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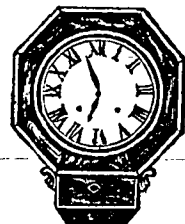
WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1869.

NUMBER 45

ALEX LEED, S.

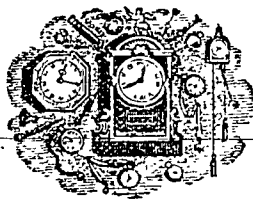
Next door to the Town Hall, has now on hand a fine assortment of

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 Gold Buttons. A fine assortment of

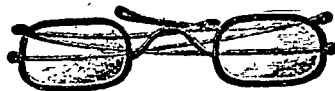
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A. S. BONEBRAKE

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

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OILS, PAINTS,

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Physicians dealt with

at 20 per cent. discount.

Waynesboro Hotel Building,

WAYNESBORO, PA.

March 27, 1868.

POETICAL.



[For the Record.]
TO ELLA, IN HEAVEN.

BY MURRAY.

Many years ago, in my school days, there lived in Waynesboro a widow—the mother of a sweet little girl with golden hair. That little girl was my classmate. Her sweet disposition, and lady-like manners, gained for her, not only the love of the teacher, but of all her schoolmates. From that school-room I went out to battle with the world, and I never saw her more; for she soon after died, and went to live with the angels. In life's retrospect, there is no dearer remembrance than that little Ella, now in Heaven.

Oh! joy to think beyond the river,
Thou wilt be the same forever;
The same sweet, guileless, child of beauty,
That thou wert from e'en thy birth!
Though we are changing, ever changing,
In this weary life on earth.

Tell me, loved one, o'er the river,
Where thou art called, to live forever;
From that unseen abode of pleasure,
Can't thou mark the sighs and tears—
The bitter cups, in all these years,
That we must drain for our measure?

Nay, kind Heaven! veil forever,
From her who dwells beyond the river,
All the pangs and cares of life;
May she never see the woe—
The endless toil and ceaseless strife,
Of us poor mortals here below.

Then, when we meet beyond the river,
To live in bliss with her forever,
That bliss, will know of no alloy;
The guileless heart th' scarce knew pain,
Will thro' with never ending joy,
When linked with earthly ties a gain.

West Grove, Davis Co., Iowa.

A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh give me a home in the country wide,
And a seat by the farmer's wood fire side,
Where the fire burns bright
On a frosty night—
Where the jest, the song, and the laugh are free,
Oh! the farmer's home is the place for me.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
Where the earth comes out as a blushing bride
With her buds and flowers
In the bright spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing from fresh leaved trees,
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.

In a summer seat in a shady nook,
And close by the side of a purring brook,
Where the violet grows,
Or the pale swamp rose,
Fainting, sick, 'neath the sun's scorching beams,
Dips her petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled,
From the fields he's tilled,
And he feels that his yearly task is done,
And smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

MISCELLANY.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Times, of March 25th, tells the following:

Three years ago there resided in this city a sun-burned, hard-fisted, industrious man, named Adolph Gull, who earned the food required for the consumption of himself, wife and family of seven children, by sawing wood from door to door. But little was known of his early history beyond the fact that he was an exile from Poland, Europe, an item of information which he imparted to one or two personal friends with the further statement that he had relatives living there who were very wealthy, and might place him above want, if so disposed. During the internal feuds and tyrannical government which oppressed that unhappy land, he, with a number of others, determined to emigrate and seek relief on the shores of free America. After a safe and prosperous voyage the party landed in New York, from which point Mr. Gull continued his journey to the West until he came to Dubuque, where he rented a cheap tenement on Washington street, and settled down to the business we have before stated.

'How long Mr. Gull would have remained in this city, following his humble employment, and congregating with others of his class on Seventh street, we do not know, had it not been for the liberality manifested by Uncle Sam. In 1866, Mr. Gull's attention was turned to the homesteads offered by the General Government to all actual settlers in the western frontiers of our State. After revolving the matter over, he resolved to avail himself of the benefits of so humane a provision, and flinging his buck and saw to one side, he packed up his household goods, bade adieu to his comrades, and, with his family, started for the fields of promise. He was fortunate in procuring a good location within twelve miles of Fort Dodge, and soon had a nice little patch of ground under the plow. Here he worked and toiled month after month, and was gradually becoming independent in circumstances, through his own exertions, when all at once the fickle goddess Fortune came to his relief, and made him a millionaire.

