



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



I DO NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray, Who loans at twenty-five per cent. For then I think this borrower may Be pressed to pay for food and rent, And in that book we all should heed, Which says the lender should be blest; As sure as I have eyes to read, It does not say, "take interest."

THE RING MY MOTHER WORE.

The earth has many treasures rare, In gems and golden ore; My heart hath one, more precious far— The ring my mother wore. I saw it first when I, a child, Was playing by her side; She told me then, 'twas father's gift When she became his bride.

MISCELLANY.

A STRANGE AFFAIR.

BY EMERSON BENNET.

At a way-side inn, on the old road that then ran between Philadelphia and... in the State of Pennsylvania, a very strange and curious affair occurred in the fall of 1797. One dark, rainy, disagreeable night, a mounted traveler, well muffled up in a great coat, with its broad cape turned up over his head like a cow, his chin and lower part of his face buried in a large bandana handkerchief, and with a broad black patch over his right eye, rode up to the tavern and called for supper and lodging. At the large fire burning in the chimney of the bar-room, he sat and warmed and dried himself, while his meal was being prepared, without removing any of his garments, not even so much as his hat, and when the landlord at length announced that his repast was ready, he simply remarked: "I have severe pain in my face—so you must excuse my going to the table as I am."

know how much money you've got here, if I've got to be responsible for it. "Please open the pocket-book then and count for yourself," returned the stranger. The host did so and said—"I make it two hundred and fifteen dollars." "Right!" rejoined the traveler, "and while I'm about it, I may as well add this purse, which contains fifty-one dollars in specie." The landlord also counted the coin, part gold and part silver, said the amount was right, and went out, bidding the other good night. About two o'clock in the morning, a neighbor, living within stone's throw of the tavern, and who chanced to be up with a sick child, fancied he heard, above the roar of the storm, which had increased in violence, a wild shriek, followed by two cries of "Help! Murder!" He was a rather timid man, and was much alarmed. He blew out his light cautiously opened the door, looked out and listened.—The storm beat into his face and howled around his dwelling, but he could see nothing not even a light at the inn, and he heard nothing more that sounded like a human voice. He shut the door and fastened it and then woke up his wife and told her all. She happened to be a woman of unusual nerve and courage, and after putting a few questions replied with a yawn: "Oh, Jim, it was only one of your fanciful You are always hearing something that nobody else does! Just think how many times you have hunted the house over for robbers, since I've lived with you. Just tend to Mary will you, and let me get a little sleep, for you know I didn't have any last night." "I know it wasn't a fancy, but a real human cry!" grumbled the man as he walked away and allowed his drowsy spouse to return to her dreams. The dull, leaden gray of morning was just beginning to dispel the inky blackness of the stormy night when the landlord of the wayside inn was aroused by a series of thundering knocks upon the outer door of his habitation. He sprung out of bed, hastily drew on his trousers and boots, took his waistcoat in his hand and hurried down to his supposed customers. On opening the door he found himself confronted by two rough looking men, well muffled up against the storm, which yet had scarcely abated its fury. Their horses panting, splashed with mud, with drooping heads, were hitched at the nearest post, and showed by their looks that they had been ridden fast and far. "Did a mounted traveller stop at this inn last night?" abruptly inquired one of the two. "Yes," was the answer. "Is he here still?" "He is."

THE CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS. THE TRUE STORY. A writer in the Atlantic Monthly for September gives an account of the capture of the rebel chief, which he asserts to be literally true to the minutest detail. Although the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare in its various manipulations, we take the following extract from the account: DAVIS IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES. Andrew Bee, a private of Company L, went to the entrance of Davis' tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, "bareheaded and bare-foot," as he describes her, who putting her hand on his arm, said: "Please don't go in there until my daughter gets herself dressed!" Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's "water proof" gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head and carrying a tin pail, appeared and asked to go to "the run" for water. Mrs. Davis also appears and says: "For God's sake let my old mother go to get some water!" No objections being made, they passed out. But sharp eyes were upon the singular looking old mother. Suddenly Corporal Munger, of Company C, and others at the same instant, discovered that the "old mother" was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the corporal exclaimed: "That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?" and, spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the snail, and disclosed Jeff Davis. As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff struck an attitude, and cried out: "Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!" "Yes," said the corporal, "I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out."

