



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 2, 1868.

NUMBER 15

### POETICAL.



#### MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;  
The stars shine gloriously, and all  
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossoms, blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head. When wilt it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the morning's tempest bow  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—Dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams;  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear  
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely zero,  
Went down with thee.

Off from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale  
Dows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night wind's wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit down?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—  
I listen, and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild  
And shrill tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child.

#### DEATH OF SUMMER.

By the length'ning twilight hours;  
By the chill and fragrant showers;  
By the flow'rets, pale and faded;  
By the leaves with russet shaded;  
By the gray and clouded morn;  
By the drooping ears of corn;  
By the meadows overspread  
With the spider's wavy thread;  
By the soft and shadowy sky;  
By the thicket's ferns that lie  
Every weeping through the death  
Summer, up perceive thy death!

### MISCELLANY.

#### Lost and Found.

Some years ago two boys, while playing upon a cliff near the sea, found a young sea bird which a dog was worrying. It would have been killed but for them. They drove away the dog and carried the bird, nearly as large as a goose, safely home. There it was shut up in a coop, like the hens and chickens, fed and kindly cared for. It soon became quite tame, and manifested constant affection for its little masters, who felt proud of the result of their care. And thus weeks and months rolled on. In the fall of the year the bird became very tame, the coop was occasionally opened and the prisoner permitted to go to the coast, near which the boys lived. But it came regularly home at night, receiving its supper along with the rest of the fowls, and crept to its nest to repose. So the cold winter passed away, and spring came. One night the bird which had been cared for so well was missed. It did not come home. The next day and the next went by, and still the coop was empty. The fact was the boy's bird had been cooped away—I cannot really say into bad company. But it had joined a flock on its way north, and flown with the rest. Presently the boys began to comprehend the difficulty, and, as a matter of course, they had to have a good cry about it. They had really learned to love their bird, and to part with it, for them was a severe trial. This is all very natural, for kindness, no matter upon what creature bestowed, ever begets kindness, and to part with an object that we love is ever painful.

Some of my readers will, no doubt, anticipate the end of my story, for many similar events are recorded. One cold, autumn day, as the boys were at play in their yard, they saw a flock of sea birds coming towards them. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, to their infinite surprise, the whole flock settled upon the ground close at hand, and the largest waddled along toward them, quacking most curiously as she came. It was the bird which had flown away in the spring, now returned with her young ones, to claim hospitality for the winter! You may imagine, if you can, the delight of the boys, and indeed that of their parents, at this instance of affection. Words cannot describe it. You may make up your mind that the flock was not turned as a pretence for a long time the young ones were pretty wild, and did not take as kindly to the boys as the mother did. Ah, well, they did not know them as well!—*Casket and Playmate.*

It is said that tan-bark placed around peach trees free from worms, will prove a protection against them for many succeeding years. All fruit trees may be benefited by a like application.

### IN SEARCH OF A BED.

#### A Rural Gentleman in the Wrong Part.

The guests of the Henrie House were suddenly startled this morning about two o'clock by frightful shrieks proceeding from the room occupied by the dining room girls of that institution, and as the cause which created this unusual disturbance was of so laughable nature, we like the faithful scribe, cannot forego giving it to our readers.

It appears that one of the guests, who hailed from the rural districts and who occupied room No. 36, had been paying his devotions to old Bacchus with such earnestness in the evening, while wandering around the city hunting up the elephant doubtless, that when he started for his hotel it was far past midnight hour, and he was as happy as corn juice or lager beer can well make one without placing him in a somnolent condition.

He found the hotel after divers instruction from the knights of the mace he encountered, but the finding of No. 36 after he had entered the portals of that establishment was to him, just then, a most serious difficulty. The diagram of the hotel had been driven out of his head by the deep potatoes, but one thing in connection with it remained there stubbornly, and that was that he occupied No. 36 or would if he could only find it. After numerous adventures he reached the right floor, which was the most elevated in the house, and then began his search for No. 36.

'Thirty-six thirty-six, where are you?' he muttered, as he staggered along the hall. 'Ah, here you are,' he continued, as he brought up the front of the room occupied by the girls of the dining hall. He at once opened the door, entered, and commenced dressing himself in his clothes part of which he laid aside, as he felt exceedingly warm from the effects of the liquor he had imbibed. After this proceeding, he started for his bed, as he thought, and there being several in the room, he had no difficulty in reaching one, but it was occupied by the Hebe of the dining room. He put his hand upon the bed, no, not upon the bed, but upon the face of the occupant, or near by, muttering at the same time, 'thought I'd find you, thirty-six, though I had a hard time of it.'

This proceeding started the fair occupant, who woke up in time to hear him mutter about thirty-six, and like a startled fawn bounded out of bed, giving a most unearthly shriek, which roused the occupants. 'Oh! murder!' she yelled, 'th is a man in the room, and he says, the lying scamp, that I am thirty-six, when I'm just turned off eighteen.'

Now, there was just eight girls in the room, but they were soon joined by others who occupied adjoining apartments, until the force numbered at least twenty. The girls, after the alarm had subsided, concluded that they were strong enough to cope with a single man, and determined to light the gas and put the intruder out. A flash from the gas burner revealing the situation.

