



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XX

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1867.

NUMBER 52

POETICAL.



BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE SUMMER DAY.

O, brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover;
But the little pond will soon be dry—
The summer soon be over!

O, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower-bells gently ringing;
But bright will fall upon the rose,
Where now the bee is swinging!

A smile is on the silver stream—
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers!

O, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the wavy grasses—
A deeper shade will fold your life
Than o'er the meadow passes!

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom!
Unhurried save by singing!
Pale Grief shall leave his seat of gloom,
Where kisses now are clinging!

O, hope is sweet! O, youth is near!
And love is sweeter, nearer!
O, life is sweet, and life is dear,
But death is often nearer!

O, shield the little hearts from wrong,
Whose childhood's laugh is ringing!
And kiss the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing!

O, crown with joy the brows of youth,
Before those brows are older!
O, touch with love the lips of truth,
Before they cease their singing!

For the little pool will soon be dry—
The summer soon be over;
Though brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover!

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And, oh! to breathe each tale we heard,
Is far below a noble mind,
Full of a better seed is sown,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can!

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No; let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To other's failings as your own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip can tell how brief its span,
Then, Oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

MISCELLANY.

ROSANNA, THE UGLY ONE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"But look, then," said Mrs. Moore, to her husband, "how ugly that little one is. Is she not, William?"

And Mr. Moore, who was sitting in a rocking-chair, amusing himself with poking the fire, laid down the tongs he held and gravely answered his wife:

"But, my dear, you have already said so one hundred times, and were you to say it one hundred times more, Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about fourteen. She was their only child, and to do her mother justice, was really very ugly—nay, almost revolting; with thick little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, black protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awry.

Rose was, then, very ugly—but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt, as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband."

"Eight o'clock struck; Mrs. Moore was sorely vexed.

"Go to bed, Rosanna?"

Trampling the little girl approached her mother, to give her the kids of good-night.

"This useless, you little monster," said her mother.

A tear rolled from the little one's eye.—She hastily wiped it away, and turning to the father, presented him the yet humid cheek.

He kissed her tenderly.

"I am not altogether miserable," she murmured, leaving the room.

Retiring to the chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to present it to her mother, when she arose in the morning.

The clock struck twelve. She had just finished, and putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf

to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced, when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward.

Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

"Yes," she said, internally, "I am ugly—they are right," and she sought in her own head to find a remedy for ugliness.

And then in the world—new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart. A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age—but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy.

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling provocation, highly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days; for eight long days Mrs. Moore was continually crying. Rosanna in vain racked her young brains to discover why—but her father still continued angry, and her mother was still continually weeping. At last she reflected in her mind how to reconcile them.

They were all three seated in the parlor—Mr. Moore was arranging the fire—when this was concluded, he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from the mantle; and opened it abruptly; but, after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hurriedly rose from his chair.

Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck, as he was about to rise and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying her weeping eyes, and dried them a second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish the peace. This was no easy matter—neither would make the first overture—and without the penetration of little Rose the reconciliation would not have taken place.

She took her father's hand between her own little hands, and pressed it to her bosom; she then took her mother's hand, and joined it to her father's, as it lay near her heart.—Human pride could resist no longer—the alienated parents rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the idol of them both.

Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented her. Amiable, witty, and observing, her conversation was universally courted.

One summer evening, the sun, which during the day, had shed over nature an intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long, wide bands of red—clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky—the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth returning to the sun; the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary—the air inhaled seemed rather to suffocate than nourish. A drowsy languor overcame every one.

In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding, here and there, in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical whereon the imagination loved to dwell.

A low laughing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet—A young woman, seated before a piano, was expressing her heart's sentiments by an extemporary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trembling.

No more whispering, but a general silence took place, for hers was a celestial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Underwood, a fine, blue-eyed young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody, that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly harmonizing with the tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice still vibrated on Underwood's ear and there was a charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened, that transfixed him where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl be," thought Underwood. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily sighed.

Suddenly lights were brought in. The young woman was ugly Rosanna.

Lord Underwood was stupefied—he closed his eyes, but the charm of that voice haunted his memory. He gazed on her a second time, and he found her less ugly; and Rose was, indeed, less ugly. The beauties of the mind seemed transferred to her person; and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully well her internal sensations.

Lord Underwood wedded Rosanna, and became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us, but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives, accompany us to the grave.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Was there ever such a jealous fellow; always contriving some new test to subject my affections to?" said Julia Harry to her sister, Mrs. Fanny Markham, as she handed her a letter.

It was from Julia's lover, Captain Paul Wilcox, an officer in an infantry regiment, who wrote to prepare her to receive him. He told her that she would find him much changed, for he had been wounded in the leg and lost his left arm; that he had felt it his duty to say that he should not hold her to her engagement, though he loved her as devotedly as ever. Now it happened that Julia had a correspondent in the army, from whom she discovered that the captain had received no injuries; and that his story was concocted purely as an additional test of the devotedness of the fair one.

