



By W. Blair.

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WAYNESBORO, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1869.

NUMBER 13

LET THE PEOPLE COME!

REID & WAYNANT

HAVE just opened a well selected and fresh stock of Family Groceries, to which they invite the attention of the public. In leading articles they have a full line, viz:

PURE SPICES;

Brown and White Sugars, Prime Rio Coffee, Black and Green Tea, Carolina Rice, Syrup common, good, extra fine, P. Rice and N. Orleans Molasses, prime; Corn Starch, Farina, Chocolate, Pickles, Catsup, Cheese, Fish, Mason's Water Crackers, best in town.

Glassware & Queensware,

Tumblers, Goblets, Dishes, Lamps and Lamp goods, good assortment, and low in price; Granite ware in sets, dozen, or smaller quantities, handsome styles, and guaranteed to be of best quality; common dishes cups and saucers, cheap.

Buckets, Tubs, Brooms, Baskets, Brushes, Rop es, Twine, etc.

Fresh OYSTERS and fresh FISH regularly received throughout the proper season. Canned Oysters, Corn, Peas, Jellies in tumblers, Best Family Flour, Buckwheat, Corn Meal, Country Produce bought and highest market-prices allowed.

We hope by fair dealing and keeping a full and fresh stock of goods to largely increase our sales. Try us! Try us!!

REID & WAYNANT.

February 4, 1869.

THE "CORNER DRUG STORE"

WAYNESBORO, PA.,

DR. J. BURNS AMBERSON,

PROPRIETOR,

SONG

My true love was sick to death,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd tell her at her latest breath,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
Her race of life could not be run,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd buy some Drugs of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was bald without a hair,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd laugh at that, I would not care,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I'd bring them back, yes, every one,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

If I was tanned to darkest dye,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
I would not care, I would not cry,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For soon a bleaching would be done,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs I'd buy of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

Then three times three and tiger too,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
For what we know that they can do,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
With chorus loud, the vict'ry won,
Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la,
By Drugs, I bought of Amberson
At the Drug Store on the Corner.

DRUGS—THE BEST AND PUREST AL-ways on hand at
PAINTS, CHEMICAL AND MINERAL
Paint, White Lead and Colors, the best assortment in town at

KEROSENE, OILS, VARNISHES, DYES
all kinds at
BRUSHES, PAINT, VARNISH, SASH, HAIR
Dand Tooth Brushes at

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS AT

BRANDY, WHISKY, WINES AND RUM
for medicinal use on
PATENT MEDICINES—ALL THE STAND-
ard Patent Medicines of the day at

EXTRACTS, FOR FLAVORING, PERFU-
mery and toilet articles generally at
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS CARE-
fully compounded at "The Corner Drug Store,"
July 16

FIRST "FALL ARRIVAL!"

WELSH has just received a full assortment of Goods, in his line of business. His stock consists in part, of all the latest styles of Men's and boys

HATS AND CAPS,
Men's, Women's, Misses', Boys' and Children's
BOOTS, GAITERS, SHOES

and Slippers of every description. Ladies and Misses'
BONNETS,
Bonnet Frames, Trimmings, Sandows and Hats,
Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, Hair Nets, Hair
Coils, Hosiery, Gloves, Parasols, Sun Umbrellas,
Fans, &c.

School, Blank and Miscellaneous Books, Station-
ery of all kinds, Notions and Fancy Goods.
All of which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
Sept. 20 J. R. WELSH

POETICAL.



A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life's real! life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the ill.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a heroine—a wife.

Trust no future, however pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living present—
Heart within and Hope ahead.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And when dying leave behind us,
Such examples as shall tell.

Such examples that apother,
Wasting time in idle sport,
Or forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and count.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart on Trump's bet;
Still continuing, still pursuing,
And each one a husband get.

MISCELLANY.

Correspondence of the Village Record.

SEA AND LAND.

NUMBER NINE.

Outward bound—At the mouth of the Amazon—Its extent—Its discovery—El Dorado—Gonzalo Pizarro—His expedition—Civilities—Sufferings—Desertion of Orrellana—His descent—Fate of the Adventurers.