On the 14th inst., he was called to Fort Dodge on business, and on inquiring at the post-office, found a letter directed to his ad-

dress, from the old country, which had evidently been awaiting his order for some days. Mr. Gull took it out, glanced at the superscription intently, and remarking that at last some one of the folks had concluded to write to him, opened the document and commenced to read. He had not devoured more than half a dozen lines before he uttered a loud yell and commenced to dance around in a manner absolutely inexplicable to the bystanders, who thought that the man had suddenly become insane. After the first surprise was over, Mr. Gull became more rational, and informed the spectators that he was no longer a poor plodding farmer, but a millionaire by the decease of an uncle in Poland, who had willed to him his entire property, amounting to five millions of dollars, which was now awaiting his disposal. All this and much more the letter contained.

To make a long story short, Mr. Gull sold his farm the next week, and is now on his way to the old country, to take possession of his property, having passed through Dubuque last Monday evening. We have only to add we hope he will be successful and find everything all right. But who would have supposed that a Dubuque woodsawyer could ever have turned out a millionaire?

Nature's Edict, "Pay your Way."

Everlasting equilibrium, or pay your way, is a fundamental principle and an inexorable law of nature. If you do not pay, then nature takes pay. The account must be and is kept square; and nature never makes a mistake—is never deceived. Nor is there any use in trying to elude her decrees, or to escape her jurisdiction, or to evade her sheriff when she issues execution. Her detectives are born in our own bosoms and have access to the very recesses of our being. A selfish man may surround himself with everything which he most covets; he may lay under tribute the vales of Cashmere, the looms of Persia, the spice fields of Arabia, and the mines of Golconda, and fence himself around with a wall of gold; and yet the Nemesis of violated equilibrium, balance sheet and bill in hand, will scale that wall, and blast those luxuries, and hurl all the plagues of Egypt upon the delinquent. The water of his hope shall be turned to the blood of disappointment; the frogs of discontent shall croak in all his chambers; the loc of secret evils shall infest his whole being; the flies of censoriousness shall sting him; the murrain of indulgence shall consume him; the boils of shameless wickedness shall cover him; the hail of perverted blessings shall smite him; the locusts of malevolence shall devour him; the thick darkness of prostituted faculties shall envelope him; and over all shall be heard his wail for the death of his first born—of that in which he had most trusted for happiness, on which he had most cherishingly set his heart of hearts—*Oliver Dyer in Patkard's Monthly for May.*

No Use in that Country.

A distinguished man lay on his death bed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turning a cold glance on the treasure he would have clutched with an eager grasp, he said with a sigh, 'Alas! this is a mighty fine thing in this country, but I am going to a country where it will be of no use to me.' Who can reflect, without sadness, on the closing moments of the gallant General Neil. His life-long dream had been to obtain the little baton and ribbon of Marshall of France. He could not sleep after seeing it conferred on McMahon, as a reward of valor in the battle of Magenta. Before the next engagement, he told his friends that this time he would win the prize, he so much coveted. The conflict was over, and they sought him anxiously upon the gory field. They found him almost crushed beneath his war-horse, and the practiced eye of the surgeon told him that life would soon be over. Word was sent to the Emperor, who quickly arrived, and drawing from his breast the badge of Marshall of France, he placed it above the heart of his faithful follower. The life-long dream was realized, and with a single thro' of exultant joy and gratitude, he threw his arms about the neck of his sovereign—the next instant he fell back in the embrace of a stronger King.

O, how can we struggle, and toil, and distract our hearts from the one great purpose of life, simply to gather about us possessions which, though they may be very fine things in this country, will be of no use to us in the country we are so shortly going to.

A MOMENT OF THOUGHT.—Forty years ago seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thou-and hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We will garden the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and heavenward hope push on towards the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.

The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the groaning boy. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him and you know not what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

The First Prayer in Congress.

In Thatcher's Military Journal, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical 'first prayer in Congress,' made by the Rev. Jacob Duche, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—a historical curiosity:

O, Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the Kingdoms, Empires, and Governments! look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor, and throw themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee.—To Thee they have appeared for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, heavenly Father; under Thy nurturing care. Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause; and, if they still persist in sanguinary purposes, Oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnered hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish amongst Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask, in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Savior.—Amen!

Sleeping Habits.

To be able to lie down at night and fall asleep within ten minutes, and to know no dreams of waking until the morning comes, and then to bound out of bed full of health, freshness and vigor, is a blessing worthy of the warmest outpourings of a thankful heart toward Him who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

Some of the ways of obtaining such a priceless boon we here name: Take dinner at the good old-fashioned hour of mid day, eat nothing afterwards except supper, when a piece of cold bread and butter with a single cup of weak tea and a half glass of pure water is enough for anybody under ordinary circumstances. If dinner is taken in the middle of the afternoon, do not eat a tot of anything until morning. Another plan is to avoid sleeping during the day, and retire habitually a regular hour.

