OLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1865.



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND

When the sun is reclining upon its still wave; She dreams not of life, nor its stormy commotion,

For the surges of trouble recede from her grave. May her sleep be as calm as the winds that are sigh-

Their last taint echo amid the green trees; No murmur can reach her unconsciously lying. She heeds not the tempest, she hears not the

May her sleep be as calm, as the flower that clo-

breeze.

Its beautiful petal in night's chilling air, She's folded her shroud too, and sweetly reposes, Oh far he the sorrow that dimmed one so fair.

May her sleep be as calm as the whisper of even,

When the han is have been clasped and the knees bent in prayers She's chanted her hymn at the portal of Heaven,

And found the affection not found to be here. May she rest in the grave, may the tall grass grow

light!y Above the meek bosom that blessed us of yore,

Like a bird that has found out a region more bright-To nestle its pinion, but glad us no more.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Lo, the war-cloud is past and the struggle is o'er. Hark the song of a people united once more; Like a watch-fire ascending, behold on the sea, Waving proudly as ever "The Flag of the Free."

The Flag of our Union, The Flag of our Union. The Flag of our Union, The Flag of the Free.

Oh, Columbia, Columbia, how tranquil and bright Was the morning that dawned on thy perilous night,

When the angel of peace spread her wings o'er the

And she blessed the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

Now the day star of hope in its glory appears, Then awake from the sorrow and banish the fears. For thy heroes have planted o'er land and o'er sea, Waving proudly as ever "The Flag of the Free."

Let it wave, let it wave to the breezes unfurled, 'Tis the pride of the veteran, the boast of the world Then hurrah for the brave, and our motto shall be; God protect the old standard, "The Flag of the

MISCELLANY.

The Victory that Overcomes the World.

Victory over self; is victory over the world. It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within that storms or undermines the citadel | did, by jingol" of spiritual life. Alas that the gates are so often unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter. Alas, that the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste. As in the conflict of nations the conquering army reinforces its own strength by the mufoe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every struggle with temptation.

Yet the victory is gained, not by self-confidence and spiritual pride, but by humility and self-abnegation. The humble soul alone Fanny walked on. John had determined outward power can abase him, who, while he in the world. reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in his own eyes, "esteeming of the forest trees. He intended of the afternoon in roaming from one place others better than himself?" What circum to propose whilst pale Luna was flooding the Oh, the strength that grows from self renun- dancing around him. ciation! Oh, the peace that flows in upon the will subdued, when the man, though "lord of himself," through the entire mas, tery over his affections and passions, feels that all his strength is in God, and in the might of Him who overcame the world! To him the tide of life flows "like a broad riv. er's peaceful might," through sunshine and through storm, bearing steadily on in its appointed course. His abundant peace is not stoicism. Like that of his divine Master, his heart is the home of all sweet affections. feelings?" He is still a being of smiles and tears, tenderly alive to the joys of human sympathy, both in giving and receiving the blessed charities of life. A leisure from eternal strife, he has a word of courage for the temp- through his soul! ted, comfort for the sorrowing, reproof for the hardened sinner, hopes for the penitent. heart rest when the beautiful maiden's head

Such lives are led by God's best children here below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that springs from victory over selfish ed into his throat. sins, and the absorption of our wills into thine .- Monthly Religious Magazine.

THE OLD LADY AHEAD .- A late wellknown member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and somewhat short and sharp in his temper -He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about preparing and putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all his bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question: 'Whaur's this you're gaun, Robbie, that ye make sic a grand wark about your cles?' The young man lost his temper, and pettishly replied. I am going to the pove water, he begins to realize his posi-devil." Deed, Robbie, then, was the quick lion. answere, 'ye need na be sae nice, he'!l jist take ye as ye are.'

