



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXI.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1868.

NUMBER 36

FOR PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, OILS AND PAINTS, &c. &c., Go to Fourthman's DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

J. BEAVER,
DEALER IN
Ladies, Misses, Children, Men and Boys
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

Segars, Tobacco, the very same old kind of Pepper, Snuff, Candies, Nuts, Cloves, Jams, Peppermint, Baking Soda, Ginger, Tracing Molluscs, Stone and Stone Blacking, Essence of Coffee, Paper Colored and Gulls, Suspensives, Hosiery, Paper, Ink and Biscuit Pans.

THE METALIC SHOE SOLE
Scaps, Lilly White, Hair Oil, Perfumery, Matches, Kerosene, &c. &c. Government Blankets, Also Gam Blankets. Many more articles needed and used by everybody.
Room on the north-east Corner in the Diamond, WAYNESBORO.

Citizens and persons living in the Country will find a large and well selected stock of first class goods at as low figures as can be sold in the county at 20 1867.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS and others.—The Grafon Mineral Paint Co., of New York, has just issued the Best, Cheapest, and most Durable Paint in use. It will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Mills, and Wineries, Ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Yachts, and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (being Fire and Water proof), Flour Oil Cisterns, (one Manufacturer having used 5000 bbls. the past year), and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for beauty, durability, elasticity, and adhesion. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark Grafon Mineral Paint. Address DANIEL BIDWELL, 254 Pearl St. N. Y.

For sale at the Hardware store of **GEORGE & RICHARD**, who are also agents for Bidwell's Carriage Glass.
Oct. 4—6m.

LUMBER WANTED.
The subscribers will pay the highest cash price for Lumber, to be delivered this season, and will also want a large lot for next season.
Sept 6-5f. GEISER, PRICE & CO.

THE largest assortment of CARPETS in town at the store of
ANNANSON, BENDER & CO
PRIME N. O. Molasses at the store of
ANNANSON, BENDER & CO.
Bales of Hemlock Grain Bags in store and for sale cheap by
WALKER, HILL & Co
Hagerstown.

BIG RED HAT. Main Street, Chambersburg, Pa. is a sure sign that you are near the Cheap and Fashionable Hat Emporium of **DECHERT.**

POETICAL.

I THINK OF THEE!
I think of thee at evening's calm,
And in night's soul-voiced hour,
When all around is softly hush'd,
As by a spell of power;
When gleams of childhood's joyous days,
Come thronging round my heart;
And dreams of love and hope are there
That will not all depart.

I think of thee at morn, and 'midst
The world's bewildering throng;
Where pleasure wakes her every wile,
And hope her syrene song;
And dreaming th' west still the same
As once thou wert to me,
My heart from earth's cold mockery
Exulting turns to thee!

Oh! every word or kindly look
Thou e'er to me hast given,
Is in my heart's "unvarying page"
As "twere with diamonds given.
But thou art changed! the flowers of Hope
On life's bleak waste are cast:
And earth has but one joy for me—
The MEMORY OF THEE!

FASHION ON THE BRAIN.
It seems to me the women now
Dress up most awful queer,
In norm white and little hoops
How funny they appear!
Their hair they fix in fancy shapes,
I've hugled and hugled again,
To see how queer the women look
With chignon on the brain.

Last night I met a little miss
Rugged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on
That really made me smile.
'Twas smaller than a cabbage leaf
Dried up for want of rain;
How very queer the women look
With bonnets on the brain.

Oh, well, this is a curious world,
False teeth, false calves, and oh!
They speak of palpitations, but
The truth I do not know;
But let them wear what they will,
Remonstration is in vain,
And they are really charming with
The fashion on their brain.

MISCELLANY.

