



By W. Blair.

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ALEX. LEEDS,

POETICAL.



CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Hurrah! Hurrah!! The Carrier boy greets one and all again, On Main, Mechanic, Church, and North, with Lettersburg thrown in, And ye who live on other streets, what're may be your name, He greets you, "Happy New Year" all, in this his glad refrain: And while these years so rapidly are wheeling into line He begs you'll not forget that this is Eighteen-Sixty-Nine.

down goods tend. That D. B. Russel did not come out at the biggest end.

At the last store we saw a stove, the next we see a Stove (r). Also a Wolf; and both of them seem wading through tall clover, Ah! C. H. Dickle's name we see, tacked on the "Grocery Store," While Charlie with his sweetest smile is standing in his door. Now as we pass along we see a window full of toys With sweet meats, nuts, and candies, for either girls or boys.

This far we've seen a Coon, and Wolf both civilized and tame, But here's a Beaver, and we ask will we find him just the same? Ah yes! we enter and we find as in the other cases Of the wildness of the Quadruped, not the least signs or traces, Only some Beaver hats, of which he keeps a good supply And that they're genuine we think no one will deny.

We pass across Mechanic street to where Elden keep their stand, For while there floats a boat they're sure to keep 'em off the strand. Ah! Bonebrake, merry lad, is this the place designed for you, I thought you'd studied medicine and meant that to pursue; However it's about the same, whichever way you take it, Whether in stomachs or in hands you're always sure to make it.

The next we find a Miller, though he's only such in name, Then Trille (like his "Morning" stoves) is always in a frame, Across the ally is the place where Washabough twirls the wheel, And just beyond is Filbert's stand, which well supplies each need, Then Sellers who has grown so large, he's perched above his name, While Wexley further up the street contends with him for fame.

We next direct attention to the store of Wm. Reid; Geiser & Rinehart's hardware stand comes next as we proceed, Then here's the place where Amberson keeps well his Benedict (ion) For all who wish to favor him with a customer's attention, Now lastly, Kurtz, not curt, for there's two rivals in the field, So he must work his wares with care if he wishes them to yield.

Our time will not permit, Old Town, to mention any more, Though there's many who are worthy, and we count them by the score, And thus you see what glorious light streams on your future way, And why I thus predict for you such prospects bright to-day, So now please let this year unfilled no promises remain, And give the Carrier Boy a chance to sing a gladder strain.

MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF ARLINGTON IN TIME OF PEACE.

BY L. A. GOBRIGHT.

Hurrah! Old Town, he greets ye too, with all your ups-and-downs, Rough pavements, narrow streets; he thinks that your the best of towns, So now, if you'll conduct yourself right jollily to-day, And give him lots of customers to sell this song-so say, He'll tell you what he thinks of you, in pleasant, merry rhyme, What of the past, the present, and momentous future time.

First then Old Town, the past and present consider if you please, And acknowledge it at once that you've lived too much at ease, That the best good of your citizens, you have not had at heart, Although you pride yourself so much, in doing all your part, Confess it now; for if you don't, we'll see what words can do, To freshen up your memory and your promises renew.

You remember that great school-house you were to build this year; But you didn't and excused yourself because things were so dear; And disappointed all the lads and lasses in the town, And sent them off to school, in shades that ought to be pulled down, Disgusting all good citizens with your parley and delay, Who said they'd have to give you up, and let you go your way.

I'll tell you of another thing I think you have forgotten, Which shows that in some other things you are considered rotten, That Scotland railroad which you said would surely come this way, For you'd taken out your pocket-book the right of way to pay, But instead of taking out the check as an honest man would do Again deceived the people, and of course the thing fell through.

But Old Town, we'll let the past slip by with all its sorry plight, And to the watchman on the wall we ask, "what of the night?" Does your future promise better than all your past has done? Is the glorious morning coming, or the darkness just begun? And as that watchman I would say, the morning doth appear; While it brings to all your citizens, health, wealth and hearty cheer,

You ask me why I thus predict for you such prospects bright, What wonder working wand can turn the darkness into light, I answer, that your business men, within themselves, contain The elements of wealth, and all that follows in its train, While your doctors and lawyers are sure to make a name And lift you out of nothingness into a little fame,

There's Hoefflich on the corner, who always has his Price, While Coon and Stonehouse opposite are sure to take their slice, Next Alex Leeds, who it is said is Father Time's young son, And Brackbill just above who bows and smiles when he has won The Dollar, for the way in which he plies his chemie art And in this way he gladdens home and many a poor sweetheart.

