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POETICAL.



LIFE.

We are floating down the river, / We shall soon be out to sea; / We shall soon be lost forever / In its wide immensity.

We have passed the sunny meadows / Many and many a year ago; / There the stream was small and narrow, / But a little brook did flow.

Far behind us are the mountains / Memory haunts their summits yet; / Glorious day-dreams cluster round them, / Like the trees about them set.

Lovingly we turn our faces / To those mountains with regret, / We were wrecked at many places / Where the hidden rocks abound.

Then the river, growing wider, / Deeper, swifter, in its course, / Bears us, like the floating leaflet, / Onward, with resistless force;

So we scarcely note the valleys, / Or the softly rounded hills— / Catch the chorus of the robin, / As in melodious thrills.

Moonlight softly throws her lustre / O'er the river and the bay, / And the daylight chases darkness, / And the darkness chases day.

WHERE IS HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls, / Though with pictures hung and gilded; / Home is where affection calls, / Flit with smiles the heart has builded.

Home is where the faithful dove, / Sailing 'neath the heaven above, / Home is where there's one to love! / Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room— / It needs something to endear it; / Home is where the heart can bloom, / Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet, / None to welcome, none to greet us? / Home is sweet, and only sweet, / When there's one who loves to meet us!

MISCELLANY.

THE BABY JOURNAL.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

I am here. And it is that what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very finny world, and smells of paragon awfully. It's a dreadful light world too, and makes me blink, I tell you.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said, 'I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob.' He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder to who else I belong to.

I'm a year old, and I've got a name. I'm Jo and Uncle Jo gave me a silver cap this morning, but they won't let me have it to hang on the table. Gramma would give it to me in a minute, and I think 'some day, when I catch her alone, I'll get it yet.'

and she drew it away, bent over her head and kissed me ever so much, and Uncle Jo walked away. I guess he was only trying to see if it was the same color as his moustache.

Oh! I've got the prettiest mamma; her eyes shine so bright, and her little hands are so soft; I declare I am proud of her. Snuffy don't live here now; Annie takes me out, and gentlemen with caps and a great deal, ask Annie how old I am and where I live.

I've had lots of toothache, and I've raised a few teeth; they don't come out as Gramma'd do though. My pretty mamma tells me to show my toes, and then I have to grin for everybody. I bit Bob's finger yesterday, but she didn't seem to mind it.

I've got short clothes on and Cousin Lizzie is teaching me to dance. Uncle Jo helps her too. When I am through my lessons she catches me up and kisses me, and right on the same spot. Isn't that queer? Cousin Lizzie is going home soon; I'm sorry; so's Uncle Jo. I heard him tell her so, and then she stooped to tie my sleeve-button, and grew very red about it. That's funny too.

I've got a little sister. She looks pretty well for a girl. I remember when I did not look any better—I think I'll be good to her, but she must understand at first that she must mind her elder brother. Cousin Lizzie has a new bright ring on her finger; I guess Uncle Jo gave it to her. She don't scold when he pulls her curls now.

Oh! ain't I glad I've got a gramma? for Cousin Lizzie forgets me now sometimes, and mamma Emmeline is so white and still. But Gramma don't forget—not she; and she isn't so taken up with that girl baby that she can't remember a fellow that used to be No. 1. She says my nose is out of joint, but it don't feel broken. I don't want to be ugly, but I do hate to see the baby in my place, and I hear them tell her she is the dearest little dot that ever lived.

I knew it was a sorrowful world when I came, and that is why I cried. I've tried to-day to wake dear mamma, and I can't. She will not speak to me, or move, or open her bright eyes. She does not even turn when the baby cries. Both her little hands are laid upon her breast, and full of flowers. And Cousin Lizzie and Gramma are all in black frocks, and I've got black ribbons on. And Bob sits by her with his head in his hands; and uncle Jo stands beside them both, and lays his hands on his shoulder, and says, 'God help you, brother.' And all the while the sun is shining in the street and the people go by as they always do. The canary might know this was no time to sing—when dear mamma will never wake again.

She held me in her arms last night and kissed me, and said, 'Good bye, little Jo.' They tell me she has gone to heaven; but it is so comfort to me. I don't know where heaven is, or how to get there. I looked up at the stars, but I liked the shine of mamma's eyes better. And I want her here.— I must be good to the baby, and I mean to be; what ever happens, I'm going to stand by that baby.

FACTS ABOUT THE SUN.—The sun is distant from the earth 92,000,000 miles, its diameter is 850,000 miles, or more than one hundred times than that of the earth. It placed where the earth is, its circumference would not only include the moon 250,000 miles from the earth, but would reach out past it, nearly as far again! A man standing on the sun would be crushed flat by his own weight if he could stand the heat long enough. The heat of the sun's surface is equal to that which would be produced by burning six tons of coal per hour on each square yard. It is very much greater than would be required to melt any metals known on earth. The most brilliant light that can be manufactured by chemists looks like a black spot if contrasted with the sun.