Wonderful.
The Bucyrus Journal states that during the great snow, a lad near that place, went out to the potato mound to get potatoes; after clearing away the snow and breaking into the mound, he found a kind of a nest in the straw, in which was a compact ball of what he took to be a large ball of string, such as our women use; he brought this with the potatoes and said it on the boys' cradle upon the stove. His mother just then sent him off to a neighbor and returned about her work. He was gone about an hour, and when he returned, upon looking for his ball, he found it had resolved itself into a pile of squirming young snakes, many of which were seeking the warmth of the infant's body, and one had actually entered its mouth. A cry of alarm from the boy attracted the attention of the mother toward the cradle, and, seeing the child, she sought to extricate the reptile, but she was too late, and it acutely drew itself within the babe's mouth and down its throat. Dr. Ingham was sent for, but he recognized the snake as being the common house reptile of Audubon, and therefore perfectly harmless. He declined worrying the baby with medicine, and the child seems unharmed by its singular accident. The mother declares, however, that its appetite is much increased, and that in its sleep it frequently hisses loudly. We believe this is much an imagination, as that species of serpent or snake does not hiss.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—My friend, did you ever know, can you call to mind a single instance, of a person who, having his own to make in the world, spend his time in the streets, in billiard saloons, around hotels, or in any form of dissipation, to succeed in a great degree in any enterprise? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances, and note their course. Do you not find on examination that those who to-day are men of influence and honor were the youth who made the most of valuable time, turning it to good account; and, on the other hand, don't you find that those who stood at the corners, with a cigar or pipe in his mouth, went from bad to worse, and finally to ruin? Sadly must the answer be made—oh, that it were not so—they have failed! Will you not profit by the experience of others? Go not that way. Never be idle. Every moment of your time is a golden one; use it as such. Improve the mind. Fix your eyes upon some noble subject. Be men. The call is for men. Will you not be one of that number who can say, "I am a man?"

A merchant on his death bed sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospect, he asked the reverend gentleman "Do you think if I were to leave \$10,000 to the Free Kirk that my soul would be saved?" "Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think the experiment worth trying."

IMPEACHMENT IS PEACE.
Impeachment has gone beyond newspaper discussion. Nothing we may say can have any influence on the decision, for that decision rests with grave and impartial judges, who will decide according to the law and evidence. Although impeachment is an adjourned question, it is new to the people.—They scarcely understand it. It has been hovering over them like a "bad, revolting star," with evil omen, and forebodings of national calamity. It is to dispel these feelings, and endeavor in a small way to educate the people to the proper appreciation of the solemn duty that we continue to discuss a question that now rests with the high court of the nation.

Impeachment is peace. The thousand rumors of war are of no more consequence than the snow flakes which darken the air. We shall have no fighting. Here in New-York, some of our Five Points denizens, deep in their cups, and fresh from the last prize-fight, are threatening to go to Washington and assist the President in dispersing Congress. We have certain heroes of the July riots—the murderers of fugitive negroes, and the burners of orphan asylums—who would be delighted to aid the President in sacking the Sub-Treasury. We have seen no one really anxious to fight Mr. Brooks, and no one really expecting a fight with Mr. Raymond. The Wall-st. people are quick to scent trouble. Money is the first influence to feel a panic. Yet Wall-st. maintains surprising equanimity. Amid the agitation of the last five days, gold has merely ranged from 140 to 143. The danger of war, therefore, has the mercantile value of three per cent! This is the feeling among the moneyed classes. If we were at liberty to print assurances which have come to the editor of this paper, it would be seen that the wealthiest, the most conservative, the most timid of our citizens are strenuously in favor of impeachment.—Men who control millions, and whose interests are widely spread over land and sea, unite with us in the prayer that Congress may speedily give us peace by removing an unfaithful President.

Impeachment is reconstruction. A large part of the Union is in a condition of anarchy and anarchy. The plow rests on the furrow—the hammer rests on the anvil—loyal men steal through highways and forests, like thieves in the night—rebels triumphantly defy the law. There is no safety in the South, no security of property, no assurance of personal liberty. There is nothing active but the sheriff and the post-mortem marshal—lands are shattering to ruin. The owners have no money to cultivate them, and people who have money, and who would gladly go into the South, and make its dreary and forsaken fields to blossom like the rose, do not care to accept the enemy that awaits them, social ostracism, military law, the sharp and quick rifle-shot of an ambushed murderer. No one cares to be a party to another Memphis and New Orleans massacre, especially when he finds assassination applauded by the President. The South wants money, men, order, reconstruction. Thus far she has been the victim of Presidential caprice and of restless demagogism. Take Alabama, for instance. But for Mr. Johnson, Alabama would now be in the Union, side by side with Maine and Illinois, with loyal men to office, the wheels of government moving smoothly, the courts in session, and every incentive to capital and industry. Yet now by the direct and persistent interference of the President, Alabama verges upon anarchy. The Rebel looks to the President for help, and wars upon the loyalist; the loyalist resists the interference, and leans upon Congress. The struggle of war is continued by the strike of the bullet. Impeachment will end this. The Rebel will see that nothing is left but obedience, the States will be brought back to the Union, and loyal men will be confirmed in their rights by the power of the United States.