PLAYED OUT. A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes: At the corner of Cherry and Broad streets is a small, but comfortable and popular theatre, called Poland's. Various here is no heavy, tragedy, or even, standard comedy ever performed there, but the manager understands, nevertheless, how to draw a crowd and with the aid of pretty dancing girls and extravagant farces, he manages to attract a very considerable audience every night. The audience consists generally of soldiers, although there are many others who go to enjoy the laugh which may be obtained there: Two or three nights since I happened to be present at one of the exhibitions. There was the usual quantity of singing, dancing, light comedy, and broad farce. In one of the extravaganzas a theatrical manager is represented as having advertised for a company of performers. Soon after, a negro, dirty, ragged, old, dilapidated, presents himself, and proposes to play an engagement. The manager asks him what he can play. With much assurance, he answers, that he can perform most anything. The manager then tries him in various parts, and, of course, the darkey very ludicrously breaks down in each, to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on. The applause of the audience was redoubled at each successive failure. At last the manager proposes him to try a part in which he will not have much to say. "Why won't I have much to say?" inquired Sambo. "Well," says the manager, "your part is such a one that you won't be allowed to say much."

UNCLE JOHN MORRIS WAS A chronic toper; One day while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the gutter of a worn fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along. "Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go, when you come to die?" "If I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John. Josef Brothers on Poultry.—The best time to set a hen is when she is reddish. I can tell you what the best breed is, but the Shanghai is the meanest. It costs as much to board one of these shanghaiens as it does a stage-horse, and you might, as well, undertake to fatten a fanning mill by running out through it. There's no profit in keeping a hen for his egg, if she lays less than one a day. Hens are very long lived if they don't contract the throat disease. I can't tell exactly how to pick out a good hen, but as a general thing the long eared ones are counted the best, but the long legged ones I know are the least apt to scratch up the garden. As Father Taylor was giving a temperance address in Rocky Hill meeting house, a certain drunkard was so much offended by his severe but truthful remarks, that he rose up and began to hiss the speaker. Instantly Father Taylor turned the attention of the large audience to the insolent rowdy, and then furiously said; as he pointed to his victim: "There's a red nose got into cold water, don't you hear it hiss."

Gen. Schenck on Suffrage. "If no other representative of the people makes the proposition before me, I pledge to you my promise that early in the next Congress I will propose this further amendment—that, from this time forward, for all the States alike, the Constitution of the United States shall be so changed as that representation shall be founded upon voters and not upon population. [Applause.] "Let us look into this matter; and I specially ask the attention of any Democrats who may be present, for I want them to answer whether there is anything anti-Democratic or anti-Republican in this proposition. By the present three-fifths rule, supposing the slaves still remain in bondage, the following were some of the results: "Maine, by the census of 1860, had a population of 626,956, and on this population was allowed five representatives. "Alabama had a population of 529,431,—just 100,000 less than Maine; but she was allowed, under the three-fifths rule, seven members—two more than Maine. "Vermont had a population of 314,339, upon which she was allowed three representatives. "South Carolina had a population of 291,385—20,000 less than Vermont; and upon that, because of the large number of her slaves, she was allowed six representatives—twice as many as Vermont, though Vermont has the greatest free white population. "Pennsylvania, with a population of 2,349,236, is allowed twenty-four representatives; while North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana, all combined, have an aggregate free population of 2,329,785—10,000 less than Pennsylvania alone—and yet they are allowed thirty-nine representatives—fifteen more than the same population in a free State. "But let the Constitution of the United States stand unchanged, slavery being extinguished, and what will follow? Why, that the other two-fifths will be represented, and how many of these are in the slave States? 1,580,212 more will be represented when you come to add the other two-fifths. This will give to the South, in addition to the great advantage she already has, fourteen more voters in Congress. Then the Southern States I have mentioned, in connection with Pennsylvania will have fifty votes in Congress to her twenty-four, while having only the same voting population. "Labor is honorable in all, from the king on the throne to the mendicant in the street; and let him or her who is ashamed to toil for themselves, or the benefit of their race, be more ashamed to consume the industry and labor of others, for which they do not render an equivalent. "He who has not experienced the friendship of a woman, knows not half the charms and delights of friendship. Woman possesses the art of embellishing the saddest moments of our life, by unaltered sweetness of temper, constant care, and unwearied attention; she is man's best companion in adversity, and in adversity his truest friend. "A loving mother makes a happy home very true."