



PORTICAL.



THE ENDLESS SUMMER DAYS.

Is there somewhere beneath the sun, Where crystal waters ever run, Where hope and love are just begun, An endless summer land? A land where only Junos abide, Where waving branches ever hide Their forms who walk the streams beside, By balmy breezes fanned?

Here hope and love are on the wane; We look for crystal streams in vain, Amidst our burning thirst and pain. Dry wastes of gleaming snow, Are round about us everywhere; And in the dreary fields of Care We long for valleys green and fair, Where joy unceasing flows.

There is an endless summer time Where hope is always in its prime And love becomes a thing of time, Beyond the fleeting years; Its blooms shall gladden us ere while; Our lives shall be as one long smile Undimmed by any thought of guile Or sight of bitter tears.

Sweet summer time! bright summer land To be by thy soft breeze fanned, With glad content on every hand, Who would not long and pray!— To lose desires in pure delight!— To see no dark December night.

Fall on the years with chilling blight, But June's eternal day! O, ye who work, and fainting, wait For brighter skies and kinder fate, God's tender love may anedate The blessings looked for long! For you to-morrow's sun may rise In the unending summer's skies, And out of sorrow's pleased surprise Swell up a joyous song!

NORA O'NEAL.

Oh! I'm lonely to-night love, without you, And I sigh for one glance of your eye; For sure there's a charm, love about you, Whenever I know you are nigh. Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling, Is the glance which your eye can't conceal; And your voice is so sweet and beguiling, That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A gentleman of considerable estate, residing in the western part of England, had two sons. The oldest being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years his father died, when the youngest son destroyed his will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his brother was dead, and bribed some false witnesses to attest to the truth of it. In the course of time, the elder brother returned, and in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn—told him that he was an impostor, asserting that his brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witness to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went around the parish making bitter complaints; and, at last, came to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's mournful story, undertook his case, and entered an action against the younger brother, which was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex. The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, set his wits to work to counteract the powerful interest exerted against him. At last he hit upon the happy thought, that he would consult the first of all the judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he flew up to London and laid upon the case in all its circumstances.—The Judge heard the case patiently and attentively, and promised all the assistance in his power. With this object he contrived matters in such a manner as to have finished all his business at the king's bench before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When his carriage had conveyed him down very near the assizes, he dismissed his man and equipage and sought out a retired house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him, and, as the Judge had a

good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

Accordingly, the Judge put on a complete suit of the miller's best, and armed with a stick, away he marched to Chelmsford, procured lodgings to his liking, and waited for the assizes that were to begin the next day. When the trial came on he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward along the country hall, and soon found the poor fellow that was plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him: 'My honest friend,' said he, 'how is your case likely to go to-day?'

'My case is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life,' replied the plaintiff.

'Well, here friend,' replied the miller, 'will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which, perhaps, you do not know;—every Englishman has the right and privilege to accept against any jurymen through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and I will do you all the service in my power.'

Accordingly, when the clerk of the court had called over the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name. The judge on the bench was highly offended with his liberty.

'What do you mean,' said he, 'by excepting against that gentleman?'

'I mean, my Lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving the reasons why.'

'Well, sir,' said the judge, who had been deeply bribed, 'as you claim your privilege, who would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted against?'

After a short time taken into consideration, 'My Lord,' said he, 'I wish to have an honest man chosen,' and looked around the court. 'My Lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please.'

Accordingly the miller was selected. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dextrous fellow came into the department, and slipped ten golden caroluses into the hands of eleven jurymen, but gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and to his next neighbor in a soft whisper he said:

'How much have you got?'

'Ten pieces,' said he.

He concealed what he had himself. The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence which could fish up were adduced in his favor.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, all bribed as well as the judge. They deposed that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsel argued upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge said:

'Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?'

'We are agreed, my Lord,' replied one, 'our foreman shall speak for us.'

'Hold, my Lord,' replied the miller, 'we are not all agreed.'

'Why, what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?'

'I have several reasons, my Lord,' replied the miller. 'The first is they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; besides, I have my objections to make to the false reasonings of the lawyers and the extraordinary evidence of the witnesses.'