"We'll pay him off for this trick, Julia," said Mrs. Markham. "Come with me and I'll instruct you how to give him change in his own coin."

Shortly after the ladies had retired, Captain Wilcox, pluming himself on his stageman, was alone in the drawing room. He had buttoned his arm up in his coat, and the left sleeve hung empty, while he counterfeited a halting gait, and put a large piece of plaster on his left cheek to cover an imaginary sabre cut.

In a few minutes Mrs. Markham appeared.

"Returned at last!" cried she, warmly shaking his hand. "My dear Paul!"

"There's not much left of me—little better than half," said the soldier. "I left my poor arm in the West Indies."

"Poor, dear Paul," said the lady. "And how is your leg?"

"Very poorly. I am troubled with daily exfoliation of the bone."

"Poor Julia!" she sighed.

"She will be much affected at the change in me, will she not?" asked the brave Captain.

"Oh, dear, no! I was thinking of the change in her."

"Change in her?"

"What haven't you heard?"

"Not a word."

"Ah! I see—she was afraid to write to you. She has lost all her beauty."

"Possible!"

"Yes—you know she was never vaccinated."

"Never vaccinated!"

"No—and she has had the small-pox very badly. Poor Julia. She has lost the sight of her right eye. Her face is very much discolored. Her nose is terribly red."

A red nose?

"Yes. It doesn't matter so much about her eyes—she wears blue spectacles."

"Blue spectacles and a red nose?" exclaimed the Captain.

"But you don't mind that. Beauty is nothing," said Mrs. Markham, who was ravishingly beautiful herself. "You love Julia for her beauty; you always told her so. And as you are so maimed and disfigured yourself, why, you can sympathize with and console each other. You will be a very well assorted couple—three arms and three eyes between you."

"And a red nose and blue spectacles!" roared the Captain.

"Hush! here comes Julia," said Mrs. Markham, "don't appear shocked. Julia, my dear here's the Captain."

The door opened and Julia entered. She had painted her face most artistically; a pair of blue spectacles concealed her fine black eyes, but the marvelous feature of her face was her nose—it glowed with all the brilliancy of a carbuncle.

"Oh, dear Paul," said she, "poor dear Paul; how much you must have suffered."

"I have one arm left for you to lean upon," said the Captain.

"But you are lame. We can never dance the Schottische any more."

"I don't know but I can manage it, all but the side steps and hops," said the Captain, ruefully.

"But don't you find me hideous?" asked the fair one.

"Not exactly," said the poor Captain. "The tip of your nose is rather a warm color, to be sure."

"Oh, the doctors say it will settle into a purple, by-and-by."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the Captain abstractedly.

"Do you think I should look better with a purple nose?" asked Julia.

"Speak not of it," said the Captain. "But tell me, when you heard of my injuries, were you not inclined to relinquish my hand?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then forgive my deception," said the Captain. "Here is my left arm as sound as ever. I have no wound upon my cheek; I can dance from dark till dawn."

"How could you be cruel?" said Julia. "It is my turn to ask you whether you are still willing to fulfill your engagement with me?"

"With all my heart," said the Captain. "I am grieved for the loss of your beauty, I confess; but your heart and mind are dearer than your person."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the lady. "I must retire for a few moments."

In an instant she returned, radiant in all the glory of her charms.

"Paul," said she, "how do you like me now?"

"You are an angel," said the Captain, holding her in his arms. "How could you treat me so cruelly with the red nose and spectacles?"

"Not a word of that," said the beauty. "We have friends in camp who exposed your jealous folly, and it was only 'tis for tat."

"I deserve it all," said the Captain; "and here I am cured of jealousy forever."

When they were married, which followed as a matter of course, they were pronounced the handsomest couple that ever submitted to the matrimonial noose.

Discontent.

Of all the long list of causes, which combine to make up the sum total of human misery, discontent is the most pernicious in its influence. All the other passions may be curbed, and held in check, by the better influence of the moral principle. Discontent, never. It is the rich man's bane; and the beggar's evil genius.

I would experiment with human nature. First—I would select one, who, for a long course of years, has struggled on against poverty and battled with misfortune; even repining and constantly complaining that unkind fortune has treated him with more severity than any other mortal man. Upon that individual I would bestow riches, honor, fame, and place him in a position among his fellow-men, that the proudest, the mightiest, might envy; heap upon him every blessing that wealth could confer, more than he had ever dreamed of in his brightest hopes of ideal happiness. I would make his home in some fairy spot, possessing all the qualities of soil and a beauty of climate, calculated to render it a second Eden, and watch the result.

