By W. Blair.

A Family NewsPaper: Neutral in Politics and Religion.

82.00 Per Year

VOLUME XIX

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1866.

NUMBER 48

AND

SUMMER GOODS!

GEORGE STOVER

HAS RETURNED FROM PHILADEL PHIA WITH A SUPPLY OF

NOTIONS, QUEENSWRE

AND_

GROCERIES

To which he invites the attention of of his patrons and the public generally. March 30, 1866.

AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.,

Corner Fourth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia Incorporated 1850. Charter Perpetual Authorized Capital, \$500,000. Paid Up Capital, \$250,000 Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1864. The Trustees have this day declared a Dividend

of FIFTY PER CENT, on all premiums received upon MUTUAL POLICIES during the year ending December 31st, 1863, and in force at that date, the above amount to be credited to said Policies, and have also ordered the Dividend of 1860 on Policies issued during that year to be paid, as the abnual premiums on said Policies are received.

President-Alexander Whilldin. Secretary and Treasurer John S. Wilson.
Actuary—John C Sims.
BOARD OF TRUSTEES.—Alexander Whill-

din, J. Edgar Thomson, George Nugent, Hon. Jas. Pollock, Alliert C. Roberts. P. B. Mingle, Samuel Work, William J. Howard, Hop. Joseph Allison, Samuel T Bodine, John Aikman, Charles F. Heazlitt, Isaac Hozlehurst, Wm. G. Reed, Chambersburg Pa., is the general

Agent of the American Life Insurance and Trust ompany for Franklin Co. Jos. Douglas, Agent for Waynesboro' and vicin-

ity.
REFERENCES.—John Philips and William H BROTHERTON.

Call and get a pamphlet.

JOS. DOUGLAS, Agent.

Oct. 13, 1865, ly.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Central Square, Hagerstown, Md.

THE above well-known and established Hotel has been re-opened and entirely renovated, by the undersigned, and now offers to the public every comfort and attraction found in the best hotels.— THE TABLE is bountifully supplied with every delicacy the market will afford, THE SALOON contains the choicest liquors, and is constantly and skilfully attended. THE STABLE is thoroughly ropaired, and car ful Ostlers always ready to ac-

commodate customers.

JOHN FISHER, Proprietor. Hagerstown, June 2-tf.

Mentzer's Horse & Cattle Powder, M. STONER having purchased of Mr. Mertzer, the recipe for making the above far-famed Horse and Cattle Powder, for Pennsylvania and Maryland, takes this method of informing the farmers, drovers, &c., that he has on hand and uantity. He will sell it on commission or for cash chenp. Orders will be punctually attended to January 31.

POETICAL.



THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Tread lightly-'tis a soldier's grave. A lonely, mossy mound-And yet, to hearts like mine and thine It should be holy ground.

Speak softly, let no careless laugh, No idle, thoughtless jost, Escape your lips, where sweetly sleeps The hero in his rest.

For him no reveille shall beat When morning beams shall come; For him, at night, no tattoo tolls Its thunder from the drum.

No costly marble marks the place, Recording deeds of fame, . But rudely on that bending tree Is carved the soldier's name.

A name-not dear to us-but ah ! There may be lips that breathe The name as sacredly and low As vesper prayers at eve.

There may be brows that wear for him The mourning cypress vine; And hearts that make this lonely grave A holy pilgrim shrine.

There may be eyes that joined to gaze With love into his own,_ Now keeping nidnight vigils long With silent grief alone.

There may be hands now clasped in prayer

This soldier's hand-hath-pressed; And cheeks washed pale with sorrow's tears His own cold cheek caressed.

Tread lightly, for a man bequeathed, Ere laid beneath this sod, His ashes to his native land, His gallant soul to God!

SOON WE'LL REST.

BY BELL CLINTON.

A little time -and we shall rest From all the ills of life; A little time-and then will cease Its joys, its cares, its strife. Each heart's wild throbbing will be still. Its restless longings cease; Who'll weep that we are sleeping thus.

'Neath the green sod in peace? Oh! should there be one loving heart Thus kindly beat for me-Refreshing with a silent tear The flowers of memory— I'll bend me from my home of light. If such to me is given, And be that spirit's guiding star, To bring it up to Heaven.

MISCELLANY.

