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### POETICAL.



#### A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er—how dense and bright,  
You pearly clouds reposing lie!  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
Contrasting with the deep blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives—  
The general blessing; fresh and fair,  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common joy to share.

The soft'd sunbeams pour around  
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;  
The wind blows cool, the scented ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,  
Methinks some spirit of the air  
Might rest to gaze below a while,  
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene  
Its floating veil of mist is flung;  
And all the wilderness of green  
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—  
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,  
Luxuriant, lovely as she came,  
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,  
Which sounds from all below, above;  
She calls her children to rejoice,  
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low born care,  
And all the train of mean desire,  
Refuse to breathe this holy air,  
And mid this living light expire.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smile and swift to spare  
Gentle, and merciful, and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond is free—  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life, its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble hosts of those  
Who perished in the cause of right.

WILLIAM JULLEN BRYANT.

### MISCELLANY.

**ARISTOCRATIC PRIDE.**—Among all the varied forms and phrases in which pride exhibits itself to the public, there is none more disgusting and ridiculous than that aristocratic or dandified form which it assumes in the persons of those who seem to consider it an indignity to be seen laboring with their hands, or performing any of the drudgeries of life. They think it above the dignity of a gentleman, in which character they would like to be considered, to soil their delicate fingers with such employment as most men engage in to earn, with honesty, their daily bread. These men of starch and perfume, would look upon it as an everlasting disgrace to be surprised by their consequential acquaintances in the act of rolling a wheelbarrow through the streets, in the transaction of necessary business, as the immortal Franklin used to do through the streets of Philadelphia, or in carrying provision from the market, or in tilling the land. This foolish pride is often a heavy tax, levied upon the purse of its possessor, for, often do we see such a person, in order to keep up appearances, expend his money, and subjecting himself almost to starvation, and to every domestic inconvenience, to prevent his pride being mortified, and to support his fancied dignity. Such dandified fops are the mere insects of society, as perfectly useless as the guided butterfly which hovers about the flowers in the sunshine of summer, but is swept away by the cold blasts of autumn.

**WHAT IT COSTS.**—Over two thousand millions of dollars are paid in a single year in America for intoxicating spirits. This money, given for a year and a half into the United States Treasury, would extinguish the National Debt. The *Nation* (Boston) says of these awful figures:—'Take this vast amount to pieces. It would purchase a navy of one hundred monitors, and two thousand war vessels, thoroughly equipped—the proudest armament that ever rode upon the sea. It would build a National Capitol worth one hundred million dollars, and a Capitol for every State in the Union worth fifty millions each. It would rear one hundred thousand houses of worship, at an expense of twenty thousand dollars each. It would pay the expenses of all the religious, charitable and benevolent societies in our land, including the ministry, Bible, Tract, Missionary Societies, etc., for the next fifty years—since all of these do not cost now over forty millions of dollars annually.'

A few days ago a negro named Jeff Davis was arrested in Elmira for stealing chickens. It is said a wag thereupon telegraphed to Horace Greeley to come on at once and go his bail.

### PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The Chicago Tribune says: The Rev. Peter Cartwright delivered a lecture on Tuesday evening in the Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. He spoke as follows:—

I have but poor command of my voice, and since coming to your city I have taken a very deep seated cold. I would rather preach three times than lecture once. The state of the country and of the church in my early days are necessarily connected with myself, therefore you will excuse any egotism which may appear. I am a Virginian by birth, and the son of a revolutionary soldier. In my sixth year my parents emigrated to Kentucky, and I spent the greater part of my life in that State when it was a wilderness.

Young America has outstripped me; I cannot possibly identify myself with the present generation; the young people of to-day seem to pass me with an air that I do not undertake. I have been a citizen of the West seventy-seven years. I did not see a newspaper, religious or secular, for twelve years of my life. We never heard of a steamboat or a rail car, and if I had seen a locomotive on the prairie I would have thought the devil was after me. Our little cabin, about fourteen by sixteen, was in the wilderness. Bishop Asbury hearing that my mother was a professor, called and preached there, and it was from that time that I date my conversion.

Just about that time a gentleman from Georgia called at our cabin, who possessed a deck of cards, a fiddle and a racehorse. I was an apt scholar, and soon won the cards, the fiddle, and the racehorse. There was a good deal of whisky about the country at that time, and one evening I took too much and that was the first and last time I was drunk. We had an old Scotch doctor in the settlement, who was an infidel. He heard from my friends that I was much troubled in mind, so he called, examined my tongue, felt my pulse, etc., and finally determined that I had a rush of blood to the head, and advised that my head be shaved and a blister applied.