Then Welch, then Bender, both proclaim by signs they love the dollar, While modest Detrick by, their side shows nothing but a collar, Then comes a man who's always Forth, no matter where he stands, Who deals out drugs and medicines with float and willing hands, Next to this man who's always Forth is smiling "Cooney" Rube, Who whispers in his own sweet way that he has shoes and boots,

The next we see is flour and corn with Elden Ly their side, Who's willing for the ready cash to let his whole stock slide, We cast our eyes across the street and see a "big red horn" With D. B. Russel in the rear as bright as a June morn. No v who e saw this self m de man, though up or

under my direct superintendence, and there is a little history connected with it that may be interesting to you, as it is to me every time it comes into my mind.

"I should like to hear it," I responded. "Twenty years ago," he continued, "a man came here looking for work; he was of large size, and compactly built, but was somewhat shabby in his appearance. The fact is, he was fond of strong drink, as I soon learned, and this was one reason of his scanty wardrobe. I was somewhat reluctant to engage him, and frankly told him so, for I wanted no worthless fellow on my estate."

"But you might have given him a chance?" "Wait awhile," said Mr. Custis, interrupting me, "and perhaps you will be pleased with the sequel. The man told me he had a wife and several children in Georgetown, and that they were in a destitute condition. This was a fact, as I soon found out by a personal visit, when I relieved their necessities. He, after a day or two, called again to see me. I forgot to tell you he was a carpenter, and his name Charley Nicholson. I engaged him on conditions that he was to stay on this place from Monday morning until Saturday night, when he could go to Georgetown, about two miles off, you know, but he was to return the next Monday morning, and thus observe his bargain until the barn was finished; and he further agreed that I should give him wages to his wife—none to himself—for I had seen his half clothed little ones clustering around their distressed mother, who had no means to buy them bread. She was an interesting looking woman, and I shall never forget the time when I called to see her as a friend, and inspired her with a hope of better days. She took my hand, and as the 'God bless you, sir,' fell from her quivering lips, I felt a hot tear fall on this very hand. Excuse me, sir, water always comes into my eyes when I think of that scene in the hovel, as it was."

"I am very much interested," I said, filling the vacuum with the remark. And, after a pause, he continued: "Well, Charley went to work, and a good carpenter he was. He required no one to help him; he picked up logs as though they were chips. He now appeared determined to reform—very likely that angel wife had been talking to him. And you know that when a man has a heart and mind to work labor is lightened. So it was with Charley. Week after week, until the barn was finished, I paid the money to Charley's wife. Small as was the compensation, they, at the end of the engagement, had accumulated little comforts, and bought shoes and clothing for their children. When I parted with Charley I bade him be of good cheer, keep sober, and all would be well. He was a man of fine judgment, kind in disposition, and was fairly educated, and I liked him the better when he so cheerfully surrendered his entire earnings to the custody of his wife. Well, Charley and I parted, and he had well nigh passed out of my mind, for some years had rolled away and I had ceased to manage the farm. One day, while sitting in this very place, a gentleman called at the house and inquired for me. The servant told him that she would call me, but he declined the offer, and said he would seek me himself.

"And he found me here. With a smile upon his face, and in a manner somewhat familiar, he held out his hand and addressed me as his 'old friend,' and inquired about the former occupants of our house, including even my men servants. But, before I answered his interrogatories, I asked who it was to whom I was speaking. He played me off for a while but finally said: "Mr. Custis, do you know who built that barn?" "To be sure I do," I responded; "Charley Nicholson. Poor fellow. What, I wonder, has become of him."

"The gentleman replied, 'I am very happy to answer that question in my own person. That, sir, is my name, and I built that barn.' 'You may be sure, my friend, I was glad to see him.' 'What are you doing now, Charley—where have you been?' 'He answered; 'I have traveled much. After leaving you, having determined I would reform, I quit drink, and, under the guidance of my good wife, I adopted the better life, and plied my cause in the hands of 'Him who is mighty to save and strong to deliver.' I joined the ministry—have for some years been in that calling—and am happy in my vocation. My children have grown to adult age, and are all comfortably settled in life. My wife is as charming as ever, and with her I am going hand-in-hand to the grave—to pass through its darkness into that light which makes glad the city of God.'"

"I was so glad to see this reformed gentleman," Mr. Custis said, after wiping away a tear, and when we parted I was very much affected by his remark. "I hope, Mr. Custis, after all the trials of this life are over, that we may meet, never to be separated, in that better world prepared by the Heavenly Father for all who love him."

