



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1867.

NUMBER 35

SECOND ARRIVAL

AT THE CHEAP CORNER OF PRICE & HOEFLICH,

in the way of a large and handsome stock of New Winter Goods just received from the East

The firm tender their thanks to the community for their very liberal patronage and now ask them to call and see their present assortment of desirable

WINTER GOODS,

which they feel confident that they will pronounce cheap compared to former prices and quality

We ask the ladies to call and look over the array of

- Silks, Poplins, Merinos, Delains, Alpaca, Mohair Reps. Flaid goods, Coburgs, Twills, Cashmeres, Allwool Delains

The gentlemen are directed to the beautiful line of

- Cassimeres Fancy, Cassimeres Plain, Cloth & Vestings, Soinets, Corde, Fustians, Tweeds, Jeans, Flannels

With a complete line of

- Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Gum Shoes, Children's Shoes

Gum Sandals and Buskins, Ladies Buffalo Over Shoes,

Ladies will please notice our fine assortment of

- Bradleys Hoop Skirts, Balmorals, Skirts for Misses & Children

Shaker and Ballardale Flannels, Opera, Army and Grey Flannels,

Wool and Cotton Yarns, all colors,

Colored and White Cotton Flannels, Men's Undershirts and Drawers, Men's Roundabouts,

Ladies Breakfast Shawls, Long and square Shawls,

Fancy Blankets, Horse Blankets, Whips,

Blankets, Corlins, Rugs, Gum Cloth, Yarns,

Rail Road Bags, Baskets, Tubs, Pails, Kegs,

Buckets, Butter Prints, Bowls, Spoons, Ladles,

Brooms, Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Rice, Chocolate,

Spices, &c. Grain Bags, Bagging, &c.

The subscribers kindly ask the community to call and see their handsome stock of goods now open and will vouch that persons will be convinced that prices have fallen, and greatly too, and to convince yourselves of the facts just drop in and make an inspection of goods and prices.

PRICE & HOEFLICH.

Nov 23, 1866.

1867. JUST RETURNED.

Mr. Metcalf, Senior Partner of the firm of METCALFE & HITESHEW

CHAMBERSBURG,

HAS just returned from the East where he has been since last week buying all such goods as they are apt of, and also buying all bargains offered. The new goods will be opened to-morrow, Saturday January 5th. Those who want bargains in the Dry Goods and Notion line go to No. 15 Main St. where you will be sure to find them.

Goods of every description. Wholesale at city jobbers prices. Chambersburg, Jan. 4, 1867. M. & H.

CHEAP, Elegant, and beautiful Calicoes for 12 1/2 cents. Good for 10 cents at METCALFE & HITESHEW's.

POETICAL.



MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood, That I remember well; And there a voice of sweetest tone Bright fairy tales did tell; And gentle words and fond embrace, Were given with joy to me, When I was in that happy place, Upon my mother's knee. My mother dear, my mother dear! My gentle, gentle mother!

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One day a farmer's lazy boy Was hoeing out the corn, And moodily had listened long To hear the dinner horn, The welcome blast was heard at last, And down he dropped his hoe; But the old man shouted in his ear—"My boy hoe out your row!"

MISCELLANY.

Burritt on Abraham Lincoln.

Elihu Burritt, now in England, has just published a characteristic treatise on "The Mission of Great Sufferings," which is reprinted in English papers as a work of singular interest. One says: "His discourses of suffering, its mission and its power, with wonderful profundity, intelligence and pathos."

"We now come to another event which moved powerfully the whole of Christendom, and produced an effect upon the foremost nations which no occurrence of that or other order have ever accomplished. It was an event that came in a moment with no preparation. It was the sudden extinction of one human life except its light. There was an honest hearted man who came up out of the commonest walks of the people, and was raised to the Presidential chair of the American republic to represent and execute its will. The lifting up of that man to fill this high place split the nation in sunder. The chasm was dark and wide. The struggle to close it on one side and widen it on the other was long and terrible. Half a million of precious lives were thrown into the breach, and it ran red and deep with the best blood of the severed nation. The tall, gaunt man of furrowed face and plaintive eyes, who stood in his place with steady faith and purpose, being in the stature of his elevation what Saul was to the Israelites from his shoulders upwards," was from beginning to end the butt of satire and denunciation, much at home and more abroad. In a certain sense the people of the North might have said, he bore the iniquities of us all. For all who hated the northern cause hit him and bruised his spirit with their hard and cruel sayings.