In order to make the desirable result more certain, remember practically the following facts: We need ordinarily seven hours of sleep in summer and eight hours in winter. We breathe in sleep about fifteen times every minute.

Each inhalation of pure air is returned loaded with poison; a hundred and fifty grains of it is added to the atmosphere of a bed room every hour, or twelve hundred grains during a night. Unless the poison laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of fresh air passing through the room, the blood soon becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, gives rise to frightful dreams. If the room is small and tight, the spectral nightmare, the fearful groan, the terrible shriek, are the result, and in aggravated cases, with the addition of a hearty late meal, there is not strength to give the moon, to raise the shriek, and arouse the system; there is no power to move; the man feels a crushing danger coming upon him he can't get out of the way of.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred and ten years ago, there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago, Canada belonged to France, and the whole population did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago, Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in history of the two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely fore-shadowed. A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal part of the British empire, and on the political horizon no speak indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers, in America. Steam engines had not been imagined and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century passed has been allotted more important events, in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

[Correspondence of the Village Record.]

SEA AND LAND.

FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

NUMBER XIX.

Virgin Islands—why so called—Drowned Islands—The Wreckers—Proper name of St. Thomas—Female Workers—Different types of beauty—Grecian noses and Spanish features—Nakedness and Modesty—Santa Anna—Fruits and flowers.

No less a man than Christopher Columbus landed at San Salvador not very far from here and one of these very Antilles. We wonder at the success, but as Humboldt says: 'A voyage from the coast of Spain to South America is scarcely attended with any event which deserves attention especially when undertaken in summer.' In almost one continuous cluster here between two degrees of latitude, lie the Virgin Islands, so called by Columbus in honor of the eleven thousand virgins of sainted memory with whom in number they seem to vie. Exactly in the centre of this group is St. Thomas and next to it St. John. Among the group is one called Drowned Island, famous or infamous for wrecks and where many a gallant seaman has gone to his rest beneath the water.

When the sea runs high it is almost buried in foam and the breakers roar can be heard above the din of the storm. On one side is a reef, and on the other are several little bays affording good anchorage for small vessels. These bays swarmed with buccaners in the olden times. When they were gone, came gangs of wreckers and subsisted by raising a little stock, and growing some cotton; but their true market day was when a vessel struck their rocks and reefs.

'Charlotte Amalia' is the proper name of the town—that being the Danish designation, but I will tell you how it came to be called St. Thomas. To live here with any comfort one must be incredulous that hurricane or earthquake will ever happen again—for there is no spot in the world has ever suffered so frequently from them as this and St. Thomas was that unbelieving Apostle.

The people here seem to have very little to do or but a very short time to do it in, for during the whole week I was there, they were robed in white linen from head to foot, and either beat sailing or promenade. The female negroes do all the hard work. They supplied our vessel with coal, carrying large baskets of a hundred weight on their heads, the men only lifting their baskets for them. Whole troops of them are thus at work walking in procession to the place of deposit—The poor barefooted girls, straight as arrows, and as deliberate as priestesses in their gait, were submissively patient and grave. Alas! it is a piteous sight.

The equator seems to be a moral and social equalizer. Every negro in the street will speak to you if you look at him. Nobody is stranger to anybody. You see here faces the most different from any you ever saw before. I could not understand it until I had made some inquiries as to their races, combinations and habits. My surprises were all among the colored population. You hardly see a specimen of the negro with flat nose and thick lips, as we know them. I was told there was no less than six general classifications of inhabitants defining more or less white. The Spanish occupancy of the island and the neighborhood of Mexico have largely distributed Spanish eyes and fine cut features. The variations are startling. A soft blue eye, with long black lashes over a pair of tawney lips carved with Castilian scorn looks strangely contradictory, and then the persistence of nature in preserving faultless teeth and raven hair to the dark Hobe, whatever other variation of feature makes them all comparatively beautiful. People say we must go to Athens to see the straight Grecian nose but I tell you, you can beckon them to you from every corner of St. Thomas.

The short upper lip of high descent and the delicate small oval of the chin are equally common. And these gifts priceless to princesses are held here in careless unconsciousness by fruit girls whose merry eyes never can alphabet, and whose brown ankles never knew stocking. Their queenly gait and correctness is due from the fact, that every female is trained from childhood to carry burdens on her head—from a tea-cup to a water-pail everything is placed on the small cushion on the top of the head—hence it requires a nice gait to poise it, and absolute correctness to balance it where it can best be supported.