COURTING A FLIRT.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

It was evening. Pale Luna, the silver queen of hight, had arisen and was shedding her leafy rays o'er all the earth. The evening insects had commenced their night's sing song devotion, and the air was laden with

the "balm of a thousand flowers." John Pickens and Fanny Ashley were walking in a beautiful grove on the banks of the Ohio on the evening above alluded-

And now before we tell you how they walked, and why they walked, we will brief-

ly allude to their former history.

John was a handsome and intelligent man he had adopted the profession of the law, whereby he expected to win honor and fame, and bread and butter. John was a good fellow-an exceedingly good fellow; but he was very impulsive and susceptable.

John had been in love at seven different times in his life, but he had always managed to come out without being very much slaugh-

Poor John! he was destined to be awfully slaughtored this time.

Fanny Ashley was the handsomest woman in the world. There was no mistake on this point. She was universally acknowledged to be, by all odds, the prettiest woman that ever trod on shoe leather. No person deni- home alone; John enlisted; and this is ed it. Such pearly teeth. Such bewitching languishing, love lit, slaughtering eyes!-Such peachey, plumey cheeks! Such beautiful, crow black, curly tresses! Such-oh my! Language fails even to give even a faint idea of Fanny.

But Fanny had one very grievous fault. Fanny was a confirmed flirt. Hundreds of the noblest and fairest of the

land had come and flung their hearts down before Fanny, only to be laughed at and turned away. Fonny had jilted many.

Many a heart torn smashed and bleeding had crept from beneath Fanny's frown and Fanny's laugh.

Before we proceed further with our tale. we should perhaps say that 'twas but a fortnight_since John met Fanny. They met, "'twas in a crowd."

John fell in love instantly. Did Fanny do likewise? No.

But cruel, heartless, beautiful bewitching Fanny did worse. She by her actions, made John believe

she was equally slaughtered. John asked and received permission to vist her the next evening John went.

The lamp flamed on the table, and John's love flamed in his bosom. But John didn't propos

No, 'twas too soon. John thought he'd wait a day or two.

The evening, passed beautifully, delightfully. Fanny was all smile, her conversation was of the highest order. John was in ecstasies. John believed he

had met his fate. He believed he had nothing to do but pro-

pose. Poor John! The next time John and Fanny met, was at a pic nic. He danced with her several times 'neath the shade of the old maple trees. She was excruciatingly beautiful that day.

As John said, "she looked duced well-she

John still thought he had nothing to do but propose.

"But," thought John "I'm sure of herwhat's the use of hurrying?" And John determined he would sail a few

days longer around the shore, and not plunge nitions of war taken from the vanquished at once into the Elysian sea.

10e, so does the victorious soul gather new He feared the Joy would be too great, he feared he could not stand it.

Poor John! We will return to the grove. John and is truly strong, and safe from fall. What that this should make him the happiest man

He intended to propose under the quiverstance or condition of life can be adverse to earth with her silvery rays, and whilst the him whose will is merged in the will of God? grasshoppers and katylide were singing and

And he did propose. Poor John!

They walked on until they came to a log. The log was a foot high. They sat down. In glowing colors John painted to the fair being the happiness of the marriage state.

He had never explored it. Listening to his burning eloquence the fair maiden dropped her head right on his shirt

Johosophat! Who can describe John's والخليس He felt a desire to spring upon a neighboring stump and throw up his hat.

But he didn't Oh, the emotion that rolled and howled

How could he sit still? How could his reposed on his bosom? It couldn't. It was impossible. It jump-

Plung! John couldn't speak. But this couldn't last always. The momentous question must be propounded.

He commenced. She flung her arms around him. He was plunged again over head and ears into a sea of bliss.

He is choking-he is drowning? Her lips are in tempting proximity to

Oh, gishens, what a kiss! Twas five min-

utes long. When it is over and John's head again a-

He attempts to say something. He cau't.

Another five minutes kiss has commenc-

Poor John. We would like to leave John in this delightful predicament but we can't. We must tell the story, even though the ending should be sad.