"That was the last time," said Mr. Custis, "I saw Charley Nicholson; God bless him."

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the poor man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please every body! If such an individual ever succeed we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and clouting all who differ with him. That again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of winds and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble of wind and shuffle and twist, than it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground,

[From the New York Mail—Quaker Wedding.

A Quaker wedding is a novelty to the world's people, and as such we present our readers with a detailed description of one which recently took place in the enterprising town of Harrison Westchester county. Last Tuesday evening, at the residence of Friend John Seman, in Harrison, Westchester county, Mr. Eugene V. Lorton, of this city, married himself to Miss Amy T. Mosher, of Greenwich, Conn. Arriving at the mansion, the guests were ushered into the parlors, where bright fires of wood were blazing in the great open fire place.

The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock in the evening. Long before that hour the parlors were crowded, with the exception of a passage way left through the centre of each. The Friends in their peculiar and well known costume, were seated in the front parlor in solemn silence. The gentlemen were, for the most part, dressed in black with white neck ties, while the ladies wore small lace caps with little peaked crowns and lace underhandkerchiefs. The prevailing color of their dresses were brown, a deep, rich mulberry and black. Whenever a friend entered the room, he or she shook hands with each one present, saluting them by their given names.

Beneath the mirror in the front parlor a sofa had been placed for the bride and groom, and upon either side were chairs for the best man and woman. The friends and relatives being assembled, the best man and woman entered the back parlor, followed by the bridal party. They walked the entire length of the parlors, and amid profound silence took the seats designed for them. For about five minutes, during which a silent prayer is supposed to be offered, no one spoke or moved. The bride sat like a statue, with downcast eyes, but blushing perceptibly. The whole scene appeared more like a tableau than an ordinary wedding ceremony. After enduring the silence as long as seemed desirable, the bride and bridegroom arose, taking each other by the right hand, when the bridegroom said:

"In the presence of the Lord, and these people, I take thee, Amy, to be my wife, promising by the Divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband, until death doth part us."

Then Amy said the same words to Eugene, stumbling a little at the word husband. At the conclusion of this part of the ceremony the company was again seated, and silence reigned profound. The bride was dressed after the ordinary fashion, in a white cashmere en train, trimmed with white satin, pompadour waist, lace under waist, veil, orange flowers, etc., etc.

During the silence succeeding the ceremony an opportunity was offered for any one of the friends to address the company if a spirit moved. After waiting for some time a quiet, motherly lady made the following ejaculation: "This is indeed a very solemn ceremony, and we will need the Divine assistance in living up to its requirements."

Another period of silence and the bridegroom arose and kissed the bride, whereupon the best man and woman did the same thing. At this stage of the proceedings the best man with an assistant brought a small table into the room, upon which was a marriage certificate in the shape of a scroll, a pen and an inkstand, and placed it in front of the bridegroom. He signed his name to the contract, and then the bride assumed for the first time the name of her husband. Between fifty and sixty signatures of the relatives of the bride and bridegroom were appended to the parchment. This is a good custom, and serves to call to mind each one present at the wedding.

Before the final performance of the ceremony, several rehearsals are gone through in private. Old friends shake their heads and say that usually the woman goes through with her part of the ceremony with more grace and correctness than the man. Some women break down, or speak only in a whisper.

The Friends receive presents like other people, but no cards are issued. Besides the usual presents of silverware, jewels, laces, etc., they give household good, such as blankets, counterpanes, linen, etc. These are displayed with the rest.

Few people have an idea of the extent of California. The State is 700 miles long, by about 200 wide. San Francisco and Sacramento together have a population of about 170,000, leaving about 300,000 population for this area of country—as large as all New England, New York and Pennsylvania together—an area large enough and rich enough to sustain a population of 30,000,000. It would make a large sized European kingdom. The State will have 13,000,000 bushels of wheat to spare, which will bring in from \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000. The wool-clip is larger than ever before. The vintage promises to be the best ever gathered. Twenty-five million grapesvines are in bearing, and new vineyards are the order of the day. The State has just begun its network of railroads, soon to be connected by the long spider-thread across the continent.

A deluded citizen of Portland, Me., becoming impressed with an idea that the world is soon to be visited by a second deluge, has applied his whole property (6,000) to the building of an ark of refuge. The boat will be 50 feet long, 15 feet wide, flat-bottomed, square-sterned, round bows, with a house a little aft of amidships. He is sole planner and builder, and intends when it is completed, to furnish it with necessary provisions, and calmly await the rising of the waters.