Upon this the miller began a discourse, that discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of the law and expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence as to astonish the judge and the whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstration, the judge, in surprise stopped him.

'Where did you come from and who are you?'

'I came from Westminster Hall,' replied the miller, 'my name is Matthew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the inquiry of your proceedings this day, and therefore come down from a seat you are unworthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the case over again.'

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began with the trial from its very origin; searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood; proved the elder brother's title to the estate, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

IS HE RICH?—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable, by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life-companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as virtue is to vice! And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue. How often is the first which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter, this: 'Is he rich?' Yes, he is abundant in wealth; but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband! 'Is he rich?' Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he treads sumptuously every day, but can you infer from this that he is virtuous? 'Is he rich?' Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean, but do not riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a barbed hook. Ask not, then, 'is he rich?' but is he virtuous? Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

A Curl Cut Off with an Axe.

'Do you see this lock of hair,' said the old man to me. 'Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child, long since gone to heaven.'

'It is not; it is a curl of my own hair, and it is now nearly seventy years since it was out from this head.'

'But why do you prize a lock of your hair so much?'

'It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God and his especial care than anything I possess.'

'I was a little child of four years old; with long curly locks, which in sun, rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to out a log and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending up splinters with every stroke in all directions.'

'Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so, I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force.'

'It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke; and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy.'

'We soon recovered—I from my fright and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound he was sure he had inflicted.'

'Not a drop of blood or scar was to be seen.'

'He knelt on the grass and gave thanks. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood.'

'How great the escape!'

'It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips, he took up the curl and went home with me in his arms.'

'That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of great good fortune. That lock he left me on his death bed.'

Woman's Fame.

Let a shadow darken above the fair fame of a woman—it may be light, even trifling, yet some there are who will believe it; lying lips will repeat, and the envious will talk about what they 'thought before' all of this came out? Woman is spoken of as a ministering angel to man; so she is, but alas, for wrong woman. Who, among her former companions, will cheer her wounded spirit with a smile of pity, and the sweet, soft whisper of 'Go and sin no more?' Are we pure, are we holy? Ah, no; remember him who bled on Calvary, around whom the glory-light was shining.

A guileless girl lured by fair promises—and her own young heart's passionate and ardent pleading in behalf of her lover, listens, believes and falls. If angels weep when a mortal falls, surely tears of blood might well be shed above a fate like this; she is hurried from the pinnacle of purity, and dashed among the swine of society, others accelerate her fall, and her own weeping eyes are turned to the memory of her innocent days. Tears of repentance are pure from any eyes; but let her meet with whom she associated in those early days. Lo! she passes by on the other side, and only looks to see if the shame brand that touched her character is not blazoned on her brow. Her gaudy robes are the winding sheet of dishonor, and their price is her soul's sacrifice. Alas, poor, wounded doe in the great forest of the world; so many cruel hunters drive thee out from the green pastures of repentance, and even shouldst thou there lie down, who will bind up the bruised heart that unkindness hath well nigh broken!

I do not say that fallen woman should be restored to her former place in society; but can we not pity even while we condemn? When a shadow darkens above the fair fame of another, listen long and weigh well the matter, ere condemnation leave thy tongue. With many, honor is their all; that gone, life is worthless, for what is more galling to a proud woman than suspicion, for it is associated with life alone? When we pass through the dark valley, and the great day of reckoning comes, He who sits in judgment there is an impartial Judge, and seeth not as man; and many who wear the mantle of chastity and the cloak of religion, will be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

SECRET OF ELOQUENCE.—I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: That at the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a corn-field, at others in a forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is, to this early practice in the great art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and modeled my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Caesar controlled men by captivating their affections, and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

Taxation of National Bonds.

Nearly \$425,000,000 of the Government bonds are held by National Banks. These banks pay a Federal and State taxation of nearly \$20,000,000.

The Savings Banks throughout our country hold \$150,000,000 of bonds. The poor man's earnings would be taxed by taxing these bonds.