After witnessing the inhumanities of which I wrote in my last at Cayenne we gladly weighed anchor and put to sea from the highest to the lowest, all were alike in their condemnation of the shameful and cruel practices of the government. Now what is the moral effect of inflicting such punishments on human beings as that? The State receives a greater portion of the shame than the hardened culprit to whom the sentence was attached. Has such a State any virtues, they should—

"Plead for her like angels, trumpet-tongued,"
After being out a few days we crossed the mouth of the Amazon, the 'king of waters.' From four degrees north to twenty south of the equator. Every stream that flows down the Eastern slope of the Andes is a tributary to the Amazon, this is as though all the rivers from the Potomac to the Rio Grande united their waters in one mighty flood. It pours forth with such impetus as to force itself—an unmixed current—into the ocean for more than fifty leagues. The whole area drained by the Mississippi and its branches is just half that of the Amazon. This is more than a third of all South America, and equal to two-thirds of all Europe. A noted engineer has startled the English with the fact that all Western Europe could be placed in it without touching its boundaries. About one half of Bolivia, two-thirds of Peru, three-fourths of Ecuador, and one-half of New Granada besides the greater portion of Brazil are drained by the Amazon and its tributaries. But for the want of steam communication most of the trade of all these parts goes west across the Andes mountains to Pacific ports, where it is shipped and after doubling Cape Horn and sailing ten thousand miles it is then only at the mouth of the Amazon, on its way to Europe or the United States. Nearly all its branches are navigable to a great distance and they afford an extent of water communication unparalleled in any other portion of the world. The total estimate is 14,000 navigable miles on it and its affluents. All these rivers flow through the richest soil and the most luxuriant vegetation in the world. The globe does not elsewhere present such a splendid theatre for steam enterprise.

Three hundred years have elapsed since this region was discovered, and down to the present day one half of it remains uncivilized and almost unexplored. Nor does any portion of the earth involve a greater degree of physical interest. Its central position upon the equator, its vast extent, its unlimited resources, its mammoth rivers, and the romance that lingers around its name and history, are all peculiar. Few persons save the Indians and the slave hunters who pursued them have ever penetrated its remote sections or seen any parts of it save the banks of its rivers. The circumstances of its discovery will ever be considered remarkable. History says: "It was about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the fable of El Dorado filled the public mind of Europe. The existence of a New World was then fully demonstrated and the leaven

of desire for its undeveloped treasures had spread from court to camp, from prince to beggars, until the whole mass of society was in a ferment. Avarice, personified under the garb of adventure, bestrode the ocean. Scarcely did her footsteps touch the shores of the New World, ere they were bathed in blood. She commenced her work of desolation in the fair islands of the Caribbean. She caused the din of arms to resound in the primeval forests and aboriginal cities of the continent. She scaled the Cordilleras and laid waste savannas upon both the Atlantic and Pacific shores.

"Among the bloodthirsty and cruel men who stood forth as leaders in the work of the conquest and plunder of the Amazonas, Gonzalo Pizarro, the brother of the conqueror of Peru, was second to few, if any. His talents may have been less, but his daring and cruelty were greater. In 1541, this adventurer set out from Quito with an army of three hundred soldiers, and four thousand Indians to serve them as bearers of burdens with the design of discovering the land of gold.

This fabulous kingdom received a name from the fashion of its monarch, who was said, in order to wear a more magnificent attire than any other potentate in the world, put on a daily coating of gold dust. His body was anointed every morning with a costly and fragrant gum to which the gold dust adhered when blown over him by a tube. In this barbaric attire the Spaniards denominated him El Dorado—the gilded king. No fictions concerning this monarch or his kingdom were too extravagant for credence. He was generally located in the grand city in which no less than three thousand workmen were employed in the silversmith's street. The columns of his palace were described as of porphyry and alabaster; the throne was of ivory and the steps leading to it were of gold. Others built the palace of white stone and ornamented it with golden suns and moons of silver, while living lions fastened by chains of gold guarded its entrances. With day-dreams like these dancing before the minds of commanders and soldiers the army of Pizarro set out, cherishing the highest anticipations.

In proceeding eastward they were obliged to cut their way through forests, to climb mountains, and contend against hostile tribes of Indians. Every tribe with which they met was interrogated about El Dorado, and when unable to give any intelligence of it they were put to torture: some were even burned alive and others torn to pieces by bloodhounds, which the Spaniards had trained to feed on human flesh.