Some ways took a drunken fellow placed him in a graveyard, and wanted to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright and after looking around exclaimed, 'Well, I'm the first that riz' or else I'm contumaciously belated.'

The Garden of Gethsemane.

A traveler in Palestine writes as follows regarding the garden of Gethsemane. It is located in the valley of Jehosaphat, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and is an enclosure of perhaps 200 feet square, surrounded by a high stone wall, within which are eight olive trees, the most aged we have seen, said to be the identical trees under which our Lord agonized. The old Franciscan Father, who has charge of the enclosure, cultivates a variety of flowers with which he supplies visitors. Several times we spent an hour or two in this place of tenderest interest to the Christian heart. It is scarcely possible to visit it, even with the doubt which surrounds all the sacred localities, without experiencing the most affecting emotions.

Probably beneath some of these trees, or their predecessors, our Lord wept and prayed in view of his great suffering, until in the intensity of his agony, 'His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.' This earth sustained his prostrate form and received his bloody sweat and tears. These aged trees may have heard his agonizing cry; 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me,' and that sublimity of resignation, 'nevertheless not my will but thine be done.' These very stones were witnesses of the unparalleled treachery of Judas, who he betrayed his master, even with a kiss. Surely this is holy ground, if there be such in any land! There is much probability the present garden is at least a portion of the identical retiring place of the Saviour. The trees are exceedingly old but are not likely to have lived in the time of Christ, but they may have succeeded those that did, and it is barely possible that they are the identical trees of His day.

GENERAL SPINNER.—The Treasurer of the United States is the homeliest man on earth; as any one can see by referring to his likeness on the fifty cent pieces of the fractional currency. When I was introduced to him at the breakfast table, he smiled—and it broke a sweeter. In the course of his remarks he chanced to smile again—and it broke a plate. Out of sympathy for the landlord, I stopped such miscellaneous cheerfulness by changing the subject to funerals. But it was another matter I wished to speak of. Now, many people are not aware of it, outside of his church, but General Spinner is a devout and sensitively conscientious Methodist in religion, and in politics a radical. But even the purest of us are not safe from calumny—as I know from my own experience. It began to be whispered around that under very trying and extraordinary circumstances, General Spinner was guilty of swearing a little sometimes. The church took the matter in hand as quietly as possible, and appointed a discreet sister (the grieving mourner of a husband and three gallant brothers slain in the war) to inquire into the matter. Instead of gathering evidence at second hand, she went to headquarters—she posted herself among a crowd of waiting ones in the General's office. The old man was absorbed in business, and working away like a steam engine. File after file of men passed before him and he shot his decisions at them in sharp, curt sentences as they moved on. Finally, a tall and handsome man approached and handed in his documents for examination. The General ran his eye down the pages, and a thunder cloud settled portentously upon his countenance. He threw down the papers, and shaking his fist fiercely in the man's face, said: 'You come to me with this. You, you speaking hound of a deserter. You bring a paper here, signed by the President of the United States setting forth that when you deserted from the regular army of the United States, to go and fight four years against your country, there were four months pay coming to you from the Government you so enraged, and ordering me to pay those arrears! I'd see you and the President's hundred million miles in the hottest hole in hell first!'

A SERMON TO A PREACHER.—Never shall I forget the remark of a learned legal friend, who was at one time somewhat skeptical in his views. Said he to me, 'Did I believe as you do, that the masses of our race are perishing in sin, I could not rest. I would labor day and night. I would speak with all energy and pathos I could summon. I would warn and entreat my fellow men to turn unto Christ, and receive salvation at his hands. I am astonished at the manner in which the majority of you ministers tell your message. Why don't you act as if you believed your own words. You have not the earnestness in preaching the lawyers have in pleading. If we were as tame as you are, we would not carry a single suit.'

A certain colored deacon, on occasion of missionary collections, was wont to shut his eyes and sing, 'Fly abroad, thou Almighty Gospel, with such earnestness and conviction that he would quite forget to see the place as it came around. 'O, yes, said the preacher, 'but you must give something to make it fly.'

MODESTY.—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award the prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. Who shall have the prize? said the rose, stalking forth in all the consciousness of beauty. 'Who shall have the prize?' said the flowers, advancing, each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. I will take a peep at those beauties, thought the violet, not presuming to attend the meeting; I will see them as they pass. But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful because she most modest.

The Borrowed Tool.