Impeachment means the triumph of Republican institutions. Our Republican government has stood many cruel tests. It has sustained Slavery and destroyed Slavery; it has warred upon foreign governments, and suppressed domestic insurrection, it has passed through the mightiest war of modern times, and survived a social revolution, it has answered every form of government, and now it proposes to depose a treacherous Chief Magistrate. France removed her tyrants by a bloody and maddening revolution only to see new-born liberty turn from her embrace, and stifled by the gaudy and dazzling despotism of an empire. England only succeeded in destroying the tyranny of the Stuarts by revolution which brought with them wars, and social turmoil, and rebellions repeated by three generations.—Mexico has seen twenty revolutions and exulting war, communities destroyed, industry paralyzed, traitors in council, thieves in office,—bandits in the high-way and, finally, a foreign army on her shores, a foreign prince in her palace, her noblest sons massacred and in exile. Freedom still remains an experiment with her. Free America will show the world that by the gentle operation of law, her chosen Chief Magistrate, and the Commander-in-Chief of her armies and navies can be speedily punished for his crimes, and reduced to obscurity, and no appreciable effect on society, but a few favorable "laugers" gasconade, and an advance of three per cent, in gold! America was noble in her management of the war, and the nation stood in wonder. But there is something sublime in her acceptance of impeachment. Men will say no more that republican institutions are a failure, for republican America, answering every condition, and accepting every responsibility of government, stands to-day proud, secure, peaceful—the law supreme, and the public virtue unimpaired.

Therefore, it is wise to say that impeachment is peace. Some of our people may rave, and swear, and gnash their teeth, but we shall have no war—no disturbance—no arresting the wheels of Government—not the shimmer of a bayonet, nor the click of the trigger—nothing but the ordinary town constable, with his clumsy baton. There is something grand to us in this spectacle of a great nation changing an incompetent ruler by the gentle and easy process of law. The poor little three per cent that the gold-gamblers have made will melt like the falling snow. Impeachment is peace, because the common sense and the loyalty of the nation demand it.—N. Y. Tribune Feb. 26th.

Young Men—Business Men.
It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half of the energy displayed in keeping ahead, that is required to catch up when behind, will save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt. Keep your work. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time.—If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly.—If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "loaf on business matters." If you have to "labor for a living," remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct work to advantage. Have order, system, regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article simply because the man who sells will take it out in trade. Trade is money.—Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive, then stay there to wait on customers.

Help yourself and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope or work for success—spend time in idleness. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "No." necessity of snapping it out, say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few acquaintances—and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be honest. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men, note this, and if there is folly in the argument, let us know. You must test it thoroughly, as, sooner or later practical life repeats its experiences.

