

# The Waynesboro' Village Record.

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## Select Poetry.



Southern States in passing an ordinance of secession, a national fast was appointed by President Buchanan. The day, I remember was observed in Springfield, The meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church, and was largely attended by the most respectable and best people in the city. The various churches of the town were represented. Many fervent prayers were offered for our beloved country, and for the man whom Providence had raised up to guide the "Ship of State" over a rough and stormy sea—Mr. Lincoln was not indifferent to the deep and spiritual influence of that meeting. He listened attentively to the earnest prayers, which were made with thrill interest. At the close of the meeting I passed down the aisle in which he was standing, and taking me by the hand he said, with deep emotion and tearful eyes, "Mr. Miner, this has been a good meeting. I hardly know how it could have been made better. I feel very thankful for the prayers offered in my behalf, and hope they may be answered."

On the morning of the 11th of February, Mr. Lincoln, with his family, left Springfield for Washington. The State Legislature and a large crowd of his friends and neighbors had assembled at the depot, on the occasion of his departure, to bid him good-bye. Just before the cars started he stepped on the platform, uncovered his head, and delivered that short farewell speech which thrilled the hearts of those of us who heard it, and the heart of the nation who read it. On that occasion I heard him say: "A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I can not succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and—in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

I did not meet with Mr. Lincoln again till April, 1862. Death had entered the White House. Willie Lincoln, a promising son of the President, had died. The grief of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln was great. Being the old friend and neighbor, we went to see them, that we might, if possible, impart some spiritual consolation to them in their deep bereavement. It was during this visit, of nearly a week, that we learned more of the religious views and feelings of the late President than we ever knew before.

Mr. Lincoln expressed great pleasure on seeing me, and in the course of our conversation he remarked: "I am glad you have come: it is a relief to see an old friend from Springfield. And I can talk with you as I cannot with any one else." As it was my first visit to the Capitol, he proposed to go with me some afternoon, when he had a little leisure, to visit the Smithsonian Institute, the Navy Yard, and other places of interest in Washington. An afternoon of a Thursday was fixed upon for the ride. Being alone, we conversed freely on the stirring events of the times. The battle of Shiloh had just been fought, and many of Mr. Lincoln's friends were among the dead and wounded. The awful destruction of life, the loss of dear friends weighed heavily upon his mind, and he was sad and dejected. And then, too, the elections, in some of the States, had been adverse to the Administration, and the President was almost disengaged at the state of things. I said to him: "Well, Mr. Lincoln, you have this encouraging, Christian people, all over the country, are praying for you as they never prayed for mortal man before." "I believe that," he said, "and this is an encouraging thought to me. If I were not sustained by the prayers of God's people, I could not endure the constant pressure, I shall give up hoping for success."

In the course of our conversation at this time I asked, "Do you think, judging from your stand-point, that we shall be able to put down this rebellion?" He answered, "You know I am not of a very hopeful temperament. I can take hold of a thing and hold on a good while. But trusting in God for help, and believing that our cause is just and right, I firmly believe we shall conquer in the end. But the struggle will be protracted and severe, involving a fearful loss of property and life. "What strange scenes" he continued to remark, "are these through which we are passing. I am sometimes astonished at the part I am acting in this terrible drama. I can hardly believe that I am the same man I was a few years ago, when I was living in my humble way in Springfield. I often ask myself the question, 'When shall I awake and find it all a dream?' This getting the nomination for President, and being elected, is all very pleasant to a man's ambition; but to be the President, and to meet the responsibilities and discharge the duties of the office in times like these is anything but pleasant. I would gladly, if I could, take my neck from under the yoke, and go home with you to Springfield, and live, as I used, in peace with my friends, and took special pains to cultivate his acquaintance, which, in process of time, ripened into mutual confidence and friendship.

At this period I do not think Mr. Lincoln was what is termed an experimental Christian. I used to see him sometimes at the funerals of his old neighbors, and sometimes at church on the Sabbath; but he was not a constant attendant on the means of grace. But during my long and intimate acquaintance with him, and the many conversations I had with him from time to time on numerous subjects, I never heard a word fall from his lips that gave me the remotest idea that his mind was even tinctured with infidel sentiments; but on the contrary, the more intimately I became acquainted with him, the more deeply was I impressed with the conviction that he believed, not only in the over-ruled Providence of God, but in the divinity of the Holy Scriptures, and had a profound reverence for everything true, noble and good.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, he seemed to have fully comprehended the vast responsibility of his high office and the dangers and difficulties he would have to encounter in the discharge of his duties. This led him to serious reflection; and feeling that he was inadequate to meet and discharge these duties in his own wisdom and strength, he asked Christians to pray for him, that he might have help from on high.