"In addition to all this burden of reproach piled upon his shoulders, because they were higher than the peoples' whose he was and whom he served, his personal antecedents and associations were thrown in his face in all the epithets that ridicule could invent. Foreign satirists lampooned him with their wit and caricatured him with their pen. Friends fell away and foes fell on him, as the sanguinary conflict went on from year to year. The furrows of his face deepened; the hollow ridges of his brow showed the mole-walks of care wore ploughing night and day his inner soul. But as those sad, deep and solemn eyes withdrew further inward, they beamed with the old steady light of faith and hope. And according to his faith was given to see that for which his spirit prayed with longing most intense. He saw the long and bloody struggle concluded. He saw the wide rent in the nation closing. With a foot on either side, he stretched out his long, gaunt arms and essayed to press the two sections, like estranged sisters, to

his broad and tender breast. "His was a great life, but his death was greater still—the greatest, perhaps, that has moved the world for a thousand years.—When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South, holding them to his heart that both might soften theirs at his spirit, his life's work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death. While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him as to Moses on Pisgah's top, of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched forever on earth.—An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning; and he fell, and great was the fall of that single man. With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country at home and abroad. If the last act of his life was to close the rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so near to his country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided toward her first born daughter, weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence.—Blood is thicker than water; and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment toward a sorrowing nation. In that overflow of fellow-feeling, the sympathy with the South and its unrighteous cause was drowned, or burnt up by a spirit of indignation at the taking off, which seemed to consume at a breath the animus that had aided with secession. There was light as well as heat in that fire; and in the light thousands of southern sympathizers saw in a different aspect the cause they had upheld."

Gen. Washington at Home.

Gen. Washington stood six feet three in his slippers, and in the prime of life was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well proportioned and evenly balanced, so that he carried his tallness gracefully, and appeared strikingly well on horse-back. There has never been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man, it was only in later life that his movements became slow and dignified. His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer book and almanac, and keep simple accounts.—Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life, and as to her spelling—the less the better. Washington himself before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular then, in such matters as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago. When the General wrote for a sheet of paper, a beaver hat, a suit of clothes, and a pair of "satin" shoes, there was no Webster unabridged to keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the History of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator on rainy days, but he had but little literary taste. He was essentially an out of door man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in the house which could be called a library; he had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed and never read long at a time.—The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a certain lecture.—The celebrated authoress Miss Bromer, is authority for this surmise. She relates, that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon in the room next to that occupied by the master and the mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still he overheard through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a certain lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving her opinion in somewhat animated tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:

Richard Williams, who delivered a lecture at Buffalo, recently, on the Mormons, alluded as follows to one of the disturbing elements among the Saints:

There is one element among themselves that is troublesome. The general testimony of the Gentiles who have lived in intimate social relations with them is that the young girls (to their honor be it said) are mostly disaffected. Growing up with it, they have seen the institution with all its obnoxiousities, and opposed as it is to all their holier feelings and better instincts, no amount of spiritual thunder can entirely control them. Here, as everywhere, they are a privileged class, and cannot very well be whipped or imprisoned. Like most of the descendants of Eve, they will talk, and are ever ready to clope with a Gentile who has the courage and can get away with them. They cannot marry a Gentile and remain peacefully at home. Very naturally they prefer a whole Gentile to one-tenth of a Mormon. The most effectual way of breaking up the whole system would be to send an army of 10,000 unmarried men there, and protect every man who married a Mormon woman and brought her to camp. "We might in this way get rid of the nuisance without bloodshed or incurring the odium of religious persecution."