When they had finished the second kiss John sprang up-he could stand it no longer

he would smother in bliss. He must come to the point. He asks her to be his wife.

He got poetical. He asked her to sail with him down life's run high he would manfully battle them a ductors on the road to reject the Wfairest flower that grew on the banks of the stream; he would-

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the maiden. John was petrified! Worse, he was gal-

"What do you mean?" said he You're a goose," said she; "go home and don't make a fool of yourself!"

"Great heavens! Do you reject me?" "I do! You're the forty-seventh and the biggest fool of the pile!"

What did John's eyes look like? Moons. He grabbed his hat and fled; Fanny went

THE END.

How to Pick Whortleberries. When I first knew Mr. John Horsly, he was a white haired man and very rich. He seemed never to have been in any great business, such as merchants and speculators now engage-in, and-he was never accused of being a dishonest man, it was always a mystery to me how he came to be so rich. I knew that his father was a poor country cler-

gyman and that John could have received no property from him. Meeting my friend one day when our conversation happened to turn on the subject of gathering property, ventured to ask him how it was he had been so successful in life.

"When I was a boy," he said, "my father was a poor minister. We lived very plain and dressed very plain, but that never troutily if not richly. One day when I was a

ask father. "And where is father?"

"Up in the study, of course." "Up I bounded, hat in hand, and gently

knocked at the door. He bade me come "Well, Johnny, what is your wish?" "I want, sir, to go with the children and

pick whortleberries." "Where are they going !" "Only to Johnson's hill, sir."

"How many children are there?" "Seven, besides myself. Please let me

"Well, you may go. Be a good boy and use no bad words. Away I scampered, and just got to the bottom of the stairs when my father called me back. O dear, it's all over now. He's going to take it all back, I said to myself .- of beer from a wooden bottle, when an im-Trembling, I again stood in the doorway,

expecting to have the permission with-

drawn. "Johnny," said my father, with a peculiar smile, "I have a word of advice to give you. You will find berries growing in clumps all over the lot. The children will pick a few minutes at one place and then go off to another, in hopes of finding betwhen you find pretty fair picking stick to that spot and keep picking there -Your Swede.

basket at night will show whether my advice is good or not." "Well, sir, I followed my father's advice, and although the children would wander about and cry out: "Oh, Johnny here's a never kill a wounded enemy." world of them" and "there's splendid picking," and "here you can fill your basket in no time," and yet I stuck to my fair picking place. When we got through at night, to as many as any other one. They all wondered how it came. But I knew. And that was the lesson that made me a rich man .-Whenever I found fair picking I have stuck to it. Others have changed occupations and business, but I have never done so, and I attribute all my success to the lesson by

which I learned to pick whortleberries" I have recalled this conversation, and the form of my old friend, who has long since passed away, to impress it upon the parent, and upon the teacher, that a single sentence of instruction may shape the course of the whole life of the child now under his care .-Not only did property and success hang on the old ministers hint, but the shaping of his son's whole character for life, and per haps forever. How much wisdom we need right\$time.

a railroad car. sked the gentleman who was invited to va- ings.

'She is,' politely replied he who was stand-Well, then, let her take the benefit of her | like a present to a head!" doctrines, and stand up.'

A Smart Quaker.

- the Quaker president of a Pennyears since called upon the W--- Bank, count, and asked for an extension of part of late State Convention of Mississippi that its paper falling due in a few days. The some seventy of its members were old line a hot da, and have all his gallus battons bust bank president declined rather abruptly, saying in a rough tone to the functions. ing in a rough tone to the functionary. "Mr. K , your paper must be paid at

maturity; we cannot renew it." "Very well," our Quaker friend replied

and left the bank. But he did not let the matter rest here .ble and danger; be would pluck for her the arrive, full of panic, and bringing news of of arms. the distrust of the W- Bank all along the line. . Stockholders and depositors flocked to the bank quaking with panic, inquiring thus:-- ·

broke ?"

sal of our currency by your agents?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply.
"Why is this? It will ruin us,"
"Well, friend L——, I supposed the bank
was going to fail, as it could not renew a lit-

tle paper for us this morning." It is needless to say Mr, L-renewed al the Quaker's paper, and enlarged his line of around the road the sedative message,—
"The W—— Bank is all right. Thee

Fate of Fast Men.

may take all its currency."