Would he be happy?—would he be contented? He might for a week perhaps; no longer.

Discontent is so interwoven with every fibre of our nature, that if the Almighty were to bestow upon puny man the empire of the world, still would he murmur—and complain that God had not given him the dominion of the sun also.

Aristocracy.

One of the parvenu ladies of Cincinnati, who would be wonderfully aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting a few days since at the house of Major G. (all know the old Major), when after tea, the following conversation occurred between the Major's old fashioned lady and the topnot, in consequence of the hired girl occupying a seat at the tea-table.

"Why, Mrs. G., you do not allow your hired girl to eat with you at the table do you?"

"Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?"

This was a "cooler" to silk and satin greatness or as the boy calls it—"codfish aristocracy." After coloring and stammering, she answered in a low voice:—"Yes, I believe it was," and left.

What a withering rebuke! And how admirably it applies to much of our strutting aristocracy? When will the world learn that poverty is not the evidence of meanness and degradation, nor silks and satins the true evidence of a true and noble woman.

The Stolen Watch.

One of the best stories we remember referring to a stolen watch comes from a French source. In the pit of the old French opera, one of the audience suddenly discovered that the watch was gone. The evenings entertainment had not commenced, and the owner of the property mounted a bench, stated the loss, which could not have occurred above two or three minutes, and begged those around him to remain perfectly quiet, as his watch struck the hours like a clock, and it, then being on the stroke of seven, the watch would speedily indicate into whose possession it had fallen. There was a dead silence; but the eye of the proprietor detected an individual who was trying to edge away from the vicinity, and he immediately denounced him as the thief. The latter was seized, and the watch found upon him; and as the owner quietly put it into his pocket, he remarked, "The watch does not strike the hours, but I thought my assertion that it did would enable me to strike out the thief."

"Does your watch go well?" asked a bystander of the happy owner.

"It both goes well and returns well," replied the latter.

No sickly person can honorably marry another in good health without previously making a fair statement of the case. And even then if a marriage takes place a crime has been committed against unborn innocents. But when both the parties are "sickly," it is wholly inexorable, and ought to be frowned upon by every intelligent community, however satisfactory the pecuniary condition of the parties. They may be able to support themselves, but they can give no guarantee that their children, diseased in body and feeble in mind, shall not be a public charge at the hospital, the poor house or an insane asylum. The best general plan for insuring a health, and vigorous offspring is to make an antipodal marriage; to make as much of a cross in the physical characteristics as possible. The city should marry the country; the black-haired the blond; the bilious temperament the nervous; the fair-skinned the brunette, the stout the slender; the tall the short. To marry each its like, is to degrade the race.—Hall's Journal of Health

Romance in Real Life.

The Cleveland Herald says: We met a gentleman to-day, seeking his wife, who it seems, was in this place when last heard from, having come from an Eastern city. There is a strange story connected therewith, which the gentleman has no objection to our giving here. Eight years ago, this gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. George, left his young wife with his mother, then residing in the city of D., and started overland to California. While upon his journey the party of which he was a member was attacked by the Indians, and he was carried into captivity. He escaped from them about a year afterwards, and reached San Francisco in safety. During his stay among the Indians he made considerable money, trading and otherwise, and upon reaching San Francisco determined to go home, taking passage in a steamer for that purpose. Three days after the steamer was burned, and he, among a few others, was saved by the efforts of a boat's crew belonging to a vessel bound for San Francisco.

Having lost his money in this disaster, he sailed for Australia, which point he reached in a very destitute condition. He was sick, and remained in the hands of the physician for many long months. When able to travel he started for home, and when within five days from New York the vessel was overtaken and captured by a Rebel privateer, and taken into a Southern port. He was conscripted into the Rebel Army and forced to the front. He was made a hospital steward, which gave him a good opportunity to aid the "Boys in Blue" and saved him from taking a seeming part with the Rebels. When the war was over he came North, and at once sought his home. The old house was deserted. Sadly he turned to an old neighbor for information. This friend, who could hardly believe the story; told him that about three months after he had started for California, a outlaw reached them from a member of the outlawing party, informing the young wife that George had been killed by the Indians. She had mourned for him a long time, and then a friend of her husband had married her, and together with the aged mother, had gone West, and he is now seeking them.

Here we Come.

There was a wedding in a church in a village near Chicago, recently, which was attended by a crowd of people, and the bridegroom a late army officer. There is a story about him that was revived with great effect at the wedding. He was in the western frontier service, and one day (so the story goes) he went out to hunt a bear. He had been away from camp a few hours, when his voice was heard faintly in the distance exclaiming:

"Here we come!"

In a little time the same cry was heard again, but nearer; then it was repeated at intervals, nearer and louder; when finally the bold captain emerged from a bit of woods near the camp, running at the top of his speed, without a coat, hat or gun. In he came to camp shouting, "Here we come!"