REMEMBER THE SABBATH.—At a respectable boarding-house in New York, a number of years ago, were fifteen young men. Six of them uniformly appeared at the breakfast table on sabbath morning, shaved, dressed, and prepared for public worship, which they attended both forenoon and afternoon. All became highly respected and useful citizens. The other nine were ordinarily absent from the breakfast-table on Sabbath morning. At noon they appeared at the dinner-table shaved and dressed in a decent manner. In the afternoon they went out, but not ordinarily to church; nor were they usually seen in the place of worship. One of them is now living, and in a reputable employment; the other eight became openly vicious. All these failed in business, and are now dead. Some of them came to an untimely and awfully tragic end. Many a man may say as did a worthy and wealthy citizen, "The keeping of the Sabbath saved me." It will, if duly observed, save all. In the language of its Author, "They shall ride upon the high places of the earth."

EFFICACY OF ONIONS.—A writer says: "We are troubled often with severe coughs, the result of colds of standing, which may turn to consumption or premature death.—Hard coughs cause sleepless nights by constant irritation in the throat, and a strong effort to throw off offensive matter from the lungs. The remedy I propose has been tried by me, and recommended by me with good result, which is simply to take into the stomach before retiring for the night a piece of raw onion, after chewing. This esculent in an uncooked state is very heating, and collects the waters from the lungs and throat, causing immediate relief to the patient."

If two men, not being relatives, should each marry the daughter of the other, in what relationship will the offspring of said two marriages stand to each other?

Our fire engines—May they be like old maids, ever ready, but never wanted!

Brigham Young.

The census of his Wives—His First, Last, and several Intermediates—Mary Angell Young is the first living and legal wife of the prophet. She is a native of New York, and is a fine-looking intelligent woman. She is large, portly and dignified. Her hair is well sprinkled with the frosts of age; her clear hazel eyes and melancholy countenance indicate a soul where sorrow reigns supreme. She has been much attached to her husband, and his infidelity has made deep inroads upon her mind. Her deep seated melancholy often produces flights of insanity, which increase with her declining years. Lucy Decker Seely is the first wife in "plurality" of the second "woman."

Death in Doors.

Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold. If it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, wait, and wait. Meanwhile weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during the whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold all the time, and this is nothing more or less than consumption. Whereas, if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, so it is not actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place. The truth is, the more a person is out of doors, the less easily does he take cold. It is a widely known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

THE MORMON GIRLS.

Richard Williams, who delivered a lecture at Buffalo, recently, on the Mormons, alluded as follows to one of the disturbing elements among the Saints: There is one element among themselves that is troublesome. The general testimony of the Gentiles who have lived in intimate social relations with them is that the young girls (to their honor be it said) are mostly disaffected. Growing up with it, they have seen the institution with all its obnoxiousities, and opposed as it is to all their holier feelings and better instincts, no amount of spiritual thunder can entirely control them. Here, as everywhere, they are a privileged class, and cannot very well be whipped or imprisoned. Like most of the descendants of Eve, they will talk, and are ever ready to clope with a Gentile who has the courage and can get away with them. They cannot marry a Gentile and remain peacefully at home. Very naturally they prefer a whole Gentile to one-tenth of a Mormon. The most effectual way of breaking up the whole system would be to send an army of 10,000 unmarried men there, and protect every man who married a Mormon woman and brought her to camp. "We might in this way get rid of the nuisance without bloodshed or incurring the odium of religious persecution."

THE FARMER THAT WOULD NOT SELL.

Mr. Coffin, in his "Four Years of Fighting," tells the following incident, which occurred as our troops were moving to Gettysburg: When the 5th Corps passed through the town of Liberty, a farmer rode into the village mounted on his farm wagon. His load was covered with white table cloths. "What have you got to sell, old fellow?" "Bread, eh?" said a soldier, raising a corner of the cloth, and revealing loaves of sweet, soft, plain bread, of the finest wheat, with several bushels of ginger-cakes. "What do you ask for a loaf?" "Haven't any to sell," said the farmer. "Haven't any to sell? What are ye here for!" "The farmer made no reply. "See here, old fellow, won't you sell me a bunk of your gingerbread?" said the soldier, producing an old wallet. "No." "Well, you're a mean old cuss. If you'd be serving you right, to tip you out of your old bread cart. Here we are marching at night and all day to protect your property and fight the rebs.—We haven't had any breakfast, and may not have any dinner.—You are a set of mean cusses round here, I reckon," said the soldier. A crowd of soldiers had gathered, and others expressed their indignation. The old farmer stood up on his wagon seat, and took off the table-cloth, and replied: "I didn't bring my bread here to sell. My wife and daughters sat up all night to make it for you, and you're welcome to all I've got and I wish I had ten times as much. Help yourselves, boys."