-Rural New Yorker.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By the light of the stars lay it away in time's grave. Another week-another Satbalance sheet for or against us. Another Great River. It is a round in the ladder

a glance from that Wondrous Eye.

sides are rough to the feet and its tracks dan- wildest fancies of the romancer. gerous. Look back-down its slopes and juttings-over the memories of the past and in-

live for. Not for ourselves but for others, with being its father and imploring him to Humanity in the integral is but an infinite support it. A rich scene ensued between simal sand, not worth living for. But we the injured wife and indignant husband, the can live for others. Under a million roofs latter denying all knowledge of the little one, to night, side by side sitting are young and asserting his innocence. The friend inhearts fitting out their frail bark for a voy- terfered, and at last she was induced to forage on an ocean far more tempestuous than give her husband, though he stuck to it like ever was the billowy waste grandly rolling a Trojan that he had always been a faithful and unhappy. I have exhausted the powits defiance becween distant shores. Side husband. Finally the lady reguishly told ers of my life, chasing pleasure where it is by side to-night all over the land lovers sit her husband it was strange he did not know. thankful that the labors of the week to the his own child, for it was their may wal offintends keeping a good supply always on hand.— inany are ended, happy in turning and and spring which had just been taken from the To rob a man of his money is to we for sale, would do well to supply themselves with a not yet fully known. Another downward unt yet fully known. Another downward turn to the light. Closer and yet closer the "I am on the trail of a dear," as a gentle-

within us lays its seconds away—making up | Consumptive People,—A hundred times its bundle of shadows against another Satur-

clouds which roll over them-with evergreens which shall mark our resting place and cause others to say that we lived not in vain. Some of us can plant vines-some flowers—some tall trees—some of us the apple which shall be an apple of life—others leave behind when going on the long journ-

But to-night and to-morrow. Renew your love and energies against the trials of the unknown week. We would see all men happy. There are a million homes in the land where should be more happiness than there is if men would break loose from the vice-like influences which surround them.--Look back from to-night and then resolve for the future. Let the rich be more generous to the poor and the poor be truer to themselves. There are too few homes-too many pictureless walls in the land. Rest to night. Save the surplus earnings of the week, hard palmed, honest laborer, whose earnest friend we are, no matter what tongue_you speak, or from whence came ye.

A thousand kind words might have been spoken but were not. A thousand little luxuries might have been bought but you would not thus use your earnings. Into the cesspool of revelry glides many a week of labor, leaving poverty, want, sickness and un-happiness, where should be love, plenty and contentment. If for none other, be a man for your own sake Do right for the golden reward it always brings. Be a man. Stand and let the crowd rush on to the breakers which line the far shores of dissipation and careless expenditures. Begin the week with money in your pocket-happiness in your heart-the smiles of those around you-the good wishes of friends-the glorious renewal of faith in life, which results from being a man. Then you will enjoy many as you should and will this Saturday Night.

A Singular Re-union. In 1847, a young physician, who had just graduated from the Missouri State University, and returned to his home in Illinois to practice his profession, led to the altar a lady who had won his love. The young physician, with that professional ardor which dents, had on his return home procured a and the upper and lower sections of its bat-'subject," or cadaver, for dissection, by desecrating the village churchyard. By some ony, the bridegroom's position may readily be imagined to have been extremely unenviable, and the prospects of a prison cell being anything but agreeable he determined to make his escape. The officer having granted him privilege of saying a few words in private to his wife, he retired to a room with her, bade her farewell, jumped from the window and escaped. He was pursued for many days but finally managed to clude his pursuers, and settled in Missouri. A year later he wandered into New Mexico, and urday night-another flake covering the past from thence, in the course of a few years he with its mantle of forgetfulness. Another found his way into California. During his wanderings he had failed to correspond with seed planted over our grave to bring forth a his wife, and she, believing him dead, marflower around which beauty shall linger, or ried again. After a time he learned this a gnarled tree under which vermin shall fact, but determined to remain dead to her, gather. Saturday night is the cream of the and it was not until a few months ago that week. The stamp affixed to our weekly he altered his determination. Happening to deeds. A stepping stone in the bed of the pick up a paper in one of the western cities, he read an account of the death of the husleading to lleaven or to perdiction. It is a hand of his wife, and knowing her to be free tear which will wash away the storms of the he wrote to her, telling her that he "still week, or burn its blistering way to the soul lived," and cherished her memory as green Let us rest to-night, weary toiler. Sit as when he kissed her lips in parting niceyou down and be happy. Leave your head teen years ago. He told her that he was at your place of business, and bring your still free, and asked her to come and enjoy heart to the hearth and fender. Not your with him the fortune he had accumulated .worldly heart, but the one yet fresh in mem- The wife widow received the letter, and while ory. What a battle life is! How few of us she read the old love returned, and she derealize the warfare. We hardly know who termined to join him. Disposing of her proour friends are. What a blessing the grave perty, she, with a daughter twelve years of has no eyes! How the hand of time closes ago, took passage for California, where they age, took passage for California, where they its grasp to-night, bearing its wondrous gath- arrived on Thursday last, and were met on ering to God! What a medley to present to the wharf by the old husband, who conduct-Him! Good acts and had acts. Old ago ed them to the Cosmopolitan hotel, where and childhood. Men, maids and matrons- they remained till a license was procured. hopes, fears, promises kept and broken, hates, and a minister re-married the parties, after injuries, tears, sobs, sighs, smiles, rejoicings, which they proceeded to the house that had pain, pleasure, sin and goodness all woven been prepared for them, and where they entogether like a taugled skein-unravelled by tertained quite a number of friends on Thursday evening. Truly the incidents of real * * The hill is steep —its life are more startling and romantic than the

