



By W. Blair.

An Independent Family Newspaper.

\$2.00 Per Year

VOLUME XXII.

WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1869.

NUMBER 35

## A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

### DRUGS,

Chemicals,

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PREPARATIONS FOR THE HAIR,

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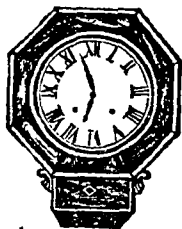
WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1869.

## ALEX. LEEDS,

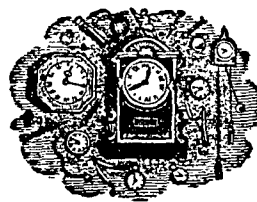
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

### CLOCKS,



Selected by himself with great care, a large and well selected assortment of

### WATCHES,



of Swiss, English, and American Manufacture;

### JEWELRY

cheaper than ever before sold in Waynesboro', all the latest styles kept constantly on hand. Every variety of Cuff buttons. A fine assortment of

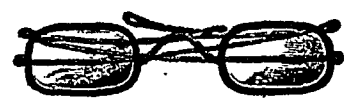
FINGER AND EAR RINGS.

Solid Gold. Engagement and

WEDDING RINGS,

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

### SPECTACLES



To suit everybody's eyes. New glasses put in old frames. Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry promptly and neatly repaired and warranted.

ALEX. LEEDS,

Next door to the Town Hall, under the Photograph Gallery. July 31.

### POETICAL.



#### BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,  
There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,  
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish  
O'er hours of darkness it can't ne'er forget.

There is no cheek however bright its roses,  
But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;  
No eye in its dewy light reposes,  
But broken star-beams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, how'er with laughter ringing,  
However light and gay its words may be,  
But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing  
Of stern affection and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,  
Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies;  
Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming  
The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! blessed light that gilds our night of sorrow;  
Oh! balm of Gilead, for our healing found;  
We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow,  
And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

#### THE WEDDING.

The two have made a tie  
Which time nor man should sever,  
Which God hath willed should last  
Forever and forever.

Two souls unite for one  
To sail the endless river;  
Their lonely life is gone  
Forever and forever.

The self which was is lost,  
That self will know thee never;  
Another soul is thine  
Forever and forever.

### MISCELLANY.

#### Shall we Meet Again!—A Beautiful Extract.

The following waif afloat on the sea of reading, we "clasp" from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:—  
"Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton at all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows.  
But the fat of nature is inexorable.—  
There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass and the countless multitudes that through the world to day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.  
In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Cleonant asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: 'I asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleonant.'

#### Groans and Tears.

A French physician is out on a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel 100 per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by the free indulgence in groans and sighs.—Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy wretches of grief—on the part of children as well as older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as safety-valves through which 'Nature' discharges her surplus steam.

The rail road men have found out by this time that, while Grant's intentions are pacific, they are not 'Union Pacific.'

#### A Great Evil.

Our race groans under evils, and carries burdens heavy to be borne; some of these may be traced back to the first sin and are beyond our control, but most of them are of our own producing, and may be arrested by a resolute act of the will, or by aids which come from other sources.

Two evils now fill the land and world which are of human invention, and are sustained by human authority. One of these is alcoholic drinks and the other is the use of Tobacco—of the latter we wish to say a few words.

This has grown and overspread the nations of the earth till now it challenges observation, reflection, and the exercise of enlightened conscience while looking the naked facts in the face. Such is its present extent, that five and a half millions of acres are occupied in its growth, producing two millions of tons annually and costing the human race ten thousand millions of dollars, by far more than enough to pay the whole debt, in one year of the United States and Great Britain, starting as the fact may seem. In our own country alone, one hundred and fifty millions are expended annually in its consumption, by far more than is appropriated to support the gospel of Christ and the cause of education. How appalling such a state of things, while want and suffering are all around us! Multitudes are without the Bible, millions have never heard the name of Christ, and the most important enterprises for promoting the welfare of a mankind, falter and fail for the want of support.

Yet this enormous expenditure is entirely useless. No one claims that he is the better for the use of tobacco in any form. It is a mere habit, innocently formed, and while at first a pleasure has grown to be a master and tyrant.

Not only this, but it is an offensive, filthy habit, finding no place in the Church, in the parlor, the ladies'-saloon, or elsewhere; as a high order of society meets and indulges in exercises which the higher nature craves.