GOOD FOR MANY.—A gentleman dining at a hotel in Chestnut street, a few days since, asked one of the waiters, an Irish girl, just from the Emerald Isle, and as green as grass, for a napkin. She, not knowing what was meant, replied, "Not one left, sir; all gone." The red-headed gentleman at the last. "The duce he did," said the other, "then ask him if he won't have a fried towel, in addition."

FORSAKEN.

The diamond like dew drops were pearly and pure, And many bright objects invite and allure, All beam with a smile in the breeze of morn, But the love-tis is broken, all scattered and torn. When strange birds are warbling their heartstoving lays, And roses were blooming all round to my gaze, 'Twas then that my hopes in the future were cast, But her pretended love was too fervent to last. She came with devotion, I thought with true love! Of all youthful fairies I esteemed her above; But all soon the sun of affection had set, She turned with a frown that I ne'er shall forget. She may smile at her deeds with intrinsic glee, Still her image I cherish as a rose from the sea, The breath of the twilight with mystical lore, Seems to say in a whisper, she loves me no more.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Clasp thy hand meekly over the still breast—they've no more work to do; close the weary eyes—they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks—there's no more pain to bear. Closed alike to lover's kind voice, and calumny's stinging whisper. O, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word and clasping hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on that marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush or wounded feelings mounts to the blue veined temples. God forgive you! for your feet, too must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks: Can this be death? Your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth, your clammy hands feel its last feeble flutter. O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What! no words of greeting from the household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips?—No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom? Silent all! O, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise.

Alas, for love if this be all, And naught beyond.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all the plums were put into one place next to the captain, who after helping himself, passed it to the mate who never found any plums in this part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely for examining the china, he said, "this dish cost me two shillings at Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design, with the plums next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate taking up the dish; "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain laughed, the mate laughed.—The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

PINE LANGUAGE.—A Southern correspondent in one of his letters informs us of a novel and economical mode of courtship in Florida. "As you have never seen the language of pine I will give it to you here. A gentleman wishing to court a lady, and not wishing to 'face the music' in person, sends his lady-love a piece of pine, signifying, 'I pine for thee; and she, wishing to give a favorable answer, sends him in return a pine knot, meaning, 'pine not; or if she wishes to say no, she sends a burned pine knot, thereby signifying, 'I make light of your pine.'

MAKING A EVE ADAPT A LAMB.—We find the following in one of our exchanges. It is worth a trial: "When you find a ewe with a dead lamb bleating piteously and mourning over it, if you wish to make her adopt another, catch the ewe, milk her own milk upon the lamb, then remove the dead one out of her sight, step back out of the way and witness the joy of the mother at the supposed restoration of her offspring."

A gentleman traveling in Ireland, overtook a peasant and asked, "Who lives in that house on the hill, Pat?" "One Mr. Cassidy, sir; but he is dead—rest his soul!" "How long has he been dead?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yer honor, if he lived till next month he'd been dead just twelve months." "Of what did he die?" "Troth, sir, he died of a Tuesday."

NEVER.—When Col. A. was in command at a post, just as the soldiers were called out for drill on a certain morning, it was noticed that one of them had only blacked the fore parts of his shoes, leaving the back parts unblackened and of a dirty red color.—The Col. noticed it, and said, "Henson, you have not blacked the back parts of your shoes." "Colonel," replied Hinson, "a good soldier never looks behind him."

J. B. was a stingy old creature, eager for money; but he was a zealous member of a church, and ostentatious in his religious exercises. "John," said Catharine to her brother, "what could have made that stingy old wretch a Christian?" "I can tell you," said John; "he has read that the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold, and he is determined to get there."

Why is a pig in a parlor like a house, on fire? Because the sooner it is put out, the better.

Some wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

"Facts are very stubborn things," said a husband to his wife. "Are they?" she answered. "Then what a fact you must be."

When is a greyhound not a greyhound? When it turns a hare.