About \$175,000,000 of these National bonds are held by fire and life insurance companies of this country; tax them, and the people would necessarily be charged, increased rates for insurance.

The colleges and other institutions of learning and benevolence have in their possession \$70,000,000 of Government bonds. By taxing them, we would tax education itself.

The guardians and trustees for orphans and friendless children hold millions of dollars' worth of bonds. Do we want to impose an additional burden upon them?

Nearly \$600,000,000 of National bonds are held in foreign lands. By taxing these bonds we would violate our contract with foreigners, who would not have been induced to take a dollar of these bonds were it not for the understanding that principal and interest should be paid in gold. It cannot be supposed for a moment that nations who deal with nothing but gold and silver would accept greenback payments on six per cent bonds. Such a proceeding foreign governments would be bound to resent, and by war, too, if necessary.

With the bonds payable in gold, the greater proportion of the holders of these bonds pay a large interest tax already. Besides, they cannot be taxed without violating the fundamental principles of policy. \$600,000,000 are out of the reach of any possible taxation without a foreign disturbance, and probably war. As the matter now stands, the income tax, in some form, reaches alike all our bondholding citizens who make honest returns. The taxation of our National bonds is a matter which cannot be listened to for a moment, unless we want gold higher than ever before, and our country in a worse position than during the war.

Solitary Confinement.

The Philadelphia penitentiary, being an institution designed for separate or solitary confinement, there are no large machines or workshops, no factories, no moving gangs of workmen convicts. The labor is all performed in the cells. Those engaged in chairmaking, shoemaking, weaving, jobbing, or what not, work in their own cells—eat there, drink there, sleep there. They never move out of them. Their day's labor over, the dirt, scraps and shavings are swept in barrels or baskets, and removed by carriers. Of the poor fellows you can see nothing. Outside workmen are employed to do whatever is required about the place. The prisoners are sedulously secluded in their rooms, and the visitor is not permitted even to view them.

They are shut off from the outside world as completely as if dead. Their very names are obliterated; they are known only by numbers. That is the extent of their individuality! Of relatives or friends they see but little. Once in a period of three months an inspector's pass admits a wife or a mother to a conference with her criminal though loved one, and even then such are the precautions of the prison discipline, that they meet and talk only through the bars of a cell door, and in the presence of an officer of the institution. Poor satisfaction for the lips that moisten for a kiss, for the heart that yearningly throbs for an embrace! Fifteen or twenty minutes also is the brief time allowed for the meeting.

There are in the institution at the present time somewhat over 600 convicts.

MUFFLING THE THROAT.—What is the best mode of protecting the throat from colds where a person is very susceptible to them? The common way of protecting the throat is to bundle and wrap it up closely, thus over-heating and rendering it tender and sensitive, and more liable to colds and inflammation than before. This practice is all wrong and results in much evil. Especially is this the case with children, and when, in addition to the muffling of the throat, the extremities are insufficiently clad, as is often the case, the best possible conditions are presented for the production of sore throats, coughs, croups, and all kinds of throat and lung affections. It is utterly impossible to entirely exclude cold air from the neck, and if it is kept overheated a portion of the time, when it is exposed some derangement of the throat will be very apt to occur. The rule in regard to clothing the neck should be to keep it as cool as comfort will allow. By doing so you will suffer much less from throat ailments than if you are always fearful of having a little cold air come in contact with your neck. Any one who has been accustomed to have his throat muffled should be careful to leave it off gradually, and not all at once.—Herald of Health.

THE CORK LEG.—A gentleman in Charleston conceived a very great liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his dulcinea had a cork leg. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian. He went to her father's house kneeling impudently at the door, and when admitted to his fair one's presence, asked her if what he had heard respecting her was true. 'Yes, indeed, my dear sir, it is true enough, but you have heard only half of my misfortune. I have got two cork legs, having had the ill luck to be born in Cork.'

A Negress speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said: 'I nubber could bear dat brat, 'tween he show dirt so easy.'

Cast no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

Getting In Debt.