Multitudes, using it, are ashamed of the fruits of it, and would be glad to be rid of it, if they knew how to break away from the enchantment. But this is not all, or even the worst of it, it is injurious to the health; when taken to excess operates as a poisonous nature, weakening the system, and leading to premature death.

Such evils, together with its enormous expenditure, ought to make sober, reflecting conscientious men consider whether it can be right to continue such a habit as this—ought it not to be overcome at all hazards, and thus promote health and cleanliness, and save the funds thus uselessly spent to provide for personal and family wants and build up the cause of truth and righteousness in the world?

#### The Three Friends.

Trust no friend wherein thou hast not proved him. At the banqueting-table how many more are found than at the door of the prison.

A man had three friends; two of them he dearly loved—the third to him was indifferent, although he was the most true-hearted of the three. On a certain occasion he was summoned before a judge and was, although innocent, cruelly accused. 'Who among you,' said he, 'will go with me and be a witness in my behalf? for I have been cruelly accused and the king is angry.'

The first of his friends immediately excused himself, saying he could not go with him on account of other business.

The second accompanied him to the door of the judgement hall, then turned away and went back, fearing the anger of the judge.

The third, upon whom he had reckoned the least, went in, spoke for him, and so joyfully bore testimony to his innocence, that the judge released him and sent him away.

Three friends has man in this world, and how do they bear themselves toward him in the hour of death, when God summons him before his judgement seat? Wealth, his most cherished friend, first forsakes him and goes not with him. His relatives and friends accompany him to the portals of the grave, and turn back again to their dwellings. The third, that which in life was most frequently forgotten, is his good works. They accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they go before, speak in his behalf, and find mercy.

BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.—The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to the sound of the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth—"Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual of fers his secret prayer on bended knees and uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. 'Good night!' is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clofts of the rocks. Then each lies down to rest.

LOOK UPWARD.—A young man once picked up a coin that was lying in the road. Always afterward, as he walked along he kept his eyes close on the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long lifetime, he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins, both gold and silver. But all these years that he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never let his eyes turn away from the silt and mud in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road in which to pick up money.

#### A Singularly Affecting Story.

When the war broke out, says the Toledo Commercial, there lived in Cincinnati an honest, industrious, and happy German family. The husband and father enlisted in the army in response to one of the first calls for men, and served faithfully during many long and weary months without visiting his home. His conduct in the army was such as to meet with the approbation of his supervisors, and he was finally promoted to a Captaincy.—Just before the battle of Gettysburg he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting home, and wrote to his devoted wife that he would certainly be home on the following Thursday, requesting her to be sure and meet him at the train. The next day the army started in pursuit of Lee, who was marching into Pennsylvania, and the gallant German captain, instead of going home, went with his comrades in pursuit of the invader. He was in the hottest of the terrible fight at Gettysburg, and when the smoke of battle cleared away and the dead were gathered up for burial upon that consecrated ground, the German captain was counted among the slain. The news of his death reached his home in Cincinnati, since which time the devoted wife has been crazy, and still expects her husband on the next train, and by day and night—in all kinds of weather—stands in the middle of the crossing in front of her house, looking in every direction for the approach of him who will never come again.

Often she will call on the Mayor and other city authorities to have officers detailed to go and watch 'that train,' to see if her husband is not coming. This strange conduct has lasted for almost six years, and the grief and trouble of the poor woman have been so great that she has turned prematurely gray, and although under thirty years of age, has the appearance of a very old person.

#### Farmers' Sons.

At the late annual meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, Gen. Patrick made the following remarks in regard to the growing aversion among farmers' sons to farm work:

'Only a few of our children are following in our footsteps. The old folks are left alone. With failing health and increasing years are compelled to sell out the homestead and live in a village, where it is possible to live alone. Our young men are showing a great aversion to honest toil. Often, if they remain on the farm, they are more interested in fast horses than in training steers. Others engage in trifling, undignified occupations such as selling maps, books, patent rights, or even clothes pins. They are attracted by genteel ways and habits.—At the best they seek commercial adventures, and through this means sudden and great riches. Can they not read their fate by the wrecks of thousands in the city of New York who attempted the same thing.—For ablebodied, strong young men to quit the farm and engage in such trifling pursuits as have been named, or to attempt, where thousands fail in a city occupation, they should be ashamed. Whenever labor in our country is considered dishonorable, the doom of that nation is sealed. Until the idea prevails that labor is honorable there can be no bright hope before us. When we find a country divided into small estates, and each proprietor labors with his own hands we have happy people. Under small homesteads grew up those people before which the world trembled when they buckled on their swords—the ancient Romans. Look at the large plantations of the South, with degraded laborers, and you need not ask the result. Countries are cultivated, not according to their fertility, but according to their liberty. Agriculture is the basis of the happiness of a State, and it is the most honorable as well as the most ancient of all professions.'