In the early part of the winter of 1861 in view of the threatening attitude of the

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

## An Arkansas Love Story.

Twelve years ago a pretty coquette of Caloway County Ky., found her court reduced to two persevering suitors named, respectively, Eldridge Miller and William Schrader, who, having out-stayed half a score or less pertinacious rivals, now competed vigorously with each other for the last flirtation. Wisely concluding that her opportunities for a settlement in life were not likely to be so frequent as they had been, and that it was time to choose between the two last admirers for her future lot, the lively lass, after due study of the subject, told Schrader she was a widow, that she should always esteem him as a very dear friend, and placed her hand in that of Mr. Miller for life. As is quite common in such cases the gentleman selected for friendship accepted his fate with very bad grace, and refused unequivocally to forgive his rival's success. Thence ensued between his family and the families of Miller and his bride much hard feelings, which had for one of its final effects, determination of the young husband and wife to leave their native State and make a new home somewhere in the wilds of Arkansas. It was Miller's intention to turn prairie farmer in the Southwest, and found a homestead there for the two little ones multiplying his household cares in due succession; but the soil of Arkansas proved stubborn, the times hard, and, as the war of secession began about the time, he suddenly solved the problem of married life by joining the Southern army. Marching to battle, he left wife and babes in a most embarrassing condition of poverty, which, however, they endured patiently until the news of a great battle involved in its list of fatalities the sad tidings that they were widowed and fatherless. Upon recovering from the first shock of her bereavement, Mrs. Miller took refuge with her helpless charges in the hospitality proffered by certain sympathizing relatives in Henry County, Tenn., where, to her great astonishment, she was presently greeted by her old lover, Schrader. The latter explained that through continued regard for her, having finally resolved to seek a reconciliation with her husband, he had reached Arkansas only in time to hear of poor Miller's death in battle and her own departure. As an old friend he felt impelled to follow her, in the hope that he might be able to render some friendly office to her private needs; and hoped that, for the sake of old times, she would call upon him as on a brother. All this was naturally great to the feelings of the penniless widow, a way from all the associations of her early home and a dependent upon comparatively strangers, and she showed her gratitude so plainly that its object took courage to say more. Kentuckian days were recalled, old sympathies revived, the patriotic mourned in concert, and a new union proposed. The end of it all was that Mrs. Miller became Mrs. Schrader, and went with her second husband to a new home at Crossland, in the State of her birth. There, after a lapse of nearly nine years, the Murray *Gazette* described the household as wildly agitated by the unannounced arrival of a wonderfully rugged, bearded, and gruff intruder, who introduced himself as the late Eldridge Miller, otherwise known to the poets as a species of Enoch Arden, and informed the aghast Schraders that he would trouble them for a couple of children belonging to him—Mrs. Schrader having fainted and been removed. Mr. Schrader solicited some explanation of his guest's perplexing escape from the tomb; upon which that comic ghost related that he had been captured instead of killed by the Yankees; was taken prisoner to Chicago, and there liberated upon condition of going to the frontier and fighting the Indians; had been captured by the Indians, and by them held in captivity until the very recent date of his escape. In his old Arkansas home he was told of his wife's journey to Tennessee with the children, and remarrying there; and had at last traced her to Crossland, to reclaim only his offspring if she chose to remain with her second husband. The latter personage listened to this romance with reprehensible signs of incredulity, observing, in reply, that the story of the captives was too attenuated, and that Mrs. Schrader would surrender neither herself nor her children. Then, remarked Enoch Arden, gruffly, "I'll see her the shouter and rudely dragged her forth. Just then a wild scream of laughter from the adjoining room startled the ears of the two gentlemen, and in fact, old gentleman most heartily joined in it. The seeming woman was only a bolster and some pillows, cunningly arranged and placed there by some of the young ladies who were staying at the house. The young gentleman has concluded that the only way to avoid such accidents in future is to give some one the right to occupy the vacant place.