The effects of this dreadful cruelty returned upon the heads of the perpetrators with a terrible vengeance. As the tidings of their approach spread from tribe to tribe, the poor natives learned to flatter their hopes and send them on. The rains came on, and lasting for months, rotted their garments from their bodies and they could neither make nor find a shelter. At length their provisions were exhausted and they began to feed upon their dogs. The sick multiplied and they were obliged to build a ship to carry them. This was a great task for soldiers to perform, especially without the requisite implements. Before it was accomplished they had to slaughter their horses for food. Their troubles continued and even increased; yet with death staring them in the face Pizarro continued to seize prisoners and put them in irons. When at length after reaching the banks of the Napo one thousand of his men had perished.

The commander now heard of a larger river into which this emptied and was told that the country was fertile and abounded in provisions. He therefore determined to dispatch the vessel with fifty men to procure supplies for the rest. Francisco de Orrellana, a knight of Truxillo was put in command of this expedition. The stream carried them rapidly downward through an uninhabited country. When they had descended about three hundred miles the question was started whether they should not abandon the idea of returning. They had not found food sufficient for themselves, and how could they succeed the army? Besides how could they ascend against the current. They might as well continue their descent for rivers to the ocean run and there was some chance that they might in this way save their lives and perhaps make new discoveries. Orrellana urged these considerations with so much plausibility that all consented save two—a friar, and a young knight who contended against the plan as treacherous and cruel. Orrellana disposed of this objection by setting the knight on shore to perish or return to the army as best he could. The friar became an easy convert and afterwards took a prominent part in the scheme. Orrellana then renounced the commission he had received from Pizarro, and received an election from his men as their commander.

It was on the last day of December 1541, that this adventurous voyage was commenced, after mass had been said by the friar. Their prospects were gloomy enough. Their stock of provisions was wholly exhausted and they were forced to boil the soles of their shoes and girdles in the hope of deriving nourishment from them.

In the month of June they met and fought against a tribe of Indians reported to be Amazons. The friar affirms what modern investigation has proved that a dozen women fought at the head and commanded it. He described them as white, being very tall, large limbed, and wore armed with bows and arrows. During a voyage of seven months sometimes relieved kindly, but mostly fighting their way, they reached the ocean. After some repairs to their vessel they sailed out this great river, during the month of August Orrellana at last arrived in Spain and gave an account of his discoveries in person. The exact location present-

ed for deserting Pizarro was accepted, and on solicitation he received a grant of the conquest of the regions he had discovered. He had little difficulty in raising funds or enlisting men for his expedition. It however proved disastrous. His fleet arrived at the mouth of the river in 1541 but amid the labyrinth of channels they could not find the main branch. After a month or two beating about without being able to ascend the river or to accomplish any important object, Orrellana succumbed to his misfortune and like many of his men sickened and died. He was the second to descend the Amazon—Pinzon being the first, discovering it in 1500.

Mr Southey the great English writer had so much respect for his memory that he made an effort in his history to restore the name of Orrellana to the great river. Accordingly in his map, and in all his references to the great river he denominates it Orrellana.

This decision of the poet of Great Britain has not proved authoritative in Brazil. O AMAZONAS is the universal appellation of the great river among those who float upon its waters and live upon its banks.

C. T. S.

Ragged Tom and his Surety.

One Sabbath afternoon a big boy stood at the door of a Sabbath school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The Superintendent said: "We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sits a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school, sir," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home; he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We would take him back if we could secure his good behavior. I will see," said the Superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said, "That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behavior. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed; the elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him.

But one little boy pitted the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor.

The Superintendent soon heard his little voice saying, "If you please sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom! a little boy, like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?"

"Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again I'm to be punished for him."

"And are you willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes, sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the Superintendent looking to the door; and the big boy, with downcast face, walked across the room. He was thinking as he walked, 'I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that. I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!' I think God had put that thought into the boy's mind. He was graciously helping Tom's work as the surety.

As the children were leaving the school the Superintendent saw this big boy and little Tom walking and talking together. He said to himself, 'I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them.' When he reached the cottage where Tom lived he said to the mother, 'Where is your son Tom?'

"O, he is just gone up stairs with a great boy that he brought with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"O yes, sir."

The Superintendent went slowly and gently up the stairs, as he reached the top he could see through the door that Tom and the big boy were, kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice saying, "O Lord, make this boy, that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best boy."

The Superintendent knelt by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them. The big bad boy became one of the best boys in the school. God raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to a missionary college. He is now a missionary, and is preaching to the Africans about Jesus, who became the surety for sinners.—
Church Union.