A 'SQUAW BALL.'—New Year's Day was celebrated at Fort Benton by a 'squaw ball,' at which the elite of the forest maidens were present, among them the elegant and charming Miss 'Wagon Box,' arrayed in striped silk, bedquilt pattern, with various kikka shaws and adornments. Also were present the affable, polite, etc., Misses 'Stomach,' 'Fatty,' 'Mike,' and others of like euphonious cognomens. The etiquette of these assemblies is somewhat peculiar. It is required that when you want a partner for the next dance you must nudge her with your thumb and look at her; if she grants you are all right, and can count on the engagement; but if she says 'Sa,' you must poke around another. Refreshment consists of pies cut in slices and handed around with a bucket of ice-water. Drinks are only attainable at near saloons, or where some one has 'cached' a bottle of the ardent in the show outside.

NEWSPAPERS.—Wherever I have wandered, in my missionary labors, whether in the East or West, North or South, I have always observed that where the newspaper was taken by the family, there thrift, morality, and general intelligence were to be found. In the log cabins of the West, as soon as my eye caught sight of the newspaper, I thought to myself, 'Here, at least, I will find morality, intelligence, courtesy, and welcome, as a garden ripe to receive the gospel seed' and I was seldom mistaken. On the contrary, where neither newspapers nor good books were to be seen, there ignorance, bigotry, superstition and grossness were found in all their forms. Yes, I have often thought that the newspaper was the pioneer of civilization, and did much to make the way easy for the successful labors of the home missionary.—Lorenzo Dow

EQUALITY.—This life will not admit of equality; but surely that man who thinks he derives consequence and respect from keeping others at a distance is as the coward who shuns the enemy from fear of an attack.

How to prevent gray hairs.—Keep your head shaved. Warranted not to fail.

#### A Quaker to his Watchmaker.

I herewith send thee my pocket clock, which standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at thy friendly school he was in no way reformed, nor in the least benefited thereby; for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar and the truth is not in him; that his pulse is sometimes slow, which betokeneth not an even temper; at other times he waxeth sluggish, notwithstanding I frequently urge him. When he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual habit denoteth, I find him slumbering, or, as the vanity of human phrase is, I catch him napping. Examine him therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, thoroughly, that thou mayest, being well acquainted with his inward frame and disposition, draw from him the error of his way, and show him the path wherein he should go. It grieves me to think, and when I ponder thereon I am verily of the opinion that his body is foul, and the whole mass is corrupted. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy charming physic, from all pollution, that he may vibrate and circulate according to the truth. I will place him a few days under thy care, and pay for his board as thou requirest. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself on this occasion with judgment, according to the gift which is in thee, and prove thyself a workman; and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him, let it be without passion, lest thou shouldst drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motion for time by the motion of light that ruleth the day; and when thou findest him converted from the error of his way, and more conformable to the above-mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee in the root of all evil.

#### JENNY LIND AND THE BIRD.

I remember hearing a stage driver's story of Jenny Lind while she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially, then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his grateful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy and, quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolese mountain strains that sent the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up and sang and trilled and sang till Jenny in happy delight acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcaroled the great Swedish Night-ingale.

#### A TOUGH CASE.

In Arkansas, Elder Knapp, while 'baptizing' converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question, whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause a tall, powerful looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning on a long rifle and quietly looking on, remarked: 'Elder, I don't want to interfere in their yere business any, but I want to say that is an old sinner you have got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night.'

A friend recently went to a Dutch tailor and had his measure taken for a pair of pantaloons. He gave directions to have them made large and full. Our friend is a heavy man, and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on his new unmentionables, found that they stuck tight to his legs, whereat he thus remonstrated: 'I told you to make these pants full.' After some obligatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring: 'I dink des pants is full enough; if dey vas any fuller dey would split.'