Nakedness is certainly to a certain degree a matter of climate. Modesty makes no note of anything under six years of age. With the same fitness to the latitude shoes and stockings are dispensed with, and young black girls with carriages worth fifty or a hundred dollars, garments edged with lace, and skirts of brilliant colors show at each step five shining toe nails uncovered by morocco.

White feet might not do so well, not being so independent of the dirt—but feet that are neatly blacked by nature are certainly as cleanly without leather and much more elastic. Two ebony shoulders, unliable to tan, enjoy the open air by the same philosophy. A number of Americans live upon the island. Our Consul frequently visited us accompanied by his friends. Among them were half a dozen ladies from New York who made themselves quite at home on our decks, walking and dancing with as much freedom as if upon their own village green. We were also paid a visit by that distinguished person who received this message at the battle of Buena Vista—tell Santa Anna that General Taylor never surrenders.

Of the prodigality of flowers and fruit, no language can give you any idea. I stopped at almost every step to pluck some new leaf, and admire some new beauty, or some new fragrance. Everything grows differently from the vegetation in our climate. It unusually enlarges one's world to be surrounded with an entirely new multitude of trees and

flowers. There is the air plant which catches and retains in the cup of its flower water to give thirsty man a drink—valuable where stream or spring is almost a rarity. The foliage of the trees is almost perpetual, yet there are trees which seem to rest for a month—dropping their leaves and putting forth no blossoms at that time. The coco, the citron, the orange, the banana whose youth, freshness and beauty know no repose and no winter, bud, flower and bear fruit, all in one prodigal confusion of experience—There is a plum native to this island which dispenses with leaf and flower, and ripens immediately from the bark of the tree—maturity its first stage and last.

Should I risk being tedious I could find much more in my experience to write about but we cannot always be at St. Thomas, so we will trim our sails and steer for more southern climes. C. F. S.

Pleasant way of Electioneering.

A distinguished candidate for an office of high trust in a certain State, who is 'up to a thing or two,' and has a keen appreciation of a live beauty, when about to set off on an electioneering tour recently, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for prudential reasons:

'My dear, inasmuch as this election is complicated, and the canvass will be close, I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and as I have thought it would be a good plan for me to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public reception. Don't you think it would be a good idea?'

'Capital!' exclaimed the devoted wife, 'and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the handsomest girls, I will kiss an equal number of the handsomest young men.'

The distinguished candidate, we believe, has not since referred to this pleasing means of popularity.

A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Put, on seeing his mistake, remarked with a look of disappointment: 'Faith an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' its ayther of us.' The Dutchman replied: 'Yaw, dat ist dhru, I am an under man, and you is not yourself, we pe both some other podies.'

'Seventy five cents per gal!' exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the price current. 'Why bless me, what is the world coming to when the gals are valued at seventy-five cents?' The old lady pulled off her spectacles, threw down the paper and went into a brown study on want of a proper appreciation of the true value of the female gender.

An inquisitive young man visited the Indiana State Prison, the other day, and among other questions, asked a girl the cause of being in such a place. Her answer was, that she stole a saw mill, and went back after the pond, and was arrested. The young man left immediately.

There seems to be four styles of mind: 1st, them who know its so! 2d, them who knows it aint so! 3d, them who split the difference, and guess at it! 4th, them who don't care a darn which way it is!—*Josh Billings.*

A short time since, some boys who were playing hide and seek in a barn at Norridge-wock, Mo., discovered a hen's nest containing 108 eggs, all good and sound. A big lay, or lie which is it?

NET PROFIT.—A Chicago doctor has been fined fifteen dollars for trying to kiss a married woman, and her husband was mulcted five dollars for thrashing the doctor. That made twenty dollars net for the city.

Little three year old Mary was playing very roughly with the kitten, carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt pussy 'Why, no I won't,' said she; 'I'm carrying it by the handle.'

'Patrick,' said a lady to a slip of Green Erin who was officiating in the kitchen, 'where is Bridget?' 'Indeed, ma'am, she's fast asleep, lookin' at the bread bakin'.'

A little girl, worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for another point, exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, he is not going to quit at all! He is swelling up again!'

A married lady, in Nashville, being asked to walk, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer: 'No, thank you, sir, I have hugging enough at home.'

Of the landlady who sprinkled snuff upon her boarder's victuals, it cannot, with any degree of propriety, be said that she is not to be sneezed at.

Our 'Devil' says if the young lady would sack him without hurting his feelings, let her give him the sack she has on—contents included.

The youth who cut open the bellows to see how the wind got in, is now trying his hand at fattening greyhounds.

A Burlington lady has just done the handsome thing by her husband and presented him with his twenty first child.

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a pretty young lady, she will, if she lives, be a pretty old one.

A rascally bachelor says, 'The friendship of two women is always a plot against the third.'