Said a candidate to a boy: "Can you tell me where Jake Kleinfelter lives?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Do you see our barn down there?"

"Yes," says he.

"Go to that! About three hundred yards beyond the barn you will find a lane. Take that lane and follow along about a mile and a half. Then you will come to a branch. Go up the branch about a quarter of a mile, and then you will come to a slippery elm log. You be mighty careful, stranger, about going on that log; you may get into the branch; and then you go on up until you get to the brow of the hill, and there the roads prevaile; and you take the left hand road, and keep that until you get into a big plum thicket; and when you get there, why, then—then—"

"What then?"

"Then, stranger, I'll be darned if you ain't lost!"

A Heart-Broken Mother.

In 1864 notice was given that a boat load of prisoners from Andersonville would be exchanged, and that day would be loaded at Annapolis, Maryland. Men and women came from every part of the United States, each with the hope of meeting a friend whom they knew to be confined in Andersonville. Of course among such a large number there could not be more than one in one hundred that could find the friend they came after. When the boat came up to the wharf there was a great crowd there to welcome the forlorn creatures, and to inquire after others who did not come. Among the expectants was the mother of a soldier in the Twelfth Connecticut Regiment, who rushed on board the boat, asking every soldier she saw for her boy. From deck to cabin, in the reds and among the barrels she searched for him, but he was not there, and no one had heard of him. She had brought a cap, a shirt and a pair of pants, that he might have a clean change, and with these across her arm she wandered among the crowd, saying in a half inquiring, vacant tone, "He has not come, he has not come." For a year after she went regularly to the wharf at sunrise from her lodgings, which nobody could find, and gazed for an hour down the bay, and murmuring, "He has not come," would go to the Post Surgeon with the same cap, shirt and pants, and ask why her boy did not come. At the close of the war she was taken to the Lunatic Asylum. But one day last June she managed to get out and securing some old rags in place of the clean pants, she astonished the family now living in the house where the Surgeon's quarters were then, by asking "why her boy had not come." They shut the door in her face, and she wandered down to the wharf and was found the next morning stiff and cold, sitting upright behind some old barrels on the wharf, with her glassy eyes still gazing down the bay toward the point where steamers first come in sight.

Heroic Duty.

It is often said, says the New York Sun, that the age of heroic deeds is past; but on Friday of last week one of the noblest acts of which we have ever read was performed by a poor employee of a railroad company, and within a few miles of New York.

Albert G. Drecker is the bridge tender at the Passaic River drawbridge on the Newark and New York railroad. On Friday afternoon, just previous to the time for a passenger train to reach the bridge, the draw was open.

Mr. Drecker knew that the train was coming. He began to turn the bridge, so as to close the draw before its arrival.

At this moment he saw his little son, who was only ten years old, and who was not far from him, fall from the bridge into the river below.

The agonized father looked down the track. He saw the train coming swiftly toward the bridge, and knew that to do his utmost there was barely time to close the draw. In the water below him his boy was struggling for life. A leap into the stream at this moment, and he could save the child.

But the train came thundering down, and he knew that if he left his post for even a single instant, a hundred lives might be sacrificed. He stayed. Slowly the bridge was swung into position, and the train passed swiftly over; and none of the passengers knew what their safety had cost the poor workman, who sprang into the river only to take thence the lifeless body of his boy.

Is there any story of heroism to surpass this? Think, if you can, of the terrible alternatives of duty which were presented to this man. There was no time to do liberate. His son was dying. He could easily rescue him by leaping into the river beneath. But the leap must have cost many other precious lives—perhaps hundreds—and had he a right to imperil these? The agony of a life time of suffering must have been compressed into that moment of doubt. With sublime and heroic fortitude this noble father resolved to do his highest duty, and to that duty his son was sacrificed. How many of us would have done the same?

The Sabbath Breaker and his End.

About twenty-five years ago a very wealthy, but a very wicked merchant was doing a prosperous business in the city of New York.