**MAN AND HIS WORK.**—Agriculture is the natural occupation of man. Eden was an estate devoted to horticulture—God commanded the fathers of our race to cultivate the ground. The nations of the earth would starve, were they to depend upon the spontaneous productions for support. It is agriculture, hardihood, broad shouldered, rosy-faced and sun-crowned, that spreads the broad table at which the world is fed. Seven years' famine would nearly, if not entirely, dispossess the nations of the "old world," and seven years of universal indolence would be followed by a calamity almost as great and disastrous as famine. Wealth, talent, learning and genius do not excuse men from the responsibilities of law. Laziness is a crime. It is a sin to be idle. Vice and indolence are as closely allied as the Siamese twins.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

## The Coming Spring.

A leafless tree,  
Sighs mournfully;  
And, while its lone heart grieves,  
In tender tones,  
And sad, low moans,  
It tells of its loved, lost leaves.

Oh! stricken tree,  
I would comfort thee  
Could I reach thee with my voice;  
Though hope has fled,  
And joys are dead,  
Still bid thy heart rejoice.

Because I know  
After the snow  
The spring shall come, and then  
Shall bring to thee  
Glad bird and bee  
And dancing leaves again.

Sad human heart!  
Where'er thou art,  
Though life's leaves have flown,  
Some coming spring  
To thee shall bring  
New hope and joys unknown.

## A Story for Boys.

Lads, let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a youth left his home at sixteen years of age to learn a trade, a dirty, disagreeable trade, but one that his parents thought a good one in a pecuniary point of view. He went into a strange neighborhood, where his name was not known. Around his own home he was somebody's son; in his new home he was somebody else's apprentice. Around his own home the doors of respectability were open to somebody's son; in his new home the doors of respectability were closed tightly against somebody's apprentice. This was a new order of things, and surprised him very much at first; yet, when he reflected coolly, he did not much blame respectability for its self-preservation. There are doors that open easily to every corner. These he shunned. There are apprentices in every villa ge that will bear shunning—he did it.

The important question was, "What should he do?" After discussing this amid the din and dust, he said to himself, "Well, if I can't go where I ought, I will not go at all." Easy to say—hard to do; because he was just like you—he liked fun just as well as you do, and a spic of mischief too. He must do something. In self-defence, he began to read.

The old system of apprenticeship in the country used to require the boys and journeymen to work until 8 o'clock in the evening, in winter time, and after this was done, it was customary to loaf about the corners, stoves and taverns until 9, 10, or 11 o'clock. Tom (the boy) went to bed. In the morning it was difficult to get boys and journeymen up to breakfast at 6:30 or 7. Tom got up at 4 o'clock, sometimes at 3, sometimes even earlier as 2, in mistake for his rule was to get up as soon as he got awake, and from that time until the others got up he read and studied. His morning candle came in time for a signal for the villagers who had occasion to start somewhere early. He borrowed money to buy books with, and borrowed others, took a leading newspaper, and in the quiet morning hours, took in food for a day's reflection.

This of course bore its legitimate fruit; he went to his level, or rather put himself there, and he now lives in the neighborhood of the old shop, as much respected as any one. I believe he has written two or three books which in every respect would be considered up to the "Mediocrity."

I leave you to imagine all the hardships, if you can, of the situation, and would ask you what you do from 4 to 6 o'clock in the morning? Those two hours, rightly used, will be worth more to you than you can possibly conceive. When you awake, get up instantly. You may bring excuses. When you awake, get up instantly. You may bring excuses. When you are rested, Guard your character in the beginning, and in the end it will guard you.

To tell you the fate of other apprentices, who loafed in the evenings and slept the mornings away, is not my intention. Try Tom's course for one year, and you will find your pay in genuine happiness. Your usefulness will increase, your self-respect will strengthen, your mind will develop in harmony with your bodily growth, and your whole being will march along the upward path rejoicing.—N. Y. Tribune.

**NIGHT WATCHERS.**—A person who is sick enough to need night watchers needs rest and quiet, and all the undisturbed rest he can get. If one or more persons are in the room reading, talking or whispering, as is often the case, this is impossible. There should be no light burning in the room unless it be a very dim one, so placed as to be out of sight of the patient. Kerosene oil should never be used in the sick room. The attendant should quietly sit or lie in the same room, or what is usually better, in an adjoining room so as to be within call of anything that is wanted. In extreme cases the attendant can step quietly to the bedside to see if the patient is doing well, but all noise and the light should be carefully excluded. It is a common practice to awaken patients occasionally, for fear they will sleep too soundly. This should never be done. Sleep is one of the greatest needs of the sick, and there is no danger of their getting too much of it.

