What excuse have you?"

'A very good one, your Honor.' 'What one? Necessity?' 'Not exactly.' 'Then what?'

'Your own advice.' 'My advice? How dare you? Bold fellow! You've been here so many times you've got familiar, and grown-sauoy. I say I acted upon your advice, and I

stick to it. 'To steal! Tell me when I advised you to steal.'

'Every time I've been brought before you, the evidence was not sufficient, and you discharged me, and said: 'Go about your business land I did. My business is stealing; I

only followed your orders'
'Well, sir,' now said the astonished Judge, the evidence is not sufficient this time, either, and you are discharged, you lucky rogue. But take care you don't stick to business so close, hereafter, or you may find you've over-worked yourself, and I shall have to send you to a hospital.'

Practical Joking. "A few days since," writes an attorney,

Client-"I asked him how much he'd charge me for a horse to go to Delham -He said one dollar and a half. I paid him

C- gave him some legal advice, which the client acted upon immediately as follows:

. He went to the stabler and staid : "How much will you charge me for a horse and buggy to go to Salem?" Stabler replied-"five dollars."

"Harness him up," Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went to stabler, saying-"Here is your money," paying him five

"Where is my horse and wagon?" says "He is at Salem," says client, "I only hired him to go to Salem."

A cute Yankee, in Kansas, sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor by the barrel. Of course the cute Yankee's customers acc liable to go off half cocked.

Love can do much, but scorn or disdain cau do more,

Like with little looks well and lasts long. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough afterwards.

Let your letter stay for the post, not the post for your letter. Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out. Little dogs statthe hare, but great ones

catch it.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the tace, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offense toward God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this .--To feel that we have omitted no task, and

USEFUL HINT .- A tablespoonful of powdered alum will purify a hogahead of foul water. Try it.

left no obligations unfilled, this fills the

heart with satisfaction, and the soul with

At a negro ball the following notice was posted on the door-step:-Tickets, fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless he comes him-

It is a good sign to have a man to enter vour office with a friendly greeting, "here's \$2.00 for my paper.

A drunkards nose is said to be a light house, warning us of the little water that

Divisions are Satan's powder plots to blow up religion.

The reward of the pious is eternal.