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BABY -A citito the vault of shadows, wherein lie torn and | zen of Jamaica Plains, Long Island, went to blording the hopes which led you through answer a ring at the door at the request of the lanes of childhood into the broad road his wife, where he found nothing but a basof life Hope lives forever, but her chil- kot. On removing the cover a beautiful litdren die one by one! Here and there they the child appeared, some five months old .drop off as we toil upward to the great gate The lady screamed, one of the lady's visitors where stands a sentry of our own choosing: took up the baby, and found a note pinned * * * * * Yet there is much to to its dress, which charged the gontleman

hearts as nearer come the chairs The watch man said when he trod on a lady's dress.

have my consumptive patients expressed day Night.

* * * * Let us pull up the shrubs insisted that they should go out, as usual, which have no beauty—cultivate the flowers has not injured them—that they even breathe more freely than on pleasant days. Of which breathe forth fragrance, and plant the more freely than on pleasant days. Of waste with vines—with trees which hear good fruit—with oaks rising high and strong toying with the tempest and kissing the grateful to the lungs. There is no possible weather which can excuse consumptive people for keeping in-doors. Give them sufficient clothing, protect their feet carefully, and they may go out freely in rain sleet snow and wind. Ignorance of this fact has killed thousands. Consumptives and invalthe evergreen which shall keep the storms ide and indeed persons in health, are caution from the marble visiting card we invariably ed to avoid the night air. Do those who offer this advice forget that there is no other air at night but "night air!" Certainly we cannot breathe day air during the night .-Do they mean that we should shut ourselves up in air tight rooms, and breathe over again, through half the twenty-four hours, the atmosphere we have already poisoned? We

> "ALL's RIGHT."—A Priest, who had been particularly recommended to the captain of a vessel, was sailing from France to America, when the captain, who saw that a storm was approaching, said to him:

> have only the choice between night air when

pure, and the night air poisoned with the

exhalations from our skin and lungs already

diseased, -Dr. Lewis.

Father, you are not accustomed to the rolling of a vessel; you had better get down as fast as possible into the hold. As long as you hear the sailors swearing and blaspheming, you may be assured that there are good hopes; but if you should hear them embracing and reconciling themselves to each other, you may make up your accounts with heaven.

As the storm increased, the Priest from time to time dispatched his companion to the hatchway to see how matters went up on

"Alas! father," said he, returning, "all is lost. The sailors are swearing like demoniacs; their very blasphemics are enough to sink the vessel."

"Oh! heaven be praised," said the Priest, "then all is right!"

THOUGHTS OF SATURDAY NIGHTS .- No one can forget the youthful thoughts of Saturday nights, especially if indulged in at a country home.

Then it was that the blacksmith's bellows grew breathless, and his hammer lay silent upon the anvil, the fitful tinkling of a bell denoted the last wanderer of the flock safe burns so brightly in the minds of all stu- in the fold; the mill's big wheel stood still, tered door was closed; the 'ironing' of the old-fashioned mother was aired and folded, means this fact became known and a warrant and laid away, and the last loaf was drawn was issued for his arrest, and placed in the from the glowing cavern of the old black ovhands of an officer to serve, which he did a en. A moment more and the moon surfew moments after the marriage ceremony mounted the woods. The dews grew radi-had been performed. The crime being a fel-ant, and the mist of gray that fringed the stream on whose shores we loitered, were wreck-mothers and wives mourn the loss of likened unto silver, and the memory of those is goldea.