Is it ever advisable for a man to get in debt? Most certainly, for it is by doing so that at least ninety out of every hundred of our most successful merchants and farmers have reached the positions in which they now stand. We know that such advice is not generally considered orthodox among our political economists, and we also know that our forests and prairies would be in their primitive wildness if the men who now people them had kept out of debt.

Shall a young man get into debt for a farm or would it be better to work for somebody else until he is able to pay for it with his own money? We say buy the farm and pay for it when you can. This is the system which has been in vogue ever since the settlement of America, and we know of no country that has made more rapid progress, nor one in which the farmers are more independent. Suppose a man has a little capital, say three thousand dollars and wishes to purchase a farm worth that sum now, it becomes a question of policy whether he shall pay all the purchase money down or only a portion of it, reserving the balance as working capital. We believe that the latter would be the best plan, for what can a man do with land if he has neither team nor tools with which to cultivate his crops? This being in debt is not always a very agreeable position, but it has been the means of making fortunes than all other causes put together. Debt is often the poor man's capital and the young man who can establish a good credit is on the high road to success, and if he does not reach the goal it is because he is too much of an imbecile to take advantage of his circumstances.

The great secret of getting into debt is in never purchasing anything that is not worth as much or a little more than you pay for it, or to put it in a better light, buy that which is sure to rise annually in value more than the interest on the sum paid.

Fast clothes, fast horses, jewelry, and wine, that you and your friends have consumed during the year are not usually in this class of property, but a good farm well tilled, good stock well cared for, are pretty sure to pay; therefore we say again, young men who mean to work need not be afraid to get into debt. To owe money which you mean to pay is one of the greatest preventives against sloth with which we are acquainted, and it has been the saving of many a naturally indolent man.

There are plenty of men who have more capital than they can use to advantage, and there are others who have energy, tact, and good financial abilities, but no money. It must be apparent that each can be of assistance to the other, but one of them must get into debt.

The man with money is usually satisfied with seven per cent per annum, and the man without it, if he has the ability, affords to pay this sum, for it becomes the implement with which he is to carve out a competency, if not a fortune.

No man can out-cordwood with two axes at the same time and work to an advantage, consequently he had better lend one to his neighbor who has none, than to keep both of them himself; and further, cannot the neighbor better afford to pay a small sum for the use of the axe than to do nothing for the want of it? We think so.

This is just the position in which we often find two men—one has a farm to sell on credit or money to lend, while the other has neither.

There are thousands of farmers who have more land than they can cultivate profitably, therefore it would be to their advantage to sell a portion on credit to those who could.

WHERE THE SECRET LIES.—If there is one habit more detestable than another, it is the habit of grumbling. We have known people who seemed to derive enjoyment from grumbling, fault-finding, and harping upon fancied evils. The spirit which dwells upon fancied evils leads to fretting until fretting becomes a habit; a habit which, while confirming the fault-finder in a disposition which vendors everything through a jaundiced vision, renders those who are intimately connected with them equally uncomfortable. Now, since there is no business or profession free from cares or annoyances, or at all times agreeable, is it not perfectly plain that the sooner we make up our minds to sweeten our pursuits with content the better and happier we will be?

We wonder at a man deliberately sitting down to count his crosses when he has a mouth to whistle. As if brooding over troubles, or grumbling at trifles, ever added peace to the home-hearth or money to the pocket! We firmly believe that it lies in our power, if we so will it, to beautify any and every calling, and to render it a source of pleasure, if not of pride. Let any one set himself or herself to work resolutely, with this object in view, and our word for it, they will soon discover the secret of content.

TO THE GIRLS.—Girls beware of transient young men. Never suffer the addresses of a stranger; recollect that a steady farmer boy or a mechanic is worth all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a braingle's skull, can never make up for the loss of a father's house and a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while those of a rich young man are lost in the wane of the honeymoon. The true girls, be not deceived.

A lady was told by a traveling gentleman that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by the Government. 'With a small mouth?' said the lady, making her mouth as little as possible.

'The gentleman added, that if she had a large mouth, she was provided with two husbands.'

'My gracious!' exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth wide open.



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