The vicious die early. They fall like it shall not be desolate. shadows or tumble wrecks and ruins into the grave-often while quite young, almost always before forty. 'The wicked liveth not 'My father fell on Lookout Mountain, fight half his days." The world at once ratifies ing above the clouds.' Says a third, 'My the truth and assigns the reason, by describcontrived to have her children dressed pret- while others are in the glory of light .-"Their sun goeth down while it is day."little fellow, several little boys and girls came | And they might have helped it. Many a go with them. So I went into the house ing stars, who waste their time in libertine father was a Copperhead! and asked my mother. I saw she sympa- indulgence—they cannot live, they must die thized with me, but she said I must go and early. They put on steam till they the boiler. They run at such a rate that the fire goes out for want of fuel, The machinery is destroyed by rapid speed and reckless wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put_to_it; while_the_state_of_their_minds_isoften such that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body and make for over his stomach every night. itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.

A Magnanimous Dane.

During the wars that raged from 1622 to 1660, between Frederick 111 of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught ploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on murder in his dreaming ears. the field, made him turn with the very words of Siency-"Thy need is greater than mine"-he knelt down by the fallen enemy, marry a one eyed editor, his business go to kojs." to pour the liquor in his mouth. His requital was a pistol-shot in the shoulder from

the treacherous Swede. off halt himself, he gave the rest to the

spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I could

"Thou meritest to be made a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, the men. But if the men plunge overboard, tle pierced with an arrow !- I'he family only | reformers may prate about equal rights, but

MORAL EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.—Nothing incapacitates a man more for the lead than impatiende. No constitutionally impatient man who has indulged this tendency, ever known in Northern Vermont, and for many gets to the bottom of things or knows with any nicety the standing, disposition and circum- ford, used to relate the following, respecstances of the people he is thrown, or has ting one of his parishoners, who never was thrown himself amongst. Certain salient known to engage in any religious converpoints he is possessed of, but not what rec- sation, so strongly was he attached to things onciles and accounts for them. Something earthly. Mr. Parmice called one day to in him-an obtrusive self or a train of thought, or likings or antipathies-will always come between him and an impartial tivated farm, which request was complied indgment. Neither does he win confidence, with. After looking at his stock and crops, for he checks the the coy, uncertain advan- he waited for an opportunity to change the ces which are the precursers of it. We subject to things of a religious nature. At doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can last the minister thought the time had arrihaps forever. How much wisdom we need read the heart, or be a fair critic, or under- ved, when he said, All these things are good be able to say the right thing and at the stand the rights of any knotty question, or enough in their place, but thou lackest one make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, cart, and I'll have it, too.' The minister said a gentleman to another the other day, in hanging in suspense, is necessary for all gave it up. those—the power for starving off for considratificated car.

Is she an advocate of women's rights?' erable periods of time merely personal leafs.

You may go round and watch the opening

Somebody said of Buchanan:- The old

The Old Line Whigh the way

says:

the mud schemes, which demagogues and over to Persinses in a tea equal?

On leaving the bank, he went quickly to the steel to the Union and the Coustitution .- perance hous? temptestuous stream; and should the waves depot, and telegraphed to all agents and con. They battled for both with Spartan firmness and heroic elan from the days of Calhoun hefer with a bushy tail in fli time, out in way. He would be by her side in all trou- Bank. In a few hours, the train began to nullification down to the final density conflict the lot?