COULDN'T FOOL HER.—The Laylayette (Ind.) Courier tells an amusing story of some ladies and gents of that place who were taking a social walk near the cemetery, when a ghost appeared. They all ran but one sturdy woman of the strong minded class, who stood her ground till the ghost got to her. She then thrashed out of the frightful disguise a mischievous fellow who had heard the project of walking about graveyards discussed, and hid himself to give the party a fright. She led him back to the house, and in reply to the questions that poured in upon her said: "Can't fool me: lv'e seen too many men in sheets to be frightened by them."

A Scene in a Printing Office. - A patron of a village newspaper once said to the publisher:

"Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for the pay for your paper?" "Oh," said the man of types, "we never isk a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied his patron, "then how do you manage to get along when they don't

"Why," said the editor, 'after a certain time we conclude that a man who fails to pay for his paper is not a gentleman, and then

we ask him! "Oh, ah, yes! I see, Mr. Printer, please give me a receipt (hands him two dollars) and please make my name all right on the books."

THE ENGLISH JUDGES ON STRONG DRINK AND CRIME -There is scarcely a crime comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink .- Judge Cole-

If it were not for this drinking, you (the ury) would have nothing to do.-.ludge Experience has proved that almost all

frimes into which juries have had to inquire may be traced in one way or another to drunkenness.— Williams. I find in every calendar that comes before me, one unfailing source, directly or indi-

rectly, of most of the orimes that are committed, Intemperance.- Judge Wightman. If all me could be dissuaded from the use of intoxicating liquors, the office of a judge would be a sinecure - Indge Anderson.

Bulwer, the novelist, in a recent letter to gentleman, of Boston said, "I have closed my career as a writer of fiction. I am gloomy not to be found.

To rob a man of his money is to wound

May not the bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to sleep upon a feather bod.

Published by Request. A Leaf from the Journal of a Southerner.

Secession in Bloom, 1860.

Promised. States Rights in the fullest sease. Liberal freedom for person and property. "Peaceable Secession"—that there would be no war. That we were to be relieved from tax masters—from corrupt ex-tortioners—from selfish Politicians—from Fanaticism-"that we were to have a nation of our own-free from dishonesty-a perfect Paradise with the tree of life-the cotton plant-before which all Nations were to bow down and worship, and from which rivers of Free Trade were to flow on to the ends of the earth, on the bosom of which the rich merchandise from every clime was to be freighted, and poured down in our laps free of taxation"-Every man was to live under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest, or ask him why. We were all to grow suddenly rich out of the enormous taxes now boing paid to the North. We were all to beof one mind, one heart, and have a unity of interests-a perpetual sunshine would follow us to the end of time-no other Nation could, be so happy as we. Ours would be the happy land, to which all Nations and people would desire to emegrate. The North would be abandoned, merchants bankrupt, property depreciated, and grass growing in the streets of New York and other of her cities. Anarchy, and confusion would rule supreme, and the poor would cry for bread in the streets. All Europe having bowed to the cotton plant is hand and glove with the South, and ask pardon for a seeming delay. The Star of the South is in the ascendency and we have become the chosen people. SECESSION IN FRUIT, JANUARY, 1864

War rages. Politicians have become hardened in corruption-the country demoralized-speculation has assumed the place of patriotism-despotism that of Freedom-States Rights have been ignored-conscription has dragged into the army all males from 18 to 45 years of age, leaving their once peaceful, happy homes unprotected, and their families unprovided for. Horses,
Mules, stock and produce have been pressed
into the service of the Government—negroes have become demoralized and unprofitable— Plantations once the gardens of the sunny South have been abandoned-improvements destroyed, fences broken down-stock driven off—the plow thrown aside, and briers cover the fields once clothed with the fruits of the earth for man and beasts, and the lordly owners driven into exile without a home, or a shelter. Cities are depopulated bome, or a shelter. Uttes are depopulated business broken up. Merchant princes have become paupers—the fountains of trade have dried up—the wheels of commerce have stopped. Our sea ports are without a ship—stores are closed—grass grows in the once busy streets—the once gay mammoth hotels stond as manufacture of the cast gaboole. stand as monuments of the past—schools broken up—churches closed—citizens wonder about the streets contemplating the sons and husbands, sisters in vain expect the evening return of their brothers. Disanpointment is marked upon every counte-

bance-all but hope has vanished. Great were the promises—what has thus far been the result? Who is the happier, or better off? Who less oppressed by government and laws?