Among his other sins against God, that of Sabbath-breaking seemed most manifest, and he appeared to take delight in violating the sanctity of the Lord's day. As he did business on a very large scale, he at one time gathered up a million and a half of money, all in the old Spanish milled dollars, which was considered the best currency to send to China, to which his trade had been directed; and as several vessels would be required to bring home the return cargo, he divided his million and a half of dollars into seven parts, and putting it into seven ships, and sent them to China; but, to show his contempt for God and his law, he determined to send them to sea on seven consecutive Sabbaths, intending, perhaps, in this way to test the question as to why should he die, he or Jehovah. The ships went out safely with the money, and returned with the merchandize. They were neither engulfed in the ocean nor wrecked on a lee-shore, but when the voyages were settled up, there was a loss of one-third of the money, one million being returned, and five hundred thousand sunk in the enterprise.

Loss after loss succeeded, and in about four years after the rich merchant died a bankrupt. Now, was this providence? Was it God's controversy with a wicked man? or was it a chance thing that happened?

Presbyterian.

A toll-gate keeper on the other side was brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter. The trouble arose from a discovery that the girl, who was frequently left in charge, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his wagon through the toll-gate, and never called her love.

Top Sharp by Half.

An enterprising business man of this city, runs two branches of trade, to wit; a grocery and a fish market. The grocery, he runs himself, the fish market by a deputy, and every night the latter makes returns of the proceeds of the day's business to the proprietor.

A day or two since the grocer found in his fish market returns a counterfeit five dollar bill. He didn't like to lose it, and he didn't quite want to take the chance of trying to pass it. So he called an old darkey who was hanging around the premises, and said to him:

"Sam, here's a five-dollar bill that's a little doubtful. If you will take it and pass it, I'll give you a dollar out of the change."

"Very well," said Sam, and he took the bill and went off. Later in the day, he returned, having accomplished the feat, and handed over four dollars in good money to the grocer. That night the grocer's bookkeeping over his cash returns from his fish market, was more surprised, than delighted to find the identical five in the pile.

"Look here," said he, sharply, to his market clerk; "here's a counterfeit bill. Who did you take it of?—Did you know it was bad?" The clerk took it and looked at it for a moment.

"Oh! yes," said he, "I remember now; I took it of Sam, the darkey. I thought it was a little doubtful, and wasn't going to take it, but he said he got it of you, so I'd better take it as all right."

A TRUQUEFUL SCROON.—Lot a man fail in business, what a wonderful effect it has on his former friends and acquaintances. Men who had taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug up their shoulders, and pass him by with a cutting "how-to-you-do?" Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented, that would not have seen daylight for months to come, but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not the scowl of the sheriff perhaps meets him at the door; if a man that never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity, he smiles gently, gently greeted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his good name, and spots his character and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks upon the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or whether to do, this thing, or the other—for there are spies about him, and a wit is ready for his back. To understand what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate and stop payment once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve—it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will do not constitute real friendship.

OUR FOR LOOKAW.—A correspondent of the Scientific American recommends a little penicillin as a certain cure for lookaw. He says: "Let any one who has an attack of lookaw take a small quantity of penicillin, warm it, and pour it on the wound—no matter where the wound is, or what its nature is—and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied, to a severe case of bruise than cold penicillin; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Penicillin is also a sovereign remedy for 'Strangury.' Saturate a piece of flannel with it, and place the flannel on the throat and chest—and, in very severe cases three to five drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle of penicillin on hand. The remedy is simple and can be easily tested. In all serious cases an application should be made under medical advice."

Pleasure is like a shadow, when you open your hand to grasp it there is nothing there. No pursuit so utterly and universally fails as that of pleasure, for it always leaves a sting, though the pain may not immediately follow. Such is selfish pleasure, where one seeks the gratification of his own passions and does only good to others with that end in view. Not so, however, is the pleasure of doing good, of being useful, and making others happy. The memory of this is full of joy, while that of selfish pleasure is pain and remorse.

What should a young man carry with him when calling upon his affianced? Affection in his heart, perfection in his manners, and conscientiousness in his pocket.

I know every rook on the coast, grief an Irish pilot. At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "and that's one of them."

Don't cherish your sorrows, when God breaks pur dols in pieces, it is not for us to put the broken bits together again.

The luxury of doing good may be enjoyed by everybody. Like air and water it is within reach of all.

Sleeping on feather beds is very bad for the lungs. So says a doctor of large experience.

No man is fit to live in solitude unless he is as pure as the things that surround him.

Looking glasses won't do, but they tell some awful plain truths about the soul.

Why is a villain never out of office? He's an editor's pocket.

A good side show.—The check of a fair damsel.

If you wish to be good, first believe that you're bad.