Shortly after this I became so impressed with the truth of religion that I used to go from house to house, exhorting all to turn from the errors of their ways and embrace the Gospel. One evening I invited the old doctor to attend. That evening a young lady swooned away. She happened to sit near the old doctor, who attempted to revive her by the usual means when she, coming to, threw her arms about his neck and cried: 'Glory to God,' which very much discomposed the old doctor.

It is a question to me this day how I managed with my first sermon, but at the close of it there came an old gentleman to me and handed me six dollars—quarterage. There was a young scapgrace in the village whom I frequently enticed into the woods to pray; I usually pray with my eyes shut; and when I opened my eyes he was generally absent, which mode of procedure was very annoying to my religious flesh.

My experience at this time was very varied, and I soon found the avocation I had selected no sinecure. I have rode eleven or twelve circuits, and I presume I am the oldest traveling preacher in the United States. If there is an older preacher in the United States I should like to see and know who he is. When I joined the Methodist church, sixty-seven years ago, there was only one conference west of the Alleghenies, there were only twenty-five ministers to cover the whole Northwest and Southwest, and I am the only survivor of them. I have no father, mother, sister nor brother, and sometimes I feel lonely. But although I have traveled thousands of miles, brought hundreds into the Methodist church, and suffered many, many hardships, yet I say to you that if I had my life to live over again I should choose to be a Methodist traveling preacher.

As a politician, I was a Jackson man, and not ashamed of it. Once when preaching at Nashville, Gen. Jackson came in and there was no room for him. Some one pulled my coat and said, 'General Jackson has come.' 'General Jackson,' said I, 'who is General Jackson? If he is not converted God will damn him as soon as he would a sinner.' Next morning I walked down the street and met Gen. Jackson. He shook hands with me, and did not seem to be in the least angry with my freedom of the day before. He said that McMahon had called on him and apologized for me, and that he had never felt so inclined to kick any body in his life. 'Why,' said the General, 'if I had a thousand men such as you, with so much moral courage, I could easily conquer all England.' When I told McMahon the result of this conversation, he was the most ashamed man I ever saw.

An honest German, who is employed at one of the tobacco manufactories in New York, was listening recently to an account from a brother workman, of the principles and doctrines of Millerism. Among other things, he was told that the world was expected to come to an end in two or three months. Remarking that the German was much interested in the matter, the others undertook to victimize their listener, by suggesting to him that it was full time for him to be making preparation.

'Ven do you think it will be comes to an end?' he asked.

'Oh, probably in about three months,' answered the jokers.

'Ho! vell; I no cares for dat!' exclaimed Haas, with a smile of satisfaction, 'I pe going to Puffalo dis Spring!'

Sir Walter Scott meeting a beggar, who importuned him for sixpence, the great unknown not having one, gave him a shilling, adding, with a laugh, 'Mind, now, sir, you owe me a sixpence.' 'Och, sure enough,' said the beggar, 'ave heaven grant you may live till I pay you!'

### The Locusts.

Dr. Gideon P. Smith, of Baltimore, an eminent naturalist, some years ago prepared an interesting account of these insects based on close observation during their last visit, seventeen years ago. Among other things he says "they commence depositing their eggs about the 15th of June. You may see a locust attached to a limb or twig, and it will not fly away as you approach. Look closely, and you will see it excavating a hole in the limb with its curious ovipositor. Watch it closely, and as soon as it has inserted the ovipositor completely into the limb, take hold of the insect, and gently but quickly draw it forward, and apply the point of the ovipositor to the palm of the hand, when you will see two eggs ejected into your hand in quick succession. They deposit two eggs at each insertion of the ovipositor, and generally five to ten pairs in each place on the limb. She then goes to other places on the same limb, or to some other limb, and repeats the operation, till she has laid out 400 eggs. The eggs are white, or pearl color, about the 12th of an inch long, and about one sixth as thick as they are long. It is this operation that destroys the small limbs, the excavations cutting off the sap vessels. The time of depositing the eggs continues till about the 20th of June, when they cease. All kinds of trees and shrubs are selected by them for their deposits except pines or other turpentine trees. They do not seem to select the hardest nor the most soft wood, but that which is about the size of their bodies or less, seems to be chosen; the operation requiring them to grasp the sides of the limb, with their claws, which they could not do so well if the limbs were larger. By grasping firmly with their claws, they are able to make great pressure on the point of the ovipositor, and thus effect their object. From the 1st to the 20th of June, all shrubbing of value should be protected, either by carefully covering it with cheap gauze, or in the case of pot plants, by keeping them in the house. About the 25th of June, the eggs will be ready to hatch. Then take a limb containing them, cut carefully till you expose the eggs, and then take them out, place them in the palm of the hand, and they will hatch in a few minutes. The little insect frees himself from the egg precisely in the same way that the large one did in the spring, by rupturing the shell on his back. As soon as he is fairly out of the shell he starts off briskly in search of food. Let him get to ground and you will see him work his way into it, follow him and you will see him attach himself to the tender roots of grass and other vegetables, and commence taking up the liquid exudation from the surface with his little rostrum or snout. These observations can only be made with a good magnifying glass. By the aid of the glass you can see the young insect has every feather and member precisely the same as the large one had when he came from the ground in the spring. You can sometimes see great numbers falling from high trees. They are like little moats in the air, and require sharp sight to see them. They are so small, and their apparent specific gravity so inferior, that they are not injured by the fall. The advent of the locusts is a great festival for the hogs. And as soon as the insects appear above the ground, chickens, turkeys, and all poultry, will also have the feast. So fond are the fowls, birds, pigs, &c., of these insects that they will scarcely touch their food during the locust season. This has a remarkable effect on all hen eggs laid after the locusts appear—their yolks are nearly white. The chickens become very fat, and of fine flavor. Even the little wren will be seen flying off with a locust in its mouth, and all the insectivorous birds then have a great festival."

**WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.**—Eden—A garden where bonnets were unknown and scandal uninvented. Woman soon gave notice to quit.

Engaged—Occupied for a time in making a fool of a man.

Enough—obsolete.

Eye—The only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

Face—A sketch given us by Nature to be filled up in colors.

Fan—An article without which no lady's dress is complete or decent.

Fascination—The art of nailing an admirer to his seat. Part of the old Serpent's legacy.

Fashion—The modern Juggernaut, always asking for new victims.

Feather—The only thing she wants to be, the slightest of creatures.

Female—As much an insult to a woman as 'black man' is to a nigger.

Fiction—Tales of constancy.

Flattery—A refreshment she can never have too much of.

Future—Past thinking about for the present.

Wonderful—'Well,' said a Yankee, proudly, to a traveling Irishman, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, 'is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that.' 'Like that?' quoth the latter; 'bedad, but there's a far more wonderful thing just couple of miles from Ballinawistor where I was born.' 'Indeed?' says Jonathan, 'and what kind of a concern may it be?' 'Why, sure,' replied the other, 'it's a peacock wid a wooden leg!'

A hen has the capacity of laying six hundred eggs—and no more. Usually they lay a few the first year; from three hundred and seventy in the next three years; and the rest from the fifth to the ninth year inclusive. The true economy, therefore, it will be seen, is not to keep hens after their fourth year.

Guilt upon the conscience will make a feather bed hard; but peace of mind will make a straw bed soft and easy.

**A CANDID OPPONENT.**—In these days of wilful misrepresentation and gross abuse of political opponents it is refreshing to find even one man who will speak fairly of one whose claims he opposes. The *Annapolis Republican*, a substantial Democratic journal, says:

The gentlemen selected are, perhaps, the best and strongest that could have been chosen as standard-bearers of the party.

Grant has been educated a soldier and much of his life devoted to that profession. Not exactly inclining towards military life as entirely tasteful, we find him resigning it to embark in other enterprises. When the war broke out, however, like thousands of others, animated, we doubt not, by patriotic motives, he again entered the service. Fortune was upon his side and favored by his inexplicable turns, or those unforeseen chances which bring renown, he rose to honor and distinction. It would be futile and adverse to absolute fact; indicative, too, of weakness in judgement, were we to argue against the popular sentiment which has settled in favor of General Grant's military prowess. Those who fought with him and supported the cause he espoused will honor his name and deeds despite all opposition. Expecting them to do otherwise would be simply ridiculous. When men's affections and admiration become interwoven with the name and character of a military hero, whom they believe was instrumental in achieving victory to their cause it requires no ordinary circumstance to alienate those feelings.

They are naturally inclined to embrace the first favorable opportunity of manifesting that peculiarity of human nature, to add fresh laurels to those already won. This they esteem a debt of gratitude. General Grant has the credit—how much may be due to accident or merit we will not pretend to say—of successfully leading the Federal armies to victory and of subduing the late rebellion. For this alone, all those who believed the cause in which he was engaged a righteous one, will continue to do him honor, revere his name and aid in securing his election to the Presidency. Though without absolute fitness for so exalted a position, compared with others, yet this will be lost sight of in the overshadowing halo that clusters around and illuminates the pathway of so noted a warrior. It is useless to gainsay this fact, and, therefore in the coming contest, better acknowledge whatever of merit may be due the Republican Candidate, without attempting to detract therefrom by misrepresentation, or vilification, which will not be believed, and meet the great issue upon other grounds. There is an old but truthful adage which teaches, 'it is foolish to goav at a fide.' Personalities and misrepresentations—or even truths—instituted merely for the purpose of detracting from Gen. Grant's character and wide spread reputation, will be more likely to harm those who attempt it than him. We hope, therefore to see him fairly and magnanimously dealt with, given credit where credit is due.