All evasions should be removed at once, and the air in the room kept pure and sweet by thorough ventilation.

The latest music cut—Cat concert.

## Proverbial Philosophy.

Young man, when thou goest forth in the pride of thy manhood to seek a wife, see that thou go not in homely harness, but rather array thyself in gorgeous garments. For the eyes of this generation see only the surface, and the man is judged by his raiment.

There was a young man, rich in learning and affluent in moral purity. He had given his youth to study, until his mind was stored with useful knowledge. He had walked in the ways of virtue, and had kept himself remote from the seat of the scoundrel. He was the idol of his honored parents; and men of learning beheld in him the promise of future greatness.

And there came a time in the life of this young man—as comes to all—when his heart said, "It is not good for me to abide alone." Yet he took no counsel of parental wisdom, and sought not the advice of brother or sister; but in rustic garb he went forth to seek a mate among the fair daughters of men.

And as he journeyed, he came at length to a beautiful city, where he was known only to few men of learning, while his name was all familiar to the ears of the unscientific thousands. In the palaces of the proud he patiently sought the object of his mission; but worth learning and integrity, disguised in common clothing, were as if they had not been; their existence was unsuspected. Many rebuffs he encountered; but he was his heart by the contempt of the coldly indifferent. And at length, his honest proposal of marriage was received as an insult, and the paternal boor expedited his exit. Then he mournfully got him back to his distant home, and said, "I will live hereafter for Science, and in my bright lexicon there shall be no such word as 'wife.'

There was a youth, wayward and wicked. His days were given to idleness and vice. He kept aloof from books and schools, and shunned the society of the wise and good. The honest people of the village warned their sons and daughters that his intercourse would contaminate them.

He grew to man's stature in ignorance, but inherited houses and lands, and stocks; and the income of these he squandered on harness. He made him friends of tailors, far and near, and poured his shekels into their strong boxes that his form might be royally apparelled. And in time he also, journeyed to seek a wife, and his feet trod the streets of the same city. Need it be said that the doors of the rich were thrown open? Need it be said that high-bred damsels, by the dozen fluttered around his pathway? Who does not know that the magnificent stranger married his leisurely made choice, and that the pious parent of the proudest prude in the city was as "pleased as a boy with a new top" to get the situation of father-in-law to a handsome young man so splendidly harnessed?

Therefore, young man be admonished. If you would win the smiles rather than the frowns of the fair; if you would have benedictions on your head; rather than boots on the skirts of your outer garment, go not forth to seek a wife among the maidens of this generation, unless you go in handsomely dressed.

**Ut and Juno.**

How is it possible to pick your teeth, when you have to take them as they come?

"Utah may have its plural wives," observes Mr. Quill; "but other parts of the country have very singular ones."

The Great Falls *Journal* hears of one gentleman who gave up tobacco when his day's day, chewed gun for two weeks,

candy for one month, and still fights the world, the flesh and the devil with a stick of licorice.

A man carried a challenge to mortal combat to a Jacksonville brewer, who, as soon as he read the message, turned to and whipped the bearer in a rough and tumble fight, and said: "May be some of dem wants to make drubles mit me."

An Irishman, traveling in a street that was paved, and accosted by a dog with a threatening growl. The traveler attempted to pull up one of the paving-stones to throw at him, but it was fast. "Arrah!" said Paddy, "what a country is this where stones are tied and dogs let loose!"

In a small town in Pennsylvania, there lived a Teutonic tailor named Charlie M. Charlie's wife took sick and died, and he mourned her loss with much grief for a time, but at the end of six weeks he led another blushing bride to the altar. During the wedding festivities a noisy "Californian" party appeared outside of the house, and began a shameful serenade with tin-horns and kettles. After a few minutes the din and confusion became so great, that Charlie left his guests and appeared at the door with a very piteous expression of grief on his face, and addressed the crowd as follows: "I say, boys you ought to be ashamed of yourself for making all dis nois van der vas a funeral al here so soon."

A Kentuckian and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse, and the Yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform his trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as his usual custom.

The Kentuckian rode in that direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and so endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches. "Look a here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream. "What does all that mean?" "I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that that there noos will just fish just as well as he will jolt."

Dont not undertake to kiss a furious woman, risk not a snare in the storm.