There stood the drunken reveler, eyes like saucers, still by the side of the bed he had first touched, amazed at the sight that burst upon his vision.

'Thirty-six! thirty-six!' said he, not forgetting his number, 'D—d if there ain't thirty-six,' he continued, as he took in the number of white-robed girls who stood gazing at him.

The girls consulted, and concluded to bind him hand and foot, man as he was, and at once the fair brigade charged upon him, and soon placed him *hors du combat*, bound as securely as ever Mazaepa was to the fiery untamed steed.

This done, the porters were called in, and their prisoner handed over, who was at once taken to No. 36 where he was severely reprimanded. 'The devil,' says he, in explanation, 'and do you suppose I am a Mormon because I fell among thirty-six girls instead of No. 36. Tell the landlord to charge all damage to No. 36, and have me checked for the 6:30 train in the morning. I'll not stop with any one who keeps thirty-six girls in a single room.' And so ended this laughable affair of No. 36 Henrie House.—*Cincinnati Com.*

**SOCIAL KINDNESS.**—How sweet is social affection! When the world is dark without we have light within. When the cares disturb the breast—when sorrows brood around the heart—what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world, with all its animosities while blessed with social kindness and affection. That man cannot be cold who has loving hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather around the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love—his own cherished circle—he forgets all these—the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from the heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom that words are not adequate to express. He who is a stranger to joys of social kindness has not begun to live.

**COLD IN SPITZBERGEN.**—No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigidity of the six months winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hall the breath of the occupants will form in flakes of snow; and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like scoria; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing.

Spell mouse, trap with three letters. Cat.

### Advice to a Young Tradesman.

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle half of that day, though he spend but sixpence, during the whole of his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that *credit* is money. If a man lets his money lie in his hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it in that time. This amounts to a considerable sum where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again it is seven and threepence; and so on till it becomes hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousand generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds. Remember that six pounds a year is but a great day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted either in time or expense, unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying: 'The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.' He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

It shows beside that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will see how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and keeps all he gets, (necessary expenses excepted,) will certainly become rich—if he who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, doth not in his wise providence otherwise determine.

#### To day and To-morrow.

To-day we gather bright and beautiful flowers; to-morrow they are faded and dead. To-day a wealth of leaves shades us; to-morrow serene and fallen they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green; to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bonds before the gale; to-morrow leafless and sapless a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain; to-morrow 'the land is taking its Sabbath after toil.'

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadow and forest, the buzz and hum of myriad insects; to-morrow—breathe softly—all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surroundings, attracts the passerby; to-morrow a heap of ruins marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon a thousand hills; to-morrow they fall in the slaughter.

To-day man walks forth in all the pride and joy of life; to-morrow he is gone.

So 'the fashion of this world passeth away.' But let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall 'arise to newness of life.'

Where everlasting springs abide,  
And never withering flowers.

Married women, says a stationer, on an average live until forty five, while unmarried women do not live to be more than forty-three years of age. An exchange therefore charges that every man that refuses to marry shortens some woman's life just two years, and thus practically commits homicide, and follows up the allegation by calling on the grand jury to find bills against bachelors over thirty years old.

If the United States could not have borrowed the money to subdue the Rebellion, where would the American flag be? It would be wiped out of the history of nations, and foreign governments would despise the people who lacked the pluck to loan sufficient money to perpetuate the government.

### Washington.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of La Bacon, Newton or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgement was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no General ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action—if any member of the plan was disclosed by sudden circumstances—he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence—never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt, but when once determined, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, in deed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and effectual ascendancy over it.

#### Female Affection.

Woman is not half so selfish a creature as man. When man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When woman is enamored of man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few men make any violent sacrifices to sentiment. How many women do every man know, who have sacrificed fortunes and honors to noble, pure and disinterested motives? A man mounts a breach; he braves danger, and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country, he has acquired fame, preferment, riches. When ever he appears, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory does not die with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour—and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure, are *I shall not die.*

A woman sends her husband to war; she lives but in that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the safety of the land. Every billow that swells she thinks it to be his tomb; every ball that flies, she imagines is directed against him. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert; her universe was a man, and that man, her terror tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immovably at morning, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippa in his chair; and when at night she seeks repose, repose has fled her couch; the silent tear steals down her cheek, and wets her pillow; or, if by chance, exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her distempered soul sees in that sleep a bleeding lover, or his mingled corpse. Time passes, and her grief increases, till worn out at length by too much tenderness, she falls a victim of too exquisite sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave! No, cold, unfeeling reader! these are not the pictures of my own creation. They are neither changed nor embellished, but faithfully copied from nature.

#### Celibacy of Washington Irving.

Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his writings must have been struck with remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment, which occurs between the facetious history of New York and the Sketch Book. Many, perhaps, imagine that is accounted for by his loss of fortune. It had its origin in one of those disappointments of the heart which color all the subsequent life of a true man. We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact the subject of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touching and true in the sentiment of Irving's writings; to his fealty to his affection, in no small degree, is owing to the sensibility which kept his heart fresh to the last, and above all, that respect for and sympathy with the innate and holy sentiments of humanity, which he so uniformly cherished and manifested in his letters and in life.

Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound and reconciled the bereft to another relation, but there intervened a period of disaster which drove the eldest brother to bankruptcy. For his sake and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued single; took them home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was the mutual devotion, happy their congenial household, and Sunny side is now bequeathed to them.

To prevent Lima beans from rotting when planted early, the Germantown Telegraph recommends greasing the seed before planting. Do this thoroughly and no rot will occur.

It is a fact worthy of remembrance that thirty or forty years ago farmers generally planted whole potatoes and received double or treble the quantity per acre now produced.

### A Tough Yarn.

There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the natives plant corn they look for devices in the rocks, and shoot the grains in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there no how, for the stoups are so thick that the ducks can't get between them to pick out the grasshoppers, and the only way sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a gridstone. But this ain't a circumstance to a place in Maryland—there the land is so poor that it takes two kildeers to cry 'kilder,' and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stock, and look with tears over fifty acre field; and the bumble-bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the musquitoes died of starvation, and the turkey buzzards were obliged to emigrate. But there is a county in Virginia which can beat that—there, the land is so sterile that when the wind is north-west they have to tie the children to keep 'em from being blown away—there it takes six frogs to raise one croak, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fences—the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down!

A party of negroes in Ithaca, New York, recently decided to have a ball. It took place about six miles out of the city, and they engaged a splendid six horse team to take them to the spot. The owner of the team, a well known white lively stable keeper of Ithaca, not wishing to entrust his team to the care of any one else, resolved to drive it himself. After the ball was opened, one of the darkey managers politely invited the gentleman to go in as a spectator if he pleased, and he did so. After a while the negroes becoming aroused by the dance, the odor of the room became slightly objectionable. As the ball progressed the crowd became stronger and stronger, until he concluded to leave. Just at that moment he saw a number of darkeys in consultation, and one of them approached him with much politeness, and informed him that the ladies, requested that he should leave the room. The darkey stated that he regretted to make the request, but that the ladies insisted, because they said—*he smell too much of the stable!*

**WORKS OF INSECTS.**—Great Britain pays annually \$1,000,000 for dried bodies of that tiny insect known as the cochineal; while another—also peculiar to India—gum shellac, or rather its product, is scarcely less valuable. More than 1,500,000 human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibre spun by the silk worm, of which the annual circulating medium is said to be £40,000,000. In England alone—to say nothing of the other parts of Europe—£100,000 is spent every year in the purchase of foreign honey, apart from the value of that which is native, and 10,000 pounds of wax imported every year. Besides all, there are the galicums, used for dyeing and making ink; the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in medicine. In fact, every insect is contributing in some way to swell the amount of commercial profits.

**THE PALINDROME.**—The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—

"Madam I am Adam!"

Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied:—

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."  
The latter is the best palindrome, probably in the language.

The following is the third and last of the three lines in the English language that reads precisely the same backward as forward:—

"Saug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns."

German—"Gute morgen, Patrio, how tuz!"  
Irishman—"Morning till ye, ifans think ye'll get rain the day?"  
German—"I guess not; ye never get much rain in ferry try tim."  
Irishman—"Faith, an ye're right there, Hans; an thin whinover it gits in the way o'rainin', the devil a drop o-dry weather will we git as long as the wet spell holds."

There is a man up the country who always pays for his paper in advance. He has never had a sick day in his life, never had any corns or tooth ache, his potatoes never rot, the weevil never eats his wheat, the frost never kills his corn or beans, his babes never cry in the night, and his wife never scolds.

Vermont is famous for the production of four great staples namely, men, women, maple sugar, and horses.

The first are strong! the last are fleet:  
The second and third are exceedingly sweet;  
And all are uncommonly "hard to beat."

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, to which he regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance to the invite.

A man who will take a newspaper for three years and then refuse to pay for it, will steal his grandmother's night cap and sell it for whisky.

Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Ans. Because it makes the ear hear.

An object of foul play—a henpecked husband.  
He is a good shoemaker who is faithful to the last.  
The man who waxes strong every day.—The shoemaker.  
A hard place—Faint township.

FOR PURE

DRUGS

AND

MEDICINES,

OILS

AND

PAINTS,

&c. &c.

Go to Fourthmans

DRUG STORE.

Waynesboro, May 24, 1867.

NEW SPRING

AND

SUMMER GOODS,

AT THE FIRM OF

STOVER & WOLFF

(SUCCESSORS TO GEO. STOVER)

DRY GOODS,

CARPETS,

NOTIONS,

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GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

CUTLERY,

CEDERWARE,

OIL CLOTHS,

&c., &c.

To which we invite the attention of all who want to buy cheap goods.

May 1, 1868. STOVER & WOLFF.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. C. L. HOLLINBERGER HAS just returned from Philadelphia and is now opening out the largest and most varied assortment of SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS she has ever brought to Waynesboro. The ladies are invited to call and examine her goods. Residence on Church Street, East Side, April 10—16.

GEO. W. WELSH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in the Town Hall Building, next door to the Post Office.

Dec. 13, 1867.