1860 the old line Whigs of the South bore mer pantaloons on? aloft the bunner of their country with a gal-"What is the matter? Is the bank vim that have never been surpassed in any saiz, Bully for Job." political contest on the continent. It is not A little inquiry by the officers showed that too much to say that they comprehended to the trouble originated in the rejection of the a great extent the terrible result of the atbills on the railroad. The president seized tempt to disrupt the ties that bound the Un. he met a tall gaunt figure, a "digger" from his hat, and rushed down to the Quaker's ion together; and thus beholding the future California, and got into conversation with office, and came bustling in with the inqui- as in a glass, they rose to the full height of him. the great argument, and labored as men nev-"Mr. K-, have you directed the refu- er before did to avert the storm of fire and blood which they saw rising into fearful proportions directly over their heads.'

A Scene in Future.

In a lecture recently delivered at Chicago, Grace Greenwood adverted to a scene that will doubtless one day be a common one.-Speaking of the future of our country, she discount; while the magic wires carried all drew a picture that probably many that read these words may live to see:

. We may picture to ourselves a group of noble young lads, some ten years hence, thus proudly accounting for their orphanage—an

Says one, 'My father fell in beeting back 'My father fell on Lookout Mountain, fighting as you live."

Nasble sle

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRIN-TER .- May he be shod with lightning and hard fare for a few mouths? compelled to wander over gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes and a chestnut burr for an eye stone. May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman...

May 543 night mares trot quarter races May his boots leak, his gun hang fire and his fishing lines break.

May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his sauce seasoned with spiders. May he never strike oil, and be continually blest with nothing. May his friend run off with his wife, and

his children take the whooping cough. May his cattle die of murrain, and his pigs destroy his garden. May the famine stricken ghost of an edi-

tor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss a bound volume of documents, on the back May his cow give sour milk, and churn rancid butter; in short, may his daughter brint next? Ash I liv here ish von ou pup

ruin and he to the-Legislature. WOMEN AND MEN.-Women may talk of mother, "shouldn't you like to have a fami-"Rascal!" he cried, "I would have be- their inherent rights as much as they please, ly of rosy children about your knee?" friended you, and you would murder me in but they can't overcome nature. Men and ter picking, and thus they will spend half return. Now I will punish you. I would oaks were made to be twined, and women bachelor, "I'd rather have a lot of vellow have given you the whole bottle, but now and ivy were made to twine about them .- boys in my pocket!" you shall have only half." And drinking Though an equality were established between calico and cassimere to-morrow, it would not be a week before all the officers would be The king hearing the story, sent for the men, and all the soldiers women. Females burgher, and asked him how he came to are perfectly willing to go ahead, provided the men go first. Set fire to a steamboat, and not a yard of dimity will budge till corduroy sets the example. So long as the mea cling to the vessel, the women will cling to giving him as armorial bearing a wooden bot- feminines plunge too. As we said before, the astonishment of every one, and my own lately became extinct in the persons of an they can't alter the regulation of God. It no less, it was found that I had nearly twice old maiden lady. loose from men, as it is for steel-dust to free itself from its attachment to a magnet.

> ANECDOTE.-Rev. Simeon Parmlec, well years a settled minister in the town of Westhave a short talk with him. He wished to have the minister walk over his well cul-

bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than scamp! be set at Washington, for four years it will. All the best results of a gardon, like a bread poulsice, and drew the redellion like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.

Pashunce of Job .- Everybody is in the The Louisville Journal, in an elaborate habit ov bragging on Job, and Job did have sylvania railroad, during the confusion some article on the Old Line Whigs of the South, konsiderable bile pashunce, that's a fact, but did he ever keep a distrik skule for 8 dollars

Whigs, have been all their lives. had oppo. oph at once? sed secession ab initio, had faithfully warned. Did he ever hav the jumpin teethache, the people of the inevitable consequences of and be made to tend baby while his wit was

crazy men were arging on.