A NOBLE SENTIMENT. - Copperheads who affect to sneer at every philanthropic effort to ameliorate the condition of the Southern negro, will not be pleased with a sentence that occurred in a late speech of General Howard on the Freedmen topic. "If the negro is a creature for whom

Christ died, he is a man whom no follower of Christ can despise or trample under foot." If this is sound doctrine (who can dispute it?) no man who professes to be a Christian, or approves the principle thought by our Saviour, does his whole duty if he fails to exert all the influence he posesses to educate and clevate to a higher plane of man-

hood this long suffering and cruelly oppress-

ed race,—Ex.

A gnetleman, one evening was seated near a lovely woman when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other --Turning to his companion he said, "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up."
"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting." "Very good," said she.
"Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?" "I cannot tell you." "Because the mirror is polished, and the man is not."

A New Havan lady has a little boy about three years old, of a dark complexion, who was sent into the sitting room to amuse himself. Soon his mother heard a crash, and on going into the room found a fine mirror broken into small pieces. On being asked what he had done it for, he said he was not going to have that ourly headed "brack" boy making up faces at him!"

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk and water creatures, whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ballroom. Until the heart of the young lady is capable of settling firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cia-

An actor, eulogizing his mistress; one day, indicated by his manner a somewhat different position of the heart. . He went on thus: The angle! I have her picture here. I always wear it next to my heart!" and here he produced the precious daguerrectype, not from his bosom, but from a pocket in the tail

of his coat!
Miscry is Rum's associate.

A country "chap," who recently visited the city for the first time, gives his views of the ladies in this way: Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along, there's allars a woman, I pose; but how much of the holler is filled in with meat, and how much is filled with gammon, the spectator dun no. A feller marry's a wife, and finds when it comes to the pint he has nuthin' in his arms but a regular anatomy. Ef men is gay decevers, wor's to be sade of the female, that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't reely as much fat as would grease a griddle? -all the apparent plumpness consisting of

cotton and whalebone."

DR. FRANKLIN'S MISTAKE.-Franklin when he was embassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child who understood the Freach said to him, "But, grandpa, you always applauded the loudest when they were praising you.". Franklin laughed heartily, and explained the matter.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well.

"Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hon turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

A Lady asked her gardener why-the-weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers? "Madam," he answered, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the

"If I am not at home from the party tonight at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." That I won't," replied the lady significantly; "I'll come for you!" The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.

A would-be prophet down South lately said in one of his sermons, that 'he was sent to redeem the world and ali things.'-Whereupon a native pulled out a confederate shinplaster, and asked him to fork over specie for it.

An English married lady has consulted her lady on the question, whether having married her husband for his money, and that money being all spent, she is not a widow and at liberty to marry again.

As one single drop of black ink will tinge and pollute a vessel of crystal water, so one little act of faithlessness may irredeemably poison a whole lifetime of the purest friendship and confidence.

Scarcely anything in life is so sweet as the repose of Sunday—the soothing suggestions of its devouter offices, its silence, its immunities.

A fascinating sight is to see a young lady walking as though a flee was biting her on each hip. She is almost a match for the dandy who steps like an open-winged turkey traveling over a bed of hot ashes.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever scen." "Oh yaw." was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; mine modiler was a woman." We saw a drunken fellow, the other day,

who mistaking a fly on a wall for a nail, tried to hang up his hat on it. The fly was astonished—so was the man.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he cravels in a waterless desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

A woman in Green county, Indiana, has applied for a divorce from her husband on the plea that he habitually sleeps with his back toward her A great many of our Southern friends are

going North. They feel a curiosity to see what on earth whipped them so .- Louisville Journal. A man maketh a wry face over a gill of

vinegar, but he taketh down a quart of whis-

key without a twist of his snout. Young gentlemen who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for young ladies to take ardent spirits.

Cardinal Wiseman's dying words were, Well, here, I am at last; like a child from

school, going home for the holidays.' A cotomporary says the article which produces so many deaths from unknown causes' is sold in every town and village in the country.

Our President's name is Andrew Johnson, and not "Moses," as might be inferred from a remark be made.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

A man must know many things before he. is able truly and judiciously to judge of another, or of his own actions.

If you wish to know how quick a man can go a mile, tell a red-haired woman that her baby equints.

It is a curious fact that the more check a an has, the less he blushes.

Every man is involuntarily original in at east one thing-his manner of sucezing.

Why is a generous man a good Christian? Because he's for-giving.