A boy borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening he was sent away on an errand, and did not reach home until late; but, ere he started he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. After he had come back and gone up to bed, he inquired, and found that it had not been carried to the owner. He was much distressed to think that his promise should not have been fulfilled, so that he might rise early and carry the borrowed article home. By daylight he was up; but nowhere was it to be found!

After a long and fruitless search for it, he set off for his neighbor's workshop in great distress, to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find it on the doorstep! At length it appeared, from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, the lad had got up in his sleep and carried the tool home, and then gone to bed again, waking quite unconscious of what had occurred. Of course, a boy thus prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, won the confidence of his neighbors, and was placed in many offices of trust and responsibility.

This boy took the best course to succeed in life, though perhaps he did not know it.— whatever we have to do, we should do it with our might, and do it promptly. Especially should we be anxious to keep our promises, strictly and faithfully. If we are careless in discharging these and similar duties, we shall suffer for it.

Bathing in the Dead Sea.

From a work recently published in England, the annexed extract on the buoyancy of the waters and the appearance of the Dead Sea is taken:

Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of the waves as they break on the flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of driftwood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensation of swimming in such a sea, I put to test the various accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in what I had heard: I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up at every vigorous stroke. When floating half the body rose above the surface, and with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and in approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out, when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew up wards.—The struggle to recover myself sent my head down; the bitter and briny stuff from which I hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears and nose, for one terrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to stand on dead water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible.

Extract of Gen John A. Logan's speech on the impeachment.

'But, sir, though gentlemen talk about rebellion, there will be none. The people of this country are not going to get up a rebellion on Andrew Johnson's account. If they ever do get up one on account of any man it will be somebody who stands higher than Andrew Johnson. I venture the assertion, that if we do our duty in this Congress, and stand by the law, in one week after Mr. Johnson is buried from the seat of power, the loyal people in the land will have new strength, new energy, new vigor, and their hearts will swell up with joy and gratitude to God that there has been found backbone enough in this Congress to do right and stand by the law. They will rejoice that a man will succeed to the Presidential chair who will see that the laws of the land are not obstructed, that the work of reconstruction goes on. Whenever you convict a criminal justly no man sheds a tear in his behalf on account of the execution of the law, but their sorrows are that the law has been violated.'

A CAPITAL HIT AT A. J.—There have been hard things said of Andrew Johnson, but the hardest is one which is published in a late number of the London Spectator.—It is related that the new English Ambassador, Mr. Thornton, before his departure for the United States, having praised Mr. Johnson's firmness to a Yankee, who evidently did not see it, lowered his tone, and said, 'Well, at any rate, you must admit that he is a completely SELF-MADE man; to which the Yankee replied with great solemnity, 'I hope so, indeed, for it would relieve the Almighty of an awful responsibility.'

SARCASTIC BUT SUGGESTIVE.—A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace-bonnet and shawl as light as cobweb, she exclaimed: 'What shall I do to get warm?' 'I really don't know,' replied the Quaker, 'unless thee should put on another breast pin.'

The Wild Woman of Texas.

The Liberty (Texas) Gazette publishes the following marvelous story: 'In the Grand Cane neighborhood, in this county, a short time ago, a gentleman in the depths of the forest suddenly came upon a woman as wild and almost as fleet as an untamed deer. After a brisk chase of some distance the gentleman on horseback overtook the wonderful creature, when she halted, and he found to be a medium sized, middle aged, well formed woman, with long, dark hair, and clear blue eyes. She was in a state of nudity save a girdle of gray moss about her loins. Her body and limbs were covered with a beautiful coat of hair about four inches long. She was much frightened and seemed unable to talk, but must have comprehended signs, as in reply to motions of the gentleman by which he sought to induce her to accompany him out of the wood she constantly pointed to her own forest home.

Finally, the gentleman endeavored to compel her to go the way he desired, by getting before her, and by threatening gestures with his gun, and she becoming enraged seized a club, and turned upon him with the fury of a demon, and it was only by the speed imparted to his steed by a liberal use of the spurs that he kept out of her way. After driving off her pursuer, she resumed the direction she had so constantly pointed, and was soon out of sight. The gentleman followed, and after going some distance, came upon her home. Three trees standing near other, in a triangular form, with the spaces between them walled up with brush and moss, made her moss-bed between them secure from the rude blasts of winter, and comparatively secure from the pitiless rain.

The only stores that were discovered were a few nuts and some four or five bushels of acorns.—Very wild stories of this wild woman have been rife in the upper part of the country for some time, but she was believed to be a myth by all except those who claimed to have had glimpses of her. Now, however, her existence, description, and the vicinity at least of her whereabouts, are established beyond controversy. Her early capture may be regarded as within the range of probability, as concentrated efforts are made to that end.