Did he ever get up in the morning awful
The old line Whigs of the South, with dri, and turf it 8 miles before breakfast to Did he ever get up in the morning awful here and there an exception, were true as git a drink and find that the man kep a tem-

Did he ever undertaik to milk a kicking

Did he ever set down on a litter ev kit-All through the tempestuous strugglo of | tens in the old rockin cheer, with his sum-

If he end du all theze things, and praze lantry and a faithfulness, a zeal, and fire and the Lord at the same time, all I have got tu

HOT AND COLD .- Dan Marble was once strolling along the wharves in Buston, where

"Healthy climate, I suppose?" "Healthy? It ain's anything else. Why stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that without traveling more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that the next cold marning when you get out of bed. There's a mountain there, with a valley on each side of it, the one hot and the other cold. Well, get on the mount with a double-barrelled guo, and you can without moving, kill either summer or winter game, just as you will!"

"What, have you ever tried it?" "Tried it! often, and should have done pretty well, but for one thing. I wanted a orphanage which the country should see to dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had roze off his tail while pointin' on the summer side. He didu't get enthe invaders at Gettysburg.' Says another, tirely out of the winter side, you see-true

Masble sloped.

ing the desolate life of "fast men;" that is, Says another, 'My father went down in the Manly courage, fortitude and self-donial, they live fast; they spend their twelve hours Cumberland; yet another, 'My father was will triumph over the greatest ills. The bled us. We always had enough of somein six, getting through the whole before the thing to eat, and my mother was one who meridian, and dropping into the darkness the iron cradle of the Monitor.' And there prosperity again blaze in the heavens with will be hapless lads who will listen in mourn- cheerful effulgence; and then those who have ful envy, saying in their secret hearts,-'A- held out with indomitable firmness, will be las, we have no part or lot in such glorvings. prepared to reap the advantages of the new along on their way to pick whortleberries.— one dies before he need. Young men of gen- Our fathers were rebels! And here and order of things. A stout heart will keep the They invited me to go along with them, and ius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when there a youth more unfortunate, will steal body vigorous, the health good, and chase when I saw their bright faces and little bas- dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so away from his comrades and murmur in bit- away the blues; while despondency will wreck kets, and the bright afternoon, I wanted to fatal, and your obscure and nameless wander- terness of soul, 'Ah, God help me !-My not only fortune, but mind and body also,-All that the luckiest of us get in this world is our keeping—our food, clothes and lodg-ing—at the best, and what matters a little

> Authur is a real Union boy, but not at all religiously inclined, so that his mama often has great difficulty in getting him to pray understandingly. One evening, after much persuasion, he knelt to repeat his usual prayer, but said.

> 'Now I lay me down to sleep, shouting the battle cry of freedom."

> Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

> A dutchman, a few days ago, picked up

of which was stamped "Pub Does." "Ter Tyful" said he, "vat kind of pooks will dey. "Oh Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young

'What is colonizing, ma?' querried a hopeful miss, of seventeen. 'Colonizing, my dear,' replied her mother, is having a home, and raising a family."

"No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old

'Oh! ma, how I would like to colonize." exclaimed the expectant daughter. A few days since a fellow was tried for stealing a saw, but he said he only took it in

a joke. The justice asked him how far he had carried it, and was answered, "About two miles." "That is carrying the joke too fur," said

the magistate, and committed the prisoner. Sad domestic explosion-an injured wife

lately burst into tears. Good audience for an auctioncer-Buystauders. "

The phantom of the season-cholera infantum. Why is your elder brother like the grass.

in the mesdow? Because he's past-your-What is it we all frequently say we will

do, and no one has ever yet done it? Stop a minute. Examine well the faces of your customers.

Ketchum, the forger had a soub nose.

Why is a woman who has a husband that chastises her, like a drunkard? Because she loves her licker (liquor.)

When is a flower like a rock? When it in blastedier in the state of the

Why is the letter F like original sin?-Because it makes all fall.