A STORY ABOUT GEN. HOWARD.—A writer in the Portland Press tells the following: "For a time during Gen. Sherman's march to Atlanta, Gen. Howard had command of the Fourth Corps. Just before the advance on Dalton, and while the corps was in bivouac near Red Clay, two of the boys of an Ohio regiment took it into their heads to go out on a little foraging expedition. It was not long before their highest ambition, just at that time, was gratified by the capture of a 'grunter.' While in the act of killing the animal the owner discovered them, and immediately made complaint to Gen. Howard, who happened to be riding leisurely along near the scene of slaughter. He told the General it was the only hog he had, and he thought the boys should either let him have the pork or pay him for it. The General said no tongue, it was too. He rode to where the boys were, and the following dialogue ensued:
General—'Have you any money, boys?—If you take away this man's hog you ought to pay him for it.'
Soldier—'No, General, we have no money—haven't been paid for four or five months, and we stand in great need of the pork.'
General—'What do you call, sir, a fair price for your hog?'
Citizen—'Well, I should think about nine dollars would do.'
General—'Boys, what are your names, and what regiment do you belong to? I'll put your names in my memorandum and pay this man for his hog. Next pay-day I expect you will call at my headquarters and settle the account.'
Soldier—'Thank you, General. We'll do it if it takes the last cent.'
"The boys were heard afterwards to declare frequently that they looked upon that as one of their honest debts, and that it should be paid if they lived. When the next pay day came, however, they said the General were quietly separated. The Fourth Corps, under General Stanley, was in Tennessee, confronting Hood, and General Howard was in command of the Army of the Tennessee, and on the march with Sherman to Savannah.
"The war was closed, the members of the regiment scattered, and there is no report yet whether the pork bill has been settled or not."
No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience, and hold the torch to all its dark chambers and hidden cavities, and shun recesses, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to heaven for mercy and cleansing.

A lady asked a minister "if she might pay attention to dress and fashion without being proud?" "Madam," replied the minister, "neither you are the tail of a fox out of a hole you may be sure the fox is there also!"

The Indians of Michigan.
One who has read the History of the Indians of North America, of their progress in war, their hospitality in peace, their character before tainted by the evils and intrigues of the white man, is struck with wonder at the present state of the race that once roamed with proud and unmolested steps the wilds of Michigan. The remnant of many tribes still live near the northern and western boundary of the State, numbering perhaps some eight thousand; a few of them have learned an example of their white brothers, and follow the vocation of farming in a small way; but by far the greater part of them eke out a living in whatever way causes the least exertion, and can be seen loitering along the streets of villages, dirty and ragged, and in their semi-civilized costume, the mere resemblance of the race we read of in history and poetry.

True, they still have the dark brown skin, the straight black hair, the high cheek bones, but morally how degraded. The eagle-eye, from which in days gone by flashed the thoughts of the noble heart, is blurred by fire water, and the features that once were stamped with truth and honor, now only bear the impress of low cunning and deceit. And these are the descendants of the proud and broken-hearted Logan of the Juniata, of Pochontas, whose deeds are renowned in song and story, and of many other noble spirits. But as their number grows every year smaller, and as civilization advances it presses them back, back towards their last resting place, and the few who reach the Pacific will exclaim, "We can go no farther; we have reached our journey's end," and are too glad to lie down and be forever free from persecution, and posterity will never know of their existence save only in history.

The Marriage of Cousins.
Dr. S. G. Howe, Principle of the Institution for the Blind at Boston, one of the most active philanthropists in America, says: "There can be no mistake at all about the fact, that the tendency to have defective offspring is greater where parents are defective, than with others. But here is a point that leads people into error. It does not follow because a person is defective in his hearing the defect will take that form in his offspring, it may strike somewhere else. The child may be defective in physical strength or mental capacity. But there is the defective germ, and it will manifest itself. I may skip one generation and manifest itself in the next. I know of thirteen blind children, in a neighboring county, the descendants of one blind man who married his cousin in the first generation there were no blind children. You would look around and see those children all happy, all enjoying the blessing of sight, and say, 'it is all moonshine, this idea about defective people marrying.' In the second and third generations came thirteen blind children (from the intermarriage of a blind man with his cousin.) I think 6 of those have been in our institution."

MISERY AND MERCY.—It was Isaac Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy," a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one half the world are ready to meet calamities half way and uncorrectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while on the other hand a mind accustomed to look on the bright side of all things will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it; a sunny landscape, the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness.

WHY NOT?—'Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, It might have been.'
It all parents had banished liquor from their home as some did, as thousands did in the early history of the temperance reform, many of them would have been spared sorrow over lost sons—sorrow that knows no alleviation. If all ministers had been as faithful to temperance as some have been, a great multitude of precious youth now forever lost might have been saved, to be pillars in the church of God and laborers for all good enterprises, and heads of long lines of sober and godly descendants. 'It might have been.'