MISUNDERSTOOD THE TEXT.—A worthy deacon hired a journeyman farmer from a neighboring town for the summer, and introduced him—although he was unaccustomed to church-going—to accompany the family to church on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house, he asked his hired man how he liked the preaching. He replied: 'I don't like to hear any minister preach politics.'

'I am very sure you heard no politics to-day,' said the deacon. 'I am sure that I did,' said the man. 'Mention the passages,' said the deacon. 'I will. He said, 'If the Republicans scarcely are saved, where will the Democrats appear?'

'Ab,' said the deacon, 'you mistake.— These were the words, 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'

'Oh, yes,' said the man, 'he might have used those words, but I know deuced well what he meant.'

HOW PAT GOT TO BOSTON.—Some years ago an Irishman in the city of Portland, Me, acceded the captain of a steamer, to inquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued: 'Good mornin', Captin'. Could ye be after tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?'

'Three dollars,' answered the captain. 'But suppose I wint outside?'

'In that case,' said the captin', 'you can go for two dollars.'

This was undoubtedly more money than Pat had; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him: 'I say, captin', what would ye be after takin' a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?'

'Seventy-five cents,' replied the captain. 'This ye may put me down, captin', for I'm just the boy that weighs that.'

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, 'Put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold.'

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership. When killing time came they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was anxious to divide so that he could get both hindquarters, and persuade the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the piece after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman asked: 'Vich peccé vill you have? Zs peccé vill do fall on him; or ze peccé vat ain't got no tail on?' 'The piece with the tail!' shouted the Yankee, instantly. 'Don, by gar you take him, and I take ze oder,' said the Frenchman.

Upon turning around the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

RECIPE FOR TATTILING.—Take the root of a nimble tongue and the vine of a runaway, of each six handfuls; fifteen ounces of ambition, the same quantity of nonsense.—Bruise them well in the mortar of misapprehension and mix them thoroughly.—Boil them well over a fire of wild surmises until you perceive the steam of falsehood rising on the top; then strain it through a cloth of misconception; then put it into a bottle of malignity, stop it with a cork of irony, and you have the mixture in its purity. Dip a glass of it once a day through a quill of malevolence. Whoever uses the above, is prepared to speak all manner of evil without regard to truth, person or character. Recommended by G. G. MIDDLEBURY. Approved by PROF. SKANDER.

'If a girl refuses,' says a rejected lover, 'don't give it up but try it again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice. I asked one female forty times, and at last she got to expect it every time I went, and sometimes would hold out 'No!' from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house. This is unparalal, let me here remark.'

A darkey hereabouts on being ousted from a barber's chair, in which he had deposited himself with the intention of being shaved, expostulated with the barber, threatened him with the Civil Rights Bill, and finally asked, 'Don't yer cut hair in dis yer shop?' 'Yes,' replied the barber, 'we cut hair, but not wool.'

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike every body dead who tells a lie; when one of the least of them quickly answered, 'Because there would be anybody left.'

A Dutchman and his wife were traveling; they sat down by the road exceedingly fatigued. The wife sighed, 'I wish I was in heaven!' The husband replied, 'I wish I was at the tavern!' 'Oh, you old rogue,' says she, 'you always want to be in the best place.'

A man who had filed a petition for divorce, was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a cross petition, as lawyers call it. 'A cross petition?' exclaimed the husband, 'that is just like her. She never did a good natural thing in her life.'

Rabbi Joshua once met a boy carrying something in a covered vessel. 'My boy,' said the Rabbi, 'what have you in your covered vessel?' 'If it was intended that you should know,' replied the boy, 'it would not be covered.'

One thing was forgotten at the Paris Exposition, and that was to have a picture taken of a man too mean to take a newspaper. (We think that one could have been furnished from Waynesboro.)

A cool specimen of humanity stepped into a printing office out West to beg a paper. 'Because,' said he, 'we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are too stingy to take one.'

A man set his son to studying law, because he said he was such a tricky little rascal, and he wanted to humor his chief talent.

'I do not say,' remarked Mrs. Brown (that Jones is a thief); but I do say if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep.'

Wanted to know.—If the person who was overwhelmed with the flood of expectation ever recovered himself.

Anthony Simmons, a colored barber, has bequeathed \$10,000 to Princeton College, New Jersey. Josh Billings says two old maids kissing each other, looks like two old flints trying to strike fire. Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it has to be ground. The brightest dreams awaken to the darkest realities. Why is a lady's tongue like a hoop?—Because there is no end to it. Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair.—Keep it dark. Profitable amusement—turning a penny. Old Foggyism—Owing a printer's bill. Coming—the spring fever.