"Here who comes?" inquired a brother officer.

"Why, me and the game," gasped the officer, pointing to a big bear who showed himself at the edge of the woods, took a look at the camp, and then, with a growl at missing his expected meal of the captain, disappeared in the woods again.

"But why didn't you shoot the bear, and then bring him in?" inquired one.

"What's the use in shooting your game?" said the captain testily, "when you can bring it in alive, as I did!"

The story got home before the captain did, and was in everybody's mouth. The other night, as the bold captain led his intended bride into the Church with the pride and grace so readily inspired by the occasion, some wicked wag sang out from the gallery:

"Here we come!"

Which was followed by such a shout of laughter as that old church never heard before.

The Will to be Trained—Not Broken.

Men often speak of breaking the will of a child; but it seems to me they had better break their neck. The will needs regulating, not destroying. I should as soon think of breaking the legs of a horse in training him as a child's will. I never yet heard of a will in itself too strong; more than of an arm too mighty, or a mind too comprehensive, in its grasp, or too powerful in its hold. I would discipline and develop the will into harmonious proportions. The instruction of a child should be such as to animate, inspire and train, but not to hew, cut and carve for I could always treat a child as *l'ivo tree*, which was to be helped to grow, never as dry, dead timber to be carved into this or that shape, and have certain grooves cut in.

A living tree, and not dead timber, is in every little child.—Selected

An old joker, who never yielded the palm to any one in reciting a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps at hearing a traveler state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners, and drawn up a hill to a more favorable location some half a mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ebie!" said the bystanders. "O, fudge," said the old man, "I once saw a two-story house down east drawn by oxen three miles."—a dead silence ensued, the old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering all his energies, he bit off a high piece of pigtail by way of gaining time for thought; "they drew the stone house," said the old man—ejecting a quantity of tobacco towards the fire place, "but that wasn't the worst of the job; after they'd done that, they went brick and drew the cellar." The stranger gave in.

In a neighboring town the lads of the school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the vice from their master.

In this they were successful until one morning, when the master caught them "at it, and stood before them in awful dignity.

"How now?" shouted the master to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subjected to headache, and a pipe takes off the pain?"

"And you and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in turn. One had a "raging toothache," another a "cholo," the third a "cough;" in brief, they all had something.

"Now sirrah," belowered the master to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

"Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting his pipe down, after a farewell sniff, and looking up into the master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone:

"Sir, I smoke for corns!"

REMEDY FOR A BURN.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. Where we are and what we are, is God's providential arrangement; and the wise and manly way is to look our disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made of them. Life, like war is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest of false steps. Poor mediocrity may do that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.—Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.

REMEDY FOR A BURN.—The best thing for a burn is the following and every family ought to know it:

As soon as possible after the burn, throw a little green tea in hot water; let it steep. Stir up an Indian meal poultice. Spread the tea leaves on the poultice, put it on the burn or scald, whichever it may be. If burnt with powder, it will take the powder out, and the skin will be as clear as ever.

A notorious toper used to mourn about not having a regular pair of eyes—one being black and the other light hazle. "It is lucky for you," replied his friend; "for if your eyes had been matches your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

Formerly, when negroes voted in New Jersey, a candidate sent to an old negro preacher two barrels of nice potatoes. Next meeting day he exhorted his hearers on the duty of voting, and the difference between Whigs and Democrats. He told the story of the receipt of the potatoes, and added: "My brethren, some tell you vote for de Whigs, some tell you vote for de Democrats; but I tell you vote where you git de taters!"

A little boy asked his mother what blood relations mean. She replied that it signified near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said: "Then, mother you must be the bloodiest relation I have got."

There is always need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again—for like true friends, they will never fail us, never cease to instruct, never cloy.

To tell our secrets is folly; to divulge the secrets of others is treachery.

A new way to pay old debts—stop drinking and go to work!

A nervous divine, who was but a s-and-so preacher, being called upon accidentally for a sermon, asked a friend what he should preach about, to which the other replied, "About five minutes."

HOLD ON BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company; and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your no no at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well; and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and always will be, your best wealth.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Time works great changes. A few years at times brings men from the top to the bottom of the ladder of fame, and from the bottom to the top. To exemplify this: Bonner of the New York Ledger, gives in his income for the past year as \$200,000. Fourteen years ago he was an employee in the New York Mirror office, then run by Mr. Hiram Fuller. The paper was in a flourishing condition and would have continued to be so still, but Fuller turned rebel, and left his country for his country's good. He is now broken down and in a London jail, while Bonner, his former employee, drives the fastest team in New York and runs a newspaper that has the largest circulation of any in America, its current issues are said to be four hundred thousand copies weekly.

Betray no trust; divulge no secret.