THE SABBATH.—Sir Matthew Hale, the illustrious chief justice of England, in his memorable counsel to his grandchildren, said: 'I will assure you I was never inclined to fanaticism or superstition, but I have observed that whenever I have undertaken any secular business on the Lord's day not indispensably necessary, that business never prospered; and always the more closely I applied myself to the duties of that holy day the more happy and successful were my business and employment of the following week, so that I could, from the loose or strict observance of that day, take a just prospect and true calculation of my temporal success in the ensuing week.'

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

Among the superstitious of the Seneca Indians is one of singular beauty. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with garlands, they loose it over her grave in the belief that it will not fold its wing nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

#### PAT AND THE ALPHABET.

The following scene occurred recently in a school-room:—  
'An, Pat, Pat!' exclaimed the schoolmistress to a thick headed urchin, into whose maddened brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet. 'I'm afraid you will never learn anything. Now what's that letter, oh?'  
'Sure, I don't know, ma'am,' replied Pat. 'I thought you'd recollect that.'  
'Why, ma'am?'  
'Because it has a dot over the top of it.'  
'Oh, ma'am, mind it well, but sharp I thought it was a fly-speck.'  
'Well, now remember, Pat, it's I.'  
'You, ma'am?'  
'No, no, not U, but I.'  
'Not I, but you, ma'am—how's that?'  
'Not I, but you, blockhead.'  
'O, jis, faith, now I have it ma'am; you mean to say that I, not you, are a block-head.'

#### IRISHMAN AND FIDDLE.

An Irishman, just come to this country, had never seen a fiddle. A man came into the hotel with one under his arm. He soon began to tune it up. One of the screws slipped, and he spit upon it to make it hold, and then began to draw the bow. The Irishman, who was watching him, could stand it no longer, but bolted across the street into another hotel, exclaiming: 'I thought this was a land of liberty and freedom, but the divil take such a land where ye abuse the poor childer so bad.'

#### LANDLORD.—(Who is abusing the children?)

Irishman.—Why, a man came into the tavern just now, with a little boy under his arm, and he began to torment the dear little creature. First, he began to pull and twist his ears, then, to provoke him more he spit in his face, and then he draw'd a briar across his belly, and Holy Virgin, how he did scoram!

#### THE FOLLY OF QUARRELS.

Two little boys were talking together, when one of them said, 'I wish I had all the pasture land in the world.' The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'

'What would you do with them?' asked his friend.

'Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land.'

'No you wouldn't,' was the reply.

'Yes I would.'

'But I wouldn't let you.'

'I wouldn't ask you.'

'You shouldn't do it,' he screamed.

'I should.'

'You shan't.'

'I will,' and with that they seized and pummeled each other in a rough and tumble fight.

Such is a specimen of the causes for which people often quarrel.

#### A Kentucky traveller, dining at a large hotel in Albany, was annoyed by the showing-off of the members of the assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after the fashion—'I'll thank the gentleman from Onondaga, &c., &c.,—Whereupon the Kentuckian said to a huge darky waiter, 'I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham.'

Henry Ward Beecher says that when he was a student he frequently walked thirty miles a day. On one occasion, to see a certain family, he walked fifty miles. It is to be presumed that he finally became a member of that family.

A curiosity of meanness has been exhibited in San Francisco. During the settlement of an estate in that city, on the 24th of January, it was discovered that a brother of the deceased had charged the estate \$4 for loss of time while attending the funeral.

An editor, describing a church in Minnesota, says: 'No velvet cushions in our pews, we don't go in style. The fattest person has the softest seat, and takes it out with him at the close of the services.'

Leave in your apartments an outlet for coal gas. Coal gas and consumption are fraternally linked, and very affectionate.—Where one makes't a habit of abiding, will surely in due time find the other.

#### 'Why are women like churches?'

Firstly, because there is no living without one; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration, lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

An Irish soldier, who now and then indulged in a drop of whiskey, was thus accosted by the reviewing general—  
'What makes your nose so red?'  
'Plaze yer honor,' replied Patrick, 'I always bloush when I spake to a General officer.'

'Sam, why don't you talk to massa, and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?'—  
'What for? What do us of laying up treasures dere, when he never see 'em agoin?'

An exchange says that the Grecian bend is achieved by throwing the chest forward and the trunk backwards. What is done with the rest of the baggage?

A young man, who was crossed in love, attempted suicide recently, by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

What class of ladies are apt to give tone to society?  
The belles.

Why is a reckless fellow like a man stabbing at a shadow?  
Because he sticks at nothing.

Age before beauty, of opinion.—'Lot old folks retire before ten.'