**'The Old Oaken Bucket.'**

The 'Old Oaken Bucket' was written by Samuel B. Woodworth, while he was yet a journeyman printer, working in an office on the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, New York. Near by, on Frankfort street, was a drinking house, kept by one named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was pronounced super-excellent. Woodworth seemed inspired by it, for after taking a draught, he set his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *cau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted.

'No,' said Mallory, 'you are mistaken; there was one which, in both our estimations, far surpassed this as a drink.'

'What was that?' asked Woodworth dubiously.

'The draughts of pure, fresh, spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well on our return from the labors of the field, on a sultry day in summer.'

The tear drops glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eyes. 'True! true!' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, grasped a pen, and in half an hour the 'Old Oaken Bucket,' one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations.

To slander is to murder.

When the righteous dies, it is earth that loses.

When the ox is down many are the butchers.

He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him.

Let the honor of thy neighbor be to thee like thine own.

The house that does not open to the poor, shall open to a physician.

Rather be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame.

Four shall not enter Paradise, the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite and the slanderer.

When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

In one of our cities, a short time ago, a western editor was met by a friend, who taking him affectionately by the hand, exclaimed, 'I am delighted to see you, how long are you going to stay?'

'Why, I think,' said the editor, 'I will stay as long as my money lasts.'

'How disappointed I am,' said his friend, 'I hoped you were going to stay a day or two.'

Puzzle—To dispurgentify pashtrru.

### How to avoid a bad Husband.

The following rules will teach young ladies how to avoid the catching of a bad husband:

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consists not in those things that she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about, dandy-like, in kid gloves, cane, and rings on his fingers. Beware! there is a trap.

3. Never marry a niggard, or close-fisted mean, sordid man, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some women jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope or drone, or one who drags and druggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their chances.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of meanness and wickedness.

7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun the rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—'Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.'

Lawyer—'The boy appears rather young, madam, how old is he?'

Lady—'Seven years, sir.'

Lawyer—'Is it too young—Have you no boys older?'

Lady—'Oh, yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first rate lawyer, and I thought I would come and see if you would take him.'

Lawyer—'No, madam; he is too young to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think that this boy is better calculated for a lawyer than the older ones?'

Lady—'Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. You know, when he got to six he was easy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he'll steal anything he can lay his hands on.'

A jovial, fat friend of ours relates the following:

Jonas was, or believed he was, near his death, and the doctor calling, he held a long and earnest conversation with him about his chances of life.

'Why, man,' said the physician, 'you are likely to die any hour. You have been living for the last fifteen years without a constitution, lungs gone, liver diseased, and all that sort of thing.'

'You don't mean to say,' replied Jones, questioningly, 'that a man can live for fifteen years without a constitution?'

'Yes, I do,' retorted the doctor, 'and you are an example.'

'Then, doctor,' and a bright smile illuminated the pallid face of the doomed man, 'then doctor, I'll go it ten years more on the by-laws, and he did.'

A young lady from the country, now visiting in the city, writes home thus: 'No body isn't nothing now which doesn't hole up her cloz, and the hier you hole 'em the more yu air notised.'

Gibbins is a neat fellow. He says he can't spare time to take a bath. Besides it costs like thunder for soap and towels. We asked him how he managed to keep clean? 'Oh!' said he, with a highly incentive smirk, 'I sanded-paper myself every Christmas!'

'Sam, are you one of the Southern chivalry?'

'No, massa, I se one of the Southern shovelry. I shoveled dirt at Dutch Gap Canal.'

'None but the brave deserve the fair,' and none but the brave can live with some of them.

What is the difference between a young lady and a night cap? One is born to wed, and the other's worn to bed.

'This is a fast age,' said a countryman, 'I bought a new hat for my daughter on Saturday, and on Sunday it was worn out.'

Why are old maid's the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

Why are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are, the better they crack.

What thing is it that which the more we eat the longer it becomes? A ditch.

Many a member of Congress, when he is in his seat, is out of his place.

The real champions of the ring—mothers with daughters to marry.

Misery loves company—so does a marriageable young woman.



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JOSEPH DOUGLAS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

Office in Walker's Building.

Waynesboro, Penna.

May 8—11.