NO DANGER FROM GIVING TOO MUCH.—'The amount of a colored preacher on the text, "It is more blessed to give than receive," is inimitable for its point as well as its rare beauty and eloquence: "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much. Dey don't die dat way.—Bredren, has any one of you knowed a church that died 'cause it give too much? If you do: let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb by de soft light of de moon to its moss covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lift my hands to heaven, and say, "Blessed are de dead dat is de Lord."
"Captain, what's the fare to Saint Louis?"
"What part of the boat do you wish to go on—'abin or deck?"
"Hing your 'cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana. "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you've got."

In Iceland the clergyman kisses his congregation all around before preaching.

Why are hawk-keepers like chickens? B. cause they have to scratch for a living.

STRANGE DREAM—ITS FULFILLMENT.
Among the victims of the horrible Angold disaster was Mr. J. P. Hayward, of State Line, a young man of enterprise and decided promise; in the employ of the railroad company as their agent at that place. The Fairview Advertiser gives an account, the correctness of which is vouched for, of a peculiar dream which Mr. H. had just six months previous to the calamity in which he lost his life. It says: "He dreamed that he was away from home, in a desert, when suddenly he heard a terrible crash, and upon looking in the direction from which the sound proceeded he saw a bright light, which seemed to reach to the very heavens, and he heard screams and peals of the most frightful and heart rending character. On looking about him he saw an august personage—a monk, he thought—sitting in high estate, and he inquired what all the noise came from. "From Hell!" answered the monk. The dreamer asked, "What does it mean?" The monk replied, "It means that you must instantly die!" Mr. H. then told the monk that he was not prepared to die, and begged for further time. The monk finally said, "Your prayer is granted,—you may live upon the earth six months longer, at the expiration of that time you shall die!" At this juncture Mr. Hayward was awakened by his wife, who was alarmed by her husband's action, he sitting up in bed and being greatly agitated. The dream made a great impression upon his mind, and was the subject of much thought and frequent conversations with his friends for a time, but at length he came to look upon it as of no consequence. On precisely the last day of the six months he purchased a life insurance ticket for \$3,000, took passage on the ill-fated train for Buffalo, and was numbered among the victims at Angold."

HE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.—A young man began visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young girl to inquire where he had been. "I had to work to-night!" "What! do you work for a living?" she inquired, in astonishment. "Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."
"I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.
"That was the last time the young man visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife.
The lady who disliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool, a regular vagrant about grog shops, and the stolid, sordid and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.
You dislike the name of mechanic, eh?—You, whose brothers are but well dressed lazzaris.
We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of Heaven's creatures. Beware, young lady, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be better to one of them yourself.
Far better discharge the well fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brassiness and pomposity, and take to your affectionate, the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious well-earned.
Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly who have turned their backs to honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.
A Western Hoosier called on a boat captain to sell him a saddle of mutton: "Says, Captain, don't you want to buy a nice saddle of mutton to-day?" "No; I would as soon eat dirt," replied the Captain.
"Well," said the Hoosier, 'tis according to how a man has been raised. Now I would rather eat mutton!"
"Did any of you ever see an elephant skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood. "I have," shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the old man, amused by his earnestness. "On an elephant," was the reply.
"I say, boy, is there anything to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met.
"Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here, but our schoolmaster is just over the hill there cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."
READY REPLY.—Two old New England ministers were riding by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other, "Where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Kidding alone, sir," was the immediate reply.
ROMANTIC.—We knew a rich man in the West, who called his mansion "Glenbury," out of respect to his wife Mary, who had died. One of his neighbors, not to be outdone in exuberant affection, built a new cabin and called it "Glenbury."
"Do you keep matches?" asked a would-be wit of a retailer.
"Oh, yes, all kinds," was the reply.
"Well, then, I guess I'll take a trotting match."
The retailer immediately handed him a box of Baudouin's pills.

A lady of Milton was married recently, and during the progress of the ceremony, when the respondent affirmatively to the question, "Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?" she, who is now become blind—(Mrs. Blind, of course.)