Long Faces.

What a sad mistake it is to suppose that a man should be gloomy because he is devout, as if misery were acceptable to God on its own account, and happiness an offence against his dignity. A modern writer of much wisdom and pith says: "There is a secret of unbelief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness, and so they slink about creation abandoned and afraid to enjoy anything!"

These are the people of whom Hood says: "They think they're pious when they're only bilious!" A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is fit that had men sorrow, look blue and melancholy, but he who has God's smile of approbation upon him should show his radiance in his countenance. Dr. Johnson said he never knew a villain in his life that was not, on the whole, an unhappy dog. And well may he be. And on honest man—the man with good conscience—let him enjoy his sleep, and his dinner, and love of his wife and the prattle of his children, and show a beaming face to his neighbor. Surely there is no worse theology than that which teaches that he who has given such fullness of joy to beasts and birds delights not in the misery of men; or, that having filled us with gladness, we ought to give the lie to his goodness by wearing faces bedclouded with woe, and furrowed with pretended happiness.

AN INCIDENT.—A rather verdant youth from far up the country was lounging through the streets of a certain city the other day, hearing the music, and seeing the sights in general, bearing himself, amid all these temptations, as straight as a sapling and as independent as a wood-sawyer. In the course of his peregrinations, he passed one of the large hardware stores, and spied on the outside a sign of 'Japanese Waiters for Sale.' The sign attracted verdant's notice, and he straightway walked in and began to examine the wares displayed through the store. Finally he marched up to one of the clerks, approximating his mouth to the clerk's ear, and in a confidential tone requested to be shown 'them air Japan niggers.'

"Japan niggers?" exclaimed the clerk; "I don't understand you."

"Don't understand me? Wal, now I think that is cutting it rather fat, stranger.—Here't you got a board at the door—that painted, 'Japanese waiters for sale?'"

"Oh, yes—no—yes, not exactly," stammered the clerk, catching a glimpse of countryman's troubles; 'this is what you mean; this is a Japan waiter, handing him one from the counter.

Country opened his eyes like an owl, and surveyed first the waiter and then the clerk. Finally, however, he broke out with:—"Heavens and split shingles! if this ain't a sell! I would 'at hev Bill Moony know it for a dollar. Look here, stranger, as soon as he could catch breath, 'them things are called tea-trays up in our diagen. I reckoned you had to sell some of them fellows the papers say the English buy in China and carry to Cuba to work. These 'ere won't do."

And he left.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE NEGRO.—Governor Briggs used to relate the following, which a correspondent of Harper's avers has not been in print: In the old stage-coach days an Irishman was travelling in New England. Arriving late at the town where they were to spend the night, Pat discovered to his dismay, that the only chance for sleep was to share the couch of a colored brother. The natural repugnance of his race made him loth to accept the situation, but being very tired, he accepted with as good grace as possible. In the night some mischievous boys blackened his face. In the morning fifteen miles were to be traveled before breakfast. Our Celtic friend was awakened just in time to spring into the carriage as it was moving off. At their stopping place he found no convenience for washing. Stepping up to a glass to arrange his hair, he started back in horror, exclaiming, "Be jabers, you've woke the dirty nagur, and left me fifteen miles behind!"

Keep your eye open, young man, when you are after a woman. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all round the house. If she apologizes for wiping the dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash tub with her sleeves rolled up, be sure sir that she is the codfish aristocracy, little breeding and little sense. If you marry a woman who knows nothing but to commit slaughter on the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up.—Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be coming around like a sheep thief as though ashamed to be seen around in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough through, and ask for the article like a man.

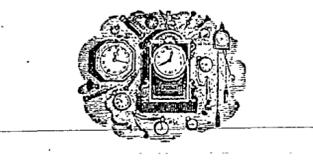
An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, 'I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she does I shall lose the estate.'

CLOCKS.



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Silver, Thimbles and sheels, Castors, Forks, and Spoons, Salt Cellars, and Butter Knives of the celebrated Roger Manufacture, at reduced rates.

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To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames.

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It is the most perfect vegetable compound of alteratives, tonics, diuretics and cathartics, making it the most effective, invigorating, renovating and blood cleansing cordial known to the world.



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The genuine have LONDON BLOOD PANACEA, S. A. FOUTZ, BALTIMORE, MD., blown in the bottle, and my signature on the wrapper.

S. A. FOUTZ, Manufacturer and Proprietor